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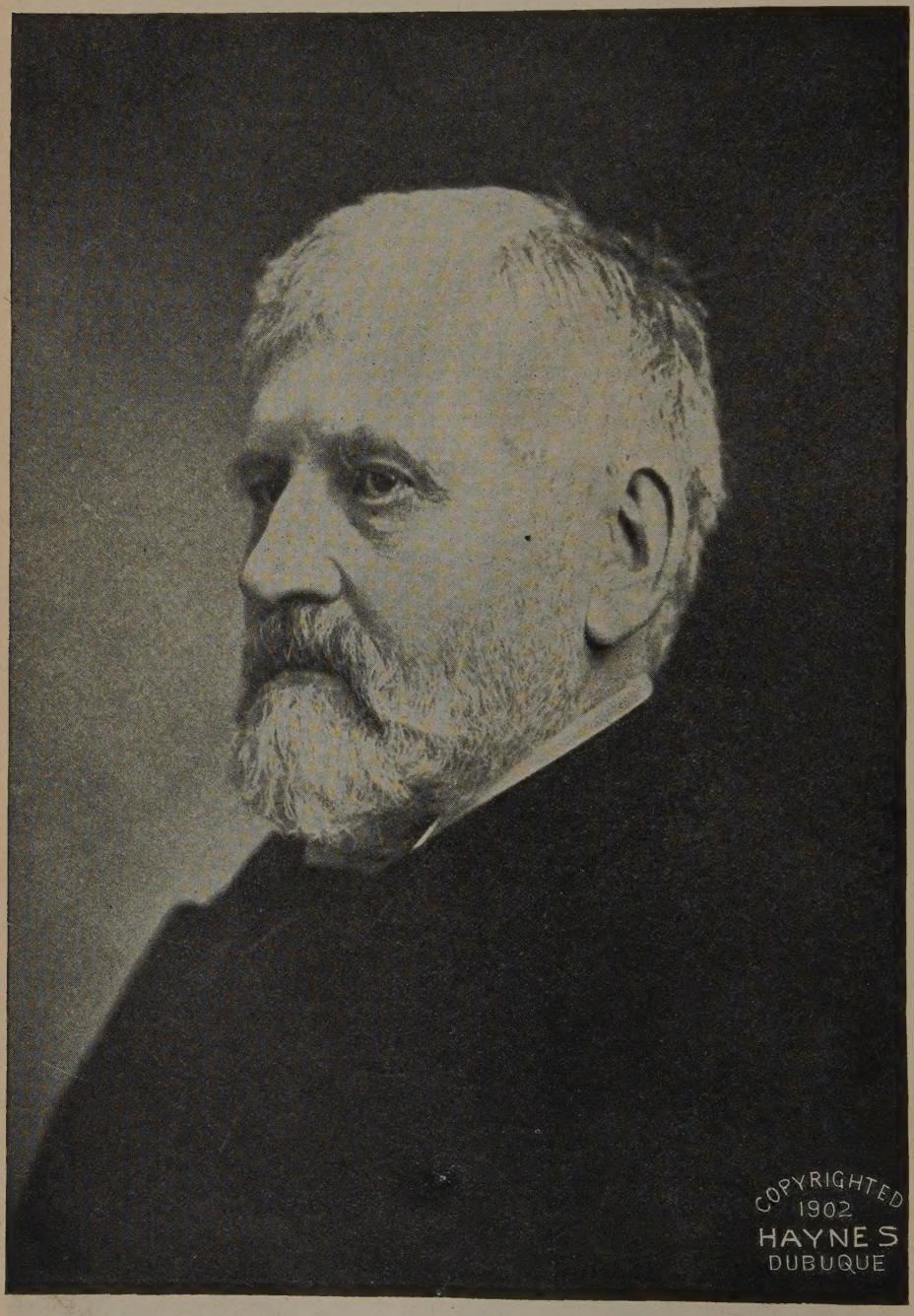
WILLIAM HENRY MOODY OF MASSACHUSETTS, THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

Mr. Moody, who will succeed Secretary Long on May 1, is a native of the state he represents, a Harvard graduate and a lawyer. He was district attorney for the eastern district of Massachusetts from 1890 to 1895. He entered the fifty-fourth Congress and was re-elected to the fifty-fifth and fifty-sixth Congresses. On December 23, this year, Mr. Moody will be fifty years old. His home is in Haverhill, Mass. Photo copyrighted, 1899, by Purdy

WILLIAM BOYD ALLISON OF IOWA, DEAN OF THE AMERICAN SENATE

Mr. Allison has recently been given the unprecedented honor of a fifth re-election to the United States Senate from Iowa. With the completion of his present term, he will have served thirty years in the upper House, a longer term by several months than his nearest rival for length of service, the late Senator Thomas H. Benton of Missouri. And, as the senior senator from Iowa has splendid health, it is fairly to be expected that he will serve the full term of his thirty-five years—and as much longer as he may be willing, making a record not likely ever to be equalled by any other senator.



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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT appears to be growing larger and stronger every day in the White House. His positiveness — sincere and earnest — is reflected in the poses which he assumes while talking over matters with visitors in the big room from ten a. m. to noon. Now he sits sideways in his chair. Later he draws up three chairs and places one squarely in front of two gentlemen to go at the beet sugar proposition. An open letter in his hand is folded and crumpled—he listens as intensely as he speaks. He may be sitting across one foot, tapping the floor with the other, in perfect martial rythm, to the tune of "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night." He stops and dictates a note—written on a pad by the stenographer. The slip of shorthand notes is dispatched across the room and soon comes back to Mr. Cortelyou with a red tag on it. That means "immediate" — and that word loses none of its meaning in the service of President Roosevelt. The perfect system with which Secretary Cortelyou handles the correspondence is a marvel. There is no irritating click of typewriters in the room, and I could not help observing what a breathless silence came over the room full of people when the President dictated a letter on the fly. His whole procedure is distinctly American and business-like, and I think if the President had a business motto to hang about the White House it would be, *"DO IT NOW."*

MISS ELIZA BRADFORD, DAUGHTER OF ADMIRAL BRADFORD, AND ONE OF THE DEBUTANTES OF THE CAPITAL SEASON

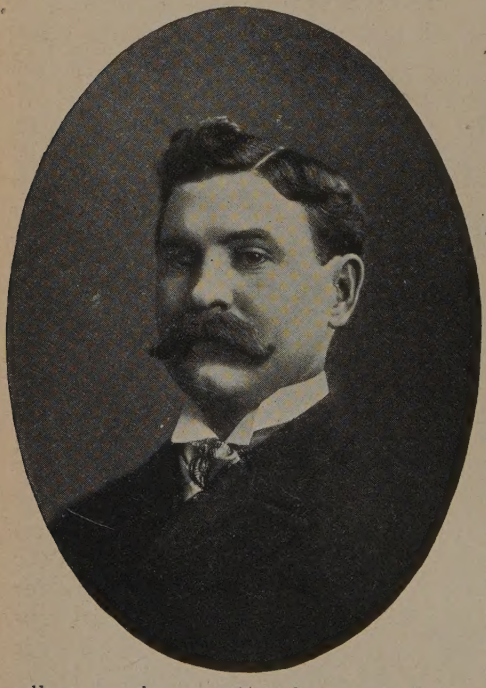
The window retreat near the cabinet door is a favorite spot for semi-confidential conferences. The room is never too full for him, and his hearty greetings always mean much. With Rough Riders who come in to see their former chief it is always "Jim" and

"John," "Bill" or "Joe," and with some of these favored visitors he recently went back in joyous reminiscences to the days when he ran a cattle ranch in North Dakota. "I know something about the cattle business myself," he said—and he does. This favoritism does not extend beyond personal grounds. Upon matters involving the public service, the President gives the same positive, point blank yes or no to his friends that he gives to the unknowns.

His attire still suggests the early days at Harvard—the turn down collar, the black tie, the roll cuffs—no links in his. There is usually some particular period in each individual's life when the preference for attire is fixed, either in the

CONGRESSMAN JOHN J. FEELY OF CHICAGO

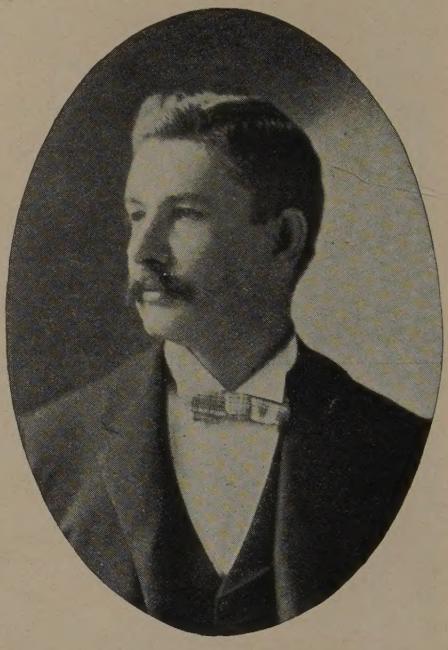
Mr. Feely astonished the politicians when he defeated "Billy" Lorimer, the hitherto unbeaten head of the Republican machine in Cook County. The district was Republican, but the independent voters were tired of Lorimerism. Mr. Feely is one of the youngest men in Congress. His chief efforts to date have been in defence of oleomargarine.



college or the courting days, and that style of collar, cravat and cuffs is adhered to tenaciously. In the President's room hang portraits of Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton, and a group including all of the presidents, with White House and Capitol in the centre, has recently been hung there.

CONGRESSMAN CHARLES WHEELER OF KENTUCKY

Mr. Wheeler enlivened a recent session of the House by vigorously attacking the plans for sending special American envoys to represent the United States at the coronation of King Edward. Mr. Grosvenor of Ohio and other members retorted with equal heat.



IT was an interesting sight at the State department to see an American citizen give over, in due form, $10,000,000 with which to endow educational efforts, the same to be conducted partially at least under the guidance of federal officials. Andrew Carnegie has not, as was first stated, fulfilled George Washington's dream of a National University. His great fund is to be expended in assisting men and women of promise in original research, in whatever line—so that this research promises some addition to the general knowledge or welfare — and at

TRUSTEES OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION

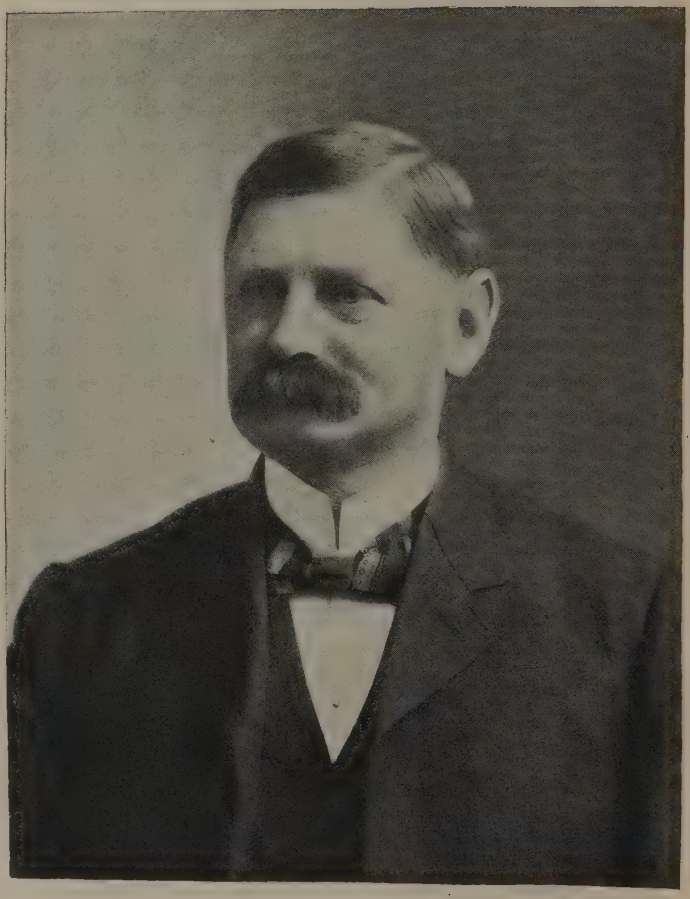
From a photograph made for the "National" by the Illustrated Press Association

The names of the gentlemen shown in the group, reading from left to right, are: Speaker Henderson, Senator Frye, Ex-Secretary Gage, Secretary Root, Secretary Hay, Andrew Carnegie, Carroll D. Wright, commissioner of labor; Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia, S. P. Langley of the Smithsonian Institution, D. O. Mills, Dr. John S. Billings, Ex-Mayor Abram Hewitt of New York, Judge Morrow of California, Wayne MacVeagh, C. D. Hutchinson of Chicago, Mr. Frew of Pittsburg, Dr. Daniel C. Gilman, President of the Carnegie Institution; Colonel Henry Higginson of Boston, and Henry Hitchcock.

whatever place the student can work to the best advantage. No buildings will be erected out of this fund; none will be needed. The officers, headed by Dr. Gilman, former president of Johns Hopkins University, will maintain offices in Washington, but no effort will be made by them to build up a university in the common sense of the word. With a sparkle in his blue eyes, and a modesty and graciousness that were fascinating in his whole mien, Mr. Carnegie in that little gathering formally gave of his wealth to found the Carnegie Institution. His wisdom in giving money is quite as pronounced as it was in making money. His idea in giving this fund is to supplement present educational institutions. His money will found endowments that will enable scholars and scientists to pursue special lines of work which lack of funds might otherwise compel them to abandon, or pursue but intermittently. Mr. Carnegie was at his best on this occasion. He certainly has given the rich men of the world an example which if generally followed would soon bring about a better understanding and richer sympathy between the extremes of society. The meeting in the palatial "red parlor" of the New Willard hotel the next morning certainly indicated the presence of the silver spoon at the birth of the new institution. Ex-Mayor Abram Hewitt and Secretary Root walked off arm in arm, and Director Walcott carried away the minutes of the meeting that contained a record of a gift larger than the total yearly income of the government in the days of Washington. Those were indeed golden minutes in the history of modern education.

CONGRESSMAN JOHN T. SHAFROTH OF COLORADO

A Missourian and a graduate of the University of Michigan, Mr. Shafroth located in Denver in 1879, practicing law. He is serving his second term in the lower House. Politically, he is listed as a silverite. He is a good speaker, a hard worker and a useful member.



THERE is one senate committee room which has in these days immense at-

tractions for the anxious army of census clerks and their friends. This is the room where Chairman Quarles of the census committee holds forth. It is now reached by diving through some subterranean corridors, but was at one time a famous place, being occupied for years by Daniel Webster. In those days it was very convenient to the Senate chamber, which was then located where the supreme court now sits. The marble mantel and fireplace are the same as in Webster's time, and as I sat before the embers, that glowed through the wire screen, I tried to fancy the scene as those great cavernous eyes were fixed in thought and reverie, before the same fireplace. The marble of the mantle is handsomely carved and when it was brought from France was considered the finest in the Capitol. Now it is dim and smoky with age, and has long been surpassd by the brilliant and costly fittings of modern times. The old arched walls and beveled partitions could probably tell of many an important "constitutional" conference—and there were more of levity and relaxation in those days than now, I am told. To-day, these are strictly and distinctively business offices. In these rooms the real business of the government is transacted. This room was once occupied by Seantor Quay, but over the door of one of the new committee rooms I note a gilded sign — *SENATOR QUAY.* This, I believe, is the first time a committee room has borne the name of an individual senator. The reason for this exception to the rule

ELLIOTT WOOD, ARCHITECT OF THE FEDERAL CAPITOL *Photo by Bell*

MISS CLARA RICE OF SAN FRANCISCO, A NIECE OF JULIAN RALPH, AND A FAVORITE IN LONDON SOCIETY

has not been publicly stated, but it has revived the phrase—"A bigger man than old Grant."

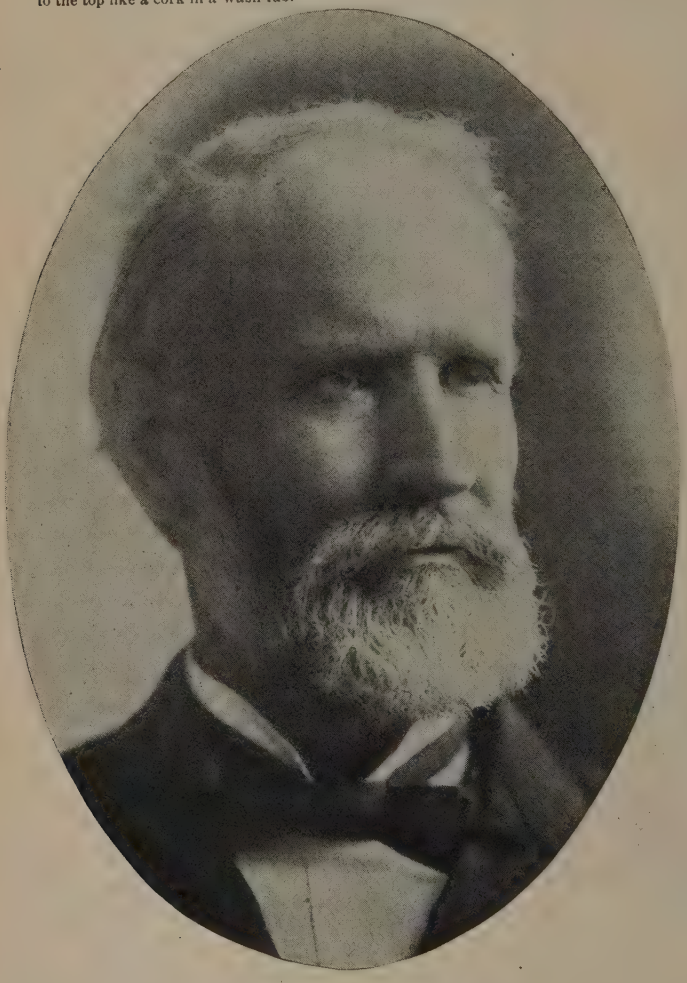
THE steadfastness of the Iowa mind, as well as the prominence which that quality has given the Hawkeye state in the councils of the nation, are emphasized by the election, for the first time in the history of the nation, of the senior senator of Iowa for his sixth successive term. Senator William Boyd Allison has been a potential factor in national life for over a third of a century. And it is largely to this fact that Iowa owes her prominence in Congress to-day. Senator Allison has done more to bring young men to the front and develop them than any other public man. Quietly, unostentatiously, he serves his state and the nation with a sincerity and a nobility rarely equalled. The Iowa inscription on the Washington monument is a bit of epigrammatic eloquence:

"Iowa—the affections of her people, like the rivers of her borders, flow on to inseparable union."

It is this unprecedented way of holding her congressional forces intact that has given the Hawkeye state leadership over every other commonwealth in this year 1902. Other states produce presidents: Iowa contributes a strain of sturdy, sane Americanism that runs through all the nation's greatest legislative acts; her sons are powerful to shape whatever affects the destiny of the nation.

It was "Fifty-four forty or fight" in the

JAMES WILSON OF IOWA, SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE
Iowa, the home of so many great national leaders at the present time, is not more proud of any of them than of the man who has lifted the department of agriculture to a higher rank than it ever before held, and has made it a powerful factor in extending the foreign markets for American farm products. Like Speaker Henderson, Mr. Wilson is a son of Scotland—one of that Scotch-Irish breed that comes to the top like a cork in a wash tub.



MISS CLARA E. BAKER OF WASHINGTON

MISS MARGARET ELLA SHAW OF WASHINGTON

early days of Enoch Eastman of Eldora —but now it seems to be, "Forty out of fifty high places for Iowa men, or know the reason why," and there appears never to be a paucity of prime material from the Hawkeye state to fill all the high places in sight.

With a soil that is an impregnable fortress for crops —a soil akin to that of that province of France which has not failed of constant fruitfulness once in a decade of centuries, Iowa is distinctively an agricultural state. The new map by Sidney Foster reveals the fact that the best portions of adjoining states are those which lie against Iowa's borders.

MRS. SHOWALTER, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN SHOWALTER

They have taken a house in the fashionable Northwest section of the Capital and are entertaining. *Photo by Buck*

SENATOR ALLISON'S kindly nod and quiet "Yes, yes," has inspired many young men. There is W J McGee, the blacksmith boy from Farley, who used to write so incessantly to the senator for documents —and study them, too. One day the folks in the Geological Survey wanted a man for a special duty. "I believe I know the right young man," said Senator Allison. He brought McGee where he could have his fill of documents and

reports at first hand. Mr. McGee's success in his new field has been the source of a great deal of pleasure to the senator — and so in many other instances. The senator has never got very far away from the sincerely ambitious farmer boys of his state, and has never been so busy but what he could see to it that his boys had the best government literature, and that they were given proper encouragement in the times when it was most needed.

IT has been a rare peasure for me to sit and talk with Senator Allison, nested in a pile of newspapers that were lying on the floor about him in his back parlor. His keen black eyes, under heavy eyebrows, see straight to the truth of things and men, and his mental attitude is never marred by a sneer or a scoff—it is beautified by great-hearted kindliness. The dean of the American Senate is a figure well worthy of emulation by aspiring young Americans, both for his success and his public services, and for the clean, square manner of their accomplishment.

NEW RIVER, FROM HAWK'S NEST, WEST VIRGINIA, ON THE LINE OF THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY

A FAIR DAUGHTER OF BALTIMORE

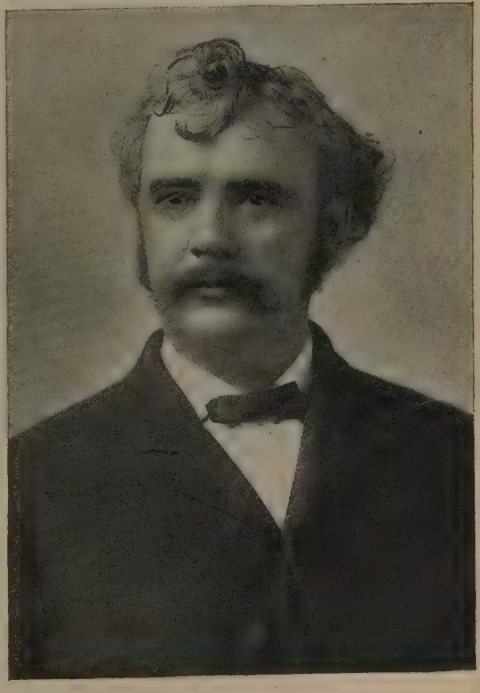
IT is not a far cry to 1888 as time goes, but at the Republican National convention of that year there was a strong likelihood that Iowa would furnish the first presidential candidate from west of the Mississippi. That was the crucial time for Sherman and Harrison, but William B. Allison was also a prime favorite. New York and Pennsylvania concentrated upon Harrison — the magic of the name was felt and he was nominated. Cabinet positions offered by Garfield, Harrison and McKinley have never tempted Iowa's senator from the duty he believed he owed to his state. Not long ago I sat late with Senator Allison in his com-

mittee room, whereearly and late, with his papers, he has given a concentrated devotion to public business that would have earned him a large private fortune in business life. In 1863 the young Dubuque lawyer, who had arrived five years before from Ohio, his native state, was nominated for Congress. Many of the Iowa soldiers of the Thirty-First Volunteers and other regiments cast their first vote for William B. Allison in the field. The young Dubuque lawyer called the attention of Governor Grimes to the fact that soldiers in the field were in danger of being disfranchised and the very next night a special session of the legislature was called to provide a way for the soldiers to vote. Senator Allison, in a reminiscent mood, told me that he had no idea at that time of entering upon a permanent political career.

"When I served one term my ambition was to serve well enough to deserve a second term — just one more." And he has grown gray in the service of his state and the nation. The first House committee he served upon was Public Lands, but Speaker Schuyler Colfax asked him to serve on the Ways and Means committee at the beginning of his second term. The matter of "ways and means" was an important question during the war and in the years that followed. But in that eight years of service in the lower House, the quiet, modest young Iowa congressman proved a great force, and in 1873 he was sent to the Senate and put on the appropriations committee the first term; he has served on that committee since—its chairman for over a score of years. In 1877 he was also put on the finance committee and is now the chief factor in handling the entire appropriations of the government, amounting to over $650,000,000 yearly. An idea of the growth of the government budget may be gained from the post office. In the first year he served it was $27,000,000, then $31,000,000 and last year exceeded $155,000,000. All this growth in a little over a quarter of a century. The country, and in fact every man in public life, of whatever party, have always looked upon Senator Allison as the balance wheel of appropriation judgment, and the same radical common sense has been charactreistic of all of his official acts. "When Senator Allison voices a conclusion it is concluded," is a saying at the capital.

W J McGEE OF WASHINGTON, A DISTINGUISHED ETHNOLOGIST

Professor McGee came to Washington from Dubuque, years ago, as a protege of Senator Allison, and he has not disappointed his patron, having by sheer force of character risen to eminence in the line of his chosen work. He has lately created somewhat of a sensation by declaring his conviction that the Adam and Eve story is a myth. "Their story is to be held in the highest reverence," he says, "but science is distinctly against them." Each race, he holds, had its own source, and all peoples, in his opinion, are constantly growing more like each other, rather than developing differences, according to the theory of monogenesis.



In the intense struggle of public life—in all the storm and stress—there is always a feeling of safety felt in the country when it is known that Senator Allison is sitting at the head of the long table in the Senate appropriations committee room.

CONGRESSMAN JAMES E. WATSON OF INDIANA

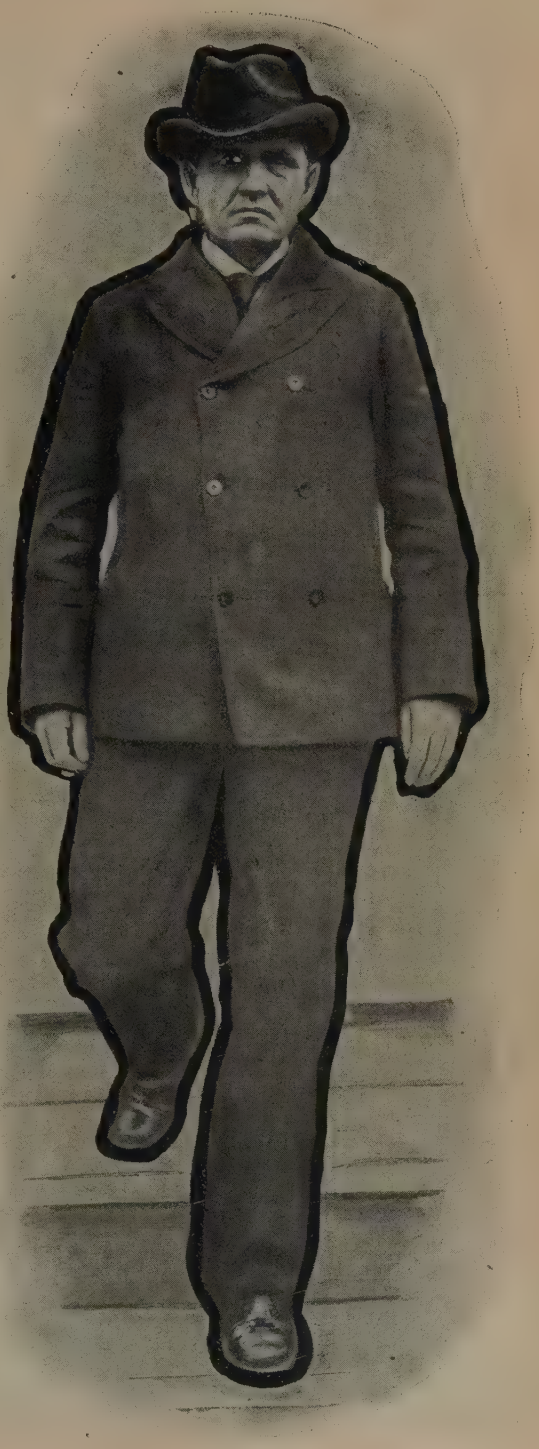
Mr. Watson came to Congress heralded as an orator of more than ordinary powers, and he has sustained this reputation. Like that other brilliant young man from Indiana, Senator Beveridge, Mr. Watson believes in the duty of the United States to hold the Philippine Islands. These views he gave forcible utterance on February 1, in a speech that attracted national attention.

WHAT a potential factor in public life such a man is in developing and bringing out other public men. The men chosen by Senator Allison have been men up to their mark—his doctrine is not only to hold an office but to fill it to the fullest measure of its requirements.

But it is not alone the long list of good men in public life which Iowa has given the nation upon whom Senator Allison has had a strong influence. Scores of others, prominent in trade, business or professions, count his friendship an inspiration and influence that has been a strong help. It is often times these incidental and perhaps unnoticed influences stimulated by such men as Senator W. B. Allison that set in motion the great achievements of the age.

I have no doubt that if all the public men now prominent who have at one time or another felt Senator Allison's encouraging hand-clasp could be enumerated, the list would be an astonishing one. Gallant old Governor Kirkwood of Iowa knew his man when he declared: "Young Allison has the true stuff in him!"

SECRETARY SHAW, who succeeds Lyman J. Gage in the Treasury Department, has come with all his plain,



SENATOR BEN TILLMAN AS HE LOOKED COMING DOWN THE CAPITOL STEPS AFTER HIS ENCOUNTER WITH SENATOR MC LAURIN

From a snapshot made for the Boston "Journal"

shrewd ways and captured the administration.

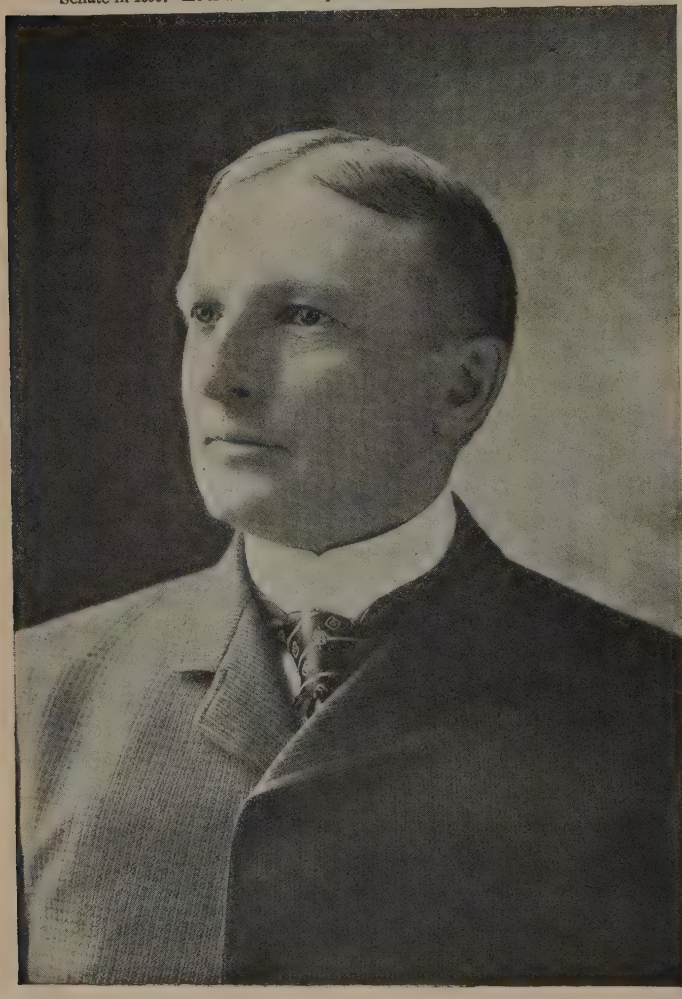
When I watched Secretary Shaw greet the thousands of employés at the treasury department, there was an earnestness about his hand-shaking that was refreshing. The corridors were filled—it was a holiday hour—to bid good-bye to Secretary Gage and greet the new chief, and a very pretty occasion it was, giving a glimpse of American life. Here were gray-haired elderly matrons in aprons, who have given long service, followed by bright and laughing girls; then a solemn, studious-appearing young man, and a fine looking boy with a wink and a joke and he "pushed the push" along. The sharp scented secret service men, the signal corps; the money makers from the mint, and then those one-armed veterans with the bronze buttons. All happy, cheerful and full of the spirit of the occasion. I thought, Is this the spirit of socialism where under sheltering civil service they are secure in their positions, short hours and sure pay? Is this after all to be desired? To me there is something distressing in the passiveness and inertia of those who feel that there is nothing but the eight hours a day and semi-

monthly stipend. My opinion is that the real American spirit will never thrive on a government entrenched pay roll. It requires development—frost as well as sunshine. Well, the greetings were said and the new secretary fitted right into the revolving chair without further ado—and rather glad of it, too, I suspect.

THE history of Secretary Shaw's political career to date is interesting. In February, 1896, William J. Bryan spoke upon the subject of free silver in the small Iowa town of Denison. The fever was in the air, and he made many converts. Among those who had helped—inadvertently, through a friend who always put his name down on subscription lists on which he placed his own name—Attorney Leslie M. Shaw helped to pay the rent of the hall in which Bryan spoke. The little town was aroused, but there were a few who did not go with the tide—among them was Shaw. He was asked to reply to Bryan and consented to do so in two weeks. He stood firm for sound money and rallied the forces. The speech was called for in all surrounding towns and school houses. The state central committee heard of it, and later on during the campaign the speeches of the lawyer from Denison were a feature, and he soon became a leader in the sound money crusade. Never before had he been especially interested in politics; that is, in the men who ran for office—but he was now aroused over the principles at stake. The occasion called forth the man, and when a neighbor bantered: "I'll pay for the hall, Leslie,

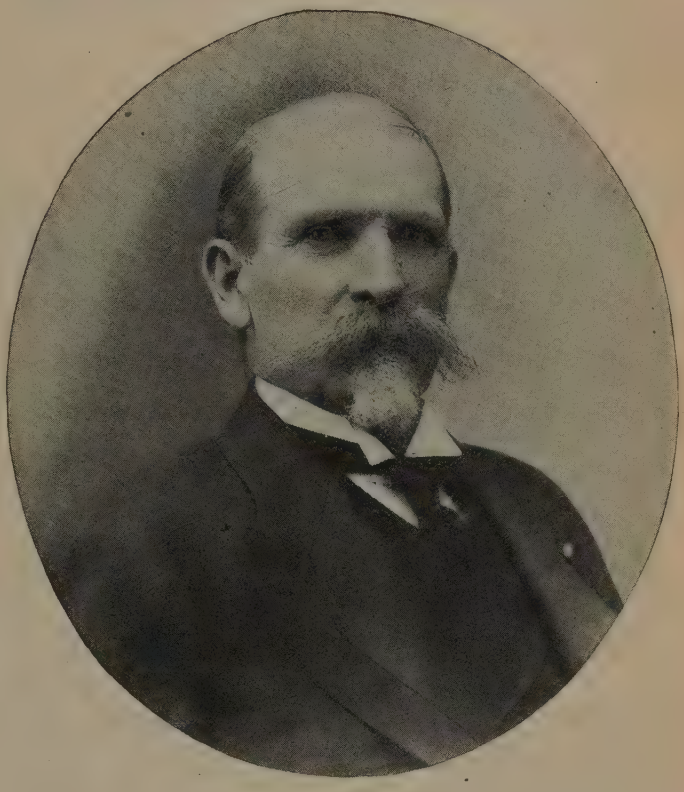
SENATOR PORTER JAMES McCUMBER OF NORTH DAKOTA

Senator McCumber is a native Illinoisan, a graduate of the University of Michigan, and a lawyer. He moved to Wahpeton, North Dakota, in 1881, served two terms in the territorial legislature, was state's attorney, and won his election to the Senate in 1899. He is a stalwart Republican.



if you will speak," it was the budding of a national career. When the campaign was over he returned home to resume his law practice and a great loan business in which he has loaned to thousands of people — money to assist in times of stress and need as well as in growth and development. Over $2,000,000 of Eastern money was loaned, and in all these years, and even during the panic of '93, there was not a single foreclosure and not a scrap of paper passed maturity. This reveals the financial capacity of the man at the helm of the treasury department — a man who knows how to make money earn money without the foreclosure process, and how to trust the common people.

GENERAL POWELL CLAYTON, AMBASSADOR OF THE UNITED STATES TO THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO



Twenty days before the Republican state convention, some paper suggested Leslie M. Shaw for governor; the friends at home greeted him with, "Hello, Governor!" and once the idea had taken root, the friends went to work.

There was a cavalcade of candidates in the field, but the friends at Denison were busy. It was felt that he had won before the first ballot was taken, but the delegates were requested by Mr. Shaw to stay by their home candidates as long as there was a chance, "because," said he with characteristic frankness, "when you come on our band wagon we want you to come there prepared to stay."

The fourth ballot nominated him and thereupon opened one of the most vigorous state campaigns Iowa has ever known. Mr. Shaw stood pat on the sound money principles, and conducted a campaign broadly on national issues—and it is usually such campaigns that bring forth the men who are afterward prominent in public life. In two terms as governor he won the hearts of the people and positively refused a third term. He refused the opportunity to take a seat in the Senate and the prospects of a vice-presidential candidacy, and had returned to his home in Denison and was fitting it up for solid comfort and a busy life when the summons came to take the treasury portfolio. A telegram to Senator Allison at Dubuque from the Presi-

dent announced that he desired to appoint Governor Shaw if he had no objections and to report as to whether he would accept. Senator Allison telegraphed Governor Shaw, whose first impulse was not to accept, but after deliberation he found how futile a declination would be and accepted conditional upon Secretary Wilson retaining his position in the cabinet.

MISS ANNYE MAE YAEGER OF MONTICELLO, MO.

Miss Yaeger recently won the unique honor of being adjudged, by a committee of artists, the most beautiful woman in the Louisiana Purchase territory. The judges, who were chosen by and represented the St. Louis Globe Democrat, based their decision upon photographs of the ladies who were competitors for the honors. Miss Yaeger had the slightest possible majority over Mrs. Morris.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S selection was no doubt the result of a close personal friendship that sprang up between the candidate for vice-president and Governor Shaw during the campaign of 1900, through South Dakota, when the former obtained a pretty thorough insight into Governor Shaw's ideas on the currency proposition. It is thought that at first he intended to make him minister of commerce, the new cabinet portfolio, if Governor Crane of Massachusetts had accepted the offer of the treasury department.

The history of the cabinet appointments embraces some of the most interesting phases of American national life, although little is recorded in history concerning these movements which have so much to do with shaping national policies.

I spent a pleasant Sunday afternoon with Secretary and Mrs. Shaw at the Arlington. There is something in the earnestness and sincerity of the man that is winning. And Mrs. Shaw has the real qualities of a helpmate and American wife and mother. Certainly no cabinet member has ever been given a more hearty welcome or cordial induc-

tion into public life than Secretary Shaw, and after knowing the man, this is not difficult to explain. Mr. Shaw's original law firm was Shaw & Connor. When Connor was elected circuit judge, the firm dissolved and then became Shaw & Kuehnle. The firm is now Shaw, Simms & Kuehnle. The members of the original firm have been drafted into public service.

CONCERNING his impressions of the manners of the American people, Prince Henry of Prussia, the guest of the American people last month, was not inclined to talk. This has always been a subject of the most poignant curiosity among Americans hitherto called upon to entertain a scion of royalty. That it is still a point upon which

MRS. FRED A. MORRIS OF MEXICO, MO.
Adjudged to be second among the beautiful women of the Louisiana Purchase territory.

the American dearly wishes to be informed is proven by a bit of amusing comment in the Boston "Herald." Thus:

"But the manners of our American people in high public position — how these impressed Prince Henry, it would be interesting to know — the manners, say, of President Eliot, Major Higginson, Secretary Long, the Honorable Richard Olney. They were not in all respects European court manners, but they were royal democratic manners, While highly respectful, they were yet highly self-respectful. It was never forgotten by these men that they stood on their own soil and under the aegis of their own traditions and customs. They were the hosts, and democratic hosts, welcoming a foreign imperial guest. This was Rome, and, under the recognized law, 'When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do.' There was therefore a frankness, freedom and even spirit of play in their demeanor, which — though it is so long since the Boston 'Herald' was ambassador at Berlin that it perhaps forgets — may have grated on the royal ears of Prince Henry. President Eliot did not spare that delicious bit of humor: 'Such is the venerable American Union; such the young German empire.' Major Higginson's welcome of his royal highness to the Harvard Union as a Harvard man was in a blithe spirit of student 'camaraderie.' Secretary Long's and the Honorable Richard Olney's addresses were frank in the expression that cordial, face to face welcome to Germany did not mean turning the back on England. Therefore, if not stereotyped imitations of European court manners, there were none the less the frank, human, racy, original manners that are to rule the future of the world."

MRS THOMAS W. LYELL OF SHELBINA, MO.

Mrs. Lyell was judged by the Globe-Democrat's committee of artists to be third among the most beautiful women of the Louisiana Purchase territory.

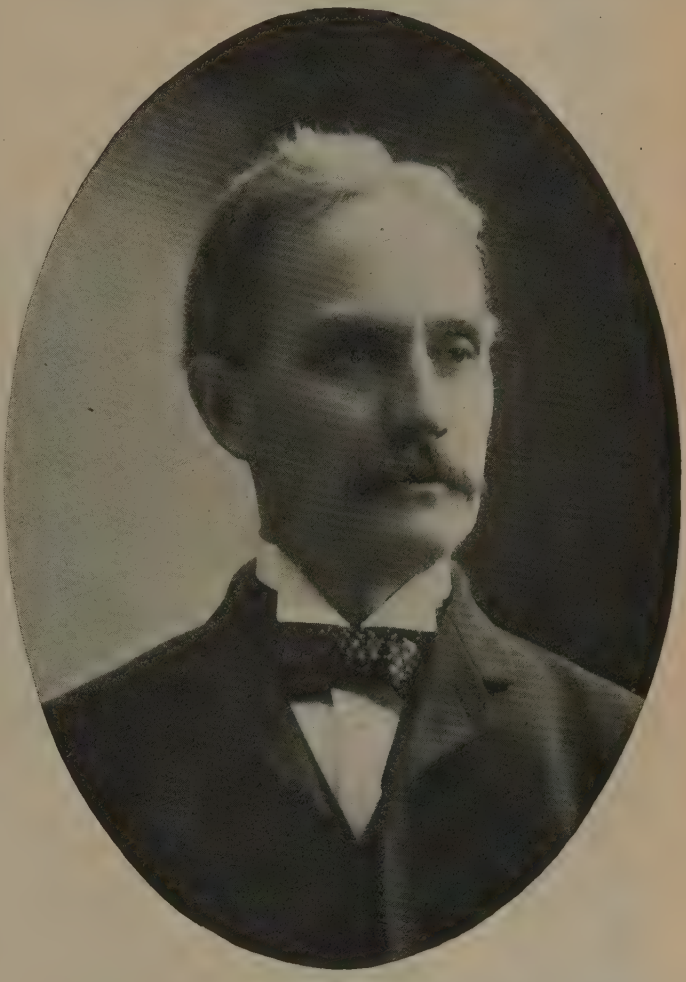
Certainly the Prince gave no sign that he was otherwise than immensely pleased — even flattered — by the extraordinary attention that was paid to him all along the line of his travels.

AFTER all, Miss Alice Roosevelt is not to visit London in June to see — quoting Wayne MacVeagh — "a gentleman who calls himself a king place upon

his head what he calls a crown." The English masters of ceremonies insisted that Miss Roosevelt must assume the rank of a princess, as the daughter of the head of a state. If she should come merely as the daughter of an American commoner, they said, etiquette would forbid them to extend to her any courtesies whatever. In short, as the daughter of a ruler she would be attended with imperial state; as the daughter of a plain American citizen she would not be able, though a member of the party of Special Ambassador Whitelaw Reid, to see the coronation at all. The President had no mind to discuss the point, and his common sense forbade him, as President and head of the American people, to make any such concession to court customs as he might have felt free to make were he a private citizen. If the English could not take a hint, they must miss the presence of the daughter of the White House. It is no secret that the English were eager to have Miss Roosevelt come, in order that, by showing her extraordinary honors, they might offset the effect of Prince Henry's socially triupmhant visit to the United States. But, as usual, they blundered. They failed to take into account the American theory, that here, as in old Rome, to be an American citizen—or the daughter of an American citizen—"is greater than to be a king."

SENATOR CLARENCE DON CLARK OF WYOMING

Senator Clark is one of the champions of the policy of national irrigation. He is a native of New York. His parents moved west at an early day and he got his higher education in the University of Iowa. He was admitted to the bar and in 1881 located in Evanston, Wyoming. He declined appointment as associate justice of the state supreme court, served two terms in congress, was elected to the senate in 1895 and re-elected in 1899.



They may be pardoned for doubting the real existence or power of our ideals of equality in view of the socially aspiring character of many rich Americans who have gone abroad either to remain

or to gain prestige for home use. W. T. Stead says in his new book, "The Ameri-

F. W. EDWARDS

canization of the World," that England is the most caste-bound community on earth—worse than India, which may also

E. B. PERSONS

serve in degree to excuse their failure to comprehend the American idea.

CORNELL College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa, which numbers the new secretary of the treasury, Leslie M. Shaw, and other prominent men among its alumni, has won eight consecutive collegiate debates in six years. This is a remarkable record for any institution and gives a well earned prominence to Cornell College and its 700 students. Senator Allison of Iowa is an honored trustee of this school, Senator Dolliver of Iowa holds a degree conferred upon him by its faculty and Congressman Cousins of

J. E. RIEKE

Iowa is another of Cornell's graduates who is prominent in affairs at Washington. President W. F. King is the oldest college president in the United States in point of service, as he was elected to the presidency of Cornell College in the days before the Civil War. The question "Resolved: That the United States Senators should be elected by a direct vote of the people" was debated with Carleton College, Minnesota, in March of this year, F. W . Edwards, J. E. Rieke and E. B. Persons, for Cornell, winning the debate on the negative side. J. A. A. Burnquist, A. G. Crane and

E. R. Edwards for Carleton worked hard and averted the unanimous decisions which Cornell debators have grown to expect as a result of their determined efforts in the field of debate.

THE effort to enact a law that will give especial protection to the lives of the President and all officials in line of succession to the Presidency evoked one of the warmest debates of the month in the Senate. The essence of the bill under discussion was, that any person who should assault or instigate an assault upon the President or any of the officials in line of succession to the presidency, whether or not the assault result in murder, should be punished with death. Mr. Spooner of Wisconsin, Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts and other majority leaders urged the passage of the bill. The gist of their argument was that such an assault as that covered by the bill would be in effect treason against the government, and, like treason, should be punishable by death. Mr. Bacon of Georgia opposed this view and the bill. He urged that it would create classes under the law, something which he held to be repugnant to the spirit of our institutions, and unconstitutional. Mr. Teller objected to the clause of the bill involving any person who might be held to "instigate" such an assault to be equally guilty with the person who should commit the assault. He thought "instigate" a dangerously elastic term to be employed

SENATOR FRANCIS WARREN OF WYOMING

Senator Warren is a business man on a large scale as well as a successful politician. He was born in Hinsdale, Mass., grew to manhood in the Old Bay state, and served in the Civil war as a member of the 49th Massachusetts regiment. When he went to Wyoming in 1868 the future state was a part of Dakota. He located in Cheyenne, entered the city council, became mayor, a legislator, and state treasurer. He was twice appointed territorial governor. He entered the senate in 1890 and has twice been re-elected. Like his colleague, Mr. Clark, he is a republican.

for so grave a duty as determining a citizen's life or death. It was evident he had in mind the thought that this clause in the bill might be used against editors who, prior to such an assault, had published criticism of the person so assaulted, or against individuals, political opponents of the person so assaulted, who might in like manner be held responsible for "instigating" the assault. Mr. Hoar suggested that the words "and maliciously," be inserted before "instigated", so that the prosecutor in such a case would be forced to prove an intent to instigate assault, but the matter was not brought to a vote the day that this discussion took place, March 7. It will doubtless be the occasion of further debate before the desired action is taken.

THE latest report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission contained no paragraphs more hopeful or of greater public interest than those in which the commission told how accidents on American railways were being reduced in number and fatality, and why. The adoption of safety appliances, ordered by federal enactment, has been general, and many managers, quite as eager as the commission to do anything that would guard the lives of railway employes and patrons, have conducted independent experiments witth a view to preventing accidents. In this line of development, a really remarkable device has lately been adopted by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. It is a headlight which illuminates the track for a

JOHN HAY, SECRETARY OF STATE, ORATOR, DIPLOMAT, POET

This picture of the secretary was taken as he sat at his desk in the State department. It is the portrait of a man who grows on the American people year by year, constantly looming larger among the men who conduct the business of the people at Washington. His eulogy of William McKinley, delivered in the hall of the House of Representatives on the 27th of February, on the occasion of memorial services commemorative of the late president, was but a new manifestation of how this man has grown in power with maturity, to a stature hardly less than that of our ablest statesmen past or present.

mile in advance of the train, and at the same time casts a vertical ray 700 feet in length. This vertical ray may be seen from one to ten miles across country on the darkest night. Its business is to prevent collisions at curves in the road. fulness on the part of the engine crews, it practically eliminates all possibility of head-on collisions.

The apparatus consists of a powerful electric arc head-light, a dynamo and steam motor, all of which occupy the

THE NEW VERTICAL AND HORIZONTAL ELECTRIC HEAD LIGHT LATELY TAKEN UP BY THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY, WITH A VIEW TO PREVENTING COLLISIONS AT CURVES IN THE ROAD

Photo copyrighted, 1902, by F. A. Miller

The horizontal head light warns engineers approaching, only when the line is straight. If there be a curve, and intervening hills, it can give no warning of the approach of the train whose eye it is. The vertical light—and the marvel is that no one ever thought of it before—flings its sign upon the sky long before even the rumble of the train can be heard. Coupled with ordinary watch-

space on the locomotive usually devoted to the head-light. The dynamo which generates the current for the search light occupies a space less than fifteen inches wide directly behind the head light, and is operated by a motor driven by steam impact on a turbine wheel. The current is 6,000 candle power. Any invention of this kind is hailed with delight by the commissioners and traveling public.

Senator Hanna to the "National"

THE appended facsimile of a telegram from Senator Marcus A. Hanna explains the absence of his third article on "William McKinley as I Knew Him," which he intended to write for the April "National." One of the busiest men in America, he has twice put aside personal, party and national labors to prepare, for the "National's" readers, tributes to his late friend and chieftain, William McKinley. The "National's" readers appreciate the high favor he has shown them, and understand, without question, how he finds it impossible, at this time, to go forward with the series. He hopes, and they hope, that later in the year he may find time to write again.

FACSIMILE OF SENATOR HANNA'S TELEGRAM TO THE "NATIONAL"

Form No. 1.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

INCORPORATED

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This is an **UNREPEATED MESSAGE**, and is delivered by request of the sender, under the conditions named above.

THOS. T. ECKERT, President and General Manager.

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84	Mail	1480	11

RECEIVED at 468 Broadway, (Street Railway Transfer Station) South Boston, Mass. Mar 14 1902

Dated Washington DC 13

To Jos N Chapple

Cor National Magazine

So Bost

Telegram Recd am very sorry that I have not had time to prepare the article

M A Hanna 9 24 AM

William McKinley's Wedding

A Chapter of Reminiscences Set Down by a Friend and Neighbor Who Was Present When the Future President Made Ida Saxton of Canton His Wife.

By EDWIN A. LEE

ADJUTANT HENRY C. ELLISON, with whom I had served in the 115th Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, having been elected auditor for the county of Stark, I came with him to Canton as deputy early in March, 1867.

Major McKinley arrived shortly thereafter, and commenced the practice of law.

As the court house is the Mecca for all lawyers, we were soon acquainted. I was for several years chairman of the Republican County Committee, and the Major having entered the arena of politics, our relations were quite close.

When in the summer of 1869 he decided to be a candidate for prosecuting attorney (and to this office he was elected) there were many who raised objections on account of his short residence in the county; this was especially the case with the old line politicians.

They thought his friends over estimated his ability, and no one, whether friend or foe, dreamed that he would be elected many times to Congress, twice governor of Ohio, and finally twice be elected President of the United States. But who can "look into the seeds of time and say which grain will grow and which will not."

Of his renomination for prosecuting attorney, the "Canton Repository and Republican" under date of August 4, 1871, said:

"Major McKinley was renominated for the office of prosecuting attorney without opposition. There are those who can and do complain grieviously, of some of Major McKinley's official acts, for 'No rogue e'er felt the halter draw, with good opinion of the law,' and the Major has been remarkably fortunate and successful in getting up a sinister reputation in the circle of law breakers. It is unnecessary for us to be specific in this matter. The public knows that he is an able lawyer, and a fearless officer, that he has done his full duty in the past, and will do it in the future. The Republicans have said that he is worthy to stand guardian to the best interests of the state and county, and they will support this decision with their votes."

On October 6, 1871, (the eve of election) the same paper printed the following:

"Major McKinley is a good lawyer, and a fine orator. He has made his mark at the county bar, and has made one of the best prosecuting attorneys the county has ever had. He has dared to do his whole duty. Shall he be sustained, or shall he who, for having carried out the law and made it a terror to evil doers, be sacrificed? The great Republican party will fail in its duty, if Major McKinley loses its vote. Besides, Major McKinley fought through the war, side by side with Governor R. R. Hayes, winning distinction and the gratitude of his country on many a bloody battle field. While Mr. McKinley was thus engaged, Billy Lynch was making Vallandingham speeches in the villages of Stark County, using all his puny efforts to under value what McKinley achieved at the front."

Stark County was then strongly Democratic, and for the twelve offices to be

filled, nine Democrats and three Republicans were chosen. (The writer escaped defeat and was elected county auditor.)

For Prosecuting Attorney the vote stood:

William A. Lynch	**5228**
William McKinley	**5085**
Lynch's Majority	**143**

Mr. Lynch was later of the law firm of Lynch & Day, William R. Day being the junior member.

Although he failed of reelection, the Major insisted on paying his share of the campaign expenses.

I unable to give the date, I think, however, that it was during 1870, I recall being invited to a social at the house of Mr. Joseph Saxton. Ida and "Piney" had arrived at their uncle's house. Mr. McKinley was also to be there, but he had been detained. Ida was greatly worried and passing from one guest to another, questioned each, "Have you seen the Major?" "Do you imagine the Major is sick?" "Has the Major been called from the city, do you think?" She could not be quiet for a moment, until he arrrived about half an hour later than was expected and then "all went merry as a marriage bell." They were greatly devoted each to the other, and this devotion continued through many years of joys and sorrows, triumphs and defeats, to the end.

No one was greatly surprised when, early in January, 1871, invitations were issued to their wedding to take place on January 25, 1871, at the First Presbyterian Church. I fortunately preserved the one which reached me, and an engraved facsimile of it is presented herewith.

The "Repository and Republican" of January 26, 1871, contained the following account of the ceremony:

Marriage of William McKinley and Miss Ida Saxton

"The audience room of the new stone Presbyterian Church being nearly finished, the lady members resolved a few weeks since, to have it ready in time for the wedding of Major McKinley and Miss Ida Saxton, on the 25th. Promptly at the hour, yea, long before the 7:30 p. m. named upon the invitations, the house was filled with the expectant multitude.

"As to the appearance of the new church, we might say a great deal, but we reserve our description until the formal dedication.

"The scene at the church was novel, and there were 1,000 people, all the building would hold, and many had to stand, all on the tip-toe of expectation to see. It made no difference that they had taken their place an hour too soon. Professor Fiske came in, and entertained the first audience that ever filled the church, by music upon the organ. Some minutes after he commenced to play there was a sensation. Everybody's face was turned toward the door, many stiff-necked old and young sinners nearly broke their necks; at last they came: first, up the left aisle, Mr. James A. Saxton leading the bride, his daughter. They were followed by Miss Mary P. Saxton, a bridesmaid, escorted by Mr. Abner McKinley, sister and brother of the bride and bridegroom.

"Upon the right aisle Major McKinley approached the pulpit leading Mrs. James A. Saxton. Mr. Osborne of Youngstown followed, leading Miss Amelia Bockius, also one of the bridesmaids. Messrs. R. D. Kuhn, M. G. Huntington, J. M. Faber, and M. Barber acted as ushers.

"As to the dresses worn by the ladies, we shall be compelled, owing to our meagre training in Jenkins technicalities, to be entirely silent, except to say that they were faultless in taste and exceedingly rich and beautiful.

"Arrived at the arena in front of the pulpit, the parties disposed of themselves gracefully, and with perfect facility, the

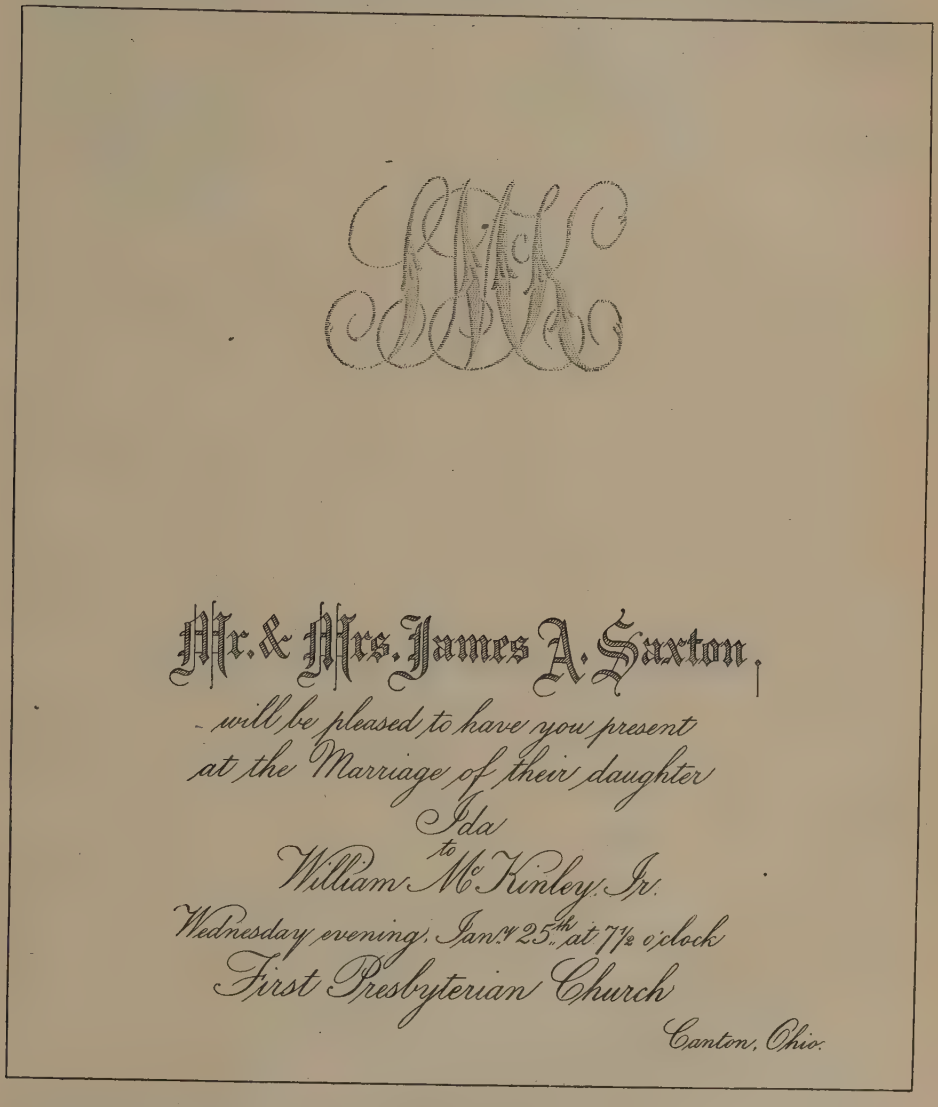
bride and bridegroom the centre of a half circle, the former supported by the maids, and the latter by his friends, the young gentlemen named.

"The Rev. E. Buckingham and Rev. Dr. Endsley married the couple, using the plain and yet impressive ceremony usually employed by members of the Presbyterian and Methodist churches.

"At the conclusion of the ceremony the crowd waited respectfully until the newly made husband and wife and companions had passed out.

"Then tongues were loosed, and the dumb spake, and gossip became supreme, and all agreed that nothing could have been more gracefully performed than the first act in the life drama upon which

FACSIMILE OF THE CARDS ISSUED FOR THE WEDDING OF WILLIAM McKINLEY AND IDA SAXTON


Mr. & Mrs. James A. Saxton
will be pleased to have you present
at the Marriage of their daughter
Ida
to
William McKinley, Jr.
Wednesday evening, Jan'y 25th, at 7½ o'clock
First Presbyterian Church
Canton, Ohio.

the gallant Major and his young and beautiful wife have just entered.

"After the marriage ceremony the personal friends of the families partook of refreshments which had been laid at the residence of Mr. James A. Saxton.

"Mr. and Mrs. McKinley took the 10 p. m. train for the East, and will make a bridal tour of the eastern cities, not being expected to return for three or four weeks."

In 1873 I was again elected county auditor. At the end of my term I engaged in other pursuits and was thereafter only occasionally at Canton.

I traveled West for a number of years, but whether in Portland, Oregon, or El Paso, Texas, the name of McKinley reached me, for it had become a household word. He took up the cause of protective tariff early in his political career, and had "fought it out on that line" with a continuity of purpose rarely seen. He felt that he was right in his ideas, and having convinced more than half the voters of the country that he was so, he was twice elected President on that issue, and on the sound money one; these twin principles going hand in hand to accomplish this.

President McKinley always heard patiently any who might call on him, but to his old acquaintances his hand shake was heartier and his smile more kindly than to the new.

The last time I spoke with him was at the White House, in June, 1900, when the Canton delegation, accompanied by the Grand Army band of Canton, on their way home from the nominating convention of Philadelphia, stopped in Washington to congratulate him on his renomination. I went with them and I shall always be glad that I did so. As the President saw me approaching in the line he said: "Ed, I am glad to see you," and taking my hand, which he held a considerable time, he passed it to that of Mrs. McKinley, who was seated, and said: "Ida, you must remember Mr. Lee." The heartiness with which this was done, and the smiles from each, seemed to carry me back to the old times at Canton.

This article is now longer than I had expected to make it, and so I will close, and feel that I cannot do so in a more fitting manner than by saying of McKinley as Antony did of Brutus:

"His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Night in the Philippines

NO breath disturbs the forest hush; the moon lies ghostly white
Above the tent where moaning lies through half the tropic night
A boy with eyes like azure seas, hair like the glossy sloe,
And cheeks where torrid suns have kissed the virgin white below.
That fair young form has worn the blue, as vet'ran soldier might,
For glory bought at fearful cost he pays the debt to-night.
Comrades bend o'er him wan with grief, their scarred cheeks wet with tears,
He sees them not but vainly seeks a face of other years.
The pale moon glides athwart the door, his young eyes light with joy,
"Oh mother! have you come at last? I *knew* you'd find your boy."
The sad moon greets his dying lips and lies upon his breast,
While happy 'neath that mute caress the soldier sinks to rest.

McPHERSONVILLE, S. C. *May Elliott Hutson*

A VOLUNTEER OF 1814.

BY EDWIN L. SABIN.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. FOSMIRE

I.

Marie Chouteau

AS nearly as I could estimate as I stood leaning moodily against the side of the doorway, it was the twenty-fifth of July. The year, of course, 1814. The place St. Louis, capital of the new Territory of Missouri in the United States in America.

Four years to a day since with a gay song and much show our three batteaux swept across the channel and down to the levee of the town. Three years since Marie Chouteau had silenced my passionate declaration by laying her dark wrist alongside mine and saying, gravely:

"How think you my blood and yours would mingle, Monsieur Englishman?"

How, indeed! As well, she would indicate, as did I and the townsfolk, her neighbors and kinsmen, mingle. Almost I cursed my Saxon lineage of skin which no sun or wind had changed, and wished I were Frenchman or Spaniard, or even Ioway or Sauk. These, at least, were no aliens in St. Louis; and I was.

I had been glad enough to leap from the batteau to the bank, and realize we at last had reached the celebrated metropolis of that famed District of Louisiana. The voyage from Michilimackinac had been tedious, uneventful, notwithstanding that at Prairie du Chien (at the mouth of the Ouisconsin, and although accounted an American post truly more of England than of the United States) Colonel Dickson, friend of my lamented father and head of the trading business there, had pressed me to give up the journey, warning me that the Indians from the straits to the Illinois were in a state of unrest—a powder magazine likely to be touched off at any instant, I inferred, by a British match.

This was not news. In Montreal it had been no secret that the Indians were being supplied with guns and ammunition and dispatched by England to murder men, women and children, and make the American frontiers a place of hell. Son of an English officer in the service of His Majesty, I was ashamed; and I think my father, staunch subject that he was, was ashamed, too, but even dying he had expressed no word to me on the matter.

We, in French-Canadian batteaux, had naught to fear, so we pushed on down the river. The whole country along the Mississippi seemed strangely sullen and quiet. All the way from the Ouisconsin to the Lemoine rapids we encountered none but Indians; these were most pleasant and sauve, yet on more than one occasion we descried naked, sinewy, painted bodies in stealthy file on a river trail, bent the devil only knew where.

Just above the Lemoine rapids we passed a fort the Americans had erected

"How think you my blood and yours would mingle, Monsieur Englishman?"

on the west bank and styled Fort Belle Vue, or Fort Madison. I judged it too exposed for a garrison — an opinion not long afterward demonstrated as correct.

When I had left Montreal signs were not lacking that England was counting on regaining her lost colonies, and teaching to presumptuous rebels a lesson. And when I arrived at St. Louis I found rumors of war increasing every hour.

The savages, incited by British encouragement, were waxing bolder. American traders were being hampered by British traders on American ground. Tales of British tyranny on the high seas were stirring the uttermost settlements. The affair of the "Chesapeake" rankled deep. Apprehension was in the air, and hatred of everything British was at fever heat. Small wonder that I, with my light hair, blue eyes and complexion inclined to pinkness, was cordially disliked, as much by the elders for my name and lineage as by the young bloods for my aspirations towards la belle Marie.

Nevertheless, despite the fact that I had intended remaining at St. Louis only a month, I had seen Marie Chouteau—and here I still was!

In all St. Louis the Chouteaus were my only friends. Of the Chouteaus Marie was the kindest—and, it seemed to me, the cruelest. But why should she marry me? I could not blame her for refusing. She was French. Her uncle and guardian, Colonel Auguste Chouteau, was the most prominent man in that portion of the Territory. The Chouteau fur trade was kingly in its operations, and the name "Chouteau" was known beyond the headwaters of the Missouri. Besides—

"How think you my blood and yours would mingle, Monsieur Englishman?"

This answers the question.

Nevertheless I lingered on, a clerkship in the Chouteau store being my pretence, and affording slight income.

The ways of the French I never could understand. To-morrow to them was as distant as a hundred years, and they danced with the military, sang, laughed, and were happy night and day. Had I been as volatile I might not have been regarded with such general disfavor. But events were crowding which should sober any person.

In September, 1811, the big comet, forerunner of the battle of Tippecanoe that roused the vengeful savages of the whole Northwest. Next the terrible earthquake, shaking St. Louis, destroying vast areas of land and changing the course of the river channel. Following, the calamity of the theatre fire at Richmond.

Wild prophets sprang up, who said these were tokens of an Indian outbreak that would turn western streams into freshets of blood. On the frontiers all was fear. Women kept to the cabins.

No one strayed far from shelter. The rifle was loaded anew every evening, and the priming pricked frequently. Soldiers were on the move hither and thither, endeavoring to awe the tribes. At last the long threatened war with Great Britain blazed up in earnest.

The war did not add to my popularity. Although I was not donning the uniform my father had worn, neither was I to forget that he had loved it. I could not enlist. In every British soldier I might be called upon to kill I feared I would see Major James Petherbridge.

Colonel Chouteau alone comprehended my feelings, for he clapped me on the back, in the store, when some one maliciously asked me to enlist, and said:

"Let the lad alone. His heart is all right, but he has the quick honor that forbids him fighting his father's people."

To-day, as I stood in the doorway, the town appeared unusually deserted. This was due to general stagnation of business caused by Indian troubles, and in part to the fact that two expeditions had lately set forth up the Mississippi. The first, under command of Governor Clark himself, had left in May for Prairie du Chien, there to build a fort. The governor had already returned with word that the point had been captured with no loss, and that Lieutenant Joseph Perkins was erecting a fort which would defy the enemy. The second was dispatched by General Howard in July to reinforce Lieutenant Perkins. It consisted of

three keel boats or barges, one holding forty-two regulars under Lieutenant Campbell, the others some sixty Rangers under Captain Stephen Rector and Lieutenant Riggs. Lesser crafts with contractor's and sutler's outfits, a woman and a child, accompanied the expedition.

The street was silent and empty, save as hungry dogs had a brisk encounter for a bit of offal, and with shrill cries a withered French dame assailed them from her doorstep. Before me was the river. Far to the north a boat was approaching, down the channel. I wondered who could have the hardihood to descend the Upper Mississippi in such times.

The boat came nearer and nearer. I saw the flashing of oars — then other gleams that indicated firearms. Soldiers!

Queer it is how bad news spreads, but I scented disaster and started for the levee; and ere I had taken a dozen steps, from doors and around corners suddenly popped figure after figure, all bound as was I for the landing-place, and all with a hurrying, anxious, bewildered mien that betokened unwelcome surprise.

II.

The Fight at Campbell's Island

Before the boat reached shore it was plain she bore wounded and dead, and when she grounded, with her nose on the bank, out from her stepped as sorry a lot of men as I ever beheld.

Powder-stained and grimy, gaunt with weariness and hunger, weak, dispirited and defeated, they staggered to the mud. It was hard to distinguish the unhurt from the wounded. The clothing, hands and features of all were marked with blood, now dried, of friend and foe. The barge was riddled by bullets, and one side was scorched black.

"'Tis part of the Campbell expedition!" somebody had cried while yet the craft was in the channel. And so it was.

The first man who touched the levee was surrounded in a twinkling by a crowd eager for news. He was a little Frenchman, of Cahokia, enlisted with the expedition as one in the crew navigating the boat of Captain Rector. The officer had been wise in securing for this purpose Cahokia river men.

With others I pressed forward to hear what the fellow had to say. And he was by no means loth to recite to such an audience. Here and there on the shore were similar groups clustered about soldier and voyageur, and intent on the tidings. With gestures and exclamations peculiar to his people our Frenchman delivered himself of his story:

"The Riggs boat? I do not know. We had enough to do to take care of our own men and Lieutenant Campbell's. *Mon Dieu*, and this is how we did it! With all the barges we got as far as the large island above the river Rock, and we stopped for the night. No one wishes to ascend the long second rapids in the night time. The Sauks and Renards came around as friendly as you please, and we had the word of their war chief, Black Hawk himself, that we were welcome. But mark you, what a welcome! The boat, see! Lieutenant Campbell, Monsieur Stewart, and others, wounded. The dead, and the boat of Lieutenant Riggs, behind, with the rest of the detachment in the midst of the savages. That's a true Indian welcome, is it not? But it might have been avoided, for all the time the Indians were talking they sought out us Frenchmen, and pressed our hands, and in many ways showed that they wanted us to get out of the road. Now I have not traded with the Indians, nor left an Indian wife in Saukenuk, for nothing. So I told Lieutenant Campbell the savages were up to mischief, and that he had better turn back. But p'st, he would

not believe. He thought we Frenchmen were afraid. Had we really been afraid we could have left the expedition then and there, as the Indians desired. We set out the next morning early, Captain Rector's boat, in which we Cahokia people were, and Lieutenant Riggs' boat in advance, and the regulars with Lieutenant Campbell some distance behind. A wind such as you can't imagine sprang up, and what with this gale driving us toward the right hand shore, and the current of the rapids twisting us, we were in bad plight.

"Then, *nom de Dieu!* I looked down the river, and there was a battle in progress! Not a sound of a rifle could I hear, on account of the wind, but the smoke was thick among the trees. The wind couldn't carry it off fast enough.

"We turned 'round in a second, you may believe, and with oars helping the wind we made straight for the spot, as brave men should. We were going to assist the regulars, you understand. As ill luck would have it, the Riggs boat stranded in the rapids. It did not have Cahokia boatmen. Our barge never stopped until we threw anchor near the regulars.

"*Pecaire!* But they were hard pressed! Their barge was stuck on a lee shore, on a little island not far from the main land and from the trees within fifty yards the Indians were peppering like devils. Just as we got there the sail blazed up, and the wood had caught. Burning arrows, you see. That was bad in such a wind. We opened fire but we might as well have tried to drive back a thousand fiends, with popguns. There was only one thing to do, and we did it. Had we hesitated every regular would have been scalped, for their reply to the Indians was growing weak. We up anchor — cut the rope, that is — threw overboard provisions and supplies and everything we could spare, to lighten the boat, and let the wind drift us. A lot of us jumped into the water on the side opposite from the Indians—I jumped with the other Cahokians—and stooping low we shoved the barge broadside against the regular's craft. Crack, crack, crack, went the rifles faster than ever, when the Indians saw what we were doing. But our men answered from the boat, and in the midst of all the shooting and yelling, groaning and cursing—*sapristi!*—we took every living soldier from the Campbell barge into ours, and we hauled out again.

"You can see by the bullet holes in that barge what a time we had, and the burned planks show how, when the wind eddied, the flames licked our faces. But we did what we intended, and we left behind us the Indians swarming over the beach and scalping the dead—*mon Dieu*, I hope there were no living — in the bottom of the blazing craft we had given them as a present.

"Meanwhile the sutler's outfit had gotten away down the river, after receiving a few balls. That is all I have to say. Others may tell a prettier tale, but what you have heard from me is only the plain truth, I swear it."

"What of the Briggs barge?" I asked.

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, and pointed indefinitely up the river.

"*Voila!* Who knows! The last we saw of it it was still stranded, a snug enough nest. But now?—"

And with another shrug he swaggered away.

"Monsieur Englishman," spoke a clear voice in my ear, "can any one be braver than a Frenchman?"

I turned and saw at my side Marie Chouteau. No one else so persistently addressed me as "Monsieur Englishman," although it was an appellation to which I was generally submitted.

"Mademoiselle," I answered, with a bow, "you would make me wish that I, too, were a Frenchman of Cahokia.

But," I added, "not all the men in Captain Rector's boat were French, nor is Rector a French name."

But already she was some yards distant from me, gazing pityingly at the sick and wounded.

Nine killed—among them the woman and child—and sixteen wounded, with Lieutenant Campbell scarcely able to move, was the result of this ill-fated expedition. A heart rending procession it was that toiled up the levee and into the town.

However, the next day while I was at dinner I heard a great cheering and ascertained that the barge of Lieutenant Riggs was at the landing, and every man safe.

On top of the disaster to the Campbell company, lo, in the first week of August appeared Lieutenant Perkins and command, with rueful countenances reporting that hardly had they finished their fort at Prairie du Chien ere, July 17, 15,000 British and Indians marched upon it and after three days' fighting forced it to capitulate. The garrison was paroled and sent home to St. Louis. The fort, named Shelby, was now in possession of the British under Colonel Mackey, who thanked Lieutenant Perkins for such fine, new quarters.

Fort Madison, above the Lemoine rapids, also had fallen. On both banks of the Mississippi from Canada nearly to St. Louis the savages held sway with not even a block house to rebuke them. It was evident that they must be held in check, and even before the arrival of the discomfited soldiers under Lieutenant Perkins another expedition up the river had been outlined. It was to be commanded by Major Zachary Taylor, who had won much renown by his stubborn defence of Fort Harrison on the Wabash. Sauk and Fox, Winnebago and Sioux, Kickapoo and Pottowattomie, must not be permitted to ravage with impunity.

As soon as I heard that this expedition was to go against the Indians and not against the British I hastened to volunteer. To my intense disappointment and chagrin I was informed that, so eager were the people for revenge, the ranks were filled to overflowing. Only too well I knew that my failure would expose me to the taunts of willful tardiness, and I was fain to cry in desperation.

III.

How a Rifle Went Forth

"Why so heavy-faced, *mon enfant?*" asked Colonel Chouteau the same afternoon observing me as I sat at my rude desk, staring into vacancy.

Monsieur Chouteau, as I have intimated, always had seemed most friendly, and with an unusual burst of confidence —so needy was I of counsel and kindness—I told him what was in my mind.

"*Diable!*" he exclaimed, putting his hand on my shoulder. "And so thou wouldst uphold thy reputation against the Indians if not against thy former people. Here, come with me and we will see what is and what is not."

Straight down to military headquarters we walked, and without ceremony into a room where were seated two officers in United States uniform.

The elder I perceived at once was Major Taylor. Many a time within the last few days he had been pointed out to me as he strode rapidly along the streets.

I feared we interrupted important conversation, and that our courtesy at the best was scant, but Mr. Taylor, pausing in the midst of his words, smiled slightly as he recognized my companion, and politely waited for us to announce our errand.

"I have the honor," said Colonel Chouteau, speaking in English, "of presenting to your attention Mr. Arthur Petherbridge, who is desirous of taking service under you in this expedition to

the Indian country above the Rock river."

"Let him enlist, then," said the major, sharp and quick.

"They tell him the ranks are full," replied Colonel Chouteau, suavely.

"Tut!" exclaimed the officer. "We always have room for a young man of his stature and parts. Can he shoot? Do you vouch for him, Monsieur Chouteau?"

"He is of English birth, but he will fight like an American—or a Frenchman. He has been in our employ," replied my attestor.

"Very well," remarked Major Taylor, in his conclusive, authoritative manner. "Captain Rector, you will please enroll Mr. Petherbridge in your company. And you, sir," to me, "will report to Captain Rector to-night with firelock and all accoutrements, to proceed to Cape au Gris. Colonel Chouteau, my compliments to you for your recruit."

To which Colonel Chouteau made some kind of proper reply, and we left the two officers renewing their conversation.

"It is done," said my companion, gripping my arm in his hearty fashion.

"Monsieur Chouteau," I answered, "I am a thousand times obliged to you. But, but—"

"Dame! So there is a 'but,' is there?"

"But I have no gun."

I felt that I was confessing to heresy. For a frontiersman to possess no firearm was as unusual as for a French girl to have neither prayer book nor crucifix.

When I would have enlisted I had forgotten that volunteers were expected to furnish their own weapons. True, I owned a rifle, but two weeks before I had lent it to a Ranger, to use while his was being repaired. As he was a skilfull marksman I was sure I was doing as much as if I myself bore it. And now he was absent on duty. I was in an awkward dilemma. It was scarcely possible that I could obtain another piece. During the war rifles had risen astonishingly in value, and to-day a fairly decent one was worth seventy-five dollars. People were learning to esteem them.

Again Colonel Chouteau came to my rescue.

"P'st! Let that not trouble thee, *mon enfant*," he said, lapsing into French. "Thou shalt not lack for a rifle—the best on the river. Horn full of the best in store, and bullets, too, go with it. All will be waiting for thee an hour before sundown to-day, at my house. *Mon Dieu*, you overwhelm me!" and he shut off my clumsy thanks.

With light heart I spent the succeeding hours of the day. I fancy Colonel Chouteau told of my enlistment, for persons who heretofore had been most indifferent now greeted me with a certain cordiality. I early closed my books at the store, and had nothing to do but wait. A spirit of restlessness pervaded me. Before I could check myself I was at the Chouteau mansion (the old Laclede dwelling, and the finest house in the whole territory of Missouri) with a strong desire to retreat. Too late. I resolutely knocked—wished I had not—hesitated—knocked once more—and, no one coming, walked in.

Through the wide hallway I went, guided by the words of a merry chanson much in vogue among the voyageurs, and popular with the French, high and low:

"Tous les printemps,
Tant de nouvelles,
Tous les amants
Changent de maitresses.
Jamais le bon vin ne m'endort;
Quand l'amour me reveille."

Sitting on the floor of the kitchen, scrubbing away at parts of a rifle lying around her, was Marie Chouteau, singing like a bird. In a flash she stood upright, a blush covering her face.

"Mademoiselle Marie," I said, some-

what confused, yet making my best bow.

"Monsieur Petherbridge, as I see," she responded, sarcastically. "And is it English manners to steal through a strange house and in upon a girl at her work?"

The blush had died to a little red spot glowing through the rich, wonderful duskiness of either cheek. Her black eyes looked unwinkingly at me, with an angry challenge. Defiance and rebuke were in her attitude as she poised there, her hands behind her, one foot thrust forward, and her chest heaving.

"I meant no rudeness," I faltered. "I did not expect to find Mademoiselle here —employed thus," and I indicated by a gesture the place and the disunited rifle.

"I merely wished to say adieu. Mademoiselle may not know that I leave with the expedition, and go to Cape au Gris to-night."

"I am here and doing this, Monsieur Petherbridge," she replied, "because if this expedition fares no better than the others of late we may be called upon to defend St. Louis itself against the savages. Then, instead of dancing and such pretty nonsense, will come for the women cleaning of rifles and moulding of bullets. So I am beginning now—but why explain? And I know very well," she continued, her mien softening a little, "that monsieur has enlisted. He has my congratulations. Only, Monsieur Englishman," now she was more like her old self, "your call is somewhat untimely."

Seated on the floor scrubbing away at parts of a rifle

"I offer my humble apologies, and withdraw," I said, and turned to go.

"Monsieur," she called.

I faced her.

"Pardon me. I was angry, and I fear, discourteous. But, Monsieur Englishman, we French girls are not accustomed to being caught sitting on the floor. If

—if perchance monsieur comes this way again before he goes I will try to give him a reception more to be looked for from a Chouteau, to a friend."

Happier than I really had warrant to be I descended to the street. I was a "friend," but I was going to see her once more. St. Louis never had looked so fair.

Promptly at an hour before sunset I was again at the Chouteau residence. Contrary to custom no one was lounging on the wide portico. Unhailed I rapped at the door. A negro servant appeared. I told him to announce my coming. Then I waited on the portico, for the day was warm, and the breeze sifting between the columns was refreshing. Presently Mademoiselle Marie tripped out from the doorway, and greeted me.

"This is better than the kitchen, is it not, Monsieur?" she asked, archly.

It was indeed, for the view over river and country was superb. But my eyes paid little heed to the surroundings. The slender, girlish figure before me was all my vision would encompass.

"Mademoiselle may safely sit where she pleases, hereafter, without fear of interruption from me," I said, endeavoring to speak lightly. "I am glad to be permitted to present a second time my apologies for this afternoon's intrusion. And now I crave pardon if I say adieu at once. I must report to Captain Rector. We repair to the rendezvous at Cape au Gris, and may start at any moment." She stepped inside the hall, and in a second reappeared trailing after her a rifle, and bearing in her left hand powder horn and bullets.

I had not forgotten the promise of Colonel Chouteau but I had hesitated applying to this girl.

"Monsieur Petherbridge surely does not intend to go off without these," she said, her white teeth showing between her vivid red lips as she smiled. "My uncle regrets that he is unable to be here in person, but he bade me deliver these to you, with his compliments."

With eagerness I took from her the piece and examined it. Firearms I always have loved and this weapon was a beauty. I noticed the metal of it was spotless and the lock and all the mechanism had been carefully cleaned and oiled.

"It is in perfect condition," I remarked.

"I heard my uncle say so," she replied carelessly.

I saw at a glance that it was the same rifle which I had descried this very afternoon on the kitchen floor being wiped and scoured by Mademoiselle Marie's own dainty hands. By a rare rush of good sense I did not remind her of the fact.

"And excellently balanced," I added as I raised it to my shoulder.

"I am afraid there has been an Englishman in front of it more often than behind it," she observed, sedately. "But I do not see why the shoulder makes any difference so long as the eye and the heart are right—and monsieur, I have heard, is a good shot."

I bowed my acknowledgment and then stood not knowing what to say as farewell, and fingering the gun as an excuse for my silence.

"I am a thousand times—"

"*De grace!* Enough of that," she exclaimed, petulantly. "Here, monsieur, and she seized the rifle, and quickly pressed her cheek and lips to the stock, and handed back the piece.

"Now I have said it adieu, and told it to behave. Monsieur Englishman, my best wishes. *Bon voyage* — and safe return."

Ere I could open my mouth she was in the house—and gone. I was alone. Booby!

Not even a touch of her hand at parting. Yet—yet I do not know when in three years and more I had been so

exalted. Never knight with sword belted on him by lady fair went forth to battle so inspired as I—just because, forsooth, a French lass had kissed the gun I bore! I suppose I ought to have been piqued by her preference.

IV.

How a Rifle Came Back

The expedition, outfitted with much care, set forth from Cape au Gris. It carried 334 effective men, of whom only forty were regulars. The intention was to ascend to the head of the rapids above the Rock river, and returning sweep both sides of the Mississippi clear of villages and corn. Then to build a fort on the large island, and garrison it.

I thought myself fortunate in being under Captain Rector. This was Captain Nelson Rector, not the Rector who performed the gallant feat of rescuing Lieutenant Campbell, but I was aware that all of the name had the same dauntless blood. Captain Samuel Whiteside, Captain Vale, Captain Hempstead, and others officered the remaining boats.

With slight incident we reached the mouth of the Rock, where is located the largest Indian town in the country —Saukenuk, or Black Hawk's Town, of the Sauks and Foxes. Although we saw many savages running from place to place, and crossing the river behind us, they did not accost us. Their attitude was ominous, and we expected to be fired upon at any moment.

Strange to relate, about at the upper end of the large island before mentioned (the one above the mouth of the Rock and on which we were to erect a fort), we, like the Campbell forces, were assailed by a fearful hurricane, against which we could make little headway.

We under Captain Rector were in the lead, with Captains Whiteside and Hempstead close following.

Between the current and the wind we were having a hard battle, indeed, and in the midst of it from a small island in the channel we were boarded by a half-breed—refuse of some trader's camp—who assured us that the region was alive with British and Indians, and that we could not hope to prevail in the face of such odds.

Already we had caught sight of red coats on the shore, and of savages gliding from tree to tree, preparing to take us at disadvantage. Captain Rector ordered our boatmen to turn us around, and conduct us to Major Taylor, for the purpose, I judged, of communicating the intelligence just received.

Going thus with the wind and current, we very shortly met Major Taylor near the head of the large island, and (whether because of the hard gale or of the rapidly gathering hordes of British and Indians, I do not know) he instructed the expedition to lay to for the night. This we did by finding shallow water in the lee of an island containing about seven acres, covered with willows and some sixty yards from the upper end of the large island.

A few soldiers were disposed to be foolishly superstitious when the rumor spread that this was "Campbell's" island. The rumor was baseless, insomuch as Lieutenant Campbell was defeated two miles farther up stream. Yet in a way we all scented evil.

Sentinels were posted in the bow of each boat. The night was passed in little sleep and much apprehension. We knew not what to expect, and the darkness seemed pregnant with peril by knife and bullet. We had confidence in our commander, but we were conscious that savages were lurking on every side.

I had just fallen into an uneasy doze, when the quick crack of a rifle caused me to jump to my feet in confusion. The echo of a scream of agony rang in my ears. My companions were jostling and peering and asking frantic questions. The sky in the east was gray, but the mist

from the river stretched about us like a veil. I shivered with cold and dampness.

Then a wild yell of triumph sent the blood leaping. I recognized only too well the scalp yell of the Indian. Shawanoese, Sauk or Sioux, the language is the same.

Word was passed about that a corporal of Captain Whiteside's detachment had been shot, killed and scalped when he stepped but a few paces from his barge. Thus the day began.

The death of the corporal depressed us. We saw our fate in every willow tree swaying in the morning breeze. Hunger, weariness, strained nerves, the clammy shroud of the river — all combined to bring to our minds each horrid tale we ever had heard, and to fill us with terror.

Save for the shot, the yell, and the reeking corpse almost at our feet, we had no evidence that an enemy was aware of our presence. We heard nothing beyond our own movements and whispers and the wash of the waves. Yet we felt that this very island was peopled by savages who had stolen over from the mainland during the night.

Luckily, when we were just able to descry the twigs of the willows, and to fancy hideous faces scowling at us, Major Taylor ordered that the Indians be driven from their vantage. The small cannon in several of the barges drove a round or so of grape through the willows; then, leaving twenty men in each boat as a guard, we plunged into the shoals lying between us and the island. Half swimming, half wading, riflemen with mouths crammed with bullets to insure rapid reloadings, we rushed through the trees and brush, cheering as we advanced. The red skins could not stand a charge like this—they are poor folk to resist a charge, anyway—and speedily we had the island to ourselves.

The mists had disappeared. The sun was up. On the Illinois bank we could see cannon—a six pounder and a three pounder, said Captain Rector—at the water's edge, and British artillerists to serve them. Officers on horseback moved here and there.

Then were we mindful of cannon shot hurtling into our midst. A cry went out that the barges were wrecked, and that we would be left in the willows and massacred by the savages. Helter skelter we regained our crafts, to push off and stop leaks. The cannon were well handled. The balls flew close over our heads or ricochetted, and once in a while splinters flew from a hull or gunwale. Farthermore, the Indians had now collected on a small island below us, and were annoying us considerably by picking off exposed persons.

"We are to hold a council," called Captain Whiteside to Captain Rector, as the boats approached each other.

"Captain Rector, take your men and knock h—l out of those devils!" bawled a voice from the commanding officer's barge. It might have been from Major Taylor, or it might have been from an aide. It didn't matter from whom. The savages were indicated and at them we went.

We encountered fierce resistance. The willows were thick in the centre of the island, but where we landed a sandy beach twenty yards wide stretched from trees and bushes to water. We fired a volley, and rapidly reloading leaped onto the sand, some in our party remaining behind to cover our movement. Captain Rector was dressed in new full uniform, and carried a tall feather in his cap. Sword in hand he was the first to touch the beach, and he led us across it into the willows.

Such pandemonium raged that memory of that charge is confused. I only know that screeching, painted, fantastic figures twisted and jumped and contorted before my eyes until I seemed to be fighting imps of the infernal regions. I

can conceive nothing more horrible, or more supernatural.

I had emptied my mouth of bullets. I was conscious that quickly as an Indian shifted his position, quicker was my aim. Then I found myself, and companions on right and left, slowly retreating, step by step. We were overmatched. In a moment we had regained her with poles were ready to push off.

I called frantically, and ran along the beach, expecting every moment to feel a bullet in my back.

"To the rear! To the rear, man! Quick!" came a shout from many voices. I leaped to one side and turned, throwing up my rifle as a hunter does when a deer is about to break cover.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the Sauk jerk forward his raised arm, and pitch headlong

the sand, and the enemy held the protection of the willows.

I saw Captain Rector wave his sword and shout something. More through intuition than understanding, I sprang forward in a last charge that I felt must serve to give us but a chance to attain our boat. I stumbled over a root, and fell, putting out my hands to save myself. My rifle became entangled among the twigs and branches. I jerked at it desperately, having no notion of going without it. By the time I had disengaged it my comrades were wading to the barge, were tumbling into it, and the men in

In my very footsteps, and fifteen yards behind me, came full tilt the biggest Indian I had ever seen—a Sauk, by his war paint. Some savages had been fighting in yellow leather shirts. This one was naked save for his breech clout and moccasins. His body glistened with perspiration. Vermillion and ochre streaked his face and chest. His tomahawk was in his right hand. His two braids streamed straight in the breeze. Not a detail was lost on me.

The moment I leveled my rifle he began to dodge, after the manner of one who wishes to evade a bullet. He did

not know my piece was empty. So we stood face to face, I steadily threatening him with the gun, and he dancing nearer and nearer, with hatchet raised. How I would have fared had nothing intervened I do not care to speculate, because he could advance swifter than I could move backward. Had I put hand to knife he would have hurled his tomahawk. I saw no escape with honor. Rather than run from him I would have died.

This incident, of course, consumed but a few moments. Doubtless the pieces in the barge had been empty, at first, for now I heard a sharp crack, a ball grazed my head, and there was a smart "chug" —a sound I could not fail of interpreting. The savage wavered, though I could see no wound. Suddenly blood gushed from his mouth and nose. Still the duel was not ended. With long, staggering strides he walked down at me, his face distorted, his eyes set grimly, his brow matted in a scowl of intense hatred. Singing his death song, on he came over the sand. And I clutched my rifle and waited.

I heard the report of several rifles. I was whirled partly around. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the Sauk jerk forward his raised arm, and pitch headlong. Something smote me on the temple, and stunned, blinded, I reeled to my hands and knees. I have a dim recollection of a shrill chorus of yells from the willows and a hoarse answer from the barge; a rush past me up the beach; arms lifting me as I lay helpless, and dragging me through sand and water; futile attempts to unclasp my fingers from my rifle. I lost consciousness.

When I opened my eyes again to the world we were in the middle of the river. My companions were idly chatting, and as I pulled myself up feebly, to look over the gunwale I beheld ahead and behind the remainder of our flotilla strung out. From remarks I gathered that with a record of a repulse, a number of dead and eleven wounded (three mortally) we were hastening back to St. Louis.

Inconsequential as my wounds were, compared with those of some (mine being merely a ball through the left shoulder, and a painful blow from the butt of a tomahawk, cutting the right side of my head) they were enough to throw me into a fever, which rendered me oblivious to events during our passage down the river. And when sense had triumphed over vagaries caused by my delirium, I was in a strange bed in a strange room, with the only familiar object visible Mademoiselle Marie herself. She was sitting beside me, eyeing me anxiously; and when she perceived that I recognized her she smiled, saying, gaily:

"Is monsieur ready for another expedition?"

I only stared, for I was dazed.

"Monsieur must not talk. This is the house of Auguste Chouteau—of which you doubtless have some little memory —and for three days and nights we have been endeavoring to restore enough wit to a remarkably thick head so that its owner may tell us of the wars."

"The rifle—the rifle?" I inquired, that having been my last uppermost thought.

"Was very dirty, monsieur, but has been cleaned again."

A knowledge of where I was, and of who she was, dawned upon me, and I strove to rise. Obligations were increasing too rapidly in number. But I strove in vain. The girl watched me, amused. Then a great change transformed her countenance; pity and tenderness took posession of her eyes. She bent over me and laid her cool, soft hand on my hot brow.

"Monsieur Petherbridge," she said earnestly, "you do us honor by staying in this house until you are well and strong. Do not fret. Oh, monsieur," she added warmly, "thou art a brave man. I heard all."

Delicious the touch of her hand. Delicious her "thou".

"Yet I am not a Frenchman — of Cahokia," I murmured, half bitterly, half jokingly.

"No, thou art an Englishman," she replied. "But, listen, monsieur—were I not French, I, too, would be English—of Montreal."

I gazed at her wonderingly. She withdrew her hand and affected to pick something from the floor.

"Strange," I said, musingly, "since thou hast a leaning to the English—of Montreal—and I to the French, if there be not a meeting place."

She lifted her head, slowly, with face averted.

"Mademoiselle Marie," I ventured, gently.

With a quick movement she turned, our eyes challenged, and Oh, the next instant her crimsoned cheek was against mine, on the pillow.

Stories for the Children

By CLARENCE HAWKES,

The Blind Poet of Hadley, Mass.

Gray-Brush

GRAY-BRUSH was a squirrel and the cleverest member of the Gray-Brush family that I have ever seen. I found him one day, during a walk, down in the pasture under an oak. He had, probably, had a bad fall and hurt his back, something that rarely happens to a squirrel, for he was vainly trying to climb the trunk of the oak. He was using only his fore paws, while his hind legs were limp and useless under him, and his brush, that a squirrel usually carries saucily cocked over one shoulder, lay limp upon the ground.

I picked him up carefully, but he squirmed and bit at me savagely and showed all of that distrust that the wild creature usually has for man. But when he found that I did not intend to hurt him he became quiet, and I carried him home in my hat.

I found an old-fashioned cage in the garret and put Gray-Brush in it, after which I bathed his back in arnica, and gave him corn and buckwheat. But he ate little for the first day or two and would not eat at all when I was watching him. After awhile, when I would happen around, I would find that he had been nibbling at his breakfast, or, that he had hidden it somewhere in his cage.

Master Frisky did not know what to make of Gray-Brush. I do not know that he had ever seen a squirrel before, anyway he had not seen one so near. It was not a kitten, for the tail was too large and bushy; it was not a pup, of course, because he would know a pup at once, and what it was he didn't know.

Gray-Brush grew better very fast under my care, and in a couple of weeks he was entirely well. Then he would sit perfectly erect upon his hind legs, with his tail gracefully balanced over one shoulder, and hold a nut between his forepaws and eat it. Around and around the nut would turn, while his sharp teeth dropped shavings from the shuck into the bottom of the cage. And when he had gnawed through to the fine meat, he would eat it with great relish and then throw the shuck away.

When he had finished his breakfast, he would take his morning run on the wheel. It was not much like scurrying through the tree-tops, and the poor little fellow thought with regret of the sweet woods, with the green tree-tops to run upon. But like the rest of the squirrel family, he believed in making the best of what he had, and so he would jump upon the wheel and make it spin around until all you could see was a dim and indistinct circle.

When he got tired of scampering away so fast and never getting anywhere, he would spring from the wheel, and stand at the bars of his cage, twitching his tail back over his head and looking at us with his bright eyes.

Sometimes when he got very lonely and longed for the woods, O so much; he would sing his forest song, keeping time with twitches of his tail and patting of his paws.

"Chitter, chitter, chee, up in a tree,
Chitter, chitter, chee, wild and free,
Chitter, chitter, chee, follow me."

Master Frisky looked very much astonished the first time he heard this song, but he soon learned to expect it, and even listen for Gray-Brush's cheery song of the woods.

When he was tired of this chatter, that his mother had taught him so long ago, he would sit up and look straight at us and bark. His bark sounded quite like that of a little dog, only it was not so loud. And so, with eating nuts and running his wheel, barking and chattering, and singing his forest song, Gray-Brush passed away the time as best he could. But he thought very often of his brothers and sisters, of his old father and mother and of his many cousins, all of whom thought him dead except his mother, who still said that he would some day come back to them.

"O, dear," sighed poor Gray-Brush, springing from his wheel to the bottom of his cage one summer morning, "I do hate this old cage, it is so hot and stuffy and small. O, I wish I were free and out in the woods."

"What! would you rather be in the woods than in that fine cage?" asked Frisky, who was lying on the grass near by.

"Would I?" said Gray-Brush scornfully. "I would as soon die as to stay in this cage all summer."

Frisky looked very much surprised. He had never imagined but what Gray-Brush was contented and happy, he was so cheerful and good-natured.

"Why," he said, "here you get a fine breakfast every morning, and in the woods you cannot always find nuts. Besides, here you are safe, and in the woods there are all sorts of dangers."

"I know it," said Gray-Brush, "but it is not something to eat that I care for. The woods are my home; there I can run and be wild and free, but here I can only mope, and break my heart at last, for no one of my people was ever kept in a cage but he died of home-sickness at the end."

"That is very queer," said Frisky, "I should think that you would like to have a kind master like ours, one who would feed you and keep your cage clean and nice."

"You would," said Gray-Brush contemptuously. "How would you like to be shut up in a box like this, and never go outside, while all the other dogs were running about having a fine time?"

"I would not like it at all," said Frisky, "and if they did that to me I would manage to gnaw off the slats and run away." "That is what I would do if I could," said Gray-Brush. "But these bars are so hard that I cannot gnaw them without breaking my teeth, and all the inside of my cage is just the same."

"Why did you let my master get you?" asked Frisky.

"I was hurt," said Gray-Brush. "I fell from a tall tree when I was running

very fast to get some medicine for my poor father. He was awful sick and I am afraid that he is dead by this time. I was going to get him some bark from the spotted osier for his rheumatism."

"Have you a mother, too?" asked Frisky, with interest.

"Oh, yes," said Gray-Brush, "and brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts and cousins. And I would like to see them all so much." Poor Gray-Brush wiped a tear from the corner of his eye with his tail, and then sat up very straight that Frisky might not see what he had done.

"I wish you could see them all," said Frisky sympathetically, "but I would hate to have you leave us, you are so cunning and I like you very much."

"I think your master would let me go if he knew how much I longed for the woods, don't you?" asked Gray-Brush.

"I don't know," said Frisky, doubtfully. "He is good to every one, and perhaps he might; but you see he does not know, because we animals can't talk to folks as we can to each other."

"That is just the trouble," said Gray-Brush pathetically, and so I will have to stay here and die, like all the rest of the captive squirrels, just because people don't understand."

Frisky looked troubled, but said: "I would help you, Gray-Brush, if I could."

"Would you?" asked the squirrel eagerly.

"Of course I would," said Frisky.

"Then just turn that button on the cage door with your paw."

"I am afraid master would not like to have me do that," said Frisky, "I guess it would be wicked."

"You say that he would let me go if he knew how much I wanted to," said Gray-Brush, "and besides you said that you would help me if you could."

Frisky looked doubtfully, first at my study window and then at the cage door.

"Please do," said Gray-Brush again. "I do want to go so much."

The little fellow was crowding at the cage door and panting with eagerness, his eyes big with excitement and longing.

"O, do! Frisky," he sobbed, "and I will love you all my life."

Frisky reached up with his fore paws and turned the button. Gray-Brush pushed against the door and it swung open, and with a whisk of his tail and a patter of small feet he was gone along the stone wall that led to the woods. But directly, from a distant orchard, came back the cheerful song of the squirrel family:

"Chitter, chitter, chee, up in a tree,
Chitter, chitter, chee, wild and free,
Chitter, chitter, chee, come with me."

And the song was so full of joy and gladness that Frisky was glad that he had turned the button, although he half expected a licking for it.

That evening, when I went to feed Gray-Brush, I found the cage door wide open and the little fellow gone.

"Where is Gray-Brush?" I asked of Frisky, who was looking mournfully into the cage. And he looked so guilty, that I was sure he had let him out, but he fell to licking my boot so affectionately that I forgave him.

"It is no matter," I said, "his home is in the woods and there he should be."

The Sad Story of Peep

IT was still the middle of February, and there was little indication of spring. The snow lay deep upon the ground, the eaves dripped by day and the nights were cold and crisp. As soon as the sun went down and it began to grow dark, the north wind would come driving his white-maned horses over the snow at a gallop, and sometimes when he got

to driving too recklessly you would hear his steeds come bang against the side of the house.

Under the snow the daffy-down-dillies were sleeping soundly, or perhaps they dreamed occasionally of spring. So cold it was and so wintry that you may imagine my astonishment on going to the barn one morning to find Old Speck setting.

"Why, you foolish old hen," I said, "you don't want any chickens this time of year; they would all freeze to death." I put my hand down to push her off the nest, but she pecked savagely at me, and said "curr, curr," which means, in her language, "go away, I want to set, I want some chickens."

So I let her stay on the nest, thinking as it was so cold that she would soon get tired of trying to set. But every morning when I went to the barn I found her on the nest. At last, like Old Speck, I too began to long for some chickens. How cheerful it would seem to hear them peeping.

So, finally, I fixed her a warm nest in the hay mow and put thirteen eggs under her and waited. But how long those three weeks seemed. Each day, when I went up stairs to feed and water the hen, Master Frisky would go too, and stand watching her through the slats of the box while she ate. I said "chickens" to him, and he wagged his tail and seemed to understand.

At last the longed for day came, and Old Speck, with much clucking and scolding, came off with just one chicken! But what a cute little fellow he was, as black as a coal and as lively as a grasshopper. I held him in my hand and let Master Frisky look at him, and he laughed and wagged his tail and gave three or four glad barks.

Old Speck scratched around as hard in the straw for this one chicken as she would have done for a dozen, and how this little bit of black down would peep! When he was nestled under his mother's wings his peep was soft and contented, but when running about the box it was shrill and loud and, if you had not seen him, you would have thought that there were a dozen chickens instead of one.

At first he was only a ball of fuzz, but after about a week the tiniest feathers began to show at the tips of his wings, and by the third week he had quite a growth of them.

He did not eat much at first, but Old Speck broke up bits of the egg-shell and he swallowed those and that gave him a chance to grind the other things that he soon learned to eat. When I would bring him out a soaked cracker, his mother would say, "break, break, break." This meant breakfast, and he would first peep out from under her wing and then come scampering out and peck at the cracker with the cutest little yellow bill. When he had finished his breakfast you could hardly see that the cracker had been touched, but he was a very little chicken and it was all he wanted. Then he would go up to the water and, standing on the edge of a box cover that I had filled, dip his bill in, pausing each time to give thanks as his mother did.

It was a new and strange world into which this young chick had just pecked his way, and he felt very important over his conquest of that tough egg-shell and proud of himself as well. His bright eyes saw everything, and his quick little feet were eager to carry him to all parts of the world. At present his world was a box about three feet square and two high. It seemed a very large place to the young chick, who was so small that when his mother scratched in the straw she would occasionally cover him over entirely, and then there would be such a peeping and scratching until he had uncovered himself again and seen daylight.

It was not long before he had peeped into all the corners of the box and ex-

plored all of the holes in the straw, so then he began looking through the slats on the box and wondering what was on the outside. At this Old Speck clucked sternly and told him not to venture outside for it was very dangerous. But the next day, when his mother was scratching for him in the loose dirt, he slipped through the slats but was terribly frightened to see a large, strange thing crouching on the hay watching him.

"Peep, peep," he said, "I am so frightened!" Old Speck ran quickly and beat against the side of the box and made a great noise with her wings so that the cat did not dare come near, and the poor little chicken scrambled back into the box as soon as he could. He hid under his mother's wing and was so frightened that he did not dare look out for fear that he would see those two terrible eyes.

All the next day he was very good, staying close to his mother and coming quickly when she called. That night they heard a strange nibbling noise at one end of the box. They listened for a long time and finally it ceased. Old Speck told the chick that it was a wicked rat who was an old enemy of theirs and that they must be careful.

During the days that followed it was very cold and the wind howled. Old Speck and the chick kept quiet and the wise old hen told him of the outside world into which they should soon go, and of its many dangers and deceits, all of which should have terrified so young a chicken and made him keep close to his mother. But this one was not terrified, and he longed for the time when they should go forth from the box and see all these strange and terrible things about which his mother had been telling him.

He did not think that Red-Tail, the hawk, could get him, not if he saw him coming, and he would always know when White-Plume was about by the smell. He would keep his eye out for Sly-Boy, whom his mother described as so terrible.

The rats and the cats had not got him yet, and he did not believe that they could. And as for Lord Reynard, who lived in the woods beyond the meadow and who had carried his great grandfather off one night, notwithstanding that he was a large rooster—well, that was a long time ago and such things did not happen now; anyhow, Lord Reynard would not want a small chicken, and when he got larger he would look out for him.

At last the longed for day came. It was about the first of April; the winds were still cold but the snow was gone, and there was a touch of green on the lawns along the sunny south sides. Dandelion had not yet lifted up his golden head, but he was restless and his leaves had put on a pale green.

I knocked off one of the boards on the box and forth came Old Speck clucking and bristling, closely followed by the black chicken. About the lawn they went, "Cluck, cluck, cluck—peep, peep, peep." I never have seen a chicken before or since that could peep like this little black bunch of feathers. His note was as loud and clear as a canary's and as persistent as it was delightful. "Spring, spring, spring," he seemed to be saying, "Spring, spring, spring," from morning until night.

'What, have you got chickens?" asked a neighbor. "Yes, one," I said. "One? I should think that there were twenty," said the friend. So we named him the Peep, and took this bold little chick to our hearts, and he became as one of the family.

Many were the adventures that befell him, and many a time Old Speck's courage and wisdom saved him from destruction. Once Red-Tail bore down upon them when they were far from cover, and Old Speck beat at him furiously with her wings and for a moment kept him at a distance. But, fortunately

for them both, Master Frisky happened to hear the noise and came running and barking so furiously that the terrible hawk flew away. Master Frisky had a great liking for the Peep from the first and if he saw the cat looking longingly at him he would chase the cat under the barn or up a tree. Sir Cockadoodle, too, took a shine to the precocious youngster, and he took it upon himself to keep the hens from pecking it, which was quite a condescension on his part.

When it was time to go to roost the Peep would get upon his mother's back, and then she would fly upon a low roost and from that to a higher one. When they were safe upon the roost the Peep would wriggle down from her back and then walk carefully along to Sir Cockadoodle and adroitly slip between his legs, and there he would stand upon the perch all night.

It was a comical and amusing picture. The great, white rooster, tall and dignified, and the bit of a chicken that came barely up to his spurs, standing between his legs; and when once safely settled for the night the Peep would swell up and try to look like Sir Cockadoodle. He seemed to say, "Don't you see us, Sir Cockadoodle and I? We are the guardians of the roost."

It is hard to conjecture what this young chicken might have become, or what he might have accomplished, had it not been for a most lamentable *if*.

One morning he was standing upon the perch between the legs of his protector, as usual. It was not yet light, but his bright eyes were wide open. He could hear the hens and Sir Cockadoodle breathing peacefully, and through the window he could see the pale morning stars. How still it was, and how strange! Presently he began studying a certain hole in one corner of the hen house. He had often wondered what was in it, but his mother had told him that it was a very dangerous hole and that he must keep away from it.

Here was an adventure. He would explore the hole this morning, before any of the hen family were awake. So down he slipped from the roost and started toward the hole. But when he got to the hole he stopped. Something seemed to say, "Go back," and then he heard a little noise. What could it be? He must see what that noise was, so into the hole he slipped. How dark it was, and how frightful and cold! He would go back at once, but which was the way? Instead of looking back into the comfortable hen house he was looking directly into the beady, wicked eyes of Charley Nibbler.

About him, on every side, were a half dozen wicked looking rats. He tried to peep, but his voice, that was usually so loud and shrill, was a mere squeak, and then the rats came closer and he could feel their hot breath and see their white, cruel teeth. And then he found his voice. "Peep, peep, peep," he cried. "Sir Cockadoodle, Sir Cockadoodle, save me!"

With a loud note of alarm Sir Cockadoodle came down from the roost followed by all the hens. Old Speck scratched at the hole frantically, while Sir Cockadoodle beat his strong wings against the boards with a great noise, but all to no purpose. They all knew too well the meaning of those pathetic peeps that grew fainter and fainter until all was still.

When I arrived at the hen house the commotion had stopped and many of the hens had gone back to the roost, but Sir Cockadoodle and Old Speck still stood in the corner. When, by the light of my lantern, I discovered a few small black feathers and a drop of blood upon the dirt, I did not need to search farther; the sad end of the Peep was only too apparent. I filled the hole with dirt and went sorrowfully back to bed,

thinking how we should miss his shrill peeping on the morrow.

"How lonely it is without him," said Old Speck to Sir Cockadoodle the next night upon the roost. "Did you notice how my voice broke to-day?" returned that worthy. "I could scarcely crow; he was a chicken after my own heart and would have made a fine cock, but alas! the good die young."

Tony

POOR Tony was an orphan and all alone in the world, his mother having died the day he was born, and as for his father, no one had ever seen or heard of him.

What could one do alone in the world, especially when one was only a bit of a black-and-tan terrier pup, and small enough to go into a tea-cup? Certainly it was an uneven battle — the great, strange world on one side and this bit of a dog on the other.

At present Tony was just nine days old and he was lying in a basket trying to get his eyes open; they were stuck together so tight and there were a great many strange noises and he wanted to see what they all were; besides, it was so dark.

Presently he got one of them open a little and peeped out, but he could not see very well, the light blinded him so and he only had one corner of an eye to see with. So he waited and in the meantime took a nap. When he woke up, the eye, that had been partly open, came wide open with a snap, and the great world was before him. How the light blinded him! He was soon glad to shut this one eye and let it rest, but presently he opened it again and looked around.

He was lying on some hay in a willow basket and there was a dish of milk beside him. This must be what they had been feeding him with a spoon, so he went to the dish and drank till his sides stuck out, which made him look even more than ever like a ball. He then looked up to the top of the basket. It was so high he never would be able to get out of it and would have to live in the basket all his life. When he looked up again he saw a strange face looking down at him, there were two big eyes and lots of whiskers. It was stern Thomas, the family cat, but Tony did not know. He thought that it would be nice to make friends with the stranger and so he tried to get up, but his legs were very wabbly and as soon as he raised his nose, stern Thomas gave him a terrible box on the ear and poor Tony thought that he was killed, so he lay very still, and after that, whenever he saw Thomas looking into the basket he got as far away as possible and he most certainly did not poke his nose up at him.

There were three things that Tony did during these puppy days. He ate, he slept and he grew, but when his eyes got so that they were wide open all the time and his stubby legs were no longer weak these things would not do for him. He was too big a dog merely to grow; he must find what was at the other end of his basket and see, if he could, what was outside.

So he would waddle up and down, smelling at all the corners and some times making funny grunts and whines, which he thought were very fine growls and barks. When he was tired of this he would roll and tumble about, biting with his toothless gums at the hay or teasing the blanket that had been put in the basket to make it comfortable for him.

One day he stood upon his hind legs and reached up as far as he could with his fore paws and to his great joy he got them over the top of the basket. Then he dug his toes into the sides of the basket and tumbled head first upon the floor. His nose got a hard bump in the fall,

but ne was out of that hateful basket, so he did not care, and soon he was having a fine time hopping around the shed and smelling and lapping everything in sight. But this fun was of short duratinon, for suddenly there was a frightful spitting and before he knew it, Thomas, the old cat, was upon him, spitting in his face and sticking such sharp needles into him that he yelped and yelped and was too frightened to try to run. He just got as far into a corner as he could. The poor little puppy would have been badly clawed had not some one happened along and driven off hateful Thomas and put Tony back in the basket. After this experience he did not venture out again for two days, but by that time he had forgotten his severe lesson and came forth again.

This time he went straight for the wood shed door and out on the lawn, where the grass was fresh and green. How cool it was, and what fun it was to play upon it. Here it was, upon the lawn, that Master Frisky and I first saw him. Frisky went up to him and gave him a good dog kiss, and was very good to Tony, for he had never seen so small a dog and he thought him very cute.

Then Tony remembered about Thomas, and he told Master Frisky about the cat with needles in his paws and Frisky said that Thomas better not touch him when he was around. Frisky stayed and played with Tony, while I went to the postoffice, and when I came back they were still rolling on the grass.

"Don't go away," said Tony with a funny little whine, "you are all the friend that I have in the world."

"But I must," said Frisky, "don't you see my master is a long way down the street and I ought to be right by his side? I will come and see you again tomorrow." So he gave Tony another good dog kiss and galloped after me.

Faithful to his promise, Master Frisky went to see Tony the next morning and, although it was early, he found Tony waiting for him at the corner of the house. At the sight of Master Frisky, Tony came running to him with queer hops, like a rabbit, and he expressed his joy with funny little barks.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you," he said, "I was awfully afraid that you would not come. I love you so much because you are good to me."

The two friends laid down on the grass and had a fine tumble. Tony growled and tried to bite and Frisky made believe be afraid of him, which pleased Tony greatly. When Thomas, the cat, came out and growled at them, Frisky chased him up a tree and Tony's joy was complete.

"I wish you could stay with me all the time," he said, "they are so bad to me when you are not here. Thomas claws me, the rooster pecks me, and Captain Strutt, the gobbler, beats me with his wings, and even my little master Robbie hurts me awfully sometimes."

"I should think he would be ashamed to hurt such a cute little dog as you are," said Frisky. "What does he do?"

"He pulls my ears and ties things to my tail, and yesterday he sat on me and 'most broke my back."

"It's too bad," said Frisky, sympathetically, "I wish you could come and liye with me. But you be brave and every day you will grow a little, and when you get to be big like me they will not dare to hurt you."

Frisky stayed until nearly noon playing with poor Tony, and it was the pleasantest half day the little fellow had ever known. Always after that when we went to the postoffice we were sure to see Tony standing at the corner of the house watching for us, and although Frisky's calls were the pleasantest hours he knew, his troubles grew, rather than got less.

"They are so cruel to me," he said to Frisky one day, "I believe I shall drown myself."

"Don't do that," said Frisky, "things will get better pretty quick and I should miss you so much."

One morning Tony awoke and climbing out of his basket went to the shed door and looked out. It was still dark and the stars were shining. He was so lonesome and tired and cold. He would give a good deal to see Frisky, even for a minute, and tell him all his troubles. How nice it would be to have some one to pat him on the head and tell him that he was a good dog, as Frisky's master always did when he came along. If he only had some one to love him like that!

A big tear rolled down his cheek and fell upon the floor and he gave a pathetic little whine. Down from the doorstep he hopped and around the shed to the barn. There was the horse pond, dark and cold, but it could not be worse than his lot. He put one paw into the water; it was so cold that it made him shiver and whine. If Frisky only would come along. Then he put both paws into the water and waded in up to his knees. It was so icy that he trembled and stopped to consider. *Here* was the cold pond and *there* was Thomas with his sharp claws, the gobbler, and his cruel young master; a tear rolled down each cheek and splashed into the pond. The water was cold, but this great hard world that cared so little for a small dog was colder, and he took a few more steps.

"Goodbye, Frisky," he said, "you are the only one that was ever good to me and I love you so much."

Then there was a plunge and a splash, a few bubbles and a very small dog had gone where the cat, the gobbler and his thoughtless young master could no longer torment him.

The next morning, when Robbie awoke and went to look for Tony in his basket, he was not there, and a few minutes later he found his limp little doggie in the horse pond back of the barn. He was very much astonished, and his heart was nearly broken, for, like most of us, he had been thoughtless, rather than cruel, and he had not imagined how much he had hurt little Tony.

"O, mamma,' he sobbed, "he is dead and I can't ever have him any more! Yesterday I was awful naughty to him, and pulled his tail to make him yelp and now he can't ever forgive me. O, dear! O, dear!"

At this mamma looked very grave and took Robbie on her lap and said: "I did not know that you were cruel to Tony or you should not have had him to play with. It is very wrong for us to hurt the dumb creatures that God has given us to care for, and you did wrong. Tony can never run and bark or play with you again, but let it be a lesson to you to always be kind to your pets."

Reversals

LET that which stood in front go behind,
Let that which was behind advance to the front,
Let bigots, fools, unclean persons, offer new propositions,
Let the old propositions be postponed,
Let a man seek pleasure everywhere except in himself,
Let a woman seek happiness everywhere except in herself.

Walt Whitman

The Gem of the Minneapolis Lakes

Elbridge R. Anderson, the Distinguished Boston Attorney, Tells a Quaint Story of Early Days on the Shores of Lake Harriet, Now a Favorite Resort of the Residents of the North-Western Metropolis.

By ELBRIDGE R. ANDERSON

LAKE Harriet, the gem of the Minneapolis lakes, lies snuggled between the verdant hills in the southern part of the metropolis of the head waters of the Mississippi. A fine boulevard, with its beautiful grass plats and flowers and magnificent trees, skirts the shores. A fine pavilion with every convenience for the pleasure seeker, stands upon the shores, built like a pagoda in the far East. Connected with the pavilion and standing out into the crystal waters of the lake is a band stand capable of accommodating the largest band and choral organizations. In the summer time, in these present days, the sweetest music is furnished by such notable organizations as the Band de Rosa and the choral societies of the twin cities. On any August afternoon and evening you can enjoy a round of innocent pleasure at the lake. It is a grand scene of enjoyment. The lake is filled with boats, canoes and sailing craft. The costumes of the sailors are gay and picturesque in the extreme. When the band plays under the electric lights all the boats and other craft float into sight from the darkness of the lake and the pleasure seeking crowds remain silent in the enjoyment of the selections from the great masters, keeping their boats and canoes near to the band stand by an occasional dip of the paddle or oars. The crowd of boats and the gayness of the costumes of the occupants reminds one of the crush of boats on the famous Henley course on the river Thames in England during regatta week.

These are the scenes at the "lake beautiful" which anyone may see in the present days and as one looks about and drinks in the enjoyment of the scene it seems as if it always must have been the same. One little realizes that only a few short years ago the scene was one so entirely different that a picture of it is almost like a fable. Upon the very spot where the happy pleasure seekers laugh and sing and listen to the best the world affords in music, was an Indian camp which had existed for centuries before. That camp was the only one of its kind in the world. It was composed of wigwams and tepees made from saplings and buffalo hides and contained a thousand or more of the structures. The camp never was broken up. It was occupied from time to time by all the western tribes. When the tepees and wigwams became old and out of repair the bands who found them decadent rebuilt and renewed them. It was a camp of pilgrims on religion bent and was sacred to all Indians alike. There is no record or tradition of any hostility between the bands who occupied the camp while they thus held it. These wild men were not unlike our early forefathers. They went to a shrine as the knights of old. Instead of going to a shrine of the Prince of Peace as the forefathers did, they were imbued with the worship of the Great Spirit who they

believed lived in the rocky gorge of the Falls of St. Anthony, and the voice of the Great Spirit spoke to them through the thunder of the tumbling waters. The bands halted in their pilgrimage at the beautiful lake and in that sacred camp prepared themselves for the worship of the one greater than they. There they gathered together their offerings of skins and claws and feathers captured in the chase, and after all had been done and the dancing and chanting of prayers had hallowed the offerings, the band took up its march to the temple of their Great Spirit only a few miles away. By the bank of that mighty river they came and knelt and chanted again their prayers that the Great Spirit would aid them in all their undertakings, their hunting, their fishing, their fighting and their love making. All day long they remained there in reverent attitude, and if in the evening the wind by chance swept the spray from the foaming, tumbling water into their bronze faces, they took it that their Deity had promised to do unto them what they asked. They then hung up their costly robes and furs in the trees and strewed the feathers on the face of the waters so that Manitou would not forget them in their absence. When this was done they returned to the camp by the lake and on the next day departed to their homes.

These things went on for how many years no one knows. As one band departed another came and the worship went on until the white man, with his greed for gain, came in and possessed the land and destroyed the Indians' shrine and harnessed the sacred waters and made them labor for the good of mankind. When the white man first came, the Indian was very jealous and filled with fear lest he should invade the sacred ground. Many a white was killed and his family driven away into captivity by these men, because of their belief that they were doing the Great Spirit's bidding. It was a dangerous undertaking for a white man to invade the precincts of the sacred ground by the lake, but he had come to stay, and, as the Indians had feared, he was impressed with the beauty of the lake and the fertility of the soil by its shores.

Within fifty years that Indian camp was there and a man, whom we will call Thompson, for his name is of no consequence, came with his family of two grown boys and one girl of eighteen, and tried to establish himself in a new home on one of the rolling hills to the north of the lake and within a short distance of the camp. The hill was covered with trees, and the family lived in a lean-to until the trees had been cut down and the logs prepared for a house and a log house of these was built. All the time this had been going on the Indians kept watch of them and the old man and the two boys worked with their guns at their hands and near to where Virginia, for that was the girl's name, worked at her household duties. Nothing occurred to hinder the work and as the family did not molest the Indians they in turn went about their own affairs. After the house was built and there had been no trouble at all with the camp Indians, Thompson and his sons in their work went further and further away from the house and left Virginia at home to look after the household affairs.

One bright autumn morning Thompson and the boys set out to go to the Fort on the river to procure some needful things and left the daughter at home. The family had been there so many months and as nothing had occurred she did not feel at all afraid, for she could use a gun as well as her father or brothers. After the house work had been done and the breakfast dishes washed she set to work to make up a batch of dough and was paying no attention to anything except her work. She had just taken up an old-fashioned rolling-pin made from

hard wood and had it in her hands just about to roll out some of her dough, when she heard a sound as if a dog were walking on the floor. She turned about quickly and there in the middle of the room stood two Sioux Indians with painted faces glowering at her. They said nothing and did nothing for a moment, and then one of them advanced toward her. She, fearing that he would kill her, struck him with all her might with the rolling-pin on the head and knocked him down. To her great surprise the other Indian instead of rushing at her with his tomahawk broke out in uproarious laughter and started toward the door. The fallen Indian put his hands to his head and rubbed his eyes and got up without saying a word and slowly walked away. She became thoroughly frightened at what had happened and ran to the door and put the bar across it and got her gun down from the wall and made ready for an attack. She sat looking out of the window for a long time, but finding that no one came she put down her gun and went again to work.

In the afternoon the men returned from the fort and she told them what had happened. They were all greatly troubled, believing that the house would be attacked or some of them be killed as they worked in the fields. Weeks went by, however, and nothing occurred, and the family lost their fear. The men had gone away on a morning some six weeks after that eventful day, when six tall, painted savages appeared in the door-yard where Virginia was feeding chickens. They were a dark, cruel-looking band and looked hideous in their paint and feathers. She stood and looked at them and was about to run into the house when one of them said: "How! How!" and she recognized the savage she had felled with her rolling-pin. She turned again and all of his companions were laughing. They all advanced and said "Come" and pointed to the camp. She screamed, thinking she was to be taken away into captivity and perhaps killed or tortured. At her screams they all broke out again into laughter and took her by the arm and led her to the camp.

There she was met by a hundred warriors all in war paint who danced and chanted and swung their arms. She was led to the big tepee and there surrounded by all the braves and the women and children. She stood in terror as they all passed her and examined her curiously. At a signal she was led into the big tepee and there, sitting on the skins, was the Indian she had knocked down. He had on the dress and insignia of a chief. As she entered he smiled and rising, saluted her with "Welcome." He then led her out into the space before the tepee and gave to her two mallard ducks with their resplendent green heads, and two fine prairie chickens, and told her that he had killed them himself for her and that he gave them to her as a token of his regard for her bravery and goodness, and promised that so long as he lived no Indian should again molest her or her family. Then all the braves laughed and danced and sang and shook hands. The six Indians, headed by the chief, took her back to her home, and when leaving the chief and all said: "This is the brave woman who knocked down the chief, the mightiest of all the tribe."

Thompson and his family were never troubled after, and to this day the family lives on the hill and in the near-by city.

BOSTON, MASS.

In-Door and Out Papers

By NIXON WATERMAN

II

Of Clocks and Their Owners

ON the mantel over the fireplace in my library stands a clock that owns a very handsome exterior. Its china case is fashioned in gracefully carved outlines and its smooth surface is ornamented with roses which look as if they might have been painted by hand. Quite a number of the visitors whose presence, with more or less frequency, graces this room, have admired the clock and have remarked upon its beauty. I must say, however, that I am not in love with this particular time-piece. About the house are other much less pretentious clocks that I like better. The old and familiar saying, "Pretty is as pretty does," applies to a clock with peculiar forcefulness and explains why this one, ticking away on my mantel, is not handsome to me. The trouble with this time-piece is that it will not keep good time and when a clock doesn't keep good time it keeps bad time and bad time is worse than no time at all.

"The truth itself is not believed
When told by tongues that have deceived."

A guide-board that does not direct one in the right course must direct him in the wrong course and, necessarily, must commit much serious mischief by sending confiding travelers out of their way, with the loss of valuable time. The office of a guide-board is to direct, in an authoritative and more or less official manner, those who pass by it. If it fail in doing this it robs not only itself of all value but it lessens the worth of all other guide-boards, even though they tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

The traveler whose sorry experience has destroyed his faith in guide-boards is robbed of his peace of mind which would have been of much comfort and consolation to him could he have retained it unimpaired. If a guide-board is a crude appearing home made affair we expect less of it, in the matter of accuracy, than we do when it is a handsomely turned, highly painted, gilt lettered creation. The same idea holds true with clocks. This time piece in my library is so handsome that I regret to say it is a failure as a time indicator. Before I had learned of its uncertainties and its vagaries I used to accept it at its face value. I remember with painful distinctness that once on a time I depended upon it to start me to the railway station in time to catch a train that was to take me to a town where I was to address a woman's club of several hundred members. The clock was five minutes slow, I missed the train and several hundred ladies waited in vain for the speaker who was to have addressed them that afternoon. Since that day I have never looked at that clock without recalling the unpleasant incident to which I have referred. Its beauty does not make me blind to its defects. In fact it serves to make me recall them with a greater degree of regret. I have sought to have this clock cured of its wrong habits, but the clock-makers tell me it is inherently, constitutionally defective and that it will always be more or less tricky. Sometimes, and for no discoverable reason, it

is a few minutes slow and I have to hurry in a most undignified manner to catch my train into the city. The next time I start a few minutes earlier and learn that the clock was five or ten minutes fast and that I have nearly a quarter of an hour to wait at the station. As a matter of course it is only in my thoughtless moments that I consult it for the correct time; I depend upon my watch or on the other clocks about the house for that information. I find, however, that this undependable clock has made me more or less skeptical regarding the correct behavior of all time-pieces. I have little doubt but that if I were to visit the birthplace of official time at the Greenwich observatory, before setting my watch by the official chronometer I would ask the officers in charge: "Is your clock supposed to be about right?"

Of some things we demand beauty, of some things we demand use. We love the rose tree for the beautiful blossoms it produces. I am sure we should not like it so well did it also grow a bushel of potatoes at its root. Hammers with rosewood handles would not answer the purposes of practical carpenters so well as do the hammers with handles made of just plain, common, old fashioned hickory. Beauty serves to bring a reproach upon itself when it calls attention to the lack of other qualities of more essential importance in the object which it presumes to adorn. A patched coat need awaken no derision unless it be worn in close association with a silk hat.

For me my china clock has lost its beauty because it is deficient in the most important feature a clock should possess; it won't keep time. My sense of proportion is such that I will not let the beauty of a few hand-painted roses outweigh the thought that it fails in its one great duty as a time keeper. A poet may write the most correctly formed, smoothly turned love sonnets in the English language and yet if I positively know that he is mean to his wife and family I will have none of him. First of all he must be a man, which is greater than to be a poet, as any one will admit. There may be extenuating circumstances all of which must be taken into consideration, but the fact remains that a poem on loyalty and patriotism by Benedict Arnold would not be taken seriously nor cherished fondly by a discerning people.

The boy whose sense of proportion has not been distorted by too frequent contact with the world will refuse to admire a kite that will not fly, simply because it is beautiful. The most beautiful of all human attributes is the ability to be of use and to do service for others. One might as well try to grow strong by looking at the sign over a restaurant door as to be satisfied with a beautiful person who possesses no other admirable qualities. The true basis on which to consider what we believe to be the most essential and hence the most beautiful attributes in another, is to think of him or her as being the only other person in the world.

The height of a monument may constitute its chief claim to beauty, yet its height is as dependent upon a stone at the bottom as it is on one at the top. The human hand, when properly employed, is nature's greatest expression of beauty. The heart may be false, the smiling face may be donned as a mask with which to deceive, but the fruit of the toil wrought by the hands is an honest, sincere expression that means more than the tongue can tell. The other features may be as the painted roses on the china case of my library clock, but the hands, like the hands of a time piece, are a true expression of what is within.

I have thought, on more than one occasion, as I have been admitted into the homes of my friends, that I could trace some evidences of similarity between clocks and their owners. I have one friend who is a professor in a great university. I have much respect for his pro-

found learning. To me he is more than a mere adjunct of the university—he is the university itself. He thinks deeply, he speaks slowly, he reasons profoundly. He has a big, tall clock that ticks in a slow, measured, deep-toned way. Whenever I hear it I fancy it is ticking off, in Greek and Latin, the most wonderful truths that the investigating mind of man has yet brought to light. If the professor were not present and no encyclopedia were at hand, I should expect that clock to tick me off any information I might ask of it. When I am in the room alone with that clock I somehow feel very insignificant. It sounds to me as if it were slowly saying: "You—don't—know—very—much—but—I—can—tell—you—all."

I remember a great hall clock that stood in an ancestral home in which I visited when a young boy. The house always made me think of the castles or the baronial halls of which I read in story books. This clock ticked in a hushed, sepulchral tone as if a ghost were shut up in it and directing its movements. The clock was the property of an ancient and mysterious family which was said to have a skeleton in the closet. I always fancied they kept the skeleton in the clock and that some time it would step out, when it found me there alone, and tell me the most horrible secret of some terrible deed that had been committed in the old house, years and years ago. But it never did, and in truth I never gave it much of an opportunity.

A friend of mine who has a particularly nervous, hasty, fidgety nature has done much to make me think there are points of similarity between clocks and their owners. He has a clock that fairly buzzes as it cuts the seconds up into quarters. An alarm warns you of the near completion of every quarter, half and whole hour, the latter being struck by a gong in so swift a manner that one cannot help calling to mind the words of the old lady who on being impressed with the rapid flight of time exclaimed, "Sakes alive! How tempus does fugit!" I am not supposed to possess such things as "nerves," and yet when I visit at my friend's house and sit in front of that clock I am filled with a fidgety fear that it will burst, or jump off the shelf and chase me out of the house and down the street, just as a punishment for having in my possession such a slow and reserved temperament. My friend tells me his clock keeps good time. The information is a surprise to me. I would expect it to gain at least five hours a day, with its hasty manner of doing things.

I am told that when a woman begins to grow old she no longer likes a clock that strikes. In fact she wants a clock that says as little as possible regarding the flight of time and the coming of age. I believe if we look about us we shall find that striking clocks are seldom found in houses occupied solely by women. This same line of investigation may also bring to light the secret reason why a woman's watch so often refuses to run. Maybe it is because she doesn't wish it to run. Perchance she indulges the hope that she can stay the flight of time by letting her watch run down.

In my endeavor to substantiate the theory that there are certain established characteristic relationships existing between clocks and their owners I have met with some discouraging facts. For example, I have three friends who own what are known as cuckoo clocks. Naturally I expected to learn that each and all of them liked birds, but in a 'roundabout way I found out that none of them has a special fondness for the feathered families. Why, then, do they own cuckoo clocks? Then it occurred to me that the clocks might not be of their own choosing and selection. I made inquiry along this line of my investigation and learned that all three of the clocks had come into the possession of their owners

as wedding presents. I have learned that it won't do to jump at conclusions regarding clocks and their owners. The clock may be an heirloom in the home, or it may have been imposed upon the family as a present of some sort. In short, some men are born with clocks, some achieve clocks, and some have clocks thrust upon them. First find out in which of these three ways a man becomes possessed of a clock before you attempt to study it as a key to his real nature. I am convinced, however, that there is much to be learned regarding the psychology of clocks and their owners. I never see or hear of a clock but I am impressed with the thought that its mechanism means more than can be comprehended in a few wheels and springs. This is especially true of a cuckoo clock. How any one can go into the house of another and prolong his visit beyond the proper limit, with a cuckoo clock proclaiming the hour in his ear, is beyond my power of thinking. There may be a dog fight in the street, the fire engines may thunder by, a brass band may play past my window without so much as attracting my attention, but when a cuckoo clock begins striking, I drop everything, and in my admiration of its wonderful and mysterious mechanism, give it my undivided and entranced attention. There are those, however, who are differently constituted, as the following verses will show:

The Cuckoo Clock

EBENEZER BILLINGS called on Angelina Brown,
And stayed and stayed and stayed until her face was in a frown.
She fidgeted and looked fatigued and yawned behind her hand,
But Ebenezer Billings didn't seem to understand.
He said about three thousand things of no account and then
He blandly smiled and started in to say them all again,
When Angelina's cuckoo clock upon the mantel near,
It lifted up its voice and said ten times in Billings ear —
"Br-r-r cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo,
Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo!"

But Ebenezer never flinched; he waited till the bird
Was done with its cuckooing, when he didn't say a word
About how late 'twas growing, but he just kept talking on
As if he meant to talk until the coming of the dawn.
Poor Angelina! How she wished that he would go away;
She knew her pa would raise a fuss because she let him stay.
Eleven came and then the clock, still faithful to its trust,
It yelled as if it firmly mean to make him go or bust —
"Br-r-r cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo,
Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo!"

However, Mr. Billings did not mind the clock a bit,
But talked till Angelina — oh! she nearly had a fit.
She knew her father listened in the chamber overhead.
And thoughts of what might happen filled her very soul with dread.
She yawned, and in a way that meant 'twas growing very late,
Yet Ebenezer talked right on, unmindful of his fate,

Till midnight came, and then the clock, it sort of cleared its throat,
And looking straight in Billings' eye it fairly shrieked each note —
"Br-r-r-r cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo,
Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo!"

Then Ebenezer roused himself and started for the door,
But halted ere he reached it just to whisper one word more,
And there he stood and talked and talked till Angelina, she —
'Twas awful! — but she wished him at the bottom of the sea!
And then — her pa appeared and brought his number 'leven feet.
Poor Mr. Billings landed in the middle of the street,
And as he rose and brushed his clothes and slowly limped away
He heard the little cuckoo clock call after him and say —
"Br-r-r-r cuck-oo!"

How Cal Was Undone

A True Tale of Dakotan Life

By FRANK B. TRACY

THE train from the east had been later even than usual and the "office" of the Sherman House was filled with fur-coated members, who were hurrying through their mail before starting up the hill for the afternoon session. Suddenly the din of voices was broken by a long whistle from the lieutenant-governor, who held up a letter and cried:

"Cal's coming here next week."

"How's that, Joe? You don't mean that old Cal is goin' to pay us a visit?" asked one of the pioneer members, and a group at once gathered about the lieutenant-governor's chair.

"Yep; no doubt of it; this letter's from him and he says he's coming with the Omaha Fair people to help boom their show."

"Well, everybody will be glad to see Cal, that's sure," mused the Medora senator. "Let's see, must be six or seven years since he was here, Dave?" appealing to the landlord.

"More'n that," was the prompt reply. "He ain't been here sence th' admission, more'n ten year now. Glad to see him? Well, I guess yes. The best in the place won't be too good fer Cal."

Who was Cal that his coming should excite so much enthusiasm in the border capital? Nobody but a hard working newspaper man who for many years had edited the leading paper of Dakota territory, but he was blessed as the peace maker. In the fierce and bitter quarrels between the "south half," to which he belonged, and the "north half"—quarrels which resulted in the division of the territory when statehood came—he had fought bravely for his side, but had always counselled tolerance and patience, and was a shining example of those virtues. This attitude endeared him to men of all factions, even in that "stalwart time, for it often prevented terrible scenes, especially after the capital had been removed—stolen is the word they use at Yankton — to Bismarck. Cal spent only two months of the biennial session at the capital, but his coming was eagerly awaited each year, and he was

known to every man of any importance in the whole vast territory. After the division, he attended the legislative sessions of his state at Pierre. Now he had removed entirely from the state, for when the bolt came in his party in 1896 he refused to go with the bolters, they bought a controlling interest in his paper and he was compelled to resign. A position of prominence was given him in the leading daily of Iowa and, so, for the first time in twenty years, Cal was editing a paper outside the limits of Dakota.

That afternoon was spent by the older members and clerks in telling the younger ones of Cal's renown, and their stories usually closed with assurance made with shaking head, "And I tell you 'f it hadn't been fer Cal, this house would have seen some mighty lively blood-letting."

Great preparations were made to give Cal a warm official and unofficial welcome. A joint committee of the two houses was appointed to meet the Omaha Fair delegation, although all of its previous efforts to secure support had been ignored. It was a bitterly cold day when the party arrived, but the weather is no bar to pleasure in Dakota, and a large crowd gathered at the station. The committee had scarcely reached the platform of the special car at the end of the train when the door was thrown open and a tall, ruddy-faced man whose head was crowned with a sombrero rushed out and began to shout at the top of his voice:

"Hello, you old coyote, come in here. How're yuh, John, you old sinner. Glad to see you, Rastus. Here as usual, Colonel—couldn't git along without you, could they? Tickled to death to see you all. Here, let me make you acquainted with our gang"—spoken without a pause for breath. It was the same in the hotel. Many of the members, clerks and lobbyists he called by their given names and they greeted him in a way which any man might envy. His voice kept up the high key, and his delight in his return to the scenes of twelve and fifteen years before was good to see.

"These Omaha fellows wired our Commercial Club to send a prominent business man to go with them on this trip—and they sent me. How do I stack up as a prominent business man?" he asked merrily. But the chairman of the party said to the lieutenant-governor when Cal was not near:

"It was a clear case of luck. This is our first trip of the kind, and we weren't prepared for it. There isn't a wit among us; in fact, we're a pretty prosy lot. I can't make a speech at all, and while the other fellows get off good, sensible talks, we needed some one to liven things up and send the people home in good humor. And how he has filled the bill! At St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Duluth he was 'the whole thing,' and brought down the house again and again. He is always the same jolly, free-hearted and witty fellow, and I often wonder if he has ever known any sorrow or even serious experiences. I only wish I could live in such a world of fun. I'll bet I could sell twice as much rubber if I did."

The day steadily grew colder and wilder. The swift northwest wind swept down upon the capitol like a hawk upon a lone chick, for that building was the first object that the blast from Saskatchewan found worthy of its might. It tossed the snow across the rude path from the town to the capitol until the road was completely blocked. The toiling foot passengers and hacks on runners were compelled to return to town or take a long, circuitous route to reach the state house—as no one except a few from the East called the building. Down the long hill and across the town one could see the grim Missouri, now ice-wrapped and snow-bound, and beyond all rose the giant bluffs, cold and grand.

But that afternoon, when the two houses met in joint session in the House of Representatives, the ushers had to bring in additional seats, the gallery was packed and the audience formed a solid mass around the members' desks — a scene witnessed only when a senator was to be elected or the prohibition question was brought up. The envoys from Omaha and the president of the Board of Trade, who had gone along to help them in the Dakotas, were introduced by the lieutenant-governor and made good and interesting speeches, setting forth the claims of the Exposition and the necessity that North Dakota be represented there. But the crowd had assembled to listen to Cal, and it was with a meaning smile and a happy look that the lieutenant-governor announced that he had "saved the best wine for the last," and then called upon the "distinguished ex-Dakotan" for "one of his inimitable speeches." Thunders of applause greated the introduction, and smiles were upon all lips ready to expand into the most uproarious laughter. It was Cal's great opportunity.

But something was the matter with Cal, that was evident.

"Why, what ails him?" whispered the speaker to the governor. "Hanged if I know," was the wondering reply, "He was in my office not twenty minutes ago as happy as a lark. Maybe he's got some bad news by wire. Never saw him look like that."

For as Cal rose to respond to the applause and made his bow, all his wonted hilarity had plainly vanished and his attempt to smile was pitifully forced. That voice which a few minutes before was heard throughout the great building, so loud, explosive and gleeful, was now subdued and broken, and had a suspicious ring as if burdened with tears. Here is what he was saying in a halting, stumbling way with frequent pauses where sobs would have escaped a weaker man:

"I'm almighty glad to see you all to-day, and I'd like to thank you . . . for your kindness in coming up here such a day . . . to see me . . . but for the first time in his life Cal has lost his nerve . . . and I feel like running away from you all to keep from making a booby of myself. Coming up here I knew every word I was going to say, but your welcome has driven everything out of my head . . .and if I do break down it will be because of your kind greeting to-day and the memories of the old times in this very room . . . Cal . . . can't forget . . . . those days. . . . It seems to me now . . . that the only people I knew here were . . . good and hospitable . . . and why the recollection of them and the sight of you . . . makes me blubber this way . . . is something I can't understand . . . I didn't take to this trip at first, but when they told me they were going to Bismarck I was hungry to go . . . and I've been thinking all the time what I'd say when I got here . . . Guess I've been thinking too much about it . . . . We fellows from the south half used to hit you boys from the north half pretty hard, and there wasn't anything soft in the names we called and the way we acted. But those tiffs didn't last long, and we always got reconciled by the end of the session. And when I look over this audience and see John Haggert, Jud La Moure, Bailey Fuller, Colonel Lounsbery, Marsh Jewell and a lot of the other old boys . . . I realize that I used to fight . . . some of the best fellows . . . and noblest men that God's sun ever shone on.

"Maybe some of you remember a loss I had a few years before division . . . . I didn't say anything about the matter, but of course it got into the newspapers. It was a year after that before I came up here to the legislature, but when I did . . . there wasn't a man, woman or child in the whole place, from governor down to candy girl, who didn't come up to me

and let me know in some way, by a word, a grip of the hand, or a look, that they knew of the little grave by the river and wanted to tell me that they were sorry for me . . . That's the kind of folks they had in the old days. Is it any wonder I can't forget them?"

In some way, perhaps by the mighty power of contrast, this reference to his personal loss seemed to steady and clarify Cal's utterances and brain, and he took up this new vein in an almost cheerful way.

"Down east I suppose they'd laugh at us for saying that the pioneer days are over here, and perhaps they are right in a way. But these are not pioneer days as some of us knew them, when there wasn't a hundred miles of railroad in the whole territory, when you often heard of Indian massacres, and Custer's army was scurrying over these plains. When we speak of them to strangers they sound like pretty tough times, but their hardships make them all the sweeter, and the long lonely months that intervened made these legislative sessions all the more longed for and prized.

"We had a long fight for statehood, but our triumph came at last—and never shall I forget that day, for it was the happiest of my life, when the wires told us the glad news. How we shouted and cheered, how we built bonfires on the streets, how we marched around this room singing 'America' at the top of our voices, because Uncle Sam had proclaimed our admission into the Union, and had placed two more glittering stars in the grand galaxy of the best and greatest nation on earth!"

This bit of patriotic extravaganza restored Cal to full control of himself. The last sentence brought out vociferous applause, and he went on in a happy strain, reminding his hearers that "these Dakota states, just to show that party which kept us out of statehood so long that we cherished no hard feelings, now have in Congress three Democrats out of the four senators, and two Democrats out of the three representatives."

He was now fully launched upon a familiar but never stale theme, the glories of the state, a subject which is wholly barred from conventional and decorous eastern meetings, and paid a glowing tribute to North Dakota, "a state bigger than half a dozen other states put together; which stretches from Manitoba to the Black Hills, and from the Yellowstone to the Red; which raises the best wheat and people in the world; which contains even yet hundreds of thousands of acres of fertile free land for anybody who will only ask for it," etc., etc. He grew more and more light-hearted as he went on, not forgetting to laud the Omaha Fair in rapturous terms. The audience cheered again and again, and at the close he was overwhelmed with congratulations, and the lieutenant governor turned to the governor with a smile, saying, "Well, Frank, that was *the* speech of Cal's life."

During the opening, personal passages of the speech, many in the crowd were watching three of the old boys, men who were now senators and whose terms as members of the legislature and territorial council ran far back into the past. They were John Haggert, Bailey Fuller and Jud La Moure. The first had come to the state not many years before with nothing; now he was a "bonanza farmer" and represented the metropolis of the state at Bismarck. Sometimes he seemed to have a hard fight on his hands, but his majorities were always very large. He was big in body, heart and purse, and his generosities were great. But he went into politics to win, he said, and his opponents soon found that politically he left no stone unturned to compass their fall.

Bailey Fuller was the "big man of Jimtown"—wily, suave, polished, never losing his grip on his constituents. Oc-

casionally, through an oversight, they failed to give him as many votes as they gave his opponent, but the Senate couldn't transact business without Bailey and always blandly kicked out the man with the certificate of election and let Fuller in. Even his enemies had to admit that he always had a good case to present to the Senate. The spectator in the gallery might think that Bailey was the laziest and most worthless man in that body, but he would change his mind when Fuller's hand appeared with firm grip on many measures for the benefit of his community and section.

Jud La Moure was called" The Chief of the Pembinas" because of his stoical, Indian countenance, a tradition as to his birth and the fact that his county had once been the Pembina Indian reservation. No politician in the state had a keener intellect, no man in the Senate had such influence over the fate of a measure, no political combination was ever put through without his support, he was never known to betray emotion and his enemies declared that he had no heart.

Cal had spoken few sentences before Haggart arose quickly and with redness visible about his eyes hurried from the room, muttering to the door keeper something about a telegram; but the door keeper said with a grin to his neighbor, "Old John is too chicken-hearted; he couldn't stand it." Fuller's face constantly twitched during the speech and he often blew his nose and moved about nervously. But those who looked in La Moure's direction could scarcely believe the evidence of their senses, for down the old stoic's cheeks coursed the tears in a constant stream, while, all unconscious of his display of emotion, he listened to Cal's talk of olden times.

After the senators had returned to their own chamber, Greene of Mandan, one of the new members and a leading stockman of the Slope, crossed the aisle, came up to La Moure, and, laying his hand on the other's shoulder, said with a chuckle:

"Jud, old boy, I never saw that fellow before, but he's a peach?! Anybody who can make such a tough old bat as you cry can have my pocketbook."

"Well," replied La Moure in a soft, husky voice and with eyes fixed on the floor, "Cal's an almighty good feller."

BOSTON, Mass

Faith

THEN chide me not, sweet love, that I have done
With joyous utterance my love for you—
The birds sing not, nor are the heavens blue
When vanished is from them their lord, the sun.
Nor is it meet that I should oft complain,
Lest aught of sadness should thy joys offend.
Let me live out my gloom unheard, dear friend,
Until the sun o'er earth shall smile again.
Nor chide me that apart I trace my way,
And send no message of my course to you.
I scarcely know what lands I wander through
And grope an unseen path, perchance astray.
But when at last our paths shall meet again.
Oh, trust me, sweet, I shall not falter then.

A Search for Spring

By VERNE ALLEN WASHER

STRAIGHT east, day after day, the wind blows fair;
Straight east, and the wine of Spring is in the air,
Mounts in the sluggish blood, and thrills the brain
With all the wild unrest and rapturous pain
Of half-formed thoughts and half-dreamed dreams, that seem
To be far more than merely thought or dream—
The vague desire to be attuned to all
Of Nature's harmonies; to rise and fall
In even cadence with the pulsing beat
Of Springtime's song; to watch the fairy feet
Of dancing April lightly tripping o'er
The swaying grass; to rise and fly before
The flying wind; to mount on airy wings
To where the feathered songster soars and sings;
To be at one with all that buds or blows
Or breathes, though it be bird or wind or rose.

Straight east, as blows the wind, my thoughts fly far;
Straight east, with flight that knows no bound or bar;
Beyond the mountains where the day is born,
Beyond the pastures where the steeds of Morn
Feed through the night, beyond the gates that swing
Into the field of space, I seek the Spring.
But wander where I will, I find her not;
Before me e'er she flees, and mocks my hot,
Impetuous haste. Not thus, she seems to say,
Should prayers be formed by those whose hearts would pray
To Nature. So I turn and tread once more
The narrow ways of earth, and lo, before
Me stands a being radiant as light,
Around whose lissome form the blossoms white
In trailing, fragrant splendor droop and cling,
And at her feet I kneel, my fair Queen Spring.

DETROIT, MICH.

The Gentleman From Germany

By FRANK PUTNAM

PRINCE HENRY of Prussia—Doctor Hohenzollern since he visited Harvard and received a degree from President Eliot—in leaving American shores has taken with him the heartiest good will of the American people. His position seemed at first glance to be a most difficult one—not merely in a gastronomic sense, though the program of eating and drinking that faced him when he reached this side was sufficient to appall any but the stoutest stomach—but even more because of the fact that he, a scion and representative of an almost absolute monarch, was to be the guest of the greatest, if not the most democratic, republic on earth.

The Prince proved his knowledge of democracy by practicing it: indeed, in this respect, he set an example to many of his entertainers, whose extravagant expenditures in his behalf must have seemed to him an effort to ape the manners of royalty, rather than an expression of the simple hospitality of a free, rich, proud people.

But the distinguished visitor's 3,500 miles flying swing around the circle—east, west and south—was not altogether an eating and drinking trip. There were

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, PRINCE HENRY, AMBASSADOR VON HOLLEBEN AND MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT AT THE LAUNCHING OF THE KAISER'S YACHT "METEOR"

Photo copyrighted, 1902, by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

—and notably in Boston (in accordance, it might be said, with the traditions of the city),—hours devoted to an interchange of good fellowship on a higher and nobler plane than that represented by dinners at $100 the plate, and by gorgeously liveried servants. On these occasions the Prince bore himself like a man and a gentleman. His speeches, short and direct, were marked by tact and sincerity. At the close of his tour he made, through his secretary, the following statement:

"His Royal Highness is very much pleased with his trip into the interior of the United States. He is fully aware of the fact that he had only only a very superficial glimpse of a very small portion of the United States, and that he might perhaps have used his time to greater advantage had he remained in one of the larger cities of the East. But he is convinced, nevertheless, that considering the character of his mission, the trip was the right thing for him to do. In making it he has obtained a very fair idea of the vastness of the country and its resources, which the capital of the United States, and the great commercial centres of the East could not have given him.

"But more than this impression he values the hearty welcome which he met in all the places he went through, a welcome that showed him how the people of the United States everywhere understood and appreciated the intention of the German Emperor in sending him here.

"The Prince made a speech in St. Louis in which he said he regretted not having been able always to express his thanks to those who greeted him at the

THE TABLE DECORATIONS FOR THE DINNER GIVEN PRINCE HENRY AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Photo Copyrighted, 1902, by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

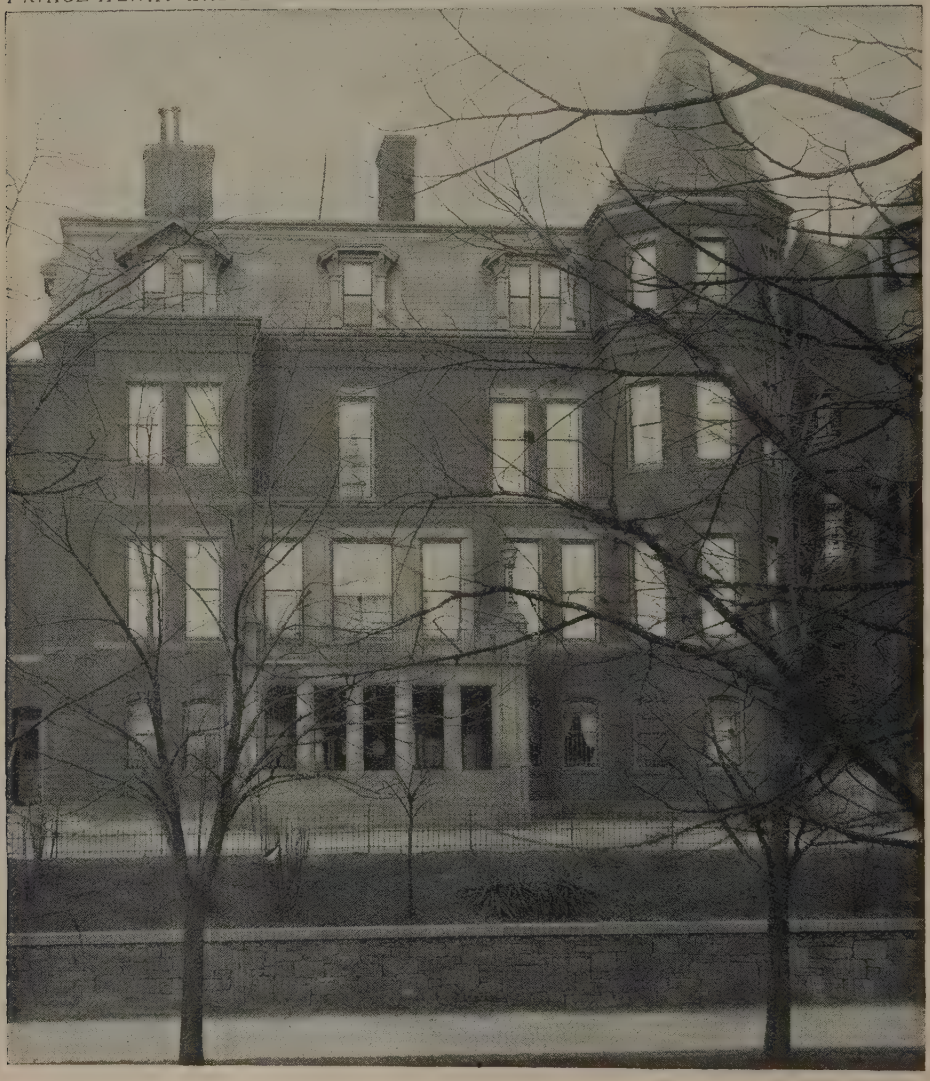
railway stations, or who otherwise desired to show him their respects.

"He wishes to have the intent of that speech conveyed to all those who in the course of the trip gave him such a cordial reception, and especially he wishes to express his thanks to those who, early in the morning when he was not prepared and still in bed, welcomed him with music and cheers.

"The receptions by the great cities of the South and the middle West were more than he ever had expected and so were the receptions in the East. But his Royal Highness is equally thankful for what the smaller places did in showing him their good will, though the train in such places stopped only a few minutes and frequently not at all.

"Altogether, the prince is most gratified by his trip and shall never forget how the American people everywhere

A VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON, WHERE PRINCE HENRY WAS LODGED WHILE AT THE AMERICAN CAPITAL



met him with hospitality and sympathy."

Personally, the Prince has made the most pleasant impression upon those who

trained seaman. There is not an ounce of fat on his frame, it is said, and he always enjoys the most excellent health.

A VIEW OF THE JAPANESE ROOM OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON

Photo copyrighted, 1900, by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

have met him. Beyond this, he has won for himself and for his country—it would be stretching politeness to say "for his sovereign or the principles under which his sovereign rules"—a larger and more sympathetic friendship on the part of the whole people of the United States. I find a typical expression of this feeling in the following editorial in the Des-Moines "Register:"

"Prince Henry, who is now the honored guest of the American people, is a large man, physically as well as mentally, and his mind is as broad as his shoulders. Standing a half inch over six feet tall, the prince weighs 182 pounds and has the rugged sinews of a

That is why he was perfectly at home when our Rough Rider hero, the President, asked him to go out horseback riding in a rain storm. Atmospheric conditions do not bother men who are made of such stuff.

"Prince Henry had a good education in the liberal arts and is an expert in anything nautical from ancient naval battles to holystoning decks. Following the custom of his family, he learned a trade when a youth, being apprenticed as a watchmaker so that if necessary he could now make a living as an expert in that trade. He speaks English fluently and handles the French tongue without an accent; while Spanish, Italian, Rus-

THE PET OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY, THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF COUNT QUADT, FIRST SECRETARY

Photo copyrighted, 1902, by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

MR. VON HOLLEBEN, AMBASSADOR OF GERMANY TO THE UNITED STATES

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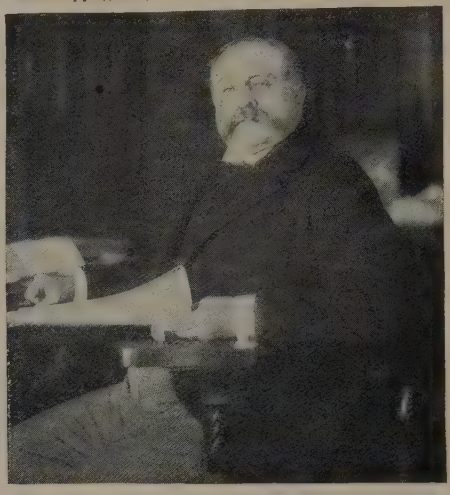


sian and Swedish he can read and write well, and in speaking can make himself well understood. Unlike the great majority of royalty, he made a love match, and though it was opposed by the diplomats, he had his way and married his choice. He has been a faithful and loving husband and never has the breath of scandal tainted his name. The prince drinks beer, wine and whiskey when he chooses, but never to excess, and believes that every other man has the right to do the same. Sometimes he plays cards for money, but never so heavily as to involve

PRINCE HENRY, THE GUEST OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN WASHINGTON, LISTENING TO SECRETARY HAY'S EULOGY OF THE LATE PRESIDENT McKINLEY, DELIVERED IN THE HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES FEBRUARY 27

From a photo made for the "National" by the Illustrated Press Association

his opponents beyond their immediate means. Cigars and cigarettes he smokes, but the pipe he never uses. A great, strong, rollicking, broad minded, cultured and refined man of the times, he is almost good enough to be an American; and that, you understand, is the greatest compliment that can be paid any man."

AMERICAN AND GERMAN COLORS SIDE BY SIDE, BORNE BY THE COLOR GUARDS IN THE WASHINGTON PARADE HELD IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE'S VISIT

From a photo made for the "National" by the Illustrated Press Association

In this fashion the "Register" states, not alone why the Prince Henry is popular and strong, but the qualities that have within a half century lifted Germany from the rank of a second rate confederation to her present position as an equal among the four foremost powers of the earth.

The prince is a shrewd first hand observer. His terse, quick comments upon what he saw and heard were often as wise as they were witty. For example—the story goes—at the banquet given him by the millionaires of New York, his neighbor at table asked him how he was enjoying his visit. "Fine," he said. "I am having the time of my life. You people over here seem to think that I amount to something, but the only use they have for me at home is to send me to funerals."

On another occasion the inevitable question, "What do you think of America?" was put to him. He replied: "The crowds on the streets impressed me most. Their faces indicated, it seems to me, activity and ambition not dulled by too much contentment, yet not marred by discontent. Is not this the balance that makes your people so happy and so powerful? The people are inspiring, if I may judge from the glimpses I have had of them."

JOHN W. HUTCHINSON OF LYNN, MASS.

Mr. Hutchinson is the last survivor of the famous Hutchinson family of singers, who stirred the North during war times by their singing of patriotic ballads. He has just passed his eighty-first birthday, and is one of the grand old men of an era lately closed.

John W. Hutchinson

By FREDERICK J. ALLEN

STRONG singer in an epoch past,
Sweet singer left alone at last
To show the world the type of men
Who roused the North with voice and pen;

Thine be a grateful people's praise
In keeping with thy length of days,
And thine unbounded gratitude
For right enthroned and wrong subdued.

Thy childhood home I see again,
The stately mansion, field, and glen,
The fair Souhegan flowing on
As in the centuries long gone;

Above, the arching skies of God;
Around, the paths thy feet have trod,
In dreamful days of youth's sweet morn
When hopes of high emprise were born.

There life was beautiful and pure;
There dwelt the virtues that endure,
Firm as the granite hills that stand
Around that home on every hand.

Thee and thy brothers, singers all,
God called with an o'ermastering call,
And made His gift to serve His will
In songs that thrill men's bosoms still.

In quiet town, in busy mart,
Ye sang the sweet songs of the heart,
Of human sympathy and cheer,
Of human brotherhood's fair year.

Ye sang the birthright of the race,
Soul liberty in every place;
The shame of shackles on men's hands
And Freedom's blessings on the lands.

Once heroes's brows were laurel bound;
Your service God with honor crowned,
And in his time the era came
Of country one in law and name.

Strong singer in an epoch past,
Sweet singer left alone at last
To show the world the type of men
Who roused the North with voice and pen;

Thine be unbounded gratitude
For right enthroned and wrong subdued,
And thine a grateful peoples's praise
In keeping with thy length of days.

Note and Comment

By FRANK PUTNAM

WHERE'S Johnny Bostonbeans? Six months in the Hub and I haven't seen him yet.

—

Are you going to see the coronation?

—

Or will you go to Cuba when the new Republic raises its flag?

—

The money will flock to London; the hopes of the human race will find best expression at Havana.

—

Kings are relics of the dark ages. No people that supports a royal court can claim to be civilized.

A man who doctored Roosevelt when he had fever in Cuba says the best classes of the Cuban whites will revolt when Palma takes the presidency. The same best classes didn't like George Washington, either.

—

Now let some petulant brother protest against using the two names in one paragraph.

—

John L. Sullivan says it hurts his conscience to play Simon Legree in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

—

W. T. Stead says Legree is known by

CECIL RHODES' HOUSE IN CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA

From a photograph made for the "National"

THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW WORLD AT WORK IN INTERIOR CHINA

Native Christians enjoy an outing amid the ruins of an ancient Buddist Temple.

From a photograph made for the "National."

THE LATE JOHN CHAPPLE, THE "NATIONAL'S" OLDEST SUBSCRIBER

This venerable man was in his 103d year when, in February, 1902, he died at his home in Walton-on-Thames, England. In that home he was born, there he dwelt all the days of his long life, and from its doors he was borne to rest in the churchyard. This portrait was taken in the grounds of his home, during the summer two years ago. He held in his hand a copy of the "National," in which, as the product of his grandsons' enterprise, he was deeply interested. Mr. Chapple knew William Makepeace Thackery and other men now famous, and would on occasion recall their ways and words.

name to more Englishmen than any of our Presidents except Washington and Lincoln.

—

They say the scenery is finer along the Nicaraguan Canal route than on the Panama. Also the chances for land speculation.

—

People who never loved Mark Hanna will think better of him for calling down his puckery old comrade, Morgan of Alabama.

—

Harry Cleveland, one of the best-equipped all 'round journalists in America, writes me that Chicago's Council has decided to refer all street railway deals to the voters for approval. These things in Chicago used to be settled by a gang of aldermanic gambling-house keepers in dark lantern conference with a group of millionaire franchise grabbers. All the people between these extremes had to do was to foot the bills, hang on to their straps and swear. Chicago is coming.

—

Bought your garden seeds yet?

—

Scudday Richardson of Texas and New Orleans is the only publicly avowed imperialist in America, and he wants to be poet laureate.

Have you seen our full length portrait of George Ade elsewhere in this number? Looks the part, doesn't he.

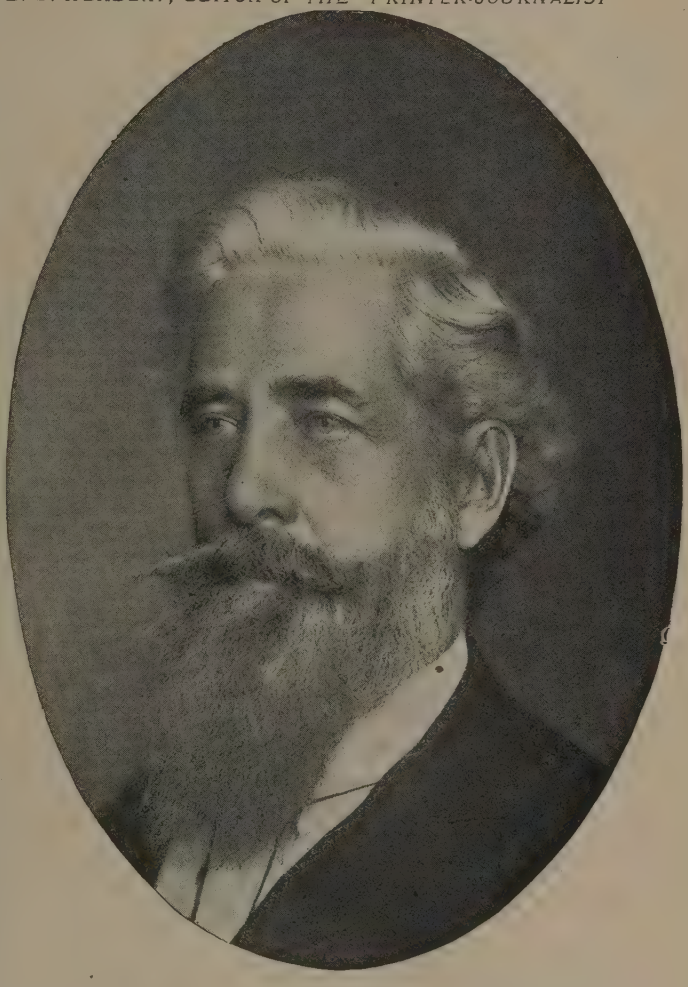
—

Eugene Field's widow — naturally enough—feels hurt by Slason Thompson's knockabout biography of Field, reviewed in the March "National." The books are in dreadfully bad taste, and are awfully good reading.

—

Thompson's retort was the sort you would expect from a man who would write the kind of books he does.

B. B. HERBERT, EDITOR OF THE "PRINTER-JOURNALIST"



Editor Joe Leveque of the New Orleans "Harlequin" is simply demanding that Louisiana elect Congressman Broussard her next governor.

—

Speaking of Leveque reminds me that he wants the Filipinos, the Boers and everybody to be free and full citizens of some country or other, except the nine million negroes of our southern states. He thinks they will be able to get along without voting.

—

The worst of this whole Filipino enterprise is that it gives us another of those color prejudice lines that make otherwise able and good men blind in the nigh eye.

—

A Montana man of my name, writing in the March "National," classed Lowell and Field among our minor poets. I beg to differ. A poet has finally to be judged by the distance he carries. Lowell has carried around the world and back again. Next to Longfellow, he is the most widely read of all the American poets and is doing more good every year of his life.

—

Of course you understand a man is not dead until he is forgotten.

—

Not a nickle of Andrew Carnegie's ten million dollar "national university" donation goes into buildings. It isn't to be a university, but a fund. It will fill a gap in the American educational program by helping men and women engaged in original research.

—

They say the beggars make Carnegie's life a burden to him.

—

No other American has ever given away $80,000,000.

—

But a good many other Americans gave their lives to save the flag and the government under which Andrew Carnegie made the $80,000,000, while he was making it.

—

A man cannot really give anything but himself. Carnegie gives himself when he spends days and nights planning how to do the most good with the millions he is handing back to the people.

—

Do you get as much pleasure out of a borrowed magazine as from one you pay for?

—

There's nothing a publisher likes better, my colleague Chapple tells me, than to feel that his magazine is read and passed along until a dozen or a score have enjoyed its text and studied its ads. But—he had a "but"—a publisher also has a peculiar notion that you can't enjoy a borrowed magazine as well as a boughten one. There may be a fine point of human nature in this. If any reader of the "National" has an opinion to offer, I'll print it.

—

Billy Flaherty, one of the "National's" office boys, says Henry George is the only really big man we have bred in this country since Lincoln. Billy has never heard of Walt Whitman or Elbert Hubbard.

—

Tell us what you don't like—or you do like—or what you see that you don't want—or what you don't see that you do want—in the "National." Every buyer is a stock holder and should demand his rights. Send all disagreeable letters to Mr. Chapple; send the pleasant ones to me.

—

Read W. T. Stead's new book, "The Americanization of the World." Read the first half of it, anyway. It is an experience. Stead says the United States will have to absorb England and her colonies — make them states in the Union. He thinks we might let the

PORTRAIT OF MRS. PAXTON, BY WILLIAM PAXTON

This portrait was one of the centres of interest at the annual exhibition of the Copley Society of Boston, which was opened the evening of February 27, in Copley Hall, with a private view. It was a triumph of romance—as well as of art—that Mr. Paxton should have "arrived," in the art sense of the term, in the painting of this portrait of his beautiful wife.

English keep their royal toys, it being understood that these should have none but local application. This is magnificent, but it is not English.

—

Professor Hugo von Munsterberg of Germany, seven years engaged at Harvard, where he works in the philosophy department, has written a book of German impressions of America. His philosophy seems to be on a par with his facts.

—

Stead says in his book that Australia may become a German continent. He says the four and a half million English-speaking people camped on the rim of the island have a birth rate almost as low as France's, and that at the rate German immigrants are pouring in these will presently outnumber the English.

—

I believe the Federal government, having taken over enough big wealth producing agencies to keep its coffers full, ought to pay a pension to the mother for every child born within its borders. Women have the bulk of the world's painful, tedious and unromantic work to do; the least a man-government could do for them, in common decency, is to guarantee every mother against the chance of want for herself and her children. The poor house plan is a clumsy bungle. Motherhood should be made a badge of honor — not a menace of doubled misery. I would like to hear from the "National's" women readers on this subject.

—

Mr. Uncle Billy Smith, 55, bachelor, smoker, reader, philosopher, cobbler, tells me there have been only three real poets since the books were opened. These, he says, are Christ, Shakespeare and Whitman.

—

All the other so-called poets, he says, are echoes of these. He says Whitman will have as many echoes as either of the other two in 500 years from now.

—

When Uncle Billy puts a half sole on, he does it right. You get your money's worth.

—

Uncle Billy has some queer ideas about things.

—

Whether we know it or not, he says, we are all making our own heaven, and we are making it right here on this earth. I never, he says, insisted on having a hell; but I can see that it has its good uses. It was—and still is—a necessary part of the conservative force we call the church. It holds back a lot of men who couldn't be restrained by anything but fear.

—

I can't conceive of God, he says, and I don't try. I see natural laws at work. I see poets pointing out new fields, inventors and scientists exploring and seizing them, the masses of the people moving in to occupy them, and I see religion — the church — helping them hold what they have gained.

—

That's the order of the procession, he says, the poet, the scientist and inventor, the people, the church. The poet and the scientist are the van-guard, the church the rear-guard. The poet finds the path, the inventor builds a road on it, the multitude pass and the church closes up the rear.

—

The only thing the upper Mississippi Valley states have to show for our campaign of conquest in the Philippines is a smallpox epidemic, several thousand vacant chairs and the receipts for their share of the war taxes.

—

The party at my left says the best reward for these sacrifices is the new proof that we are still breeding brave and

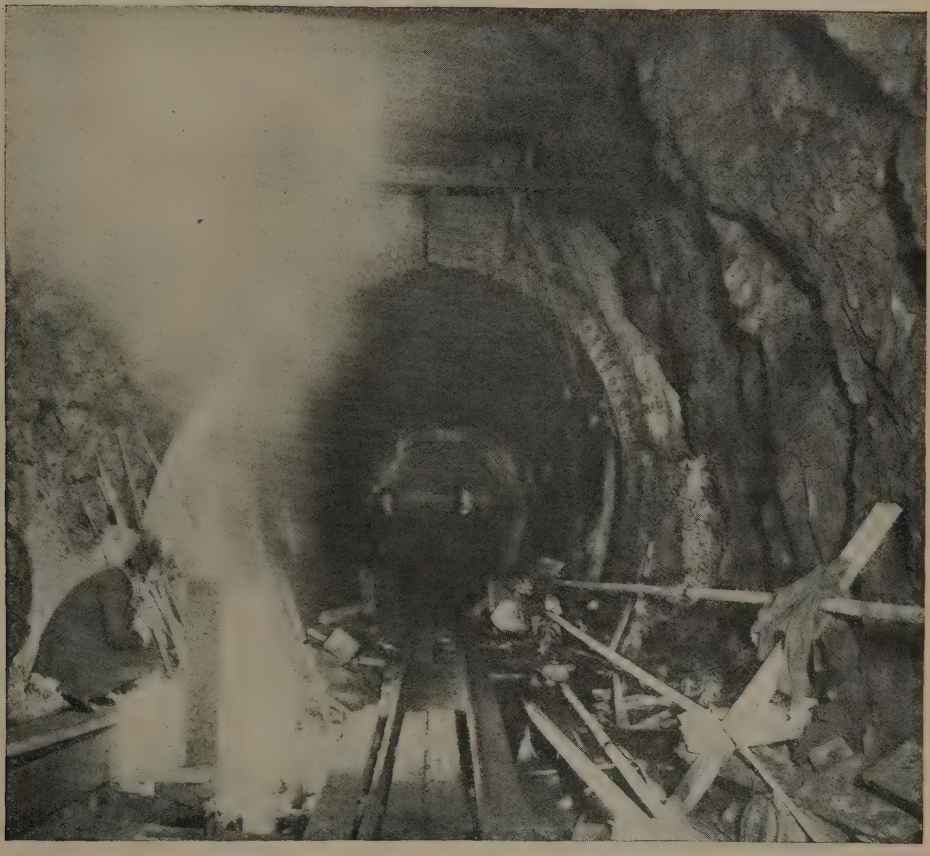
patriotic young men. True—but what a price to pay for knowledge we already possessed!

—

Rear Admiral Schley tells me that his and not one of the victims has demanded his money back; naturally, I am well pleased with this glorious record. A trap door in the ceiling of my bed room opens to a sort of garret, and I shall

BOSTON'S WAY OF DOING THINGS

This picture shows a section of the new sewer which the Metropolitan District of Boston is constructing through the town of Milton. At the point where the photograph was taken the workmen were tunneling through granite at a depth of fifty feet. An expensive job, but it will last.



favorite poem is "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

—

Henry D. Muir, the Chicago poet, whose second privately published volume, "Songs and Other Fancies," was mentioned and quoted from in the March "National," writes to me from his bachelor cabin at Gross Point, Illinois, saying: "My book has been out some six weeks. I have succeeded in selling seven copies probably pile the remainder of the edition in that space and await developments. Truly mine may be called the 'Attic Muse!'"

—

Muir is rich beyond the dreams of Rockefeller. Master of simple plenty, under his own roof, on his own ground, kin and fellow of the finest spirits of all the ages. His new book contains one poem, "Mary Magdalene," of classic

beauty and majesty. After reading it I felt as if I had been within a great cathedral and had heard noble music. It may be neglected to-day, amid an environment ignorant of its quality and its portent, but it belongs to the future and to

AN EASTER GREETING FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH

The lovely little children whose faces are shown in this picture are Dorothy and Rita Moran, of Atlanta, Georgia. They are the daughters of Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Moran, and nieces of the late Hon. Pascal J. Moran, assistant editor of the "Constitution," whose recent death deprived the South of one of its ablest and most brilliant journalists. Mrs. Moran posed her babies for an Easter greeting to their grandmamma, with the delightful results you see before you.

the world. It should be taken out of its present setting amid merely pretty small songs and witty allegories, and be made a volume apart.

—

The David Harum theory is rotten at its core. "Do others," etc. Book and play entertain the thoughtless, but poison the springs of life.

—

There is no God but God so far as we know; and Christ is His best prophet, down to date. The Golden Rule is still good gospel—the best gospel we have.

—

With eggs selling at sixty cents a dozen in Boston, the little red hen has every reason to be proud.

—

John Stapleton Cowley-Brown of London has revived his "Goose Quill" in

HENRY D. MUIR AND HIS DOG JACK ON A SUMMER DAY AT GROSS POINT

the Auditorium Tower at Chicago. Brown seems to be staying in Chicago because he despises the place. The

LOVING CUP PRESENTED TO H. H. KOHLSAAT BY THE STAFF OF THE CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD

February "Goose Quill" reprints Rossetti's "Jenny," sizes up "The Man of East Aurora" pretty accurately, I should judge, and prints some other personal matter, including a scurrile fling at John McGovern, a gentleman and a scholar, who once offended the unforgiving Brown. Brown is the terrible infant of

American journalism. He has brains, courage and a splendid stock of prejudices. His little magazine will either shock you, or delight you, or both.

—

Clinton Scollard has made what purports to be a novel. The book is called —I forget what it is called, but 'tis no matter.

—

"Audrey" is a cruel story — a cruel story. As cruel as life. It comes to the eye with a curious sense of impropriety, almost of sacrilege, that this tragedy is expected to come quickly into the list of "best selling books" — merchandise, a thing to be hawked in the market place, to be named for the money it shall gain for author and publisher. Mary Johnston is a genius. She has given the world another of those immortal poignant sorrows—ennobling to the beholder, it may be, but infinitely pitiful.

—

In late December, in a farm house far away in the Northwest Territory of Canada, a woman closed her eyes upon this world and passed to the life everlasting. A woman strangers might think plain. Her speech simple, unadorned. Her horizon bounded by the welfare of her family and friends. She knew sorrow. She was patient, gentle, brave, generous, kind, faithful. Her steadfast faith in the goodness of Almighty God sustained her in life and was with her in death. The wild flowers will bloom and wave in the free breezes of Summer sweeping over her lonely grave in that far north-land; they will whisper to her, sleeping, divine assurances of resurrection; they will chant above her Nature's song: "Rest, weary one, rest, for the morn cometh soon."

—

A writer in the March "Chatauquan" declares it is Kaiser Wilhelm's ambition to bring Austria, Holland and Scandinavia within the German Empire. Further, this writer says that Wilhelm foresees an inevitable struggle with Russia—the Slav glacier—for existence in Central Europe. This writer credits Wilhelm with having set Russia against Britain on the Asiatic frontiers, and France, Russia's ally, against Britain in Egypt, thus obtaining for his own country time to grow and strengthen on land and sea. The assertion is made that Wilhelm has his eye on territory in South America, which he will not hesitate to seize should opportunity offer. The inference is conveyed that the Kaiser hopes to dispute with the Slav and the Anglo-Saxon the privilege and honor of dominating the earth. W. T. Stead, as noted elsewhere, warns England that there is more than a possibility that Australia may become a German continent, and some of the ablest leaders of the Scandinavian peoples, dreading the menace of Russian rule, hold the belief that they must sooner or later ask either an alliance with their cousins in the German Empire, or inclusion within its boundaries.

—

Will the Kaiser's people fall heir to German Austria when the tottering fabric of the Hapsburg empire falls?

—

Late statistical reports contain the startling statement that thirty per cent of England's 27,000,000 people are living below the poverty line—that they lack the mere necessaries of decent and healthful food and shelter. Might not the billion dollars expended in murdering two African republics have been more wisely laid out in efforts to remedy these frightful conditions at home? Or is it true that foreign wars—wars of conquest—are usually conducted to attract attention from home wrongs?

—

Prince Henry appears to have grasped the main idea in the great reception which the American people have given

him, *i. e.*, that the American right hand of fellowship was extended, not to the monarchical ideal, but to the German people. Yet it would be unfair to deny that the monarchical idea has been of very great benefit to America. It has driven to our shores tens of millions of strong, liberty loving men and women, who have become flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone, and have helped America to win her present position of absolute leadership among the nations.

—

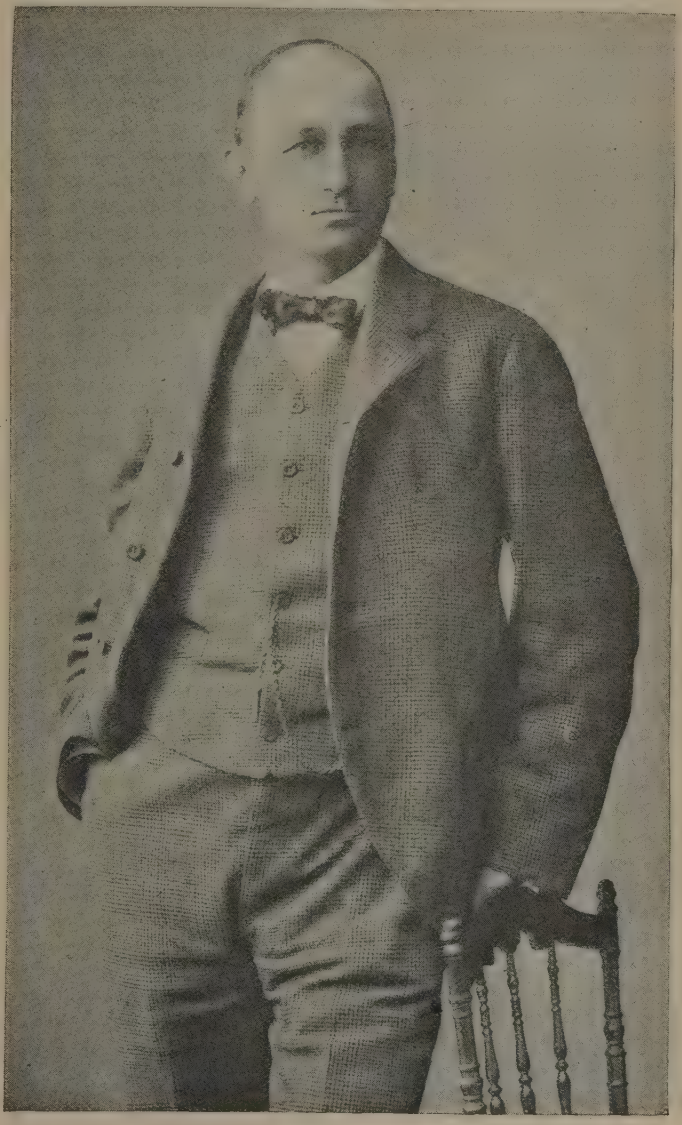
This debt America has repaid by liberalizing the conditions of life everywhere under the sun.

—

It is a pleasure to announce the birth of a new magazine of genuine merit—"Wisdom," edited by John Forster Benyon. "Wisdom," which issues from the Winthrop Building, Boston, is a handsome, compact publication of sixty-four pages—very entertaining pages they are, too. The leading article is a sketch of the career of Abraham Lincoln, by Hon. Joseph H. Choate, American ambassador to Great Britain. This paper is writ large and is illumined with eloquence. Other contents are new and pleasing portraits of persons of current prominence, personal notes, stories, really good poetry, art and stage articles, etc. And all for two cents! Folly is proverbially expensive. Wisdom, it

B. B. CROWNINSHIELD OF BOSTON

Mr. Crowninshield is one of America's most successful naval architects. He designed the "Independence," Thomas W. Lawson's American cup candidate, which many observers felt did not receive an adequate trial. He is also the designer of the first seven masted schooner, now in course of construction at a yard near Boston, and of scores of other vessels great and small.



appears, is cheaper than other luxuries.

—

Mr. F. H. Newell, chief hydrographer in the United States Geological Survey at Washington, was a caller at the offices of the "National" a fortnight ago. An exceedingly valuable public servant—one of those intellectual-practical men who devote large powers and utmost devotion to the public service, at salaries much smaller than they could command in private life. Mr. Newell has been a potent factor in the awakening of public interest in the beneficent project of national irrigation. By the way, his portrait, published in a recent number of the "National," does him grave injustice. Mr. Newell has just grounds for action against his photographer.

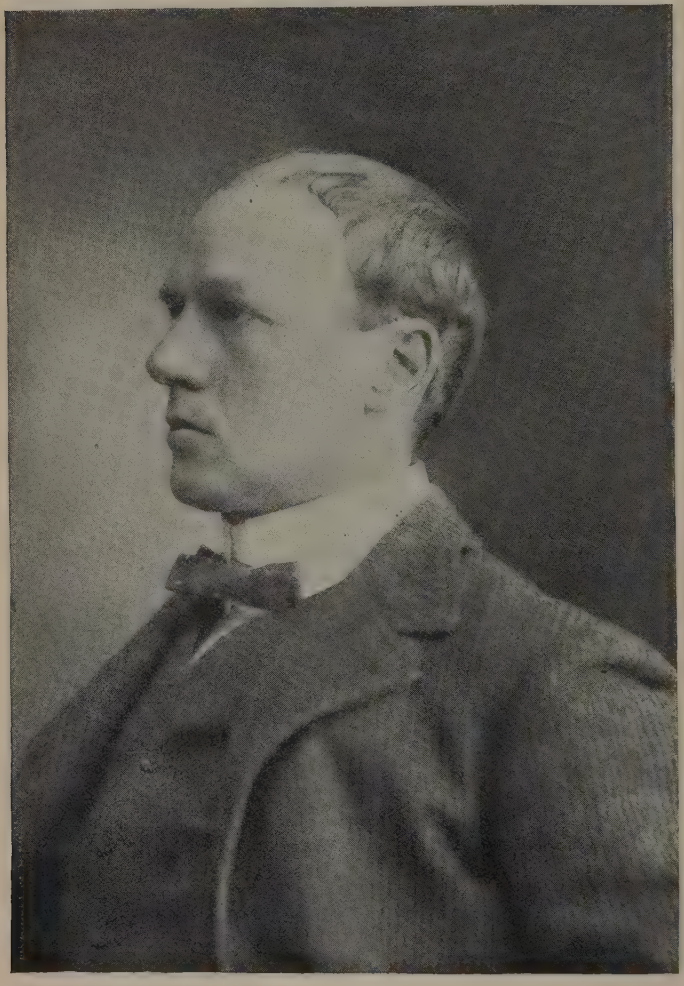
—

If Cuba wants free trade with us, she will have to join the family.

—

The staff of the Chicago "Record-Herald" presented a handsome silver loving cup to H. H. Kohlsaat on the occasion of his retirement from active management of that paper. The gift was well bestowed. Mr. Kohlsaat's daring as a publisher was equalled only by his fine consideration for his associates. He helped make McKinley president, put Lyman J. Gage into the cabinet and distinctly raised the standard of American journalism.

ERNEST McGAFFEY OF CHICAGO, POET, LAWYER AND PUBLIC OFFICIAL



—

My friend, Daniel W. Church of Greenfield, Iowa, a very shrewd, wise, thoughtful American, writes:

—

"I always looked upon Kipling as a barbarian, and barbarians are only interesting when young, and at play as children. The moment they become grown people and try to do a man's part, their barbarism

SCHLEY'S OLD CRUISER THE "BROOKLYN," COMING INTO THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD TO BE DOCKED

Photo by Enrique Muller

comes out, and they are disappointing. I have thought that Kipling did not *create* 'The Recessional,' that he simply reported it. That it expresses not the feeling that was in his own heart, but in the hearts of others. There is no personal element in it. It is an echo of the feeling of others and not an expression of his own."

TALBOT C. DEXTER, SECRETARY OF THE DEXTER FOLDING COMPANY, MAKERS OF THE DEXTER FOLDING MACHINES, ON WHICH THE "NATIONAL" IS PREPARED FOR BINDING

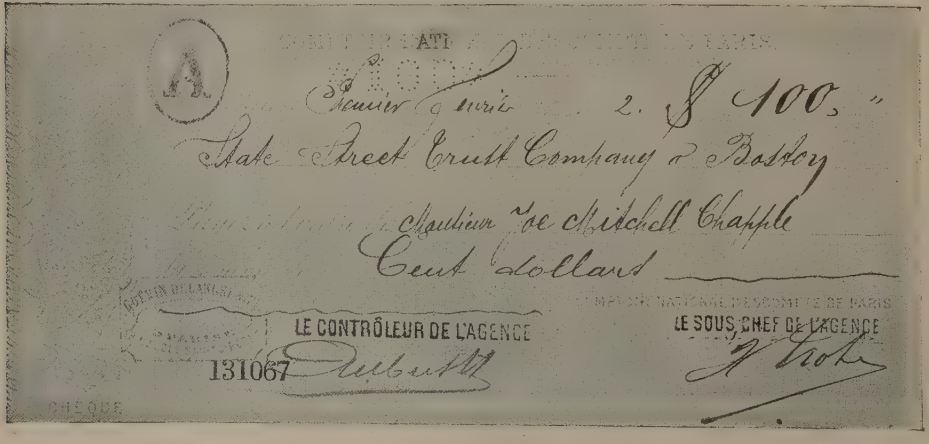
—

Ernest McGaffey, the Chicago poet and lawyer, was singled out for pleasant honors recently, when the President, like Mr. McGaffey an ardent sportsman, invited the poet to dine at the White House. Mr. McGaffey's first volume was "Poems of Gun and Rod," and it is reported that Mr. Roosevelt holds these shooting and fishing songs in high regard. Mr. McGaffey's other published works are: "Poems," Dodd, Mead & Co., 1895; "Poems of the Town," Badger & Co., 1900, and "Sonnets to a Wife," William Marion Reedy, St. Louis, 1901. The poet holds a lucrative position under the administration of Mayor Harrison, and was recently, he writes, off on a Southern trip with the County Democracy. This is the limit—a Chicago poet in a plug hat! The Press Club should at once appoint a committee of investigation.

—

Dr. Shaw presents an admirable editorial review of German-American relations in the opening pages of his March American "Review of Reviews."

A FRENCH ADVERTISER'S TESTIMONIAL TO THE EFFICACY OF THE "NATIONAL'S" ADVERTISING PAGES



Studies of Books and Their Makers

Fiction and Politics

THE month just closed has brought to my table two books of superlative interest—"Audrey," a novel, and "The Americanization of the World," a study of the trend of modern civilization.

"Audrey" is the work of Miss Mary Johnston, the author of "To Have and To Hold." The publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., were so sure of the success of the new novel that they prepared a first edition of 125,000 copies. "Audrey" is a story of eighteenth century Virginia, when the Appalachian mountains marked the line between coast colonization and the wilderness; when English governors ruled a people gay and prosperous at the top, holding slaves at the bottom of the social fabric—not black slaves only, but white as well, these latter being men deported from the mother country for political and other crimes. Upon this background of a past almost if not quite given over to the antiquarian, Miss Johnston has painted with the brush of genius pictures of the life of that far day. She has created amid these scenes a character as lovely and as infinitely sad as any heroine in all fiction. Putting aside the adventitious aid of publishers' "pushing," this novel was certain to become a classic; granting to it the assistance of most skillful exploitation, in this age of advertising, it is so fine a work that its quick and general acceptance by the reading public is the highest possible compliment to that public's taste. This is the era of large editions: some of these are occasions for regret rather than for rejoicing. It is to be hoped, and fairly to be expected, that "Audrey" will be more widely read than any other American novel of our generation.

JOHN MUIR, "WHOSE NEW BOOK, 'OUR NATIONAL PARKS,' IS JUST NOW UNDER DISCUSSION

"The Americanization of the World" is the masterpiece of its author, the famous English journalist, W. T. Stead. Its views are amazingly far-sighted, broad, comprehensive, prophetic. Many of its propositions seem dynamic, revolutionary, at first glance. But on closer examination, the reader perceives the central truth in each of them. Take up sentences at random and you get the taste of this remarkable book:

"As the creation of the Americans is the greatest achievement of our race, there is no reason to resent the part the Americans are playing in fashioning the world in their image, which, after all, is substantially the image of our selves."

—

"As it was through the Christian church that the monotheism of the Jew conquered the world, so it may be through the Americans that the English ideals expressed in the English language may make the tour of the planet."

—

"Seeing we can never again be the first, standing alone, we should lose no time in uniting our fortunes with those that have passed us in the race."

—

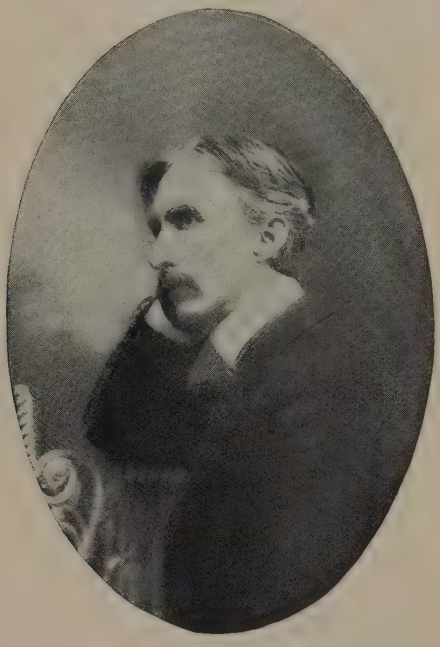
"The Nineteenth century unified Italy and Germany. Will the twentieth unify the English-speaking race?"

—

"Why should not we of the older stock

propose to make amends for the folly of our ancestors by recognizing that the hegemony of the race has passed from

CHARLES TOWNSEND OF WEEDSPORT, N. Y., ONE THE "NATIONAL'S" STORY TELLERS AND A SUCCESSFUL PLAYRIGHT



Westminster to Washington, and proposing to federate the Empire and the Republic on whatever terms may be arrived at, after discussion, as a possible basis for the reunion of the race?"

Mr. Stead traces the advance of American ideas and American products in all quarters of the globe, tells how the advance is made and specifies its results, and cites an amazing number of authorities, from Andrew Carnegie to Cecil Rhodes, to testify to the soundness of the great plan which he sketches in this book. Maps and tables give point to the text, drive home its conclusions with a more impressive force. The work is fundamentally Christian. It pleads for peace and against war. It shows us the next step to be taken in the federation of the world, the abolition of kingcraft and the triumph of democracy. Every American should read it.

Arthur McIlroy

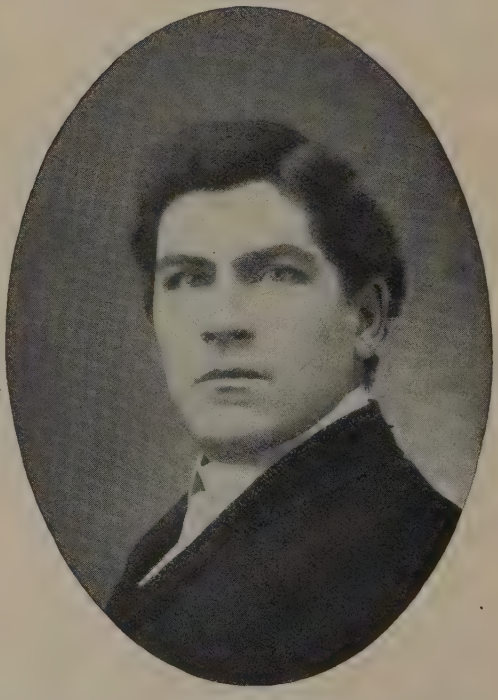
Riley's Newest Dedication

"Inscribed with all grateful esteem to the good old fashioned people," writes James Whitcomb Riley, by way of dedication to his 1901 volume — "Riley Farm-Rhymes," and on the next page this poetic prelude:

The deadnin' and the thicket jes' a bilin' full o' June,
From the rattle o' the cricket to the yellow-hammer's tune;
And the cat-bird in the bottom and the sap-suck on the snag,
Seems 's ef they cain't—od-rot-'em—jes' do nothin' else but brag.

There's music in the twitter o' the blackbird and the jay,

WILLARD DILLMAN OF REVILLO, S. D., WHO IS CONTRIBUTING A SERIES OF PRAIRIE TALES TO THE "NATIONAL"



And that sassy little critter jes' a-pecking' all the day;

There's music in the "flicker," and there's music in the thrush,
And there's music in the snicker o' the chipmunk in the brush.—

There's music all around me.—And I go back—in a dream
Sweeter yet than ever found me fast asleep:—And, in the stream
That used to split the medder wher' the dandylions growed,
I stand knee-deep and redder than the sunset down the road.

The same old indispensable Riley—God bless him! Edwin Markham flies his banner in the air of lofty thought—down about Brooklyn; McGaffey tunes his lyre to praise of "Cecile" in sonnets of classic beauty, out Chicago-way; down in New Orleans Henry Rightor, a clean cut genius with a dash of Heine and a streak of Poe in him, is poetizing in a way new to our letters; my little brown friend Yone Noguchi, of the Pacific coast and New York city, is preparing a volume of his unique nature chants—and Nixon Waterman of "Right 'Round Boston" is developing a quality which marks him as the successor of Dr. Holmes—so you may see that the new generation of American poets is not the mere vague abstraction that some of the dyspeptic reviewers would have us believe it. And then, there is Riley, the laureate of the American fireside—may his days be many, for we shall miss something precious from that year in which appears no new outpouring of his merry, gentle fancy. Now I want a little volume of Frank Stanton's darkey lyrics, a score of them, say,—not, and I especially insist upon this—not illustrated photographically. What a book that would be! What a treasure of natural melody and unsophisticated wisdom!

Frank Putnam

HENRY D. MUIR OF GRASS POINT, ILL., AUTHOR OF "MARY MAGADALENE"

The Ministry of the Flowers

Dedicated, by Permission, to Mrs. Ida Saxton McKinley

By EMMA JANE HUGHES

DURING President McKinley's life, by the direction of Mrs. McKinley there was sent, every Sabbath morning, from the White House conservatories, a beautiful bouquet of flowers to the Metropolitan M. E. Church, popularly known as the "President's Church." After the services of the day, the flowers were distributed among the sick by the "Flower Committee" of the Ladies Aid Society. The following verses were written by one, who, sick and far from loved ones, was touched by the kind thoughtfulness, and cheered by the beautiful flowers.

They speak to me in accents sweet,
Of loving thoughtfulness replete,
  These flowers of rare perfume;
Wake memories of childhood days,
Of meadow brooks and sweet by-ways,
  Cool woods, of breath and bloom;

While song of birds in leafy dell
Weaves round my heart a magic spell
  Of by-gone days so fair.
I see my Mother's loving smile,
Which could all childish cares beguile,
  I hear my Father's prayer.

Sweet memories linger ever near;
Make brave the life, to heart give cheer:
  Inspire the soul anew.
Dispel the sordid care and strife,
Of this earth world, and give new life
  To all that's good and true.

* * * * *

We mourn with her these lonely hours
For him who sleeps beneath the flowers;
  With loving hearts we twine
White immortelles for him so true,—
For her, forget-me-nots of blue,
  Amid our cypress vine.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Apparent Decline in Our Exports

Mr. Austin, Chief of the Government's Bureau of Statistics, Shows How the Smaller Total for the Fiscal Year of 1901 Does Not Indicate Any Real Falling Off in the Popularity of American Products in Any of the World's Markets.

By O. P. AUSTIN,

Chief of the United States Bureau of Statistics

AN increase in imports and a reduction in exports is not altogether a satisfactory showing to those who hope to see American products and manufactures capture the entire home market and go on expanding our trade abroad. Yet the figures of the foreign commerce of the United States in the calendar year 1901 show both of these conditions—an increase of imports and a decrease of exports. The imports exceed by $51,271,342 those of 1900, and by $39,490,101 those of any preceding calendar year, and the export figures are $12,565,194 less than those of 1900, when the high-water mark was made.

But is the situation as serious as it looks on the face, or, better still, is it serious in any sense of the term? Is the reduction in exports real or only apparent? Does the increase of imports mean any reduction in the activity of the American manufacturer in supplying the home market, or does it mean the reverse?

These are important questions, and they can only be answered by an analysis of the import and export figures of the year. And this analysis is worth making, for not only do we want to know whether we are losing or gaining ground, but, since our business rivals all over the world are watching our development with the greatest anxiety, it is proper that the facts about this apparent turn in the tide of our commerce should be carefully analyzed and explained, if a satisfactory explanation is practicable.

The importations into the United States may be divided into three great classes: (1) foodstuffs; (2) manufacturers' materials; (3) manufactures and luxuries; and the exports also fall into three great classes: (1) agricultural products; (2) manufactures; (3) products of the mine, forest, fisheries, miscellaneous, and foreign imports re-exported.

Comparing these classes in 1901 with those of 1900, the figures are as follows:

	IMPORTS	
Classes	**1900**	**1901**
Foodstuffs	**$219,338,443**	**$219,934,786**
Manufacturers' Materials	**365,184,653**	**391,217,097**
Manufactures and luxuries	**224,626,618**	**269,269,073**

It will be seen from the above that foodstuffs have not materially changed, that manufactured materials have increased twenty-six millions, and that manufactures and luxuries have increased twenty-four millions.

The principal manufacturers' materials imported are chemicals, copper, fibers, rubber, Egyptian cotton, silk, hides and skins, and tin. Of these, chemicals show an increase of over three millions; cotton, about one million dollars; hides and skins, about four millions; silk, about eight millions, and copper about ten millions. Rubber, while it shows no increase in value, has actually increased over five million pounds in quantity imported; and fibers, while not increasing in value, have increased about twenty-five thousand tons in quantity. In manufactures and luxuries, the chief increase is in diamonds and other precious stones, of which the importations are about ten millions in excess of last year. Manufactures of jute also show an

increase of nearly five millions, feathers and artificial flowers a million, art works a million, tobacco two millions, and wines and spirits about two millions in value.

Thus it will be seen that the largest increase in imports is in manufacturers' materials, showing that the manufacturers in 1901 have been busier and used larger quantities than ever before of the material which they must obtain from abroad; while the increase in manufactures and luxuries is almost exclusively in those articles composed of materials not produced in the United States.

The statement of exports of great classes, put in its simplest form, is as follows:

	1900	1901
Agricultural products	$904,655,411	$940,246,488
Manufactures	441,406,942	395,144,030
All other	131,853,760	129,990,401

It will be seen from the above that agricultural products show an increase of thirty-six millions; manufactures, a decrease of forty-six millions, and the "all other" class, a decrease of two millions, in value.

In agricultural products, there is a decrease of thirty-four millions in corn exports, due to the short crop, but this is more than made up by the increased exportation of wheat. There is also a decrease of about twelve millions in the value of cotton exported, but this is entirely due to a reduction of price, the quantity exported being actually greater than in the preceding year.

In manufactures, the decrease is almost exclusively in copper, which fell twenty-four millions, and in iron and steel, which fell twenty-six millions. It will be observed that the total reduction from these two items is about fifty-one millions, or five millions in excess of the total reduction, showing that other manufactures must have made a material increase. The reduction in copper is due in part to the high prices maintained in the United States during the year, and in part to a decreased foreign demand, by reason of a reduction in industrial activity in the countries which were formerly the chief purchasers of this article. In iron and steel, the reduction is partly due to a reduced demand abroad, partly to the fact that Germany was during the year unloading her surplus iron and steel manufactures, and partly to reduced prices. In nearly one-half of the articles in which quantities are stated there is an actual increase in quantity exported, though in many articles there is a decrease in quantity as well as value. It must be also remembered that the export figures of 1901 do not include any of the goods shipped to the Hawaiian Islands or Porto Rico, which probably aggregated over thirty millions in value, and of which probably one-half were manufactures, Hawaii and Porto Rico being now classed as customs districts of the United States and shipments to them being no longer classed as exports.

There is good reason to believe that the decrease in the exports of manufactures is temporary, or at least will not be so strongly marked in the current year as in the year just ended. Copper exports in December, 1901, were as great as in December, 1900, and the total exports of manufactures in December, 1901, were $395,605 in excess of December, 1900.

To sum up this brief review of the year's foreign commerce, it may be said in a single sentence (1) that the excess of imports has been altogether in manufacturers' materials or in articles which are not produced in the United States, and (2) that the reduction in exports has been confined to two classes of articles, in which the reduction was due to abnormal conditions, and in no way an indication that the popularity of American products has decreased in any part of the commercial world.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

In Kipling's Village

Mr. Willey Describes the Fortress-Like Old House Where the Famous Poet, Whose War Verses Have Lately Stirred All England, Makes His Home, and Tells How the Kipling Children, Nervous, Black-Eyed Little Bundles of Activity, Played at War on the Shingly Beach.

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY

'TIS Kipling's village. True, some tell you it is Rottingdean, but they usually add, "where Mr. Kipling lives, you know."

Away back, perhaps a thousand years ago, Nature cut a crease in the long cliff which marks the termination of the South Downs of England. The crease has been broadened by the elements until it is just large enough to fit the little town. In fact a few houses have been crowded out and stand on the abrupt slope of the hills. At the beginning or mouth of the crease the cliffs have fallen away enough to form a little basin where the waves of the English channel break gently but ceaselessly. Gently in summer — but in winter dash against the great chalk cliffs with such fury that tons of it are yearly washed away and at times the tide forces its way far enough to leave the foaming back water at the foot of the main road.

END OF THE KIPLING HOUSE, STRONG AS A FORTRESS

It must have been a long time back when Kipling's village was hollowed out, for the little stone church itself was begun over 500 years ago. It is the author's next door neighbor, or rather his neighbor across the way and is one of the most interesting spots in the place where nearly every stone has its history and where the lover of the quaint can find something to admire at every turn. The walls which surround the dwellings are reminders of the "troublous times" in Sussex, when every man's house was indeed his castle. These walls protected the lives of many of the original citizens from the pike and spear of mailed freebooters. History records more than one conflict in the little hamlet between vassals of opposing lords, and mayhap Kipling will one day give the world a tale based on some of the legendary "scraps" one still hears about in the neighborhood.

They are stout walls. The stones were carried from the beach, rounded and polished by the action of the waves, and set in the walls in regular rows with a precision that would make a modern brick layer envious. And those wall and house builders knew the secret of compounding cement which still holds the work together as compactly as if cut out of blocks of solid material. Arches were left for the heavily ironed gates, many of them of oak fastened by ponderous bolts or locks with huge keys. Of such a pattern is the side gate of Kipling's house—

the one commonly used. The double entrance in front it is supposed was made to allow a troop of horse to enter, if necessary, when the owner needed the protection of his friends. But to pass from the romantic to the commonplace present, it must be admitted that the broken glass which now is strewn along the walls is intended as a protection against the modern small boy instead of the knight or man-at-arms, for the boy well knows the taste of the fruit in the blossoms grow in such profusion that every turn brings the stroller into a nook captivating in its abundance of natural beauty. Even the humbler homes have their front gardens and the display of artistic beauty forms a striking contrast to the bareness of the stone structures to be seen everywhere and the whiteness of the streets covered with chalk dust. Trees there are in plenty also, some of them of unknown age, their branches bent and gnarly from the attacks of time.

A BIT OF BEAUTY INSIDE THE KIPLING WALLS From a photo taken for the "National"

Rottingdean gardens and only the glass prevents many an attack on their treasures.

Flowers as well as fruit are to be found in door yard and garden, and if one is so fortunate as to get beyond the walls, he will see many a bed or artistic corner, the pride of the gardener. So it is at the Kipling home, for, bare and forbidding as are its confines, the grounds are most attractive to the lover of nature. They are not so carefully laid out, but the rose geraniums and more common Around the Kipling house are enough to form a small grove, affording welcome shade in the heat of the summer, for, though Rottingdean is on the sea, it is only refreshed by the salt air when the wind is from the east, the sides of the valley shutting off the breeze from other directions. But in winter Nature's protection is welcome, as the chill blasts from the German ocean and the Atlantic are warded off.

Could the mediaeval freebooters scale the walls of Rottingdean, it were still no

small matter to penetrate the houses of the same stuff with doors built of double and triple thicknesses of oak planks fastened by numberless spikes. The windows were barred either inside or out and the small openings were more fit to sight an arquebuse from than for my lady's morning view. Change of ownership has altered some of the houses. Modern windows and piazzas have been added and such improvements as furnaces and ventilators, but the Kipling home remains nearly as when built, with its small windows, high tiled roof, now much the worse for wear, and its antique entrance. The electric bell, connecting the front gate with the house, is perhaps the principal innovation. About the place is the air of carelessness generally attributed to literary people. One sees a great gap in the rear part of the wall. It existed a century before the present owner was born, but it will never be repaired as long as he is there. Why should he? Are tearing down and building up all of life? You press the

ONE OF KIPLING'S RESTING PLACES, A BENCH INSIDE HIS WALLS

button and not the knocker to gain entrance to the author's domain, for the door is ajar to all whom the fresh faced, white capped maid allows to enter the gate.

After all, one may be disappointed.

IN THE HALL OF THE KIPLING HOME
From a photo taken for the "National"

The interior is dark and gloomy, except two or three rooms on the second floor. The huge wall is overhung by the grove of trees which keeps out much of the daylight from the parlor and dining room, while the stable at one corner and the cow shed on the other further obstruct the light. Some of the furniture is antique. For instance, a beautifully carved mahogany table and dresser are there, but the author brought to his English home many articles of American make which to some people are "painfully modern." Yet when the visitor sees the thickly stuffed leather easy chair and the long table littered about with writing material, ashes, pipes and a big jar of tobacco he is forced to believe that the writer of "Jungle Stories" and the man who first posed the British soldier in his natural position is one of us. Yes, the studio is very mannish and very American in appearance, for most of its contents came from the States. From the window the author can pause in his work to look across the way into St. Margaret's pretty church yard, where floral and marble tributes have made the little city of the dead attractive rather

than repulsive. Just outside the wall is the resting place of William Black, the novelist. No stone is needed to designate the place. Flowers and ivy literally cover it and every villager as well as the city stranger knows its locality.

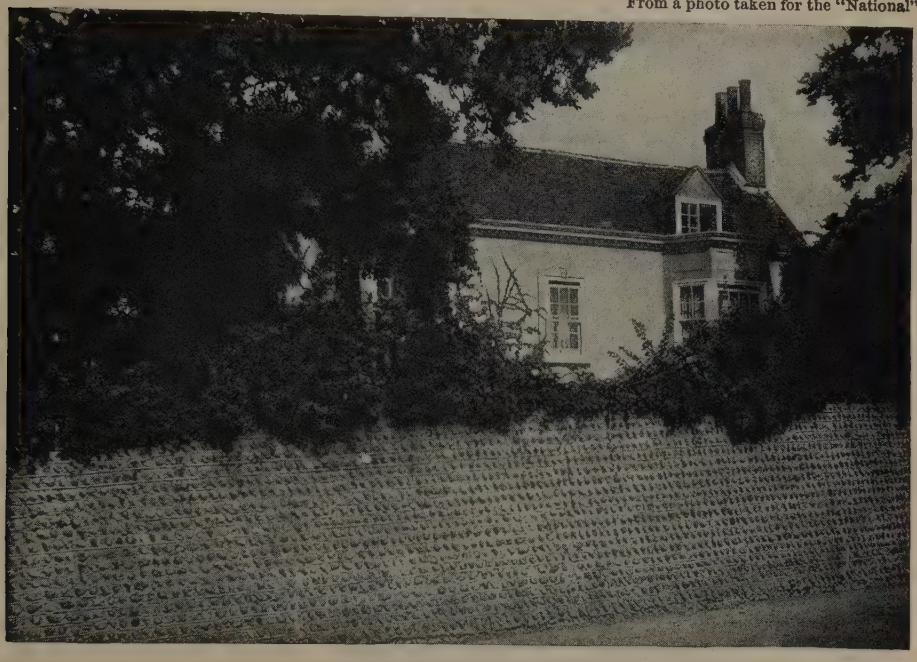
It is one of a thousand edifices of the same architecture one finds scattered throughout England—is St. Margaret's. The interior will hold all the towns-people and the hundred or so strangers tempted hither from London and Brighton on Sundays, but if they look for the owner of the home across the way they will not find him in church. It is Rottingdean's only place of worship and of course is of the denomination of the Church of England. A part of the original rear wall remains, but ravages of time and weather have caused extensive repairs and alterations to be made to the balance of the structure, though the primary shape is still preserved.

From the other window in his study, which occupies a corner of the house, the author can see the village "green"—for Rottingdean has its green, an irregular triangle of ground; but pedestrians are so prone to take short cuts across it that the green exists more in sentiment than in fact. Opposite the Kipling house live the Hon. Burne-Jones's as the villagers call them. The head of the family is slightly related to the author—a distant cousin, and the Kiplings are intimate with them, but with only one or two other families. Their home is one of the most pretentious in the hamlet, the beautiful grounds surrounding it being concealed by the ever present wall. The other near neighbor is Richard Bowling, one of the town characters. He does not look like a character. He is a stoutly built man in the forties, is grimy,

THE BOYS OF KIPLING'S TOWN LINE UP TO BE SNAP-SHOTTED FOR THE "NATIONAL"

sweaty and bare armed like other smiths, but unlike them has little to say except

BAY WINDOW IN THE AUTHOR'S HOME, OVERLOOKING ST. MARGARET'S
From a photo taken for the "National"



when you speak of the sign over the door of the smithy. This is the way it reads:

BOWLING, ORIGINAL VILLAGE SMITH
SMITHING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
REPAIRS TO RANGES

As a matter of fact the sign existed ages before Bowling was born, but he always maintains he is the "original" smith and becomes angry if contradicted. Another feature is that he has not much respect for his literary neighbor and when Kipling passes the place in his frequent strolls, he seldom speaks. He considers the author a sort of interloper in the village and the towns-people say is jealous because so much attention is paid the poet.

Of course the smithy is on the main highway. If the latter were straight, the Kipling house would lie directly across it at the north end of the town, but the road was laid out in the days when the sextant and triangle were unknown, and winds around just below the author's window as it stretches away out upon the downs. As you follow it through the village to the beach you note several fairly old taverns with such titles as the "White Horse" and "Royal Oak." There is also the "Black Horse," about which I will say more later.

It is over this road that Kipling goes on many a morning, jogging along with his hands in his pockets, a trick he learned among the Yankees. It's but five minutes walk through Kipling's village to the spot where the channel waves rise and fall. They call it the beach, but it is a mere mass of gravel. You crunch it as your feet sink among the loose stones and at times stumble on one larger than the others. There is no sand whatever. A stone's throw away the water laps the foot of the yellow cliffs,

which have such a dazzling whiteness when seen from the deck of an Atlantic liner. If you do as the villagers do—as Kipling does—you sit down on the gravel just beyond the tide's reach and lazily watch the wavelets as you toss the pebbles into them, or perhaps you try to follow the course of one of the graceful Brighton fisher boats out after a mess of sole. 'Tis a quiet niche in the coast line, unless the south-east wind blows hard. The water washes gently upon the gravel, for the Atlantic breakers are absent from this part of the coast.

Up the valley's sides are scattered a herd of England's famous Southdowns fattening themselves to be cut into ten-ounce chops for London restaurants or perhaps served with mint sauce at one of the local inns. The children long ago deserted the village green for the beach. Boys, even girls, are instinctively fond of throwing stones and here they can do it to their heart's content. Even such youngsters as "Wee Willie Winkie" might come in safety, for the gravel is so clean as to preserve the white frock unsullied and the most cautious mother need have no fear of her darling drowning. Noank is generally there, or one of his men. Noank is another of the Rottingdean celebrities. Like Bowling, of the smithy, he has lived here all his life—sixty years—but unlike the other he is a great friend of Kipling and the Kipling family. Imagine John Bull as drawn by a modern artist, put an old straw hat on him and you have Noank. In summer he hires out boats and bathing cars—and in winter enjoys himself up at the "Black Horse" over a tankard of "'alf and 'alf" talking politics or exchanging gossip with Mine Host Welfare. He has read most of the author's stories but doesn't think much of the Indian tales. "Captains Courageous" is his favorite and he is willing to talk by the hour about the brave fishermen of the Banks with the visitor or anyone else, for Noank, when younger, did quite a bit of channel fishing himself. Go down to the beach on some pleasant morning in spring or summer and you will likely find Kipling sprawled on the gravel talking with his own or a half dozen of the village children playing about, while near by will be Noank sitting on the edge of a boat,

THREE OF A KIND: PETS OF THE KIPLING FAMILY
From a photo taken for the "National"

all ears and eyes. Strolling down to the beach is one of Kipling's main recreations. If the children or any one who is with him will make a fort he will join in trying to knock it down, but he won't worry over the effort to build it himself. They pile up flat stones into a wall about two feet high and then try to see who can knock it down first by throwing missiles at it. Every one takes a hand—Kipling, the children, the ladies of the Burne-Jones family, sometimes Mrs. Kipling, but as a rule the ladies are better throwers than he and succeed. He does not shoot, seldom takes a surf bath, cares nothing for fishing. He occasionally plays lawn tennis—for about one game—but he has no interest in cricket. When not working he simply likes to lounge about—in plain English, loaf. He dislikes any attention and positively dreads the notice of strangers. Perhaps this is one reason he selected his home, so strongly fortified, and why he is conspicuous in his absence from church. He will never talk of himself and his work and feels ill at ease except when among his few chosen friends or his family—or children. He is fond of children and they take to him as naturally as if he were the father of the whole village. He dislikes to get up until late in the morning, and often vexes his active, sunny little wife, who is fond of her home and of everything at the right time and place. To see Kipling going along the three or four streets which comprise Kipling's village, you would mistake the man every time. Physically he is anything but attractive and has no taste in dress whatever. In fact he cares nothing for it, but there's something which indicates his true character to the observer who is thrown with him for any length of time. Children tell the good in human nature by instinct, and the love of the children in this case is a proof of it. Naturally he is of a quiet, happy, devil-may-care disposition. As he saunters along, he tries to hum a tune, but really has no conception of music whatever, and as friends put it he "buzzes." He lives in a little world of his own. And it is a world which contains plenty of sunshine, except when sickness and death visit it.

THE ANCIENT WIND MILL OF KIPLING'S TOWN, WHOSE REVOLVING FLAILS INSPIRE THE POET'S WAR VERSES

The Kipling children—there were three but only two now—before little Joe died were to be seen at the beach every pleasant day. Thin, nervous little bodies with restless, piercing black eyes; unlike

their father they do not care much for other children. When their sister was alive the three "flocked by themselves," so to speak, and managed to get their share of amusement and pleasure, even though somewhat exclusive. In features they resemble their mother more than their father, although the Kipling part of the family is very perceptible, especially in the shyness of strangers and retiring disposition except when by themselves. Though fond of dolls and the usual toys, throwing stones is the most delightful pastime to them. When the trio were together at the beach they were always ready to build the castle, as they called it, if the grown people would allow them to get nearer than the rest when the attack was made—and they generally did their share in demolishing it. When by themselves they organized armies—each one constituted an army. Then they started for the beach and taking up positions began a three-cornered stone battle between England, America and India, the littlest Kipling being India. They would solemnly keep up this for an hour at a time, but the hits were few and far between and nothing serious resulted. Yet it was an amusing sight to see the precision with which they threw the stones — no enthusiasm, no shouts or laughter, but steady work as though they were going through a drill like real soldiers.

ST. MARGARET'S, THE GRAY OLD CHURCH NEAR KIPLING'S HOME
From a photo taken for the "National"

THE GOLDEN LION HOTEL, AN INN OF KIPLING'S TOWN
From a photo taken for the "National"

They were very human, however, and had many a three cornered fight with fist and nail at home, which only ended when the little mother appeared and dealt out stern justice with the flat of her hand. Then it was kiss and forget and in fifteen minutes all had forgotten they had had a quarrel.

As for their father, such things never

miles away, forming one of the finest drives in Britain. But it is only occasionally. He cares little about driving and will not exert himself to ride a bicycle. The limit of his walk is generally the "Black Horse," over which, as I have said, Mine Host Welfare presides. It is Welfare's native village and the old wind mill, now deserted on the hill,

MINE HOST WELFARE AND HIS INN, WHERE THE POET GOES FOR A GLASS AND AN ARGUMENT

From a photo taken for the "National"

disturbed his serenity in the least and it is probable that he never has lifted his hand against them — or any one else.

Occasionally you may see Kipling walking along the cliff looking at the water nearly a hundred feet below or sitting on the turf at the edge of the precipice. It is but a half hour's walk to Brighton, England's noted summer resort, while the same road skirts the coast all the way to Newhaven — fifty

ground the corn for the bread he ate when a child. And this mill—what a tale it could tell if human. Like hundreds of others in the south and east of England its huge arms revolved, producing the force which reduced the grain to powder between the upper and nether stones. But its work was too slow for even this easy going neighborhood and with its brethren it was abandoned fifty years ago and now remains a symbol of

a former industry. It is still useful, as its top, standing full sixty feet above the hill's summit, can be seen far out at sea and serves as a day beacon to coasting and other craft.

Welfare has gone beyond his county and his country. He has traveled on the Continent and when a young man had much to say in politics, but now is content to welcome his guests and play the part of the English country landlord to perfection. But Welfare can talk on a variety of subjects from politics to metaphysics, while he is on intimate terms with nearly every personage in the Bible. He is a man who interests you in spite of yourself and he interested Kipling. Two or three evenings out of the week, in winter, one will find the author and the landlord and possibly

THE OLD STABLE: IT HAS NO TENANTS NOW

Noank in Welfare's cosy dining room before the big glowing fire, each with his glass and pipe. Welfare does the talking and his guest does the listening—most of the time. The subjects cover a decidedly long range but usually end in a discussion of politics, for Welfare is an extreme Radical and Kipling a Conservative—as much as he is anything. They will get into an argument of half an hour, Welfare growing white hot and Kipling becoming really quite excited. Then glasses are drained, the guest departs and probably by the time he

KIPLING'S COW SHED---SOLID AS A JAIL

reaches his gate has forgotten all that was said or even where he has been.

Apropos of the political talk, about two years ago Mine Host was taken ill—an unusual thing for him. Kipling frequently dropped in to see him and help him pass away the time. Of course politics had to be brought up. One night they had quite an excited discussion and the next morning the village doctor appeared at the author's gate. He was admitted and told the servant he desired to see Mr. Kipling at once. The latter shuffled in, somewhat surprised at the unusual visit.

"Good morning, Mr. Kipling. I have looked in to say that I must beg of you to discontinue visiting Mr. Welfare."

"Why so?"

"Because I am responsible for his proper care. You have been to the Black Horse now three nights in succession. The first morning after, his pulse was eighty-five, the second morning it was ninety-four and this morning it was ninety-nine. Why sir, if you continue, you will be the death of him."

The visits were discontinued and Welfare recovered to tell me the story over a glass of bitter ale.

Chicago Sees Famous War Paintings

Verestchagin, the Russian Master, Gives the First American View of His Napoleonic and Philippine Canvases in the Art Institute of the Western Metropolis--George Ade's New Opera and a New Lincoln Portrait Discussed by Mr. Cleveland.

By H. I. CLEVELAND

BASIL VERESTCHAGIN, the famous Russian war painter—an evangel of peace who drives his point home to the mind by depicting the horrors of war upon his canvases—has lately closed an exhibition of his pictures in the Art Institute of Chicago. Verestchagin had himself divided his paintings into three groups—dealing with India, with Turkestan and with the Russo-Turkish war. There has grown up a fourth group, of Napoleon paintings, and a fifth, latest of all, of pictures dealing with the war in the Philippines. The great painter visited the islands after the American occupation to obtain material for these pictures.

It was the personal wish of Verestchagin that Chicago should be the entry port in this country for his first exhibition of not only his Napoleonic paintings, but those connected with our war in the Philippines, and his latter-day works. It was an appeal of the art of the Slav—of the semi-Orient to the spirit of the West. If it was not as successful as the artist anticipated the fault was not wholly that of the West.

But passing by the question of the popular success of the exhibition, the very fact that it was attempted was a high tribute to Chicago's Art Institute and to the growing spirit of culture of the country west of the Alleghanies. Not gifted with unlimited funds, but upheld by most loyal hearts, the Chicago Art Institute is winning a recognized place for itself; is giving a sincere aid to distinctive art movements that are slowly but surely making for the spiritual enlightenment of the West.

In the place that it gave to the Verestchagin collection, the encouragement it lent to public interest in his works, the Institute revealed a most liberal attitude. For the technique of the Russian at its best is not easily grasped by the ordinary mind. His "Borodino," with the white dot for the distant Napoleon, is a long strain upon a mind fresh from ledgers and stock accounts. His "You Are Hit, Sergeant" struck straight to the heart of every observer; the arching head of the battle horse, the blood stained face of the trooper, carried their own tale, and won their own way even with the most sordid spirit.

But as most of the visitors came to rave over "Borodino" and left dissatisfied, their chance happening on the wounded officer did not wholly relieve them of the impression that, in these exhibited works at least, the Russian is difficult to understand. Truly, though, should he return a second time and bring still more finished works, his welcome would be more cordial. He aroused a new interest in the Napoleonic cult; he gave a vision of War, healthful, because it educates that War is hideous; he brought the West somewhat nearer to that far away land in which his strong brain was first nursed.

The culture of the West, whatever altitude it may ever reach, will never be that of the East. Verestchagin, as well

AT BORODINO: "VIVE L'EMPEREUR!" NAPOLEON APPEARING IN THE DISTANCE
From a photo of a Vereschagin painting, taken for the "National" by the C. & C. Company, Masonic Temple, Chicago

YOU ARE HIT, SERGEANT." "YES, SIR."
From a photo of a Verestchagin painting, made for the "National" by the C. & C. Company, Masonic Temple, Chicago

as others, must come to comprehend this.

Four of the noteworthy paintings of this collection are reproduced herewith. "You Are Hit, Sergeant," "Yes, Sir," and "The Letter Remained Un-

finished," belong to the series called by the artist "A Short Poem in Pictures." In the group are five pictures of which these two are reproduced. They tell a pathetic story of a soldier shot in battle, his conveyence to the hospital, his effort to write to his mother, his failure to do so, his death before his letter home is finished. Like everything else of this nature that the Russian has portrayed, the tearful, bitter side of war is uppermost. The pictures need no elaborate description. They tell their own sad story.

"THE LETTER REMAINS UNFINISHED"

From a photo of a Verestchagin painting, made for the "National" by C. & C. Company, Masonic Temple, Chicago

"Far From Home" pictures an American soldier on guard duty in the Philip-

pines—just an American boy in a rice field of the Orient, on duty for the honor of the flag and his nation. This is one of the latest things from the Russian's brush. It is really more a study than a rounded out theme.

"At Borodino" the French cuirassiers, after taking a great redoubt, saw Napoleon approaching. He was far distant, mounted on his favorite white horse. He was so distant they could only distinguish his short figure and the white of his horse, but over the dead and the dying rose the cry, "Vive l'Empereur!" In the painting Napoleon is only represented by a minute white spot, which barely appears in the reproduction. The subject is centered on the shout of the soldiery at the sight of their chief. The Russian painter says that a wounded man who had just had his leg amputated seized his cut-off limb and waved it

"FAR FROM HOME"

From a photo of a Verestchagin painting, made for the "National" by the C. & C. Company, Masonic Temple, Chicago

in the air shouting for Napoleon. This painting belongs to the Napoleon series.

The Chicago exhibition of this collection was the most successful of its kind ever attempted in the city. The galleries were daily packed, despite the death and sorrow palpable in all the Russian's work.

[Verestchagin's attitude toward the life of his time is quite as forcibly indicated in his text as in his pictures. Thus, he writes:

"Now, listen! An emperor is killed. Oh, how bad! How wrong! What confusion it brought! But there were some reasons for this killing. It was removing the head of a monarchy that was sometimes tyrannical and cruel. But then, the man was caught and ordered shot. That is right. That is good. He must be prevented from killing another emperor.

"Then things seemed to be quiet. Order and confidence were restored. But after a short time a king is killed, a good king, a king who was kind to his subjects, beloved. Well, this man was taken. He was not killed, but he was shut up in a cage, where he was to have no intercourse with his kind for his whole life. That is good. That is right. He must be prevented from killing some other king.

"Again all is quiet. Again there is confidence. But lo, an empress is killed! Now an empress. Oh, that is too bad! A woman, and a very charming woman. She was not responsible for the deeds of her husband. She was not in public life. She was a very good woman. What is the matter? The man is caught again. He also was shut up. He was not allowed to speak to any man, see anybody. He was put in a cage. That is right. That is fine. He must understand that to kill an empress is not a proper thing. He must be prevented from doing similar wrong.

"Well, again quiet for a certain time. But, lo, a president is killed! A president! Oh, oh, that is too bad! There may be some excuse for killing emperors and kings, but to kill a president in a free country, the choice of the people. Oh, that is very foolish. What of this murderer? Why, he must be killed twice. A special law must be enacted. This thing must be stopped. But what is the matter?

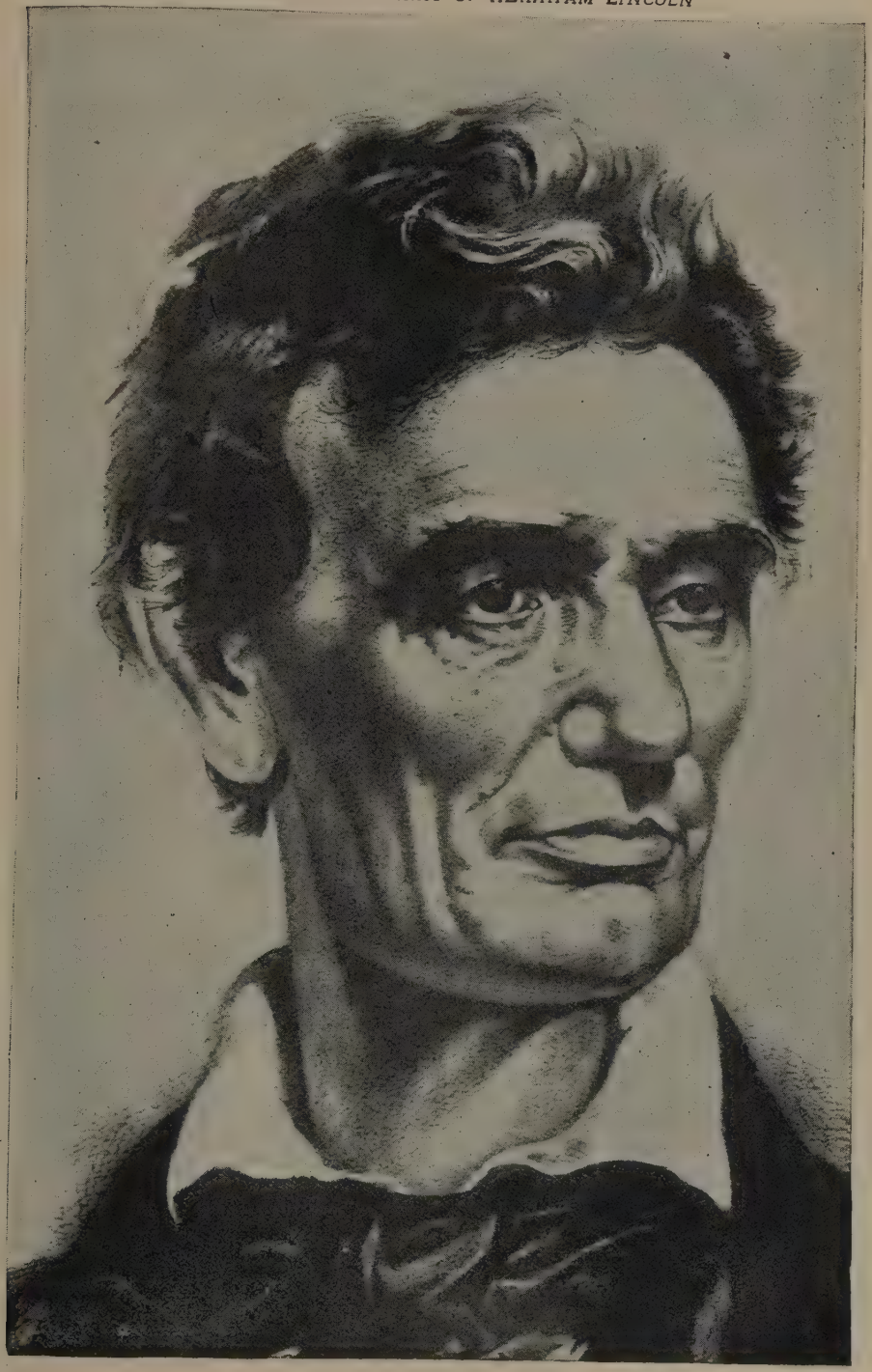
"It is evident that society is sick. It is suffering from a very severe wound, and the killing now and then of an emperor and a king cannot cure it. But it is well to understand; we must realize that the revolver which killed President McKinley was the same revolver which killed the Russian Emperor, the King of Italy, and the Empress of Austria, and that this revolver was the revolver of poverty, of misery, of despair.

"How cure such sickness? There is need of radical treatment. The money, millions, and millions, and more millions, which is spent in taking life in different wars, must be applied to the curing of society. We must make war against war, seek to save life and not destroy it."]

A New Lincoln Portrait

THE accompanying picture of Abraham Lincoln is a copy of a life-size crayon purchased for fifty cents in a second-hand store in St. Louis by Henry Kuehlman, of Monmouth, Ill. The crayon was purchased prior to 1860 by Mr. Kuehlman without his knowing the name of the subject. In 1861 he learned that it was a picture of Lincoln, then president, and that it was one of the best early pictures of him extant. A Mr. Kidd, of Springfield, Ill., who knew Lincoln well, says the picture must have been made while he was pleading a case in court—that it was his habit in court pleadings to run his fingers through his hair, giving it the wavy appearance presented. The name of the crayon artist

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN



GEORGE ADE
From a photo taken for the "National" by the C. & C. Company, Masonic Temple, Chicago

is unknown, as well as the exact time the picture was made—although it is probable the date is about 1855. Dr. J. B. McFatrich, of Chicago, owns the first copy of this crayon that was ever made.

George Ade Writes an Opera

GEORGE ADE, father of "Artie" and several other good things during the last five years, is now a producer of operas. His "Sultan of Sulu" had a "first night" at the Studebaker, Chicago, on March 11. It is a satirical musical play and as Mr. Ade himself says, "dealing with the introduction of American laws and customs into the island of Sulu and their conflict with the local customs, especially those regarding polygamy and slavery."

Mr. Ade has added to his glories of authorship by becoming the secretary of the Chicago Athletic Club. This is an organization having a brown stone front on Michigan avenue. Its membership is divided between those who dally with Omar Khayyam and those who prefer a swimming pool and Fitzsimmons.

When told that he had been snap-shotted for the "National Magazine," Mr. Ade said: "I am sorry, for I am afraid my trousers bagged at the knee. Try it again and I will see if I cannot look pleasant."

Witty Stage Impromptus

Helen Arthur Tells of "Asides" that Tickled the Players, Though Lost to the Auditors, and Chats About Current Attractions in New York, the Theatrical Capital.

By HELEN ARTHUR

AN actor or actress has to stand the glare of publicity more than the member of any other profession. Their slightest doings are chronicled and they cannot even eat a lobster a la Newburg in peace and present comfort. Part of this is due to the overweening curiosity of the Great American Public and part to the player's desire to be advertised. The fact that Maude Adams has, in our

CHARLES HAWTREY, AN ENGLISH ACTOR NOW APPEARING IN "A MESSAGE FROM MARS"
Photo by Sarony

FRANCIS WILSON IN "THE TOREADOR"
Photo by Hall's Studio

minds, retained a certain girlish charm, may be because we do not know "that at eight a. m. she uses a Whiteley exerciser, at nine she takes her fencing lesson; at ten she goes for half an hour's spin on her wheel," etc. Instead, we have pleasant memories of her Dorothy in "Rosemary," her Babbie in "The Little Minister," and her Phoebe in "Quality Street." However, Miss Adams is kind to her many heroine worshippers aged sixteen. One who had made Miss Adams the sole goddess, sent her a photograph and a request that Miss Adams sign it. In due time it returned with "To Miss Matinee, from her Maude

MISS BLANCH BATES AS CIGARETTE IN "UNDER TWO FLAGS" *Photo by Sarony*

MISS MAUDE ADAMS IN "QUALITY STREET" *Photo by Sarony*

Adams." That picture became the admired of all admirers until one sad day when Miss Matinee's chum decided to make a similar request. The second

picture came back with, "To Miss Parquet from her Maud Adams."

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest is to say the same thing again."

The pictures were no longer flaunted from the house tops—a horrid fear of letting too many admirers into the partnership possessed the Missess Matinee and Parquet.

A MATTER of interest to New Yorkers is the purchase of the Republic by Mr. David Belasco. Next season he will devote it to his three stars—Mrs. Carter, Blanche Bates and David Warfield. The theatre will be refitted and enlarged in such a way that when finished it will no doubt furnish the best example of a modern playhouse either here or abroad. If Mr. Belasco could only secure a patent fastener to keep persons in their seats until the last act is finished and save the wear and tear on one's temper because the ensemble is shut from view for the sole reason that some woman couldn't wait to put on that dream of a hat! At the Criterion, Mrs. Carter has broken all records and Lent seemed to have little effect upon the receipts. No one

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT IN THE TITLE ROLE OF "GARRETT O'MAGH" *Photo by Sarony*

FRANK J. KEENAN AS "THE HON. JOHN GRIGSBY" *Photo by Dupont*

cared to make the sacrifice of missing "Du Barry." It is probable that no new play will be provided for her for at least three seasons. Blanche Bates will stay at the Academy of Music for the rest of the present season and David Warfield could easily draw good houses with his success of this year, "The Auctioneer," so Mr. Belacso may well be content.

NOTHING gains applause more quickly than a display of presence of mind when something unexpected happens during a performance. In the last act of "Lady Margaret"—the opening bill for Miss Amelia Bingham's Stock Company—which was laid in the atelier of Madame Marguerite the modiste—just as Minnie Dupree (the Hon. Effie McIllay) was telling Amelia Bingham

A SCENE FROM "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE BEAST," ONE OF NEW YORK'S THEATRICAL FAVORITES

(Madame Marguerite) that she intended to come to her cousin's shop every single day, her dress caught on a nail and tore. Miss Bingham stooped and unfastened the train and answered: "Yes, you'll need to come now to have your gown mended"—a bit of ready wit which won a hearty laugh. In the midst of a most exciting scene in "The Royal Rival," a

EDWARD J. MORGAN AS JOHN STORM IN "THE CHRISTIAN"

cat walked slowly across the stage and started a ripple of laughter in the audience, which was much increased by William Faversham's remark, "Who is this lady?" A very good bit of improvising occurred during a performance of "Madame Sans Gene." It was in a scene where Madame's husband should have made an entrance, but for some unknown reason did not appear. The lines had all been delivered, the cue given, but those who had not seen the play before never knew this, for Valerie Bergere, who was playing the title role, walked back and forth exclaiming in accents of too real anxiety: "Where *is* my husband? He should be here! What can have become of him?" When he finally arrived, she said: "I thought you never would come," and the answering gleam in his eyes showed how apropos was the remark.

HAVEN'T you heard persons say, "Behind the scenes? How very interesting! I should love to go poking around among the scenery." This sounds very well, but, candidly, they would not get as much enjoyment as they suppose. Onlookers are rarely allowed and at the stage entrance stands a Cerberus called the "door keeper." In vain you tell him that your best friend is the star and you wish to go at once to his dressing room. You are permitted to send in your card and then possibly be admitted to the dressing room. Interviewers are looked at askance and many a leading lady has a maid whose tongue will make one's hair stand on end. Julie Opp, who played Marita in "A Royal Rival" and who has gone abroad to play the role of Katherine de Vaucelles in "If I Were King," has a dresser whose voluble French left dire impressions and scatterings of *mon Dieus* and *diables*. When at last it dawned upon this custodian of Miss Opp's privacy that French was not understood, she cheerfully and vehemently said "Miss Opp, she *hates* reporters!" All of which goes to show that the way of the interviewer is hard.

AFTER an evening in an up-town theatre where the audience is made up largely of somewhat blasé people who listen with languid, well bred attention to the play and whose excitement never

MISS LULU GLASER IN "DOLLY VARDEN" *Photo by Burr McIntosh*

rises beyond a proper pitch, it is somewhat enjoyable to watch an audience which has gathered in the theatre on Fourteenth Street to hear the Irish comedian, Chauncey Olcott. Every line which contains a reference to Ireland is

applauded to the echo and when Mr. Olcott sang "The Wearing of the Green" the gallery gods, Zeus-like, thundered their approbation. One day when Mr. Olcott was riding up Broadway on a street car, he had occasion to pay the fare of a small boy who sat next him and whose evident distress at the loss of his car fare attracted Mr. Olcott's notice. The urchin insisted on knowing who his benefactor was and Mr. Olcott gave him his card as the lad insisted on wishing to return the nickle. One afternoon after the performance Mr. Olcott was surprised to find the lad at the stage entrance. Mr. Olcott inquired if the boy had come to return the five cents but the youngster said: "No, I wrote 'Pass two' on your card and I've come to tell you it was a bully show."

E. S. WILLARD AS THE CARDINAL

PLAYS have an undoubted effect upon those who listen to them. An interesting example of this could be found after any matinee performance of "A Message from Mars" in which Charles Hawtrey had such a successful New York run that his out of town dates were cancelled. The play tells the story of the conversion of a thoroughly selfish man and shows his changed attitude toward all mankind. This is accomplished through a dream in which he is made to suffer even abject poverty. As one leaves the theatre, there is the line of beggars waiting for a few cents and rarely are they refused, so strong is the impression left by the play. A beautifully dressed woman was even seen to return and give a blind violinist some money — she seemed to have remembered the punishment which was meted out to the self-absorbed man in the play she had just left.

ONE of the strongest bits of char-

acter work which has been seen on Broadway for a long time was "The Hon. John Grigsby" as played by Frank Keenan. This play had what so many lack, atmosphere. The clothes of the players looked as though they belonged to an every day wardrobe — not like samples used for exhibition purposes only. As an elderly lady was heard to remark, "This play in its settings reminds me of the old 'Godey's Ladies' Book.'"

IF Lulu Glaser continues to improve in her work as she has this year, we prophesy the head of the line for her. As the delightfully hoydenish "Dolly Varden" she is a thorough success. If, as she sings, "there is something the matter inside of me"—the sooner the contagion spreads among comic opera stars the better. One really doesn't remember much about the rest of the cast, one listened only for the cue to bring Miss Glaser back. She is artist and student, and takes her career seriously.

WHEN Winston Churchill wrote "The Crisis" it was reported that he said the actress best fitted to play the part of Virginia Carvel was Mary Mannering. However, when the play is produced it will be by her husband, James K. Hackett, and for pecuniary reasons the lead will be given to Charlotte Walker. Miss Mannering is repeating on the road

MARY MANNERING, NOW STARRING IN LAST SEASON'S SUCCESS, "JANICE MEREDITH" *Photo by Morrison*

GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD, PRIMA DONNA SOPRANO, WITH "THE BOSTONIANS"
Photo by Gilbert & Bacon

her metropolitan success, "Janice Meredith."

ALMOST like glimpses into Fairy land are some of the scenes in "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast." This extravaganza has packed the Broadway Theatre since its initial performance and doubtless will last the season out, a joy alike to the children and their elders.

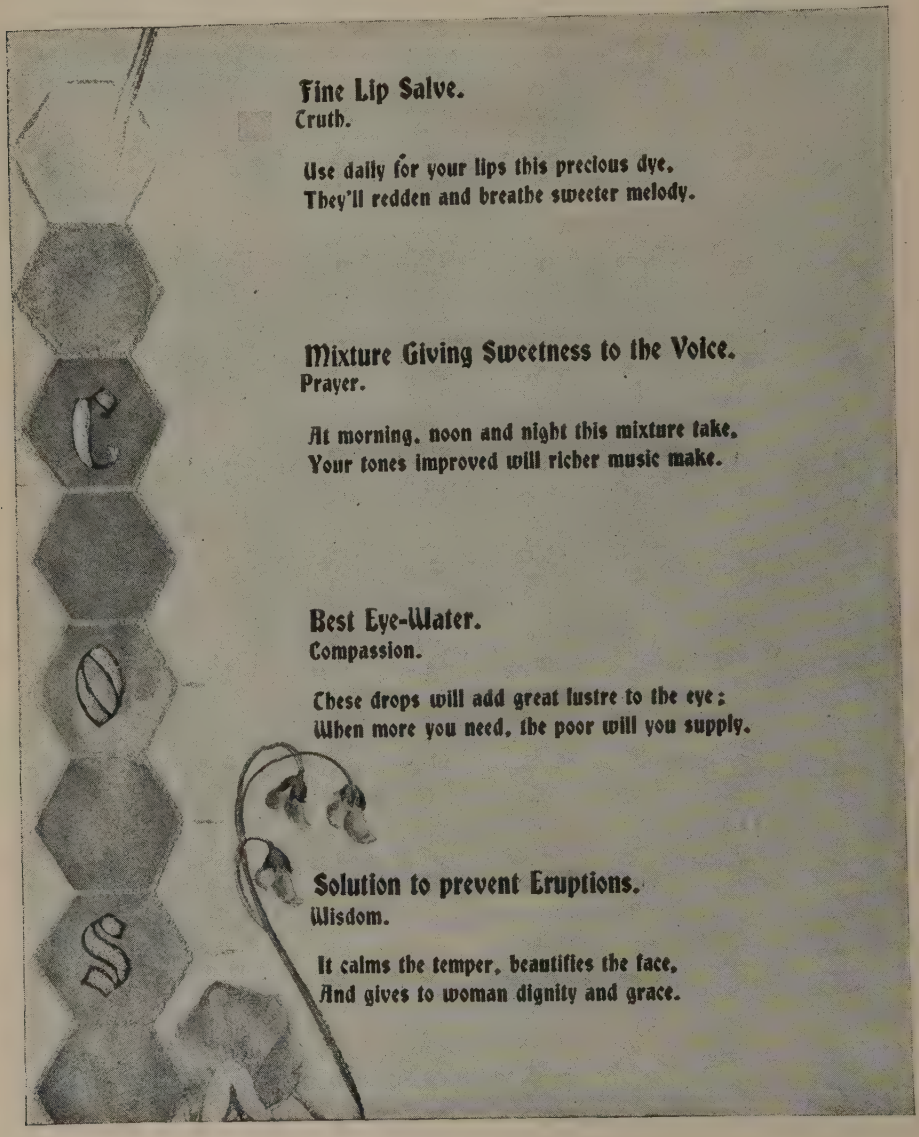
Cosmetics

ILLUSTRATED BY LEOTA WOY

THE quaint and pithy philosophy of these lines commended them to the favor of members of the Guild of Arts and Crafts of Denver, when that promising young organization of artists was casting about for themes. The author-

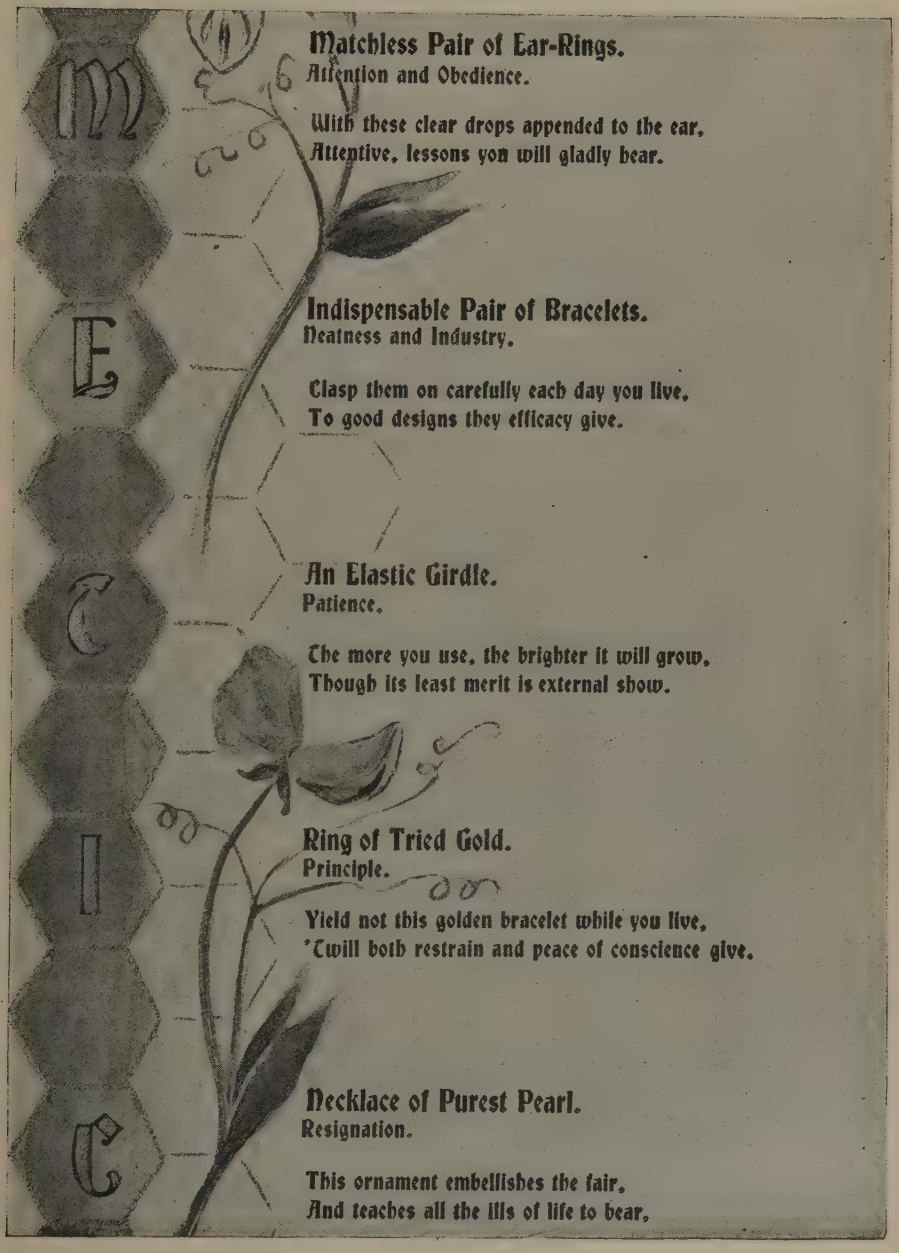
The Enchanted Mirror.
Self Knowledge.
This curious glass will bring your faults to light,
And make your virtues shine both strong and bright.
Wash to Smooth Wrinkles.
Contentment.
A daily portion of this essence use,
'Twill smooth the brow, tranquility infuse.

ship of the lines is unknown. Their application is, or may be, as nearly universal as that of the best known proverbial philosophy. Miss Woy, in decorating the piece, made of it one long page, with the title at the left side. In order to reproduce the drawings in the "National," it was necessary to divide this one page into four, whereby, of course, something of the artistic value of the work is lost. The original decorations were in colors—the colors of the sweet peas—and these, translated into plain back and white, lose much of their charm; yet it is felt that enough of the value of the original is saved to justify the reproduction, and certainly many will wish to preserve the wisdom of the lines. Despite the losses in reproduction, it is believed the work reflects


COSMETICS
Fine Lip Salve.
Truth.
Use daily for your lips this precious dye.
They'll redden and breathe sweeter melody.
Mixture Giving Sweetness to the Voice.
Prayer.
At morning, noon and night this mixture take.
Your tones improved will richer music make.
Best Eye-Water.
Compassion.
These drops will add great lustre to the eye;
When more you need, the poor will you supply.
Solution to prevent Eruptions.
Wisdom.
It calms the temper, beautifies the face,
And gives to woman dignity and grace.

enough of the beauty of the original to show why Denver, the capital of the Rockies, is proud of the accomplishments of its thriving Guild of Arts and Crafts.

It is noteworthy in this connection that in each of the sectional capitals of the country groups of ambitious workers in the fine arts are developing along distinct lines. Thus, in New Orleans we have in the native poetry, music, and painting the atmosphere of the free spirited, pleasure loving Latin; in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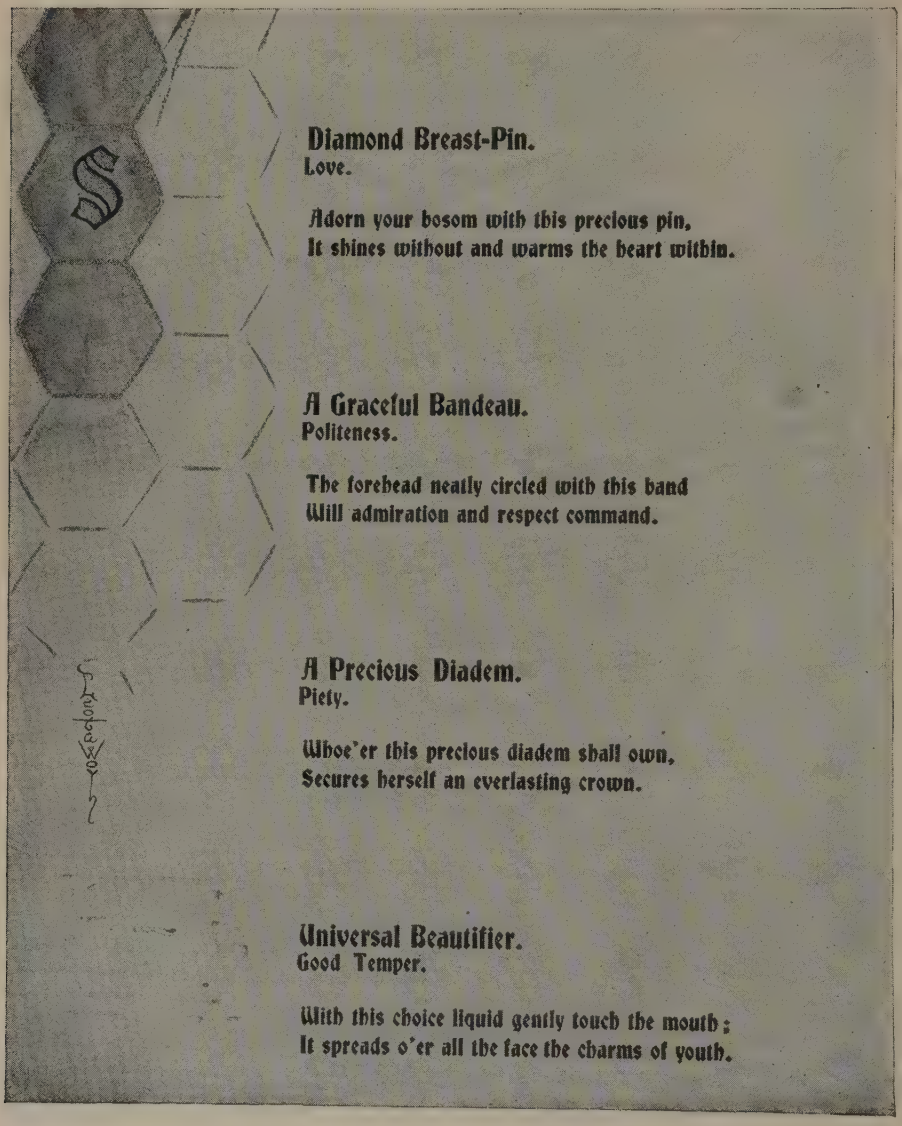
Matchless Pair of Ear-Rings.
Attention and Obedience.
With these clear drops appended to the ear,
Attentive, lessons you will gladly hear.
Indispensable Pair of Bracelets.
Neatness and Industry.
Clasp them on carefully each day you live,
To good designs they efficacy give.
An Elastic Girdle.
Patience.
The more you use, the brighter it will grow,
Though its least merit is external show.
Ring of Tried Gold.
Principle.
Yield not this golden bracelet while you live,
'Twill both restrain and peace of conscience give.
Necklace of Purest Pearl.
Resignation.
This ornament embellishes the fair,
And teaches all the ills of life to bear.

Chicago, the breezy freshness of the prairies; in Boston, an adherence to classical ideals which not seldom operates to suppress originality, or to make it subservient to the schools; in Denver, something of the gayety of the "flush" days of a comparatively new community, tempered by the impressive grandeur of the mighty mountains near at hand; in New York, a blending of all these traits with the traditions of Europe. Perhaps the difference here noted is all a fancied one—something which should be, or may be, but is not yet distinguishable. No doubt, if it be not yet true, it will some day be true. America is large enough, and its several sections are sufficiently dissimilar, to produce many distinct shades of temperament, which will find expression in their works of art.


Diamond Breast-Pin.
Love.
Adorn your bosom with this precious pin,
It shines without and warms the heart within.
A Graceful Bandeau.
Politeness.
The forehead neatly circled with this band
Will admiration and respect command.
A Precious Diadem.
Piety.
Whoe'er this precious diadem shall own,
Secures herself an everlasting crown.
Universal Beautifier.
Good Temper.
With this choice liquid gently touch the mouth;
It spreads o'er all the face the charms of youth.

THE May "National" will be a Spring number. What a magic there is in that word Spring. How it stirs the fancy, and makes the pulses leap. The snows melted and gone, the pussy willow buds unfolding, the sap starting in the trees, the small boys asking if they can't go barefoot—the housewife saying to herself: "It's about time to begin house cleaning," and a new briskness stealing into the step of the whole world. The air is fresher, the sunshine warmer, tasks lighter, and the heart more hopeful. Whatever we do, whatever we read, must partake of this spirit, or it is hardly done, indifferently read. The May "National" will take its readers into the field with the "Bee People," under the guidance of Aloysius Coll of Connellsville, Pa., a story teller of rare power and sympathy. With Clarence Hawkes, "the blind poet of Hadley," Mass., we will study the career of a "Country Doctor," a New England type, wise, witty, tender and brave, and we shall accompany him on one of the most thrilling rides ever made by man. Mr. Hawkes' style of story telling, his insight into the finer issues of life and nature, prove that, though blind, he sees more of the world than most who have eye-sight merely. He has that best of all sight—soul sight. You will enjoy his beautiful story. Other tales will be joined with these to make an admirable expression of the beauty and the inspiration of the Spring time.

NO other magazine prints so many pictures of current news interest as the "National." This is peculiarly the "National's" field among American magazines. It is a very wide field—covering the whole country — north, south, east and west, and our contributors in every section are alert with pen and camera to procure for us whatever will please or instruct our readers. The May number will be no exception to our general rule—there will be an abundance of fine half tone engravings, depicting many and various phases of the affairs of the world, and of America in particular.

THE "National" is having an exceedingly gratifying growth in sales and subscriptions. The gains are general, but largest in the West and South. It is significant that Texas is second in our list of news stand sales. The fact is alike a compliment to Texas and to the "National." No other state in the Union is growing faster than Texas in population, wealth and power. The giant among the states is throwing off the chains with which partisan politics have

so long bound her vast potential energies; she is welcoming an enormous influx of northern brains and money, which are assisting her own sons to develop the riches with which nature underlaid her soil. The fact that nearly every order for the "National" from Texas is doubled from month to month seems to us to prove that the magazine is deserving its name — is as truly representative of the interests of Texas as of Massachusetts—and that is just exactly what we want it to be.

PREPARATIONS are making in Havana and Washington for the transfer of authority in the island of Cuba, from the United States military governor to the civil officers of the new Republic of Cuba, headed by President Tomas Estrada Palma. The change is expected to take place about May 1, though the date is not yet definitely fixed, as this is written. Congress is still debating the measure of trade favor that shall be given the new republic, with the chances in favor of a treaty that Americans will be able to approve as fairly generous. The President has stood like a rock for what he deems fair treatment of the Cubans, and there is no doubt the vast majority of the press and people sanction his atti-

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA AND SECRETARY OF STATE JOHN HAY

From a snap shot photograph taken by a staff photographer, while the prince and secretary were driving from the railway station to the White House.

tude. Certain industrial interests, fearing to disturb present conditions, have opposed any alteration in existing tariff schedules, even in favor of the Cubans. The President argues, that inasmuch as the United States has tied Cuba's hands in the matter of making favorable trade treaties with other countries, holding the island as ward, in a sense, the least we can do in common fairness is to open our own markets to her great products—sugar and tobacco—on such terms that she can make a living profit on them. The proposal to grant a reduction of twenty-five per cent in the duties on imports from Cuba has been grudgingly conceded by the opponents of any change, but the advocates of reciprocity explain that this will leave the islanders still paying twenty-five per cent more tariff on what they sell the United States than the rest of the world pays. The average of our tariff on imports, these gentlemen say, is a shade below fifty per cent. The tariffs on sugar and tobacco, the only things Cuba has to sell us in any quantity, are 100 per cent. Twenty-five off 100 would leave Cuba twenty-five worse off than Germany, say, or England, in our markets—which looks to some people a good deal like taking advantage of a ward's weakness for the guardian's

PRINCE HENRY LAYING A WREATH AT THE BASE OF THE LINCOLN STATUE, IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO

From a snap shot photograph made for the "National" by the C. & C. Company, Masonic Temple, Chicago.

profit. Speaker Henderson, convinced by the President and by the utterances of press and people in his own Iowa district, has decided to help carry out the President's Cuban policy, and its prospects are therefore very much brighter than they were a few weeks ago. Concerning other pending legislation of the first class, it may be said that the Senate will pass the shipping bill, more often alluded to as the ship subsidy bill, and that its friends believe they have a majority also in the House. National irrigation on some basis, probably nearly that of the Senate bill, which gives larger powers to state administrations than disinterested experts approve, seems likely to be authorized at this session of Congress. The "National" is especially interested in this movement, which makes for the creation of homes and wealth within our own borders, and at no expense to or violation of the aspirations of any other people on earth. It is a sort of expansion to which no one can object, except those who deny the right of the people to make their government an agency in advancing their prosperity. The "National's" February "Irrigation" number has been most widely circulated and quoted from, a sign of the tremendous public interest in this problem.

ON a rainy Sunday what a pleasure there is in reading an old-time favorite author. It may be that years have elapsed since you first were acquainted, and as you begin to read the opening pages are blurred with pleasant or perhaps sad memories connected with the first reading. There is an association between reader and author that defies all psychological analysis. It is acquaintanceship idealized, because there is not the likelihood of friction in feeling as between personal friends. It was not so many rainy Sundays ago that I indulged in the luxury of a dip into Thomas Hardy, an old favorite; and with the reading of his "Pair of Blue Eyes" were clustered many tender memories of years ago. His incisive expression of impulse and emotions is so subtly and masterfully done—his pages have so much of the real warmth of human feeling common to every reader. Dear old friend Hardy! May we live to mingle with your village folks, for there is human nature pure and simple.

In "The Woodlanders" is shown, not only the character of the English, but the varying shades and phases of human impulse are subtly portrayed in words that make the study a pleasure and the pleasure a study. Take down an old favorite author some day—even you who plead "no time to read"—forget the Sunday paper and subdue that nervous restlessness which has come to be the chief characteristic of the American.

Spring

AGAIN the lark is here,
And Spring will soon be flying;
Cool air she loves to cheer.
Again the lark is here,
Soon violets will peer,
Then all the Spring be vying.
Again the lark is here,
And Spring will soon be flying.

Henry D. Muir

THE LATE CECIL JOHN RHODES, WHO WAS "OOM" PAUL KRUGER'S RIVAL FOR THE MASTERY OF SOUTH AFRICA

For a sketch of his career, see page 213

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, AMERICAN GOVERNOR OF CUBA, TAKING THEIR FORTY-TWO MILE WALK

General Wood's work in Cuba is nearly at an end. The American military officials will turn the island's affairs over to the Cuban Republic, represented by President Palma, on May 20, unless unexpected causes for further delay shall arise. General Wood has given the island a marvelously effective administration, building roads and other public improvements, cleaning out the plague holes of the cities, beautifying the parks and in general raising the standard of life from the frightfully low ebb to which three hundred years of Spanish colonial misrule had carried it. Both as soldier and as administrator, General Wood has splendidly justified the confidence placed in him by the late President McKinley and shared by President Roosevelt, who was General—then Colonel—Wood's second in command of the Rough Rider's regiment in the Spanish war.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI. MAY, 1902 No. 2

THREE territories are knocking at the door of Congress, asking admission to statehood. Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma each and all possess the qualifications required of states, and more. But—Congress admits new states at its discretion. Usually, since the early days, new states have been formed when the dominant political faction had need of their votes in Congress. This idea is less attractive to-day, when the average citizen is much less a partisan than formerly, but it still rules the actions of party leaders to a large extent. Wherefore, since it is said to be likely that New Mexico and Arizona would elect Democratic senators and Democratic congressmen, they find the way barred. Oklahoma, with half a million inhabitants, 2,500 school houses, 200 national and territorial banks, and other equipment that far outranks that of several of the smaller states, is expected to elect Republican senators and congressmen. The understanding is that none of the three territories can command votes enough to secure its admission alone. An omnibus measure has been suggested, and it is thought the three together can get votes enough to pass the bill. There is room in the flag for three new stars, and no reason—aside from the dubious one of political expediency—why they should not speedily be placed there. Irrigation is doing wonders for the development of these three territories. Once admitted, they will not long remain near the foot of the list. They have vast undeveloped resources of natural wealth.

THERE has been a little flurry of excitement in Speaker Henderson's district, the third of Iowa. For twenty years Colonel Henderson has had no opposition in the conventions of his party. This spring, State Senator Courtright of Waterloo thought he would contest the Speaker's renomination. There seemed a possibility that Colonel Henderson could be beaten. His critics said he had held office long enough; that he was out of touch with his people; that he misrepresented their desires in opposing reciprocity for Cuba; etc., etc. But it appears the dissenting element over estimated the extent of this dissatisfaction. Senator Courtright looked over the field—and withdrew from the race. As usual, the Speaker has a walk over. He may not have satisfied all the elements of his constituency: no congressman ever does that. But the third district is not ready to exchange the speakership for a place at the tail end of the House committee on lonesome roads.

Senator Courtright, who thus became for a day a figure of national interest, is of course a lawyer. He is native to Illinois, fifty-two years old, and has resided in the third district only seven years.

THE Philippine bill and canal measures promise to take the foreground for May. The shipping bill has struck the dams and locks in the House and may be put over until next winter—until Chairman Babcock and Griggs have the returns all in from the congressional elections. It is reasonably certain that most of the members of the House are personally satisfied with the merits and necessities of the shipping bill, but feel that the word "subsidy" is a ticklish thing on which to attach a vote just prior to an election. A campaign of education is needed to show that the very rural districts now voicing objections will be the greatest beneficiaries of the measure, which is the very essence of the American national spirit of to-day—expansion, more markets, more business.

SENOR DON ANTONIO LAZO ARRIAGA, MINISTER FROM THE REPUBLIC OF GUATAMALA
Photo copyrighted, 1902, by Clinedinst

CHEKIB BEY, MINISTER OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE AT WASHINGTON Photo copyrighted, 1902, by Clinedinst

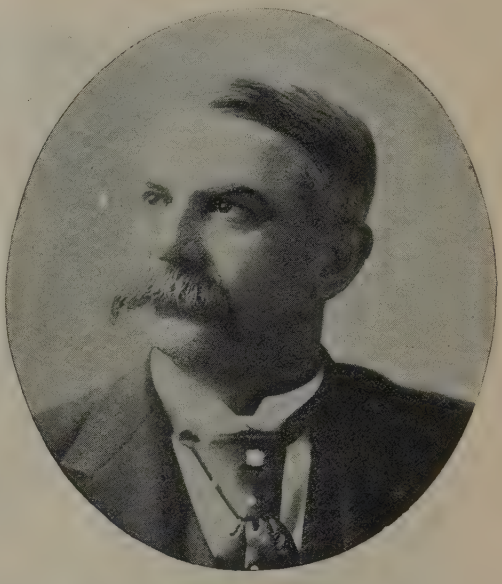
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has picked the most picturesque man in the most picturesque state in the Union to be H. Clay Evans' successor as commissioner of pensions. This man is Eugene F. Ware, soldier, lawyer, poet, known in the capitals of two continents as the author of the "Rhymes of Ironquill." London knows his poems better than Boston, and strong men who like the flavor of vigor and humor in their verse rate "Ironquill" among the foremost living or dead American poets. As soldier and lawyer he has been equally aggressive and successful. The President picked him personally, and he is the President's kind of man. There need be no fear either that the pension office will be raided by

SIGNORA M. MAYOR DES PLANCHES, THE MISTRESS OF THE ITALIAN EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON: A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN AND A CHARMING HOSTESS

Photo copyrighted, 1902, by Clinedinst

undeserving claimants, or that a single deserving applicant will fail to get his dues—if the new commissioner has his way in the office. And he has a way of having his way.

EUGENE F. WARE, "IRONQUILL OF KANSAS."



ONE of the ever important questions at Washington is the problem of postoffice appointments. I was looking into the question and ventured upon a little real experience. Well, I had it. Hornets' nests are nothing in comparison. There have been so many rules and precedents broken of late, that I thought to find out something. A friend who had been serving as postmaster in a western city was *persona non grata* to the congressman from his district, the result of factional politics. The appointment was originally made at the instance of a senator, now deceased, who was a great

APROPOS OF THE EXTENSION OF THE CHINESE EXCLUSION LAW: HOW THE CHINESE CHILDREN OF THE PACIFIC COAST ARE BEING CHRISTIANIZED

This picture shows a group of the children of China Town, San Francisco, assembled for instruction by an American woman missionary teacher. The children are, most of them, eager and quick to absorb Western teaching, even though their home surroundings are altogether Oriental in character.

power in his state while he lived. But now that he has passed, those whom he left in office, no matter how competent and satisfactory, must be ousted in favor of the congressman's friends, and to satisfy a personal pique. These questions might as well be settled once for all: Is the congressman the Czar of his dis-

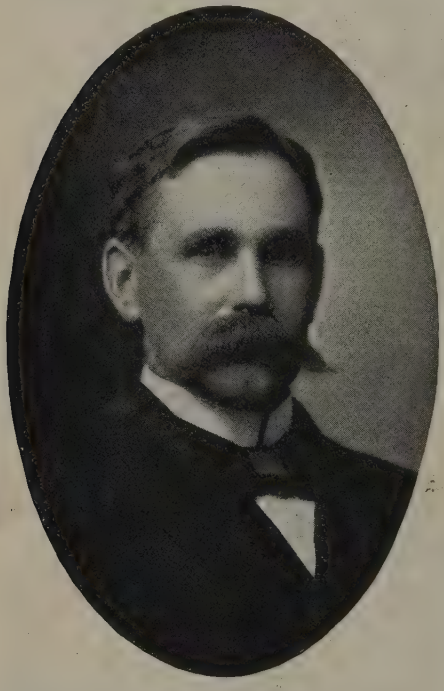
THE BARONESS MONCHEUR, WIFE OF THE BELGIAN MINISTER, THE LATEST AND ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE MANY AMERICAN GIRLS WHO HAVE MARRIED FOREIGN DIPLOMATS

Photo copyrighted, 1902, by Clinedinst

trict? Do the people elect postmasters in their congressmen? Would the interests of the people be better served by

CONGRESSMAN JAMES HENRY DAVIDSON OF OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN

Mr. Davidson is a New Yorker by birth, a native of Colchester, Delaware county. He grew to manhood in New York, went to Wisconsin to practice law and entered politics naturally. He is serving his third term in Congress.



allowing them to elect their postmasters as well as their senators? "Postoffice fights are the bane of a congressional career," said a veteran. "National welfare and congressional legislation would be better served without the entanglements growing out of appointments." Meantime, how much of the time and energy of senators, needed for the consideration of large problems, is devoted to these matters!

WAGON loads of "speeches" are leaving the Capitol every hour during the early spring days. The clerks sit drowsily at desks, writing addresses of constituents and sowing the seed for the fall elections. It would be interesting to know just what proportion of these speeches are read in their entirety out of the millions dispatched on Uncle Sam's frank. There is an altogether unanswerable prejudice in the average mind against reading a document sent out in the rock ribbed traditional ruttage of the government printing office. And yet, some of this is mightily entertaining as well as instructive reading. Read the "Congressional Record" for several days, and it grows upon you with the fascination of a serial story.

WHEN the Senate adjourns early, the senators linger for an after-glow chat. In the centre of such a group you will usually find Senator Hanna. On an afternoon recently he was discussing some great public questions informally and the throngs in the gallery near that corner remained over an hour to hear the discussion which the distinguished statesmen indulged in. The canal question,

MRS. J. H. DAVIDSON, WIFE OF THE WISCONSIN CONGRESSMAN

free Cuba, irrigation—in fact, the whole range was covered. Senator Hanna is a typical statesman of the times—strictly business. The same rugged, sterling manner of moving men in trade matters and of forcing forward on aggressive lines that has won his victories in commerce and politics, has made him particularly successful as a national legislator. He has a broad comprehension of affairs from a practical standpoint, and his leadership inspires confidence. Although comparatively a new member—in a chamber where seniority is a fact of the

ALGERNON SARTORIS, GRANDSON OF U. S. GRANT, TWICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Mr. Sartoris, who has recently accepted an appointment to a second lieutenancy in the regular army, is to marry Miss Davidge; the beautiful young society woman whose portrait is published on the next page.

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington.

utmost importance—the constant jingling of the door bell at his home in Lafayette Square, from morning till late evening, indicates that he has won a high place in the councils of the nation.

ONE of the incidents of Prince Henry's visit that has not been in print, I am told, was a feature of his horseback ride with President Roosevelt. They started off together in the mud and slush at a break-neck pace. It was a splendid sight to see two such horsemen. They dashed along the roads out toward Cabin John bridge, with never a word or a slackened pace. Stately Prince Henry bobbed up and down like a small yacht at anchor and rode in true sailor fashion. The President, with his characteristic cow boy style, seemed to fit the saddle and stirrups like a glove. When they returned, bespattered with mud, horses in a foam and breathing heavily, there was not the suggestion of tinselled royalty. The Prince dismounted with a sigh of relief and as he flecked the mud from his riding jacket he remarked in his excellent English:

"That is what you call a strenuous pace? Well, it was quick—very sudden."

The President nodded and let it go at that. The pace was his usual one.

MISS DAVIDGE, THE FIANCEE OF ALGERNON SARTORIS, GENERAL GRANT'S GRANDSON

THIS calls to mind another exploit of the President's—the famous forty-two mile walk that he and General Leonard Wood took the day the latter came back from Cuba. The President was engaged with visitors when General Wood entered the room.

"Mr. President—" General Wood began.

"Hullo, Leonard!" exclaimed Mr. Roosevelt, jumping up and greeting his old commander with a hearty slap on the back. The general declared his unwillingness to interrupt the business in hand, and suggested a "thirty-mile stroll" later in the day. "No we won't," said the President emphatically. "We will walk just forty-two miles: not a foot less." The "National's" snap shot of the two famous pedestrians, published in this number, was taken while the swung along the road on that historic walk, which was not all a whim, since it gave them opportunity to go over affairs in Cuba without interruption.

THE galleries were filled when Senator Depew spoke on the ship subsidy bill. He is the same popular Chauncey and his well rounded periods fitted well the acoustic properties of the Senate chamber. He had scarcely gathered the scattered notes of his speech and cleared his throat when the page brought him a shower of cards from writers who desired to meet him in the marble room. The enthusiastic applause from the galleries

was frowned upon by Senator Frye, presiding, with what seemed almost mock sternness, as he announced that it was contrary to rules and if repeated the galleries would be cleared. But the shot had been fired. Hoarse but good natured, Senator Depew greeted his waiting constituents and was soon in the meshes of an office-seeking embroglio. There were some pretty vigorous words used, but the senator broke the spell by shaking hands with a little boy who accompanied his father. The graceful way in which he softened the painful strenuousity of the occasion by taking this little boy's hands indicated that a political philosopher and a diplomat is one of the senators from New York, and that he knows a thing or two about human nature, from the boy in short trousers to slippered old age.

I CANNOT resist here telling a story concerning Chauncey Depew. It is too good to be original, but the senator must be in it, just as Lincoln was in all the stories of a past period. A tramp met the senator and asked him in that easy, velvet-tongued way:

"Would you kindly assist a—" etc.

Chauncey, of course, is an easy mark, and as he fanned himself after extracting the quarter, the tramp inquired:

"And who may I say was so kind hearted?"

"O never mind. That's all right."

"But in after years, when I recall those whose tender hearts—"

"Never mind, my good fellow!"

"Then I cannot accept it, sir. I must let my friends know—"

"Well, tell 'em it was Grover Cleveland and let it go at that."

The tramp put the quarter back in his pocket leisurely and shook his head.

"Now, my good fellow," said the senator, "may I ask your name?"

"A gentleman in distress is loath to confess."

"Yes, but if I have your name I may be able to help you."

"No, my pride will not permit."

"But allow me to know whom I have

LADY PAUNCEFOTE, THE WIFE OF LORD PAUNCEFOTE, THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT WASHINGTON

had the pleasure of meeting in this happy way."

"O, well, tell 'em it was Chauncey Depew and let it go at that."

Chauncy fanned himself and let it go.

TRAILING his cane as gay and blithesome as any young bridgeroom of twenty summers, there are few more

popular and picturesque figures in the streets of Washington than "our Chauncey." Every one recognizes him, from the pictures scattered abroad—an edition de luxe—from cigar labels, cartoons and impersonations on the variety stage. His is a face that always, apparently, beams as serenely as the rising sun. If the Concatenated Order of Smilers ever has a national organization, it is quite certain that Senator Depew's whisker-shaded smile will elect him Grand Smiler, with smilax trimmings.

MISS CORNELIA ROOSEVELT SCOVEL

Miss Scovel, who has recently made a successful debut as a singer in New York City, after completing her European training, is a daughter of a sister of President Roosevelt. With her mother, she came from Europe to be present at the debut of Miss Alice Roosevelt.

WHAT an inspiring sight it is in the Senate to see Senator Hoar thoroughly aroused in debate. Whether it be upon the Philippine question or in resisting the proposal for the popular election of senators, he always has the earnestness of conviction. He contends that the direct election of senators by the people would destroy one of the fundamental principles of democracy and give the nation two houses of representatives instead of one. He argues that this would destroy the balance wheel of government. It is one of the curious revolutions of time—this senator from Massachusetts opposing, on the old Southern ground of the sacredness of state rights, a political reform that is urged by the legislatures and governors of a large majority of the states.

THE course of senatorial debate during the past month has been fairly well greased with oleomargerine. The oldest and strongest senators—Hoar, Depew and their peers, and the youngest—Dolliver and other sprightly wits, have fought the question of butter vs. oleo, the farm vs. the factory, country vs. city, with a persistency worthy of a cause that should involve the national existence. Senator Bailey of Texas has made it a constitutional, and Senator Hoar a moral question, and so the talk ran on. The one thing certain, out of all the turmoil, is that oleomargerine is getting a magnificent advertisement, and its makers are accumulating a fine array of senatorial testimonials to its genuine value as a food product.

CUBA gets a twenty per cent reduction in tariff rates—and the blessing of Congress upon her new Republic. President Palma displays a disposition to be glad that tariff charges on Cuba's products were not raised instead of lowered.

GENERAL JAMES H WILSON, WHO WILL REPRESENT THE UNITED STATES ARMY AT THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII. IN LONDON NEXT MONTH

ARKANSAS has administered a shock to the old timers, by retiring Senator James K. Jones, who twice piloted Bryan to defeat in presidential elections. James Kimbrough Jones entered the United States Senate in 1885: he will leave it in 1903—March 3, to be exact. His successor-to-be is former Governor James P. Clark. In Arkansas the people vote directly on senatorial nominations, at regularly provided primaries, and it was by the verdict of the primary held on March 28 that Senator Jones will retire.

DEMOCRATIC senators in caucus assembled have agreed that the United States ought to give independence to the Filipinos, the United States retaining ownership of such coaling places and naval stations as the President may designated—but that is as far as the matter will go. The Republican majority of the Senate has not yet any intention to resign American supremacy in the Philippines, as in Cuba, and the President seems to experience no doubt that pacification and—to a desirable degree—Americanization, will result from a continuance of present administrative methods.

ELIHU ROOT OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY OF WAR, ON HIS FAVORITE SADDLE HORSE

Photo copyrighted, 1902, by Clinedinst

THIRTY state governors have consented to serve on the federal committee which is to urge Congress to change the date of the president's inauguration from March 4 to April 30. It was on April 30 that George Washington, the first president, was first inaugurated, the ceremony taking place in New York City. Senator Hoar is leading the movement in the senate. The Washington members of the committee are:

Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, commanding the army; Admiral George Dewey, of the navy; John Joy Edson, chairman of the inaugural committee of 1901; Justice John M. Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court; Commissioner Henry B. F. Macfarland, John W. Foster, Charles J. Bell, Charles C. Glover, Theodore W. Noyes, Beriah Wilkins, Frank A. Munsey, General Henry V. Boynton, Thomas W. Smith, president of the board of trade; and S. W. Woodward. The commissioners expect to receive favorable answers from the remaining fifteen governors, and as soon as all responses are in, Commissioner Macfarland will call a meeting of the committee. Some of the governors may come to the capital, but it is thought the work necessary can be done successfully by correspondence. All of the governors will be asked for an expression of their views on the subject of a change.

THE Internal Revenue Bureau was organized in 1862 and the Hon. George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, was appointed by President Abraham Lincoln as the first commissioner. He was afterward member of Congress, secretary of the treasury, United States senator, and at the advanced age of eighty-four years is in close touch with political affairs. The total revenues collected through this bureau for its latest fiscal year amounted to forty-one millions of dollars. The total for its latest fiscal year, which ended June 30, 1901, was three hundred and six millions.

The present commissioner is John W. Yerkes of Kentucky, who was appointed by President McKinley in December, 1900. Prior to that time he was engaged in the practice of law in his native state,

MISS ROOT, DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR, ON HORSEBACK

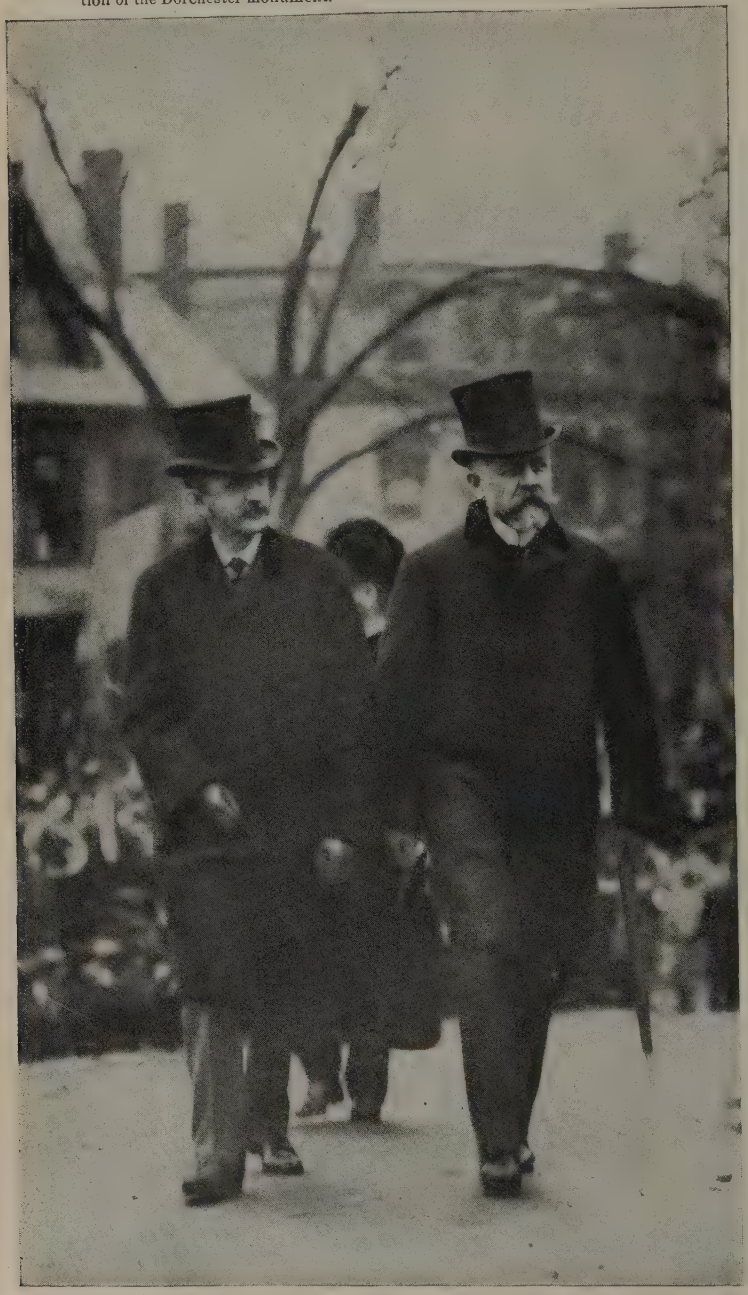
Photo copyrighted, 1902, by Clinedinst

Kentucky, and was prominently identified with its educational and commercial interests. For a number of years he occupied the chair of corporation law in the law department of Centre College, next to the oldest institution of learning in the south or west. In 1900 he was unanimously nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor of Kentucky and received 5,000 more votes than were ever cast previously for a Republican state nominee and led the Republican electoral ticket by a large majority.

Mr. Yerkes is admirably equipped for the discharge of the duties of his position.

SENATOR HENRY C. LODGE AND GOVERNOR W. MURRAY CRANE OF MASSACHUSETTS

From a snap shot photo taken for the Boston "Herald" on the occasion of the dedication of the Dorchester monument.

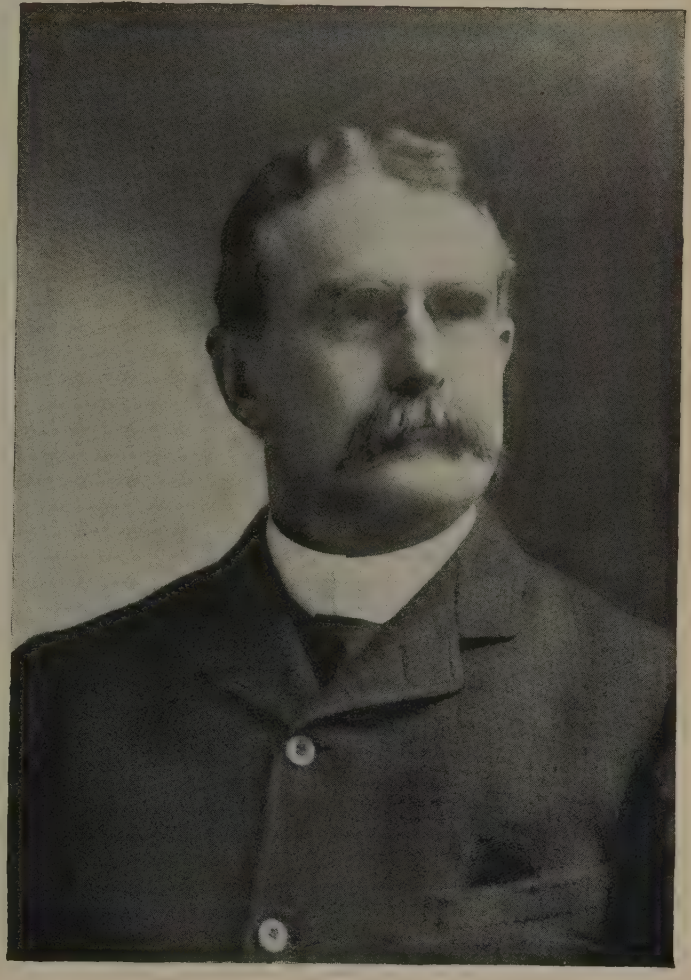


WASHINGTON—official and diplomatic Washington—heard with undisguised regret of the death of Cecil Rhodes—the greatest Englishman of his generation, the generation that succeeded Gladstone's. It was known to many that one of the dreams of

Rhodes' life was the ultimate federation of the whole English speaking world, in close alliance with the Germanic peoples as represented by the German empire. He fought for South Africa, not to benefit himself, but to extend the influence of Anglo-American civilization. He would have preferred, it is said by one who knew him intimately, to await, the slow processes of peace, but feared to trust what he deemed his mission to other hands in later generations. So he broke the blacks and he broke the Dutch, and he laid broad and deep the foundations for a tremendous nation of English speaking people in South Africa. It was characteristic of the man whose life was magnificent that his last will and testament should be splendid. And it was. The world never before saw such an expression of the real spirit of human brotherhood in the will of any man. Rhodes' provision for a hundred three-year scholarships at Oxford University for American young men—two for each state and territory, and two from each of the British colonies, was a master stroke of sound sense and wise forethought. Oxford is the oldest seat of learning in the English speaking world. The hundred young Americans, meeting there the scores of young men from the colonies, and meeting, too, the five young men from Germany—for Rhodes' plan included five such scholarships, each worth $1500 a year, to be allotted by the German emperor—all these young men assembling from the uttermost parts of the earth, will get and give new inspiration in learning, and in what is better than learning, brotherly feeling.

JOHN W. YERKES, COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL REVENUE

A Kentuckian who has been a teacher, a lawyer and a leader of the Republican party, and who now has charge of an office through which half the Federal revenues are collected.



THE BATTLESHIP ILLINOIS, WITH WHICH REAR ADMIRAL CROWNINSHIELD WILL REPRESENT THE UNITED STATES NAVY AT THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD IN JUNE. EACH FOREIGN NATION WILL BE REPRESENTED BY ONE WARSHIP.

Merits of the San Blas Canal Route

Senator Scott of West Virginia, Armed With Data From Professor Charles W. Kempton, Now on the Ground, Tells "National" Readers the Darien-Mandingo Canal Can Be Built, Including the Five Mile Tunnel through Mountains, for $100,000,000, Procuring a Solid Rock, Tide Water Passage, Free of Locks and Earthquake Proof, in a Healthy Region.

By SENATOR NATHAN BAY SCOTT

A TUNNEL as wide as Pennsylvania Avenue from curb to curb (100 feet), half as high as the dome of the Capital (150 feet) and five miles long! This is the San Blas (Darien) bugaboo which throws ultra conservative statesmen into a panic and hurries timid engineers into the bewildering mazes of Panama and Nicaraguan schemes.

A sea level canal only thirty miles long, with magnificent harbors at the termini, extending through a section of country not unhealthy and free from earthquake disturbance! This would be the San Blas ship canal, the realization of the dreams of two centuries; the inland water way which is to connect the Atlantic and the Pacific.

It is unnecessary in an article of this length and at this time to state the reasons for building a ship canal connecting the two oceans. Everyone is agreed that such a project should be carried to completion. It is only over the selection of a route that differences exist. In attempting to reach such a selection I have endeavored conscientiously to inform myself of the advantages and disadvantages of the many lines advocated by as many engineers. This study of the question has led me to believe that the San Blas route is the only one that will meet every requirement of a nearly perfect inland water way across this narrow neck of land.

This route would connect the two oceans from the Bay of Mandingo, in the Gulf of San Blas on the Atlantic side, to Pearl Island Harbor, in the Gulf of Panama, on the Pacific side of the Isthmus. Its first section is five miles of open cutting until it meets a range of mountains which traverses the Isthmus of Panama and the Isthmus of Darien. Through this range a tunnel five miles long, either single or double, but wide enough and of such a height as to admit the easy passage to and fro of the largest vessels, must be driven. Then would follow an open cut of thirteen miles to the Bayano river, at its great bend, and thence seven miles along the river, or, if a tidal lock is to be avoided, by an open cut to Pearl Island Harbor, making a canal thirty miles long.

With no locks to delay or entirely stop passage, the largest ships could go through this canal in five hours at a speed of six miles an hour, or in ten hours at the slow speed of three miles an

hour. The great development in the transmission of electrical power makes it entirely practicable on a route of this short length to tow by electric trolley, or some other method, sailing ships as well as steam ships, and with electric lights along the canal and in the tunnel, passage could be effected at night as well as during the day. This could not be done by any other route. Indeed, it is a question whether sailing vessels could navigate any of the other proposed canal routes. The cost of erecting and maintaining a power plant would not add materially to the cost of constructing the canal, and American engineers would find little difficulty in solving the problem of electrical towing—it has been solved for inland canals—while the easy, safe, and quick passage afforded sailing vessels would add immensely to the revenues, and make it truly an interoceanic water way for the sail and steam tonnage of the world.

Could this canal be constructed without a tunnel or any deep cut no one would question, for a second, the selection of the San Blas route. By this route many hours would be saved in the passage of a vessel from New York to any Pacific Coast port. But little money would have to be expended to keep the harbors at either terminus clear, and the entire line of the canal could be policed in time of peace and protected in a state of war at a cost, a mere trifle compared to that which would be needed on either the Panama or Nicaraguan canal. The cost of constructing such a canal would be small and the only bugbear is the tunnel through the mountains.

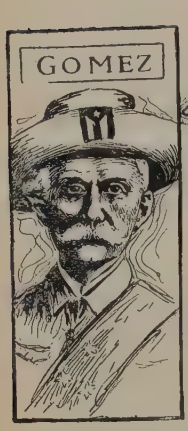
Can it be driven? Look for the answer in the engineering feats already accomplished by American engineers with American machinery. The sky scraping buildings of the present day; the great bridges, especially the one about to be thrown over the St. Lawrence at Montreal; the Croton acqueduct; the Chicago Drainage Canal; and the Rapid Transit tunnel now in course of construction in New York answer. Years ago, when it was proposed to drive the Hoosac tunnel, engineers stood aghast, yet the Simplon tunnel, eleven miles long, is being constructed to-day, and since the days of the Hoosac tunnel, the Mont Cenis, St. Gothard and Arlberg have been built. If these tunnels have been and can be driven, why not the San Blas tunnel? It is simply a question of quantity. A matter of boring a hole in the mountain ten by fifteen feet and then blasting around it a space 200 by 150 feet. No American engineer or contractor will shirk such an undertaking. After the first driving the force could be worked on benches, and the work would then really be open cut work, with this advantage, that the blasting would be overhead and along the sides, from which the dislodged rock would fall to the floor of the tunnel and could be carried away by overhead trolley or surface tram. The work of driving the rapid transit tunnel in New York is more difficult. The Hoosac tunnel, when Mr. Shanley took hold of and completed it, was a more serious problem.

I have ascertained from Professor Charles W. Kempton, who is on the ground, that the formation through

which the tunnel would have to be blasted is principally trap and granite, and that it will, in all probability, need no lining. The out-croppings of the mountain range show granite and granite gneiss. The Isthmian Canal Comission worked out a section of tunnel, providing for a lining of concrete five feet thick throughout its entire length. The cost of a single foot of this tunnel, according to their estimate, allowing $5 a cubic yard for rock excavation, and $10 a cubic yard for lining, would be $4,268, which corresponds to $22,533,040 a mile, or a total of $94,500,000, for the tunnel alone, and a grand total of $289,770,000 for the entire canal. These figures are excessive and out of all reason. No lining would be needed and the cost of excavating granite is certainly not $5 per cubic yard. The highest estimate from a practical tunnel engineer which I have found gives from $3 to $3.87 per cubic yard for tunnel work through granite gneiss. In building the short line railroad from Colorado Springs to Cripple Creek, the contractors were very much rushed for time. A heavy penalty hung over them if the road was not completed in a specified period. A number of tunnels had to be driven on the line, and even with the expenses necessary from the rush, this work was executed at a cost of $3 per cubic yard in the hardest kind of granite found in the Rocky Mountain region. Under such estimates as these this tunnel could be driven for $50,000,000, far below the figures furnished by the Isthmian Commission. Another $50,000,000 would build the canal, light houses, deepen the harbors and put the water way in working order. These figures are so far below the amounts asked for the Panama or Nicaraguan schemes that even should it be found necessary to line the tunnel the cost would still be greatly smaller than that of either of the others.

With the tunnel a practical engineering problem, with the cost—$100,000,000—less than half of that of any other route proposed, with no standing charges for dredging harbors and keeping locks in repair, with the time required for building less than one-third of that necessary for the construction of either of the others, there is no reason why the San Blas with its other wonderful advantages should not be the route chosen, and why work should not begin at once.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The Darien, or San Blas, tunnel route for the Isthmian canal is steadily gaining friends, in and out of Congress. Articles by Captain Arthur McGray of Boston, published in the February and March numbers of the "National," have been widely discussed by the press of the country, and the merits of the route have commended it to the common sense of the American people far morestrongly than either of the long, tortuous, costly, lock-barred Panama or Nicaraguan routes. Senator Morgan, chairman of the Senate committee in charge of the canal question, will see nothing good in any other than the Nicaraguan route, with its immense cost, its dangerous passages, and its immense waste of the valuable time of vessels in transit. The Panama promoters have not lost hope, and their cause has been strengthened, as a business proposition, by the signing of a protocol by the agents of Colombia and the United States, by which the former grants the latter rights necessary to the construction of a canal at Panama. But, the more clearly the people see that the Darien canal can be built in shorter time and at less cost, and will be vastly and forever superior to either of the other routes, the stronger grows the expressed public desire that this route shall be chosen.



THE BIRTH OF A NEW REPUBLIC

By FRANK PUTNAM

To that high plane where Love enshrines
his name who gave this nation life,
Unerring Time's decree assigns the hero
of a later strife.

His fight is that undying fight, whose
martyr roll is ages long—
The ceaseless battle waged by Right
against the sway of cruel Wrong.

His arms are few, his purse is lean, the
woods his templed cities are;
His road is long, Death lurks between,
but at the end shines Freedom's star.

Of dauntless courage, splendid skill, un-
wearied purpose, noble mind,
His final years are Freedom's still;
youth's roseate dreams are left behind.

One dear desire is his alone—whose fruit
pray God he live to see:
The hated arms of Spain o'erthrown, the
land of his affection free!

—Verse found floating in a paper dated February, 1898.

GOMEZ has lived to make good the conviction of the nameless singer: he has seen his beloved Cuba freed, has proved his unselfishness by refusing the first presidency of the Republic, which he might have had, notwithstanding his alien nativity, had he sanctioned the proposal to make the first president an exception to the rule on nativity. He has lived to win the regard of his foes, his countrymen and his allies from the States. All his life long a soldier in the cause of liberty, the grey general in his last days looks upon a new structure, dedicated to Freedom, and in the making of which his influence was second to that of no other human being. In this hour before the formal launching of the new Republic upon the troubled sea of national life, I recall with sadness the martyred Marti—so young, so brilliant, so ardently devoted to his country's cause: a victim at the threshold of her last rebellion; Maceo, a black Sheridan and, like Marti, denied the satisfaction of seeing with the eyes of earth the triumph of his cause. God grant that he be not denied the joy of seeing, with the eyes of the spirit, the flag of Cuba float from the dome of his country's capital on the 20th May. And Garcia—and all the nameless but glorious rabble of half starved, half clad men in the ranks, of whom it was written in 1898—

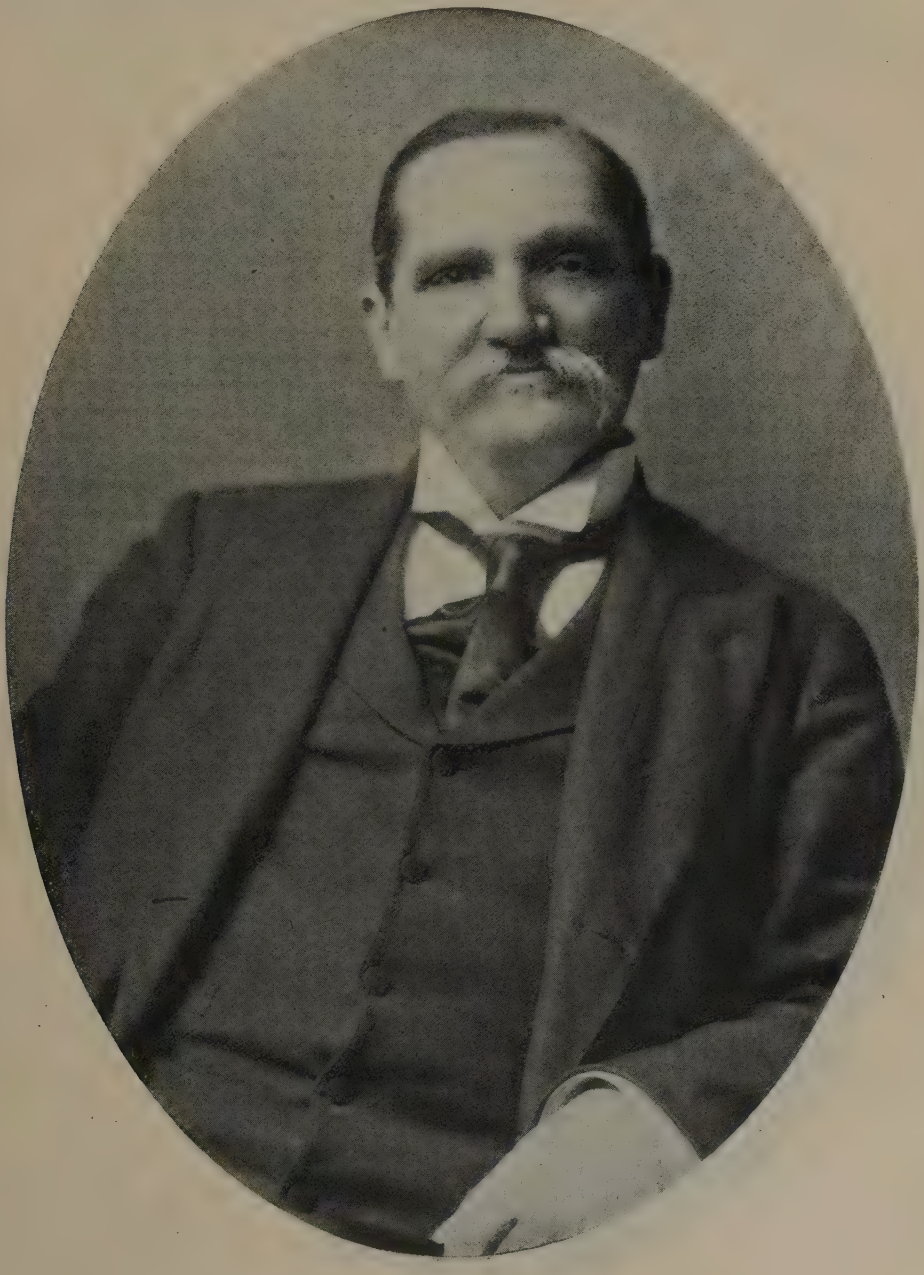
Since slave first slew his slavish fears
and dared his master's will defy,
The smug have damned his cause with
sneers, with inuendo and with lie.

That reptile sneer is sped today at him
whose breast for Cuba bleeds:
I call him kinsman and I say he proves
his manhood by his deeds!

I care not whether white or black or
mingled blood his arteries fills,

Who tireless mounts the thorny track
that leads to Freedom's sacred hills.
When Time the wounds of War has healed
and gray Oblivion hides his grave,
His greatness then shall be revealed where
Love laments her nameless brave.—
shall not these also be witnesses of their

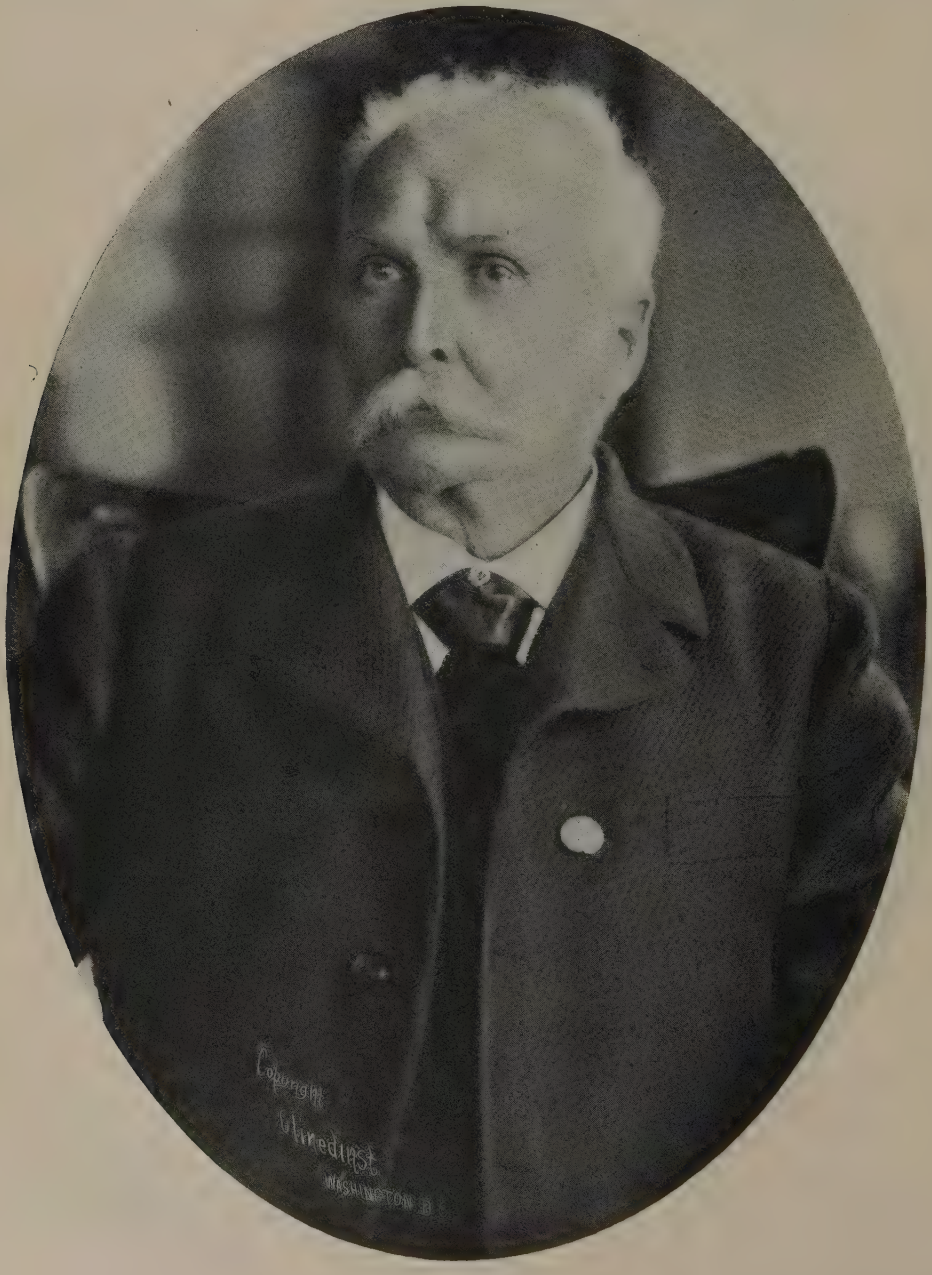
TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE NEW REPUBLIC OF CUBA



country's triumph? By heaven, I would give the rest of my natural life for assurance that they might see it! How good it is to see tyranny humbled, patriotism exalted! Ah, we all need this spectacle now and again in this world; to get the fire of its exaltation into our souls.

Long live the Republic of Cuba!

GENERAL CALIXTO GARCIA, ONE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE REPUBLIC OF CUBA
From a photo taken three days before his death



FACSIMILE OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S ORDER FOR THE ATTACK ON SANTIAGO

To the Secretary of War:

General Shafter and Admiral Sampson should confer at once for cooperation in taking Santiago. After the fullest exchange of views they should be left to determine the time and manner of attack.

William McKinley

July 5, 1898.

McKinley as Commander in Chief

Copies and Facsimiles of His Personal Orders Given During the War With Spain Show How Closely He Watched Every Movement, and How His Diplomatic Quality Constantly Cushioned the Sharp Corners of Official Communications.

By W. S. COURSEY

Former Private Secretary to the Secretary of War

MUCH has been written regarding the personality of the late President McKinley. This article deals with Mr. McKinley as the ideal commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States. Never before in the history of our country was there a President who so absolutely and devotedly commanded the fighting forces of the United States as did William McKinley. During the Civil War the conditions were widely different. Then the commanders in the field had almost entire authority to do as they pleased with the forces of their commands. General Grant seldom asked for orders from Washington, and he only infrequently received any. Not so during the Spanish-American war. Mr. McKinley was, at all times, fully cognizant of even the minutest details affecting the army and navy. Conferences were held at the White House every evening, and often lasted until one, two and three o'clock in the morning. There were present, usually, Secretary of War Alger, Secretary of the Navy Long, and General Corbin, the adjutant general of the army. The President required all military orders to be submitted to him before being issued, and many of them to-day bear his corrections in pencil.

The night of June 7th and morning of the 8th will long be remembered by those at the White House. On the evening of the 7th, upon the advice of Admiral Sampson that he had bombarded the forts of Santiago and urging that an army of not less than 10,000 men be sent there at once, a direct wire was secured from

the White House to Tampa, and General Shafter was instructed to sail immediately. Within five minutes a reply was received stating that it would be impossible for him to get away before daylight the next day. Until about two o'clock n the morning telegrams were going to and coming from General Shafter. The President wanted to know how many troops and horses would go with the first expedition; if adequate quartermaster, commissary and medical supplies were on board the ships. After all this information had been obtained, the President said to the operator.

"*Tell him*" (*meaning General Shafter*) "*good night and Godspeed.*"

Early that morning, however, a dispatch was received by the Navy Department from Admiral Remey, at Key West, stating that:

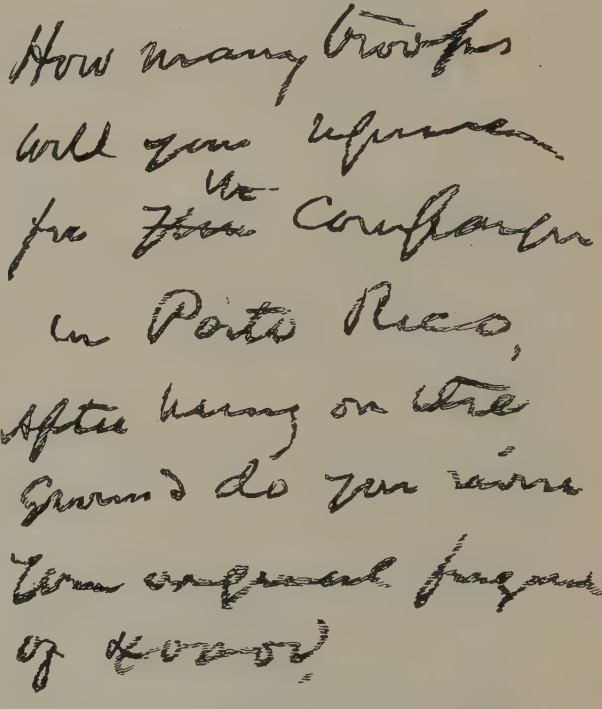
"*Spanish armor cruiser, second class, and Spanish torpedo boat destroyer seen by Eagle, Nicholas Channel, Cuba. Destroy convoy. Details follow.*"

The secretary of the navy aroused the President from his slumbers and after reading the message to him, urged that General Shafter be directed to delay the movement until further advised. Again the secretary of war and the adjutant general were summoned to the White House and as soon as they arrived instructions were given to delay the movement. It was not until the 14th that the first troops left Tampa for Cuban waters.

It was at such times as these, when most of the officials were greatly excited, that Mr. McKinley's noble character and presence of mind were most striking. Not once did he become excited or ruffled, and he seemed never to tire. On the other hand he was bright and cheerful.

FACSIMILE OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S CABLEGRAM TO GENERAL MILES IN PORTO RICO

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON.



All cipher cablegrams received at the State, War and Navy Departments came over wires that passed through the Telegraph and Cipher Bureau of the White House and, under the direction of Captain B. F. Montgomery, signal officer, U. S. A., these messages were immediately deciphered and handed the President, so that he was informed of all that was transpiring as soon as the officials to whom the messages were addressed.

Mr. McKinley very often would come to the Telegraph Bureau and read the messages sheet by sheet, as they came over the wires; and not infrequently the secretary of war, while reading the same telegram, would receive a message over the telephone from the President directing him to come to the White House immediately to confer in regard to the dispatch just received. The secretary of war would prepare a reply to a message, then hand it to the President, who would make his corrections.

Colonel Miller's command sailed from Manila to Iloilo in December, 1898. Upon his arrival he met resistance and, having no war ship, he was unable to effect a landing. Upon General Otis' report of this fact and that the soldiers were suffering greatly from the crowded condition of the transport, the secretary of war prepared an answer. The message was written on New Year's day of 1899, and was as follows:

"It is of first importance that conflict be avoided at this time, if possible. Cannot Miller get into communication with Insurgents, giving them the President's proclamation and informing them of the purposes of this government, that there is no other purpose than to give them peace, prosperity and protection in all their civic rights."

The President inserted in the dispatch, following the word conflict, the phrase, "*brought on by you*," and amended the concluding lines to read, "*that its purpose is to give them a good government and security in their personal rights.*" He added:

"*It is most desirable that Miller should hold his ground, and as health of the soldiers may not permit of their remaining on transports, could not a landing at some healthful place, convenient, be effected without a conflict?*

"*The report of excited condition in Manila makes it incumbent upon you not to weaken your forces at that point.*"

On the same day, upon advices from General Brooke that the United States flag had been raised over the island of Cuba, a dispatch of congratulation was prepared by Secretary Alger at the White House, as follows:

"Jany. 1, 1899. Brooke, Major General:—The President instructs me to send to you and your command his best congratulations upon the successful and peaceful turning over of the island of Cuba by the government of Spain to your forces." The President corrected the dispatch to read, following the word "peaceful," "events of the day," and by striking out "best" before "congratulations."

The order below shows that President McKinley, at times, even designated the regiments for active service:

"*Washington, D. C. General Corbin: If we need more troops for Manila, after the force now at S. F. has gone, I direct that you will order the 12th N. Y., Col. Leonard, comdg.* *Wm McK*

"*Aug. 11, 1898.*"

On July 5th, the day after the naval battle at Santiago, Mr. McKinley sent the following order to the secretary of war:

"*To the Secretary of War: General Shafter and Admiral Sampson should confer at once for cooperation in taking Santiago. After the fullest exchange of views they should be left to determine the time and manner of attack.*

WILLIAM McKINLEY."

On July 15th, just after the land battle around Santiago, General Shafter, in a dispatch to the adjutant general regarding the surrender, reported that the Spanish commander desired that his troops be allowed to retain their arms. The following answer was written by Secretary Alger, under direction of the President:

"Executive Mansion, Washington. Major General Shafter:—Your dispatch

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S ORDER MUSTERING IN W. J. BRYAN'S REGIMENT

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON.

Secy of War.

Make the necessary order which will enable the regiment of W. J. Bryan to be accepted under the quota of the State of Nebraska.

Wm McK.

May 28 1898

is a surprise to the President and me. What you went to Santiago for was the Spanish army. If you allow it to evacuate with its arms you must meet it somewhere else. This is not war. If the Spanish commander desires to leave the city and its people, let him surrender and we will then discuss the question as to what shall be done with them."

The order below is in the handwriting of Mr. McKinley and was sent to General Miles as soon as he landed in Porto Rico:

"*How many troops will you require for the campaign in Porto Rico? After being on the ground, do you revise your original figure of 40,000?*"

It will be remembered that when our soldiers were encamped at Chickamauga and other places their friends and relatives sent them all kinds of delicacies, such, in many instances, being very detrimental to the health of the men. To show the President's personal supervision over such small details, below is given a copy of an item prepared by the adjutant general for publication in the daily press which it was thought would stop the practice:

"The sending of delicacies to the army by generous people will not longer be encouraged by the War Department, as it has been found that such delicacies for troops in the field are injurious rather than helpful. The secretary of war suggests that donations of this character be sent to the hospitals only, and that the surgeon of the army be consulted as to where they will be most needed."

This the President amended to read:

"The sending of delicacies to the army, *although most generous and fully appreciated by the authorities*, will not longer be encouraged, etc."

One of the most interesting, and, at the same time, unique, follows:

"*Executive Mansion, Washington — Secy of War: Make the necessary order which will enable the regiment of W. J. Bryan to be accepted under the quota of the state of Nebraska. Wm McK*"

The Country Doctor

A Story of New England Wit and Heroism

By CLARENCE HAWKES

AMONG the many tales of old New England that I have heard upon cold winter evenings, while sitting by the cheerful open fire, that of Thomas Wells, a country doctor, and gentleman of the old school, holds a bright place. Not that the story is any better than dozens of others told by grandmother to the children when the evenings were long, and other amusements had failed us. I have heard this tale so often, not only from her, but also from others, that I have come to know and love the kind hearted doctor; and his many witty sayings are as familiar to me as the days of the week.

He was a tall, athletic man, as straight as an arrow, even to the hour of his death. His manner was quick and alert, his eye was clear and piercing, and his whole bearing was that of a gentleman under all circumstances.

Among other distinguishing qualities the doctor was possessed of a remarkable memory, and although his practice numbered several hundred families, and he often took produce in exchange for professional advice, yet he never resorted to book keeping, all of his accounts being kept in his head. He could at once recall all of the items in any bill, whether it was for cupping or purgatives, and tell how many pounds of butter or how much wool had been paid upon the bill.

Among all the wits that Asherst has ever produced, the Doctor stands supreme, but the local flavor of many of his old time jokes would be lost upon the reader of to-day. One day he was feeling badly, and was telling of his ailments to a patient.

"Doctor," said the sympathetic patient, "why don't you take some of your medicine?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders, and promptly replied, "I keep that to sell, Ma'm."

On another occasion, he was visiting his son-in-law, who was a farmer, and the Doctor insisted in going into the hay field, and showing the hired help how they loaded hay when he was young. Two men were tossing the hay upon the wagon as fast as their brawn would permit of, while the Doctor stood upon the top of the load, whipping it into place with the dexterity of an old hand. "More hay, sir, more hay, sir," he would say tauntingly to the men, and goaded on by the doctor's rallying they fairly showered the hay upon him. He finally became bewildered at the flying forks, lost his balance and fell to the ground, but he was on his feet in a minute, and nothing daunted by his fall.

"What are you doing down here?" asked the man with a grin.

"After more hay, sir; more hay, sir," said the Doctor in his most suave manner.

At last the good people of Asherst, wishing to honor their distinguished physician, decided to send him to the legislature. Here the Doctor found that his fame had preceded him, and nothing so tickled this body of law makers as a good joke on him, and any one who could get the best of him was the hero of the day.

One morning he was coming down Beacon Hill, in company with the governor, who had conceived quite a liking

for him. It was mid-winter, and the sidewalk was very icy from a rain storm of the night before. The Doctor was slightly in advance of the governor when he slipped and fell heavily in a sitting posture.

The governor was quick to see his opportunity, and stepping forward, with much solicitude in his voice he cried, "Doctor, Doctor, didn't you almost dash your brains out?"

"Not at all, sir, not at all," replied the doctor, rising to his feet with a motion like the spring of a steel trap; "fortunately, governor, my brains are not located where yours are, sir."

Among other good qualities the doctor possessed that of being the very embodiment of fidelity. No winter's night was so cold as to keep him from the bedside of a fellow sufferer. It mattered not whether the patient was rich or poor. "The poor need me more than the rich," he would often say; "the rich will get along somehow, but the poor we have with us always."

April 12, 1849, the brave old doctor paid his last visit, and took his last ride upon the back of his favorite horse. Although wagons had come into vogue, yet he still clung to the saddle, as being more dignified, and better suited to the requirements of a gentleman of the old school. The good people of Asherst refer to April 12, 1849, as the day of the great flood, and in the white heat of that terrible event which cost so many lives, the life of the brave doctor is some times overlooked, and for the time being forgotten.

It was Sunday afternoon, and though early in the season, the spring was rapidly advancing. The wind had lost its boisterousness and its keen, cutting edge, though it still frolicked merrily about the house tops, and rattled the shutters, to remind us of what it had been.

The greens and bright reds of the winter sky had been succeeded by softer hues and the entire aspect of nature had of a sudden become mild and caressing. Already the arbutus and the hepatica had pushed up through the tangle of last year's dead leaves, and gladdened the earth with their beauty and freshness.

The only hardship of the season had been a very heavy fall of rain and the streams and rivers were filled to overflowing. From behind the village street of Asherst came the incessant roar of the river that, muddy, turbulent, and foaming in its wrath at each obstruction, rushed upon its way like a mill race. The Doctor was in his office, reading from a large medical book that lay upon the table before him. The four tall, old-fashioned clocks that stood in the corners of the room were ticking away soberly and sedately. In an ancient fireplace adorned by shining andirons, a pine knot fire was burning brightly. The very atmosphere seemed to breath dignity and quiet repose.

Presently the Doctor shut the book, put it away in a tall book case that was in keeping with the ancient clocks, and went to the door and looked out. The rain had ceased that morning, but wind clouds still scurried across the sky, making dark patches upon the field of sun light. Little could be heard save the roar of the river, or the musical trickling of water near at hand, that was making its way under ground. Sparrows and chickadees were hopping about in the mud, picking up worms that the heavy rains had thawed out and brought to the surface, and from a clump of willows in the meadow across the street, came the hoarse cry of a woodcock, the first of his family to start northward. Then a horseman came down the street at a gallop and drew rein at the Doctor's gate.

"Hello, Doctor," cried the rider, as he beheld the tall figure in the doorway, "there has been an accident up at Riverside, and you are wanted at once. The going ain't first class, but you can fetch it."

"All right," replied the physician, and he went into the office and shut the door.

A few moments later, the doctor, mounted upon his strong gray mare, Nellie, came out of the yard and started up the street at a sharp trot, and was soon lost to view at a turn in the road.

Half an hour's riding along the banks of the swollen river, across tributary streams that like the river were badly swollen; past the little village of Swanzy, where a dozen houses nestled cosily under a sheltering bluff; through deep hollows where the spruce and pine hung darkly over the roadway, and then a miles's stretch of sandy road through open fields, and Riverside was reached.

The Doctor rode straight to the hotel, where he was told the sufferer awaited him, and, throwing Nell's bridle line over the hitching post, passed hurriedly into the tavern. But in the hallway he was met by the host, Carl Blineherst.

"Ah, Doctor dear," said the kind hearted German, wiping tears from his eyes with the corner of a towel that he was carrying over his arm, "I am a-feered it is all over with poor Shimmy."

The Doctor passed silently into the sick room, but a glance at the ashen face told him that Carl's fears had been well founded. He felt for the pulse, but there was no beating in the wrist; he laid his hand over the patient's heart, but its restless throbbing, in joy and sorrow, had forever ceased. He was face to face with the old, old riddle; again defeated, thrust back by the irrevocable hand of Death.

Slowly and sadly he left the room, as though reluctant to admit defeat.

"It ain't your fault," said the good-natured tavern keeper, seeing the look of sadness upon the physician's face. "He went fifteen minutes before you got here, an' you ain't supposed to bring the dead to life. A big timber struck him up at the reservoir, and he never moved after that. I guess it didn't hurt him enny; but it will hurt his ma, when she hears on it.

"They air hevin' mighty skerry times up at the reservoir; water hain't been so high in years, an' the dam seems weak. You had better leave word for the people down stream to be on the lookout, when you go back, for the old dam is liable to go out any minute, I imagine, although we don't ever expect it, havin' allus lived right under it." Then the Doctor nodded assent, "I will tell them," he said, and without further words he mounted his horse and rode away.

About a mile from the village, the Doctor drew rein upon some rising ground to breath his horse, and to look back across the fields. He could see the village plainly, its white houses strongly contrasted against the brown landscape, and the tall spire of the Riverside church looming up against the dark outline of the distant mountain.

Above the village, ever above the village and its inhabitants, whether sleeping or waking, was the reservoir. But it was perfectly safe, and in the summer time, was as peaceful and quiet as a great shining mirror.

Away at the upper end of the bright sheet of water, a mile beyond the town, for so it looked to the Doctor, the sun was just setting, and as the great ball of fire touched the silver surface it turned it to brightest crimson, blood red it seemed to the Doctor, but exquisitely beautiful.

He paused for one last look at this remarkable phenomenon of nature, and as he gazed a sight met his eyes that congealed the blood in his veins and froze him to the saddle.

The entire dam seemed suddenly to move forward; the waters behind it to rise up in a great, white, heaving mass, and then the tall spire of the church toppled and fell like a child's toy into the whirling, writhing black sea that broadened and deepened with the rapid-

ity of magic. Now the Doctor knew why he had been sent upon this seemingly useless errand up the river, and why he was now upon the hill top a mile away, mounted upon the best horse in the county.

The parting words of Carl Blineherst came back to him, and they seemed like a prophesy. Yes, he would tell these simple country folk who lived and loved beside the river, nor feared the hidden power concealed beneath its shining scales. The Doctor leaned forward and patted the gray mare's neck, for he was going to do something that he rarely did, and he wished to be understood and forgiven. Then he struck her sharply across the flank with his riding whip and touched her with the spur.

Anger and astonishment strove for the mastery of the mare. She was insulted; why should her kind master ply the whip to her flanks? Had she ever refused to go? would she not run to the end of the world for him, run till she dropped, dying in the roadway?

Then the hot blood of her Kentucky sires, that ever throbbed feverishly in her veins, awoke; her nostrils dilated, her flanks quivered, and stooping to the ground with a movement as graceful as a panther's, she sprang eighteen feet down the roadway, and, without waiting to gather again, was off, running with the speed of an express train. Her head was held low, almost touching her hoofs when they rose, and although she stood eighteen hands, her belly was now barely three feet from the ground, the sinews in her legs were like whip cords, and the great muscles on her withers rose and fell with the rapidity of machinery, while her snow white tail streamed out behind like a silken banner.

At first the Doctor could hardly keep his seat, but gradually he accustomed himself to the long jumps that after a hundred yards became as steady as clock work. He leaned far forward in the saddle, throwing his free arm over the mare's neck, for this position gave the least resistance to the air. With each terrific bound of the flying horse, the blood pulsed anew in the Doctor's veins. His age and his rheumatism were forgotten, he felt the warmth and vigor of youth and the strength to battle for his own life and those of the people whom he loved. He was no longer the old man of a few moments before. The same dare devil spirit that he had known when a young man awoke in him and he was willing, yes, glad to risk all for the lives that God had put into his keeping.

All of his life came back to him like a flash and particularly that perilous night when he had taken a ride like this, through hostile country for fifteen miles, to carry an important message to General Winfield Scott.

He could even now hear the bullets sing as he rode, or was it the whistling of the air, that grew colder and colder as the pace increased, until it cut his face like a knife.

Trees and bushes rushed by as though they had all taken wings; everything semed to be flying backward under their feet and they alone stood still.

Half a mile ahead, stood the cottage of honest Jerry Lester. What would it matter that he had taken little Paul down to the city a helpless cripple and had brought him back well and strong, if now the flood were to engulf them? Was all the labor of these many years to be lost in this single night? Was it to avail nothing that he had beaten back the Death Angel so many times, and brought the sick one safely out of the "Valley of the Shadow?" No, it must not be; he would save them, save them all. As he drew near to the cottage, he could see little Paul standing in the doorway gazing at him with wide mouthed astonishment. Then the Doctor rose in the saddle and in a voice like a bugle call, cried: "The flood is upon you! To the hills for your

lives!" And the fresh south wind wafted the cry across the valley, "The flood is upon you, to the hills for your lives!" The watchful hills flung it back across the slumberous valley, "To the hills for your lives," and the echoes repeated it over and over, "For your lives, your lives, your lives."

Mothers snatched their sleeping babes from the cradles, fleeing with them up the hill side, the rest of the children following, clinging to the maternal skirts, and sobbing with terror. No household god or sacred relic, be it ever so dear, was remembered in that terrible moment. If they could only get to the hills, and rest upon their broad shoulders while the fury swept by, all else would be cheerfully given over to this terrible devastation. Women screamed and fainted, and were carried unconscious from the house. Strong men turned pale at the Doctor's warning, lost their heads, and ran helplessly about. But the terrible rumble in the distance, like the sound of continuous thunder, grew louder and louder, and terrified them into action. But some, working in distant fields, far from the road, hurried to the hill side just in time to see the great wave, taller than the tallest trees, bearing down upon all they loved, carrying houses, trees, and shattered timbers upon its awful crest. So it was with Peter Duncan, who had gone up to the sugar bush. Before his very eyes, the little house, that he had built with his own hands, containing his wife and three children, was crushed like an egg shell and buried in the heaving, rolling waves.

Presently the Doctor came out upon higher ground where the road wound away from the river and here he looked back at his awful pursuer.

The sight that met his eyes was grand yet fearful. A great wave, the height of a three story house, stretched across the valley and the water extended as far back as the eye could reach. Upon its crest rode the town house of Riverside, no longer town, but a great lake. High upon the hill side, looking like flies in the distance, were people running about. How grand and how terrible was the rushing water, and how small and helpless were the people. "On, Nellie, on, for the love of Asherst!" cried the Doctor, shaking out the line upon the gray mare's neck, and with a movement like that an engine makes when the engineer pulls the throttle out to its full capacity, the brave mare quickened her pace.

Each breath was a cloud of steam that rushed from her nostrils with a sound like the panting of a steam engine. The foam dripped from the end of her nose, and her sides and flanks were white with lather, still with tireless energy and machine-like precision she ran on, covering the ground with a stride that seemed to the Doctor more like flying than running.

"Good old Nell;" he said, "God be with us to-night, and we will save the people of Asherst."

Again the road dipped down into the valley and ran close to the river, and the down grade gave impetus to the already flying horse. Once she stepped upon a rolling stone, and nothing but the inertia of her frightful pace, and a sharp pull upon the reins by the Doctor saved horse and rider from a neck-breaking plunge to death. The Doctor shuddered as he thought of the consequences of such a misstep, not for himself or the mare, but for the people of Asherst, whom he loved and for whom he was taking this perilous ride.

There were three thundering hoof beats upon the planks, a plunge like the swoop of an eagle through the dark passage, and the Swanzy bridge, measuring forty-four feet, had been passed and the gray mare was coursing along by the scattered houses like a whirlwind.

Again the Doctor straightened in the

saddle, and sent forth his warning cry: "The flood is upon you! To the hills for your lives!" Again the friendly south wind wafted it across the valley, "The flood is upon you, to the hills for your lives," and the echoes repeated it among the hill tops, "To the hills for your lives, your lives, your lives."

One more mile of flying mud and sand, one more mile of fleeing trees and bushes, one more mile of terrible suspense and Asherst would be reached.

Could they do it? Would Nellie hold out? Already the flood was gaining upon them, the Doctor knew this must be so, for the increased thunder that grew louder and louder in their ears. Nellie was straining every nerve, but the heavy roads, the uncertain footing and break-neck pace were telling upon her. Her breath that had been full and strong at the outset, was now quick and short, more like a gasp or a groan than an inspiration.

Once she wavered, and her steady gallop became a zigzag motion, like a ship about to founder. At this movement the Doctor grew sick at heart, but he spoke sharply to her, and she resumed the steady, swinging pace, and the long, quick stride.

Again he looked back; what had been Swanzy but a few moments before was a seething lake, white as snow, but rolling and gnashing its teeth like the hungry ocean. Timbers and trees tossed to and fro like straws upon its surface, and, triumphant over all, rode the Swanzy bridge.

The Doctor shivered at the sight, and once more shook the bridle line. "On, Nellie, on, for the love of Asherst," he cried; "it does not matter what becomes of us, but we *must* save our people."

With a great effort the mare responded to the Doctor's call for more speed, but the pace soon slackened, and it was evident that she was doing all that she could, without urging.

Now the Doctor could see the white spire of the Asherst meeting house rising above the tree tops, and he knew that the village was there beneath it, only a quarter of a mile away; but the flood was only half a mile behind.

"Brave old Nell," he cried, leaning forward and patting her neck, "brave old Nell, God help us and we will save them yet."

A moment later he galloped into the street not upon a gray mare, but upon a horse made white as snow by foam and sweat, whose nostrils, distended to twice their usual size, dripped blood.

In the street all was confusion. People were running wildly about, trying to understand the meaning of that strange, distant rumbling. Some said it was an earthquake, and some thunder, but no none had guessed the truth.

Once more the Doctor sent forth that cry which cut the air like a two edged sword. "The flood is upon you! To the hills for your lives!" And the friendly hills repeated the warning, "The flood is upon you, to the hills for your lives, your lives, your lives!"

Straight down the street, the horseman galloped, repeating his warning cry every few rods, and others, wishing to spread the alarm, took up the cry until the entire village rang with the wild echoes, "To the hills for your lives!"

At the office, poor Nellie pulled hard at the bridle, but their work was not finished, so on down the street she galloped, but she now shut her eyes and no longer watched her footing, but went blindly on.

At the foot of the street, the Doctor drew rein; there was still time to save themselves, by taking the bridle path up the hill, but there were the people in the gorge, a moment's warning would suffice to save them. He could not leave them to their fate, so again he galloped on.

Thanks to the Doctor's alarm, they sprang from their houses up the hill side

and were safe, reaching the high ground just as the flood swept the slope at their very feet.

But what of the brave old Doctor, and his strong horse, to whom the people owed their lives? Straight onward in front of the flood they galloped; the hill side was too steep for the horse to climb, and the Doctor would not desert his steed; they had come thus far together, and he would not leave her now.

Sandy McDonald was the only one in Asherst to see it, and I heard this portion of my story from his own lips, some thirty years later, and he still spoke of the event with a shudder.

"I had been down in the deacon's pasture for my youngsters, an' had just come out on top of the hill, when I heered that roarin', like thunder that had got turned on, an' couldn't turn itself off. But instead uv stoppin' as I expected, it grew louder an' louder, an' my hair stood up, a-thinkin' perhaps 'twas the day uv wrath an' me sich a sinner.

"Then I see the Doctor come a-gallopin' into the gorge, an' I knew he shouted sumthin', but I couldn't tell what it wuz, for the roarin'. Then the people went tearing up the hill like they wuz all gone mad, but the Doctor, he kept a-gallopin' down the valley like a general. Then I got it through my thick head what it wuz, an' when I thought uv Janet an' the children ev'ry thing grew black, but the roarin' uv the flood brung me to my senses in a hurry, an' I looked an' saw the whole upper end of the gorge filled with water, that wuz a-rollin' the houses over an' over an' makin' kindlin' wood uv um. Then I looked for the Doctor again. He wuz almost opposite me, an' not a hundred feet away, but Nell wuz done for, for she wuz a-goin' zigzag; first to one side of the road an' then to the other, an' the Doctor wuz a-pullin' on the lines an' tryin' ter rein her, an' the great wave wuz a-hissin' an' a tumblin' not more'n a hundred yards away. Then Nellie reared, an' a great stream uv blood gushed from her nostrils, an' she fell with the Doctor under her.

"Then I lost my head an' forgot Janet an' the children, an' started down the hill ter him, but all the time I knew it warn't no use, an' that the flood would git me, but I didn't seem ter care; the Doctor, he raised up an' see me, an' he cried loud as a trumpet, 'Go back, Sandy, for God's sake go back! Remember Janet an' the children. My leg is broken and you can't do anything for me enny way. Go back.'

"Then I saw that he spoke the truth, an' I scrambled back to the hill an' fell in a heap, but I didn't lie there long, for the fust thing I knew my feet wuz wet, I opened my eyes, an' the whole valley wuz chuck full with water, an' sich breakin' an' twistin', an' writhin' I never see in all my born days, an' I don't never want ter see again."

Three days later they found horse and rider buried in the sand, almost where they had fallen. Tenderly they uncovered the old physician, and brushed the sand from his face that they knew so well, from which the light of life had forever passed. They fashioned a litter of saplings and hemlock boughs, and reverently they bore him up through the street of their desolate village.

There were twenty in the party that bore the Doctor up to the old brick office, which, being a low building, still stood; they took turns at the litter, that all might share in this last labor of love, and more than one of those rough, weather tanned faces bore the streak of a coat sleeve across it.

There upon the green boughs that had been transferred to the office table they laid him.

Then the people from all the country around, his people as he had been wont to call them, came in to look upon his face for the last time; silent they were

and uncommunicative, but they felt all the more deeply, for theirs was not that grief that finds consolation in speech. It lay too deep for words, and it was too near the heart's core to permit of handling.

Mothers were in that silent, sorrow stricken group whose babes he had first held upon his knee. Fathers were there to whom he had been a brother during awful sorrow, a veritable strong staff to lean upon. All of their griefs they had freely told to him, and he had comforted them; but his, he had never spoken of.

Venerable gray haired men laid their hands upon his head and blessed him as they passed, and mothers and grandmothers stooped and kissed his forehead.

All the afternoon and into the evening they came with their silent grief, that was the more heart breaking for its reticence, and each stood near to the loved one for a moment, and then passed on, for their ways had parted, and they should know him no more until the ways met again.

There let us leave them; the scene is too sacred for our eyes, for we did not know the Doctor and so could not love him as they did.

The fire upon the hearth has burned low, the old-fashioned clocks are so soaked that they will never tick again and the light in the master's eyes is forever quenched; but there is still sweet hope that in a fairer clime than this, the fire will be rekindled, the days and the weeks come and go, where the light of love burns with increasing brightness forever.

HADLEY, MASS.

What the Birds Say

By FRANK H. SWEET

MOST of us are familiar with the "Bob White," the "Cheerily, cheerily," the "Swe-e-t, sw-e-e-t, won't-you-come-and-live-with-me," which greet us from fence corners and orchards and pasture lands of a bright spring morning; and if we are of the country born and bred, there are many other calls we know, as the "Chicky, tuck, tuck," heard occasionally in the deep woods, the rollicking "Ha, ha, ha!" from the meadows, and the advisory "Drop it, drop it, plant it, pull it up!" from the thickets and wood edges. But even to the country lover who can spend hours upon the top rail of a fence in a wood border, or on a stump in the deeper recesses, there are notes which are tantalizingly unfamiliar, a plaintive "Wee, wee, wee. Hear me, Sa-i-n-t Ther-e-sa," from the screening foliage near by, a brisk "Sow *wheat*, Peverly, Peverly; all-day-whit-tling," from a point impossible to locate, or perhaps a long drawn "Quee-o, quee-o, ta-wheel-ah, whoit," sounding distinctly but apparently coming a long way. It may be they are new birds to him, or perhaps they are birds he knows but with whose entire vocabulary he is unacquainted. He is not sure, and he listens attentively, doubtfully, and very likely goes stealing off through the underbrush to satisfy himself of the identity of the unrecognized singers.

No matter how isolated one may be, how far away from companions, if he but know a few of the notes around him there need be no sense of loneliness upon the top rail or the stump. The "Cr-r-r whrr, that's it, here here," "Sweet, swe-e-t, . I-see-you," "Cheer, cheer-up!" "Prut, prut, prut, Hey! Victory!" Build it *he-re*, de-ar—better build it *he-re*," going on all around will keep him unmindful and almost unconscious of self and from the interest of recogniz-

ing the friends he knows, he will speedily become curious to discover more about the voices or words that are strange.

To the uninitiated there is little but confusing medley in the voices of the woods, but even to such the notes will gradually separate themselves until one, two, and perhaps even three may be distinguished from the blending whole.

Of the many varieties and species of birds, each has his own note, distinct and easily recognized from all the rest. And among these are notes which seem to be clearly expressed words, as "whip-poor-Will," "Oh, spheral, spheral, spheral," "Phe-be," and others that are familiar to every by-way rambler.

If we listen sympathetically we can imagine the birds to be saying many things, so clearly do their notes lend themselves to certain words. Thus the robin's vocabulary has been added to almost indefinitely, and besides his well known "Cheerily, cheerily, cheer up! Cheery! Be cheery!" various naturalists have credited him with saying, "Mary, Dearie! Think-of-it, dearie! Pick-it-up, Mary! Cheap? Tut-tut-tut!" "Mary-Lippit-get-your-tippit! Go-up-stairs-and get-your-*hat!* Quick! Quick!"

We are familiar with Bryant's poem on the bobolink, and also with the hilarious "Ha! ha! ha!" from the meadows. In addition to this the merry bird sings "Classy, be true-to-me! Be true, be true!" "Kick-the-slipper!" "*Tem*-perance!" "Opodeldoc, opodeldoc, — try Dr. Lincoln's opodeldoc!" "Ha, ha, ha! I-must-have-my-fun-Miss-Silver-thimble, thimble, thimble, if-I-break-every-heart-in-the-meadow, see, see, see!"

From the security of a tall fir the cardinal grosbeak whistles, "Cheo-cheo cheo-hoo cheo-qr-qr-qr-rr! Cheer-r--r! What cheer? What cheer? Three cheers! Three cheers!" and among the foliage somewhere below a goldfinch sings, "Come, talk to me, talk to me! I've cheated ye! Maybe! Maybe! Paisley! Paisley!"

The song sparrow also has much to say, and after the rather ponderous beginning of "Pres-pres-pres-pres-by-*tee*-ri-an!" he calls musically, "Maids, maids, maids, hang on your-*tea*-keetle!" "Swe-e-t, swe-e-t, swe-e-t, bitter!" "Won't-you-come-and-live-with-me, swe-e-t, swe-e-t?" "Chewee, chewee, chewee, lira, lira, lira, lee!" His near relative, the white-throated sparrow, or Peabody-bird, is likewise quite a conversationalist, although much of his singing is done at night. After lingering tenderly on his own name for a while, as "Old-Sam-Pea-body, Pea-body, Pea-body, Pea-body," he will strike out into a running "I-work-clev-er-ly, clev-er-ly, clev-er-ly! Po-or me!" "Swe-e-t Can-a-da, Can-a-da, Can-a-da!" "All-day-whit-tling, whit-tling, whit-tling!" "Sow *wheat*, Peverly, Peverly, Peverly!"

There is a chestnut-brown resident of brush heaps near water margins whom we sometimes hear calling "Sweet-heart! sweet-heart! sweet!" This is the Carolina wren, as shy of man as his saucy little cousin, the house-wren, who sings teasingly "Sweet William! Sweet William! Chee-r-r-up!" is confident.

From across the fields we can hear the meadow lark's "Betsy de-ah! Spring-o'-the-ye-ah!" "I-see-you! You-can't-see-me!" and the cheerful "Bob-White! Here's Bob-White!" "More-wet! Here's more-wet!" of the quail. The cowbird's "Cluck-see! Cluck-see!" comes to us less frequently, as does the "Kuk-k-kuk-k-kuk, — kuk — kow, kow, *kow!*" of the cuckoo, or rain crow.

The orchard is full of voices, bluebirds, orioles, warblers, pewees, finches and perhaps vireos. There is a twinkle of blue among the foliage, and a "Pur-i-ty, pur-i-ty!" "Tru-ally, tru-ally!" "Ber-muda! Bermuda!" floats down to us in a clearly articulated song. Higher up among the branches, on the very tip-tops it may be, the Baltimore orioles are singing "Hero, hero, hero!"

"Cheery, cheery, cheery!" "Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up!" "Heave-ho! heave-ho! Once more! Now!" And mingling among them their cousins, the orchard orioles, or starlings, are also expressing their sentiments and commands in easily understood words and sentence trills. "*He*-be! *He*-be! Hurry up-*He*-be! Hurry-up, hurry-up, *He*-be! Hurry-up-bring-that-chow-chow! *He*-be! *He*-be!"

The yellow warbler sings, "I beseech you! I beseech you!" "Pretty-creature-who-are-*you?*" while the green warbler is credited with "Hear me, Sa-i-n-t Ther-e-sa!" "Trees, trees, mur-mur-ing trees!" "Cheese, cheese, a-little-more-cheese!" "Sleep, sleep, pretty-one, sleep!" "Wee, wee-wee-wee, Susy!" From the denser foliage comes a sorrowful, long drawn "Pe-wee! Pe-wee! peer!" and perhaps a moment later the brisk "Build it *he-re,* de-ar—better build it *he-re!*" of the purple finch.

The red-eye vireo, who is also called "preacher," declares, "I know it! I made it! Would you-think-it! Mustn't touch it! Shouldn't like it! If-you-do-it-I'll know-it! You'll rue it!" His relative, the brigadier vireo, says, "Brigadier, brigadier, brigale! How d'ye do! How d'ye do! How d'ye!" In the deep woods we may often hear the shrill "Chicky, tuck, tuck!" "Pshaw! wait, wait, wait, for me! wait!" of the scarlet tanager, and the "Teacher! *Teacher!* Teacher! I see! I *see!* I see!" of the oven-bird. The flicker, or golden-wing woodpecker, or pigeon woodpecker, as it is variously known, calls "Wicka, wicka, wick!" "Yu-cah! Yu-cah!" The owl grumbles "O-o-o-that-I-ne-ver-had-been-b-o-o-r-r-r-n-n-n!" The blue jay screams "Jay, jay! Dilly-dally! Pwil-hilly! Pwil-hilly! Chillack! Chil chil, chillack!"

We all know and like the redwing blackbird, rogue though he may sometimes be; and we are always glad to hear his brisk, assertive "O-ka-lee! O-ka-lee!" ringing across from some brook or pond margin where he and a lot of his fellows are engaged in helping their mates in house building. It is one of the free, wholesome notes of spring and early summer, open hearted, self dependent, business like.

Among the sweetest of our singers are the thrushes: the hermit, with his clear, spiritual "Oh! spheral, spheral, spheral! Oh! holy, holy, holy! Oh! clear away! clear away! Oh! clear up! clear up!" the olive back, or Swainson's thrush, which sings, "I love, I love, I love you! I love, I love you, truly!" the gray-cheek thrush, with his "Wee-o-wee-o-tit-ti-wee-o!" and the veery, or Wilson's, which calls "Whew! whoit! Ta-wheel-ah! Ta-wheel-ah! Twil-ah! Quee-o! Quee-o!"

The brown thrasher tells us to "Drop it! Drop it! Cover it up! Cover it up! Plant it! Plant it! Pull it up! Pull it up! Look up! Look up! Hallelujah!" The rose-breasted grosbeak says "See *here!* See *here!* Pretty one! *Peter!* Peter! All-right!" The Phœbe bird calls its own name "Phe-be, Phe-be!" as does the chickadee, but with sundry additions, as "Chick-a-dee, dee, dee! day, day, day! Whee-e-wee! Whee-e-wee!"

The yellow-breasted chat sings "Cr-r-r-whrr-that's it-chee-quack-chick-yit, yit, yit! Now, hit it, tr-r-r-when-cut, cut, who-mew! Mew!" The crested titmouse, "Here — here — here! Hee-dle-dee-dle-dee!" "Pets! Pets!" "'Tis sweet, here, t'is!" and the Maryland yellow-throat, "I see, I see you! I see, I see you! Which is it? Which is it? What a pity! What a pity! I spy it! Which way, sir? follow me-e! follow me-e! follow!"

Some notes, as the mocking bird's, cat bird's and a few others, are very confusing, for the reason that they can imitate most of the other birds and so extend their vocabulary almost without limit. But even here there is something in each note, which will always betray the owner's personality to a trained ear.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Yard of Clay

By JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH

I BOUGHT it in an odd moment. The temptation was nothing more than seeing half a dozen hung up in a tobacconist's window. Now, I have smoked meerschaums, briars innumerable which had always been my favorite pipe, the weichsel, the corn cob, in which I am convinced that you smoke the pipe literally, and in the vicissitudes of my Bohemian fortunes, of which my current pipe supply is a unfailing index, many of the multiple imitations of French briar with which the market is flooded, one of which I have reason to believe was a piece of varnished pine wood. But I had never indulged in a church warden of clay, and a distinct feeling of novelty and a sense of the opening of a vista of sentiment stole over me as the dealer handed it over the counter. Now I am nothing if not sentimental. I would have been perfectly content to sprawl on the axle tree of Sterne's coach or counted it a distinguished honor to have exchanged places with La Fleur. So before I had gotten half a block down Little Washington street I was aware that my purchase, which I carried somewhat more gingerly than if it were an infant—I am a bachelor, of course—was beginning to work an easy spell on my imaginative faculties. Like all who love the luxury of thinking, which is simply letting Fancy take the reins, I indulged the golden moment as far as my lodgings, when I was obliged to descend at once from the heights of phantasy in the first eager moments of examination.

It was such a yard of clay that Addison smoked when he sat among the crowd of wits in the coffee houses. In the first number of the "Spectator," where he gives us that full length portrait of himself in the character of Mr. Spectator, he remarks:

"Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Childs' and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the "Postman," overhear the conversation of every table in the room."

Addison often consoled himself with a pipe at his humble lodgings in the Haymarket, where the messenger of the government found him, who brought a commission to write a poem on the famous victory of the Duke of Marlborough. Whence came "The Campaign," of which every school boy knows the lines, the reward of which was a place in the Pipe Office (where the great pipes or rolls of records were kept), a commissionership of stamps and honors for life. Poems were written to order in those good old days and moved whole nations. The poet was a rare creature, and still fulfilled the high office of the bard. Alas! for this degenerate age. How long is it since we have honored a poet save by word of mouth and the empty praise of the newspapers? A place in the Pipe Office indeed! Not and though he piped till he were purple!

The yard of clay as we have it still among us in all its homely yet inviting simplicity, with its bit of wax at the end, is indeed not much older than William and Mary. Strange and uncouth were the shapes of tobacco tubes before that time, and since Raleigh very few models approaching the simple, sensible lines of the church warden appear in the chap

books of those periods. It has survived every circumstance of chance and change; has seen governments go out and nations overthrown — though never the tight little isle where it was first fashioned; it "filled coffee houses with smoke and stratagem" during the whole of the eighteenth century and reappeared in the national life of the nineteenth as the favorite pipe of Tennyson and Carlyle.

"Alfred," as Carlyle always calls him familiarly, lovingly, in his Journal, always kept a box of church wardens under his study table, whence one was withdrawn, filled, smoked but the once and regularly broken in half and thrown into another receptacle. Smoking was undoubtedly a large part of the life of both Tennyson and Carlyle.

There is a fine picture of "Alfred" blowing a cloud in the philosopher's back garden at Chelsea, in the diary for 1840. "One evening," says commentator Froude, "when Carlyle came home from his walk, he found Tennyson sitting with Mrs. Carlyle in the garden, smoking comfortably." And Carlyle writes in his Journal after the visit, "A fine, large featured, dim eyed, bronze colored, shaggy-headed man is Alfred. Dusty, smoky, free and easy; who swims outwardly and inwardly, with great composure, in an inarticulate element of tranquil chaos and tobacco smoke. Great now and then when he does emerge. A most restful, brotherly, solid hearted man." Here is a picture of smoking that is Homeric. Tennyson is but one of some less than a half dozen persons whom Carlyle in these, his naked thinkings, speaks unreservedly well of. A man whom he can wholly give his crusty, crabbed Scotch heart to; as if it were indeed an unspeakable gift! Alfred's was big enough to hold it and a good many more without discomfort or distension. How many did Carlyle's hold? I doubt if ever more, truly, during his life, but this is saying somewhat, than his old mother's at Scotsbrig. But here is a digression. And yet what more liable to make the muse discursive than a pipe of tobacco?

Did Lowell smoke a church warden? He was the friend of Tennyson, and by all odds must wear the laurel as the foremost American smoker. An incessant devotee of the weed from his early years, despite the ban of circumambient and substantial Puritanism, he has left us perhaps the two very best contributions to the literature of tobacco that we have. That Charles Lamb, to go back a generation or two, affected our yard of clay, is historical, nay, sociological fact. For Lamb as a smoker is inevitably associated with candles and cards and company. I cannot, somehow, conjure him up sitting solitary with Mary over a church warden. Nor do I believe is the portrait of record. Strange, as a commentary on the changes of custom, is it to recall that scarcely a century after the "Counterblast" of the pious James, appeared a tobacco pipe bearing the name of a most respectable functionary of the Established Church. Is the fancy a touch riotous that conjures up a little assembly of grave fellows in black small clothes and "tye-wigs" ruminating church affairs through a cloud of tobacco smoke? But there is the name. At once a sanctification and an inspiration to smoke without fear. Blessings on thee, honest church warden! With thy deep, plenteous bowl and thy long, cool stem, thou art indeed meet for the king of smokers, and that in all times to come. And a long line of the true kings of the earth have sat under thy kindly spell. Filled with right Virginia thou art the gift for all choice spirits from Gitchee Manito the Mighty down. What finically carved meerschaum stuffed with Latakia shall make pretence to assail thy borders? Verily, thou art the prince of peace!

BOSTON

Indoor and Out Papers

By NIXON WATERMAN

III.

THE longer I live the more thoroughly I am convinced that I would rather be shut up in jail with a cheerful companion than to make a sight seeing tour of the world with the serious minded person who, for fear he might appear to be lacking in dignity, refuses to see and to laugh at the funny side of things.

"Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?"

Yes, why should he, unless he fears that were he to wrinkle his face, it would crack all to pieces? I have almost come to suspect the grave, dignified, mysterious man who insists on keeping every one at some distance from him. It looks as if he fears his goods are such as would be less admired when submitted to a clear inspection. He who writes, "Positively no admittance!" on his door makes his wishes known no more clearly than he who writes a similar notice across his features. Does he fear that "upon familiarity will grow more contempt?" An orange may look nice and smell nice but the only way to tell whether it is a good orange is to "heft" it. If it contains lots of juice and solid meat it is heavy. If it is dry and sawdusty it is light. If the fruit is of the latter class the dealer would rather you did not "heft" it. If you have observed closely you have learned that it is about so with men. Some of them refuse to be "hefted." You must keep at a very respectful distance and take them at their apparent value. They are not half so weighty as their dignified air might lead one unacquainted with men and their ways to expect. Their dignity is merely a "Positively no Admittance!" sign to keep you from looking within. There are exceptions to this rule, but the average man is willing, yes, delighted, to have you know everything concerning him that would add to your favorable impressions of his disposition, his character and his attainments. He is to be commended for wishing to keep his blotches and blemishes from the eyes of the world. He is to be censured for wishing selfishly to hide beauty and virtue from a people ever sadly in need of such uplifting influences.

I do not know if any one has ever published a book on the proper etiquette of corpses, but it occurs to me that extreme dignity and sedateness are altogether becoming to a form and face that have lost the power of involuntary motion and expression. Lack of facial warmth must ever remain as one of the more striking differences between a live person and one who has ceased to exist. It is a strange conception of human likes and dislikes that causes some persons to think that the public can be brought to admire perambulating tombstones. It is a wrong conclusion. All well behaved, properly conducted tombstones will stay fixed to their prescribed spot in the cemetery. There is no joy or inspiration in a face whose lines appear to spell the words, "Sacred to the memory of the heaven-sent spirit of cheerfulness which the owner of these features squelched a long time ago."

It has been said that "a cat can look at

a king," and as far as is known the kingly dignity does not seriously suffer because of grimalkin's presumption. Kings are but human. Indeed, history records the names of many kings who were scarcely so much as that. All the world has enjoyed Horne Tooke's caustic satire in his answer made to George III.

"Do you play cards?" asked the monarch.

"No, your majesty," replied Tooke, "I cannot tell a king from a knave."

Even a king when made the subject of such a witticism must have unbent sufficiently to enjoy its cleverness.

Edward Everett was entertained at a public dinner, before leaving Boston for England to assume the duties of a minister at the Court of St. James. The celebrated Judge Story, who was present on the occasion, gave as a sentiment:

"Genius is sure to be recognized where Ever-ett goes."

Everett gracefully responded with another sentiment:

"Law, equity, and jurisprudence; no efforts can raise them above one Story."

Oh, ye serious old sour chaps, quit taking physic and learn to take a joke. Trade a part of your depressing dignity for some unfestrained delight, and exchange a portion of your profound logic for the lightest of laughter. We men out in the sunshiny world can avoid meeting you by crossing over and going on the other side of the street, but what is to be done for the poor, unfortunate wife who for ten, twenty, thirty, forty, — oh, heavens! — and perchance fifty years, must sit opposite to you at table and gaze upon those frosty features? And what of the helpless little children who must grow up in that atmosphere? I am not an advocate of the theory of "free and unlimited" divorces, but since the bonds of wedlock are being untied for one cause and another, I think that any wife should, on request, be freed from a husband who will remain in her speaking presence for a period of fifteen minutes without saying something pleasant that will cause her features to be suffused with smiles. I fear there are many husbands and fathers who are thoughtlessly or otherwise killing all that is best in their home circles by the cold, slow poison of austerity and neglect. A house plant's life can be terminated in two ways. We can pull it up by the roots, or we can set it away in some cold, dark corner where death will come none the less certainly. How many homicides there are that never get into court! A house may be filled with over stuffed furniture and mossy like carpets and still be a very barren home unless those within know how to say nice things and to mean them. There is nothing else can furnish a home so delightfully as a few warm hearts and cheerful faces. Some day the world will wake up to the terrible injustice of things as they now exist, and we shall read in the daily papers some such scare head as this:

SERVED HIM RIGHT!

John Smith Arrested, Tried and Severely Punished.

Ate His Entire Breakfast Without Saying a Pleasant Word to Wife or Children.

One of the Worst Cases of Cruelty and Neglect Ever Recorded.

As a matter of course the information that will be set forth in headlines similar to those given herewith will vary in character, more or less on different occasions. Sometimes it may be Mrs. Smith who will be haled into court because she fails to meet Mr. Smith at the door with a smile and his nicely warmed slippers; or, maybe she has neglected to sew a much needed button on his shirt, or to

mend the children's garments properly. Then, again, Jones may be punished for not saying, "Good morning," in a warm, cheery tone of voice when he meets Brown on the street. Why not have laws to cultivate the amenities of society rather than those designed to punish its atrocities? The better place to dam the river is not at its mouth, but away up toward its source. This thought is not entirely original with myself. Draco, the Greek statesman, was another wise man who held similar views. He drew up a code of laws, 624 B. C., that affixed the penalty of death to all crimes alike, —to petty thefts no less than to sacrilege and murder. He justified his position by saying, "that small offenses deserved death, and that he knew no severer punishment for great ones." But since it is this very crime of seriousness against which I am fighting, my sense of humor should tell me that my course is inconsistent, and that I should counsel milder methods. But have you read how the average American statesman proposes that we shall forever stamp out anarchy, which means government by force? By forcefully killing everybody who would forcefully kill others. I presume such a course is what is referred to in the saying which speaks of "taking the hair of the hound to cure the wound." So many of our laws appear to be framed with the thought that the way to cure a burn is to apply more fire to it.

Governments as well as individuals are too serious. When they lose their sense of humor, what mad acts they do commit! The court jester's presence is needed to call the world's attention to the absurd side of things. Why not add the Secretary of Cheerfulness to the cabinet and appoint an Official Laugh Maker to Congress? If I could have my way I'd have everybody think the kindest things of me. I should have a sense of sweet satisfaction that when my summons comes to join

"The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each
shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,"

the occasion would be honored by a funeral procession "over a mile in length." But even such an attenuated display of post mortem grief and regard is not so much to be desired as the rare gift which some possess—that gift which enables them to "make sunshine in a shady place." In this world of too much seriousness, of fault finding, of pessimism, I am convinced that for those who can do so it is better for them to offer something that will tend to dispel the gloom that enshrouds some unfortunate souls. Lamentations are becoming so commonplace that their utterance has come to signify the small and impaired mind—the perverted point of view.

'Tis Better to Smile

The sunniest skies are the fairest,
The happiest hours are best;
Of all life's high blessings the rarest
Are fullest of comfort and rest.

Though Fate is our purpose denying,
Let each bear his part like a man,
Nor sadden the world with his sighing,—
'Tis better to smile if we can.

Each heart has its burden of sorrow,
Each soul has its shadow of doubt,
'Tis sun shine we're yearning to borrow—
True sun shine within and without.

Then let us wear faces of pleasure
The world shall be happy to scan,
And add to the wealth of its treasure,—
'Tis better to smile if we can.

The Blue and the Gray

By FRANCIS MILES FINCH

BY the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgement-day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

A Miracle For the Farmer

The United States Agricultural Department Believes It Has Found a Way to Make Bacteria Do the Work of the Rapidly Disappearing Nitrates, In Renewing the Fertility of Impoverished Soils.

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

HOW to do away with the use of artificial fertilizers, compounded from the nitrates of Peru and other dry countries, and thus anticipate the nitrate famine predicted by many scientists, is a problem which the United States Agricultural Department thinks it has succeeded in solving. If its ideas and methods stand the test of use, as there is every reason to believe that they will, the farmer of the future, instead of spending time and money for expensive fertilizers brought from the ends of the earth, will merely empty the contents of a test tube into a barrel of water, let it stand over night, soak his seeds in it and then plant them. The result will be even better than that obtained from the older and more costly methods now in vogue.

This will work a revolution in farming, and it is high time that it should do so, as the supply of nitrates, on which all artificial fertilizers are based, is very limited in extent. Readers of the daily papers will remember that a few years ago Sir William Crookes, president of the Royal Society, in his annual address, predicted that within thirty years the supply of nitrates would be exhausted, and that unless some substitute was discovered in the meantime, it would then be impossible to grow any of the cereal crops, on which nine-tenths of the human race depend for food. While few other scientists agreed with Sir William in putting the date for this catastrophe so near at hand, all recognized the growing seriousness of the problem.

Ever since the chemistry of fertilization was understood, it has been a cause for exasperation that it was necessary to go to such great trouble and expense to secure the materials for bringing this about, when the essential element of all fertilizers, nitrogen, was present in such abundance in the air around us. Many efforts have been made to extract this by means of some machine or other, which should absorb it as a sponge does, and from which it could be squeezed into the ground, but none have been successful, despite the fact that it forms about one-third of our atmosphere—and despite a recent fanciful tale, which aimed to portray the frightful consequences that ensued from the extraction and consumption of nearly all of it, leaving the exciting and flame producing oxygen as the chief constituent of the air.

Attempts in this line are still being made in England. In Germany another method was tried and for a time met with some success, only to be abandoned later. This, like the present plan of the Agricultural Department, was based on the idea of stimulating the natural fertilizing plants to such a degree as to enable them to take the place of the ordinary fertilizers altogether.

To explain:

All farmers know that some plants impoverish the soil, while others enrich it. Among the former are the cereals, such as wheat, corn and so on; among the latter are the legumes, such as clover,

peas, beans and so forth. Until very recently, it was supposed that these last possessed in themselves the power of extracting free nitrogen from the air and storing it up in nodules on their roots. Ultimately, these roots would decay, leaving their nitrogen in the soil for the use of the next crop. Lately, however, it has been proved that this power does not inhere in the plants themselves but depends on the presence of certain bacteria in the soil. Neither the plant nor the bacteria are effective alone, but in combination they are highly so. Even clover, the great fertilizing crop of the world, will, it has been demonstrated, exhaust the soil instead of enriching it, unless these bacteria are present. Fortunately, they are widely disseminated, being found in most parts of the country. In some, however, they are absent; for instance, in Florida, where the legumes do not flourish under natural conditions. That this is not due to the sandiness of the soil is shown by the fact that when supplied with fertilizers, they produce abundantly. Even then, however, they exhaust the soil, using up the nitrates in the fertilizer, instead of enriching it, as they would do if the bacteria were present.

The bacteria thus enable certain plants to extract nitrogen from the air, dispensing with the aid of fertilizers, and, what is still more important, enable these plants to enrich the soil in which they grow and prepare it for other plants over which they have no such power. This is the familiar theory of "rotation of crops," with the added fact that the value of this rotation depends on the presence of bacteria quite as much as on the fertilizing crop itself.

As soon as these facts were fully understood, the problem could be definitely stated as follows:

"*Find some method of supplying the bacteria where they are missing, and of stimulating their growth, both in numbers and virulence, where they are present.*"

As was said, the Germans were the first to attempt to solve this. Some years ago they put upon the market a patent culture which was termed "nitragen," which, however, finally failed and is now no longer to be had. Use proved that although the original bacterium would produce the desired effects, yet when multiplied, it usually lost its powers. Less than twenty per cent of the tubes sent out were of value, thus making the cost of the really valuable ones too high to be generally available—to say nothing of their uncertainty.

Some months ago, the United States Agricultural Department took the matter up and began to experiment. It used a slightly different bacterium and treated it in a radically different way. The results have been most encouraging. Exhaustive tests in the green house under exacting conditions have shown that the bacteria do not lose their powers in the least, no matter how often multiplied. Plants grown from seed treated with them not only showed the characteristic nodules (which it was desired to produce) on the roots, but were larger and firmer in every way than plants grown from the same batch of seed but not treated.

This result was invariable.

It must be distinctly understood that these bacteria are available only through the medium of plants which, like the legumes, can store up nitrogen in nodules on their roots. It would be useless, for instance, to treat wheat with them, as wheat is incapable of storing nitrogen or even of extracting it from the air for its own use; it must be supplied in the soil. But if earth is sowed with some legume treated with the bacteria, analysis shows conclusively that at the end of the year it is far richer in nitrates — that is, in fertilizing elements—than exactly similar soil sowed with the same legume not treated. The green house experi-

ments, referred to above, showed an average increase of nitrates during the season from about two to forty per cent. Naturally the next crop sowed on this soil will need no fertilizer. Moreover, the effect will be cumulative, the bacteria continuing to increase for several years at least. Sowed in orchards, they supply fertilizers to the trees as fast as these are able to make use of them.

It is an interesting fact that, while most American legumes flourish with the aid of the one kind of bacteria, some foreign species do not. When the hoja bean was imported from Japan some years ago, it would not grow at all until some one imported some of its parent soil and scattered it over the fields where it was planted. The bacteria in this soil mutliplied and soon the hoja was doing finely.

The Department now has a quantity of the bacteria ready for field tests on a large scale. As soon as the weather will permit, an acre or more in each of a dozen different parts of the country will be sowed with the seed as treated, alongside of similar plots sowed with seed not treated. Definite results should be obtained by July 1, after which, if the tests are successful, the cultures will be disseminated throughout the country as fast as they can be prepared.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Green Grow The Rashes

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes O:
What signifies the life o' man,
And 'twere not for the lasses O.

Green grow the rashes O,
Green grow the rashes O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent amang the lasses O.

The warly race may riches chace,
And riches still may fly them O;
And though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them O.
Green grow, etc.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie O;
And warly cares, and warly men
May a' gae tapsalteerie O!
Green grow, etc.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses O;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lo'ed the lasses O!
Green grow, etc.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes O;
Her prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses O.

Robert Burns

The Hurricane of the Hive

By ALOYSIUS COLL

CLOVER CAPRICE, queen of a well stocked hive in a giant oak of the forest, walked among her subjects. Hither and thither she moved over the dented plane of the combs—the mother, the mistress and the mogul of the colony. Like bullets of sunshine, sprayed from exploded planets, in and out darted the workers. Upon the threshold the freighted flyers alighted. Pouched at the joint of each hind leg was a burden of pollen balls, penned in the groove of the leg with stiff, curved hairs. Some of the bees had their crops full of honey. Wearily, yet busily, they dropped to the lip of the hive door, scrambled inside and crawled here and there, unloading their burden—the store to be sipped in chill days when the clover would not bloom nor the buckwheat blossom blow.

But what cared Yellow Belt, the drone, who stood idly sunning himself on the bark of the oak, just outside the hive door? What cared his brother drone, Silver Side, or his brothers, Heavy Foot or Light Wings? What cared a thousand other drones, standing about, or skirting the bee tree in idle tours? Would not the little toilers who came and went put honey on their tongues, and give them shelter in the happy household of the hive?

Silently active on an arc of comb, Daughter Boom, a stout little worker, toiled, heedless of the lazy brothers. All her attention she gave to a leaking cell, which she strengthened with a cap of wax. Near her worked Bottle Back and Hurtle Flight, also workers, and countless thousands of their sisters—not one idle. Some took pollen, mixed with honey and water, and stuffed it into cells in which the queen had just deposited eggs. A group surrounded an intruding snail, which they had dispatched with their stings, and smeared over the carcass with a film of resinous propolis. Some clung to the hive walls, and propelling the air with their wings, kept up a cooling ventilation down the narrow spaces between the combs. Some, those which had never yet gone out to gather honey and pollen, nursed the baby bees in their cells. Others cast from the hive the refuse of the household, and still others, like experienced chefs, prepared the stimulating food for the royal larvæ.

Not a noise broke the stillness of the hive, save the hum of the fan shafts, and the low booming of the honey gatherers, as they alighted at the door on their return from fen and field, or broke into the flight of departure. May was the month on the calendar of men; the season was the time of salvation according to the court of the bees. Day after day the little loads of honey were carried, like a never ending rosary of dew drops, into the hive, and forfeited to the wax cups of the comb. This family of Queen Caprice's was a large one. It now numbered a thousand drones, thirty thousand workers, and Her Royal Highness, beside many baby bees and a large stock of eggs. An era of expectancy spread over the hive. The workers had given notice that a group of royal cells had been built. Into each Queen Caprice deposited an egg. Over these Daughter Boom, Hurtle Flight, Bottle Back and a host of workers placed a portion of food, more than enough to feed the infant royalty after hatching.

After two days Daughter Boom saw that the eggs had hatched into tiny white larvæ, which nestled in the bottom of the cells. In six days these larvæ, with infant instinct, began to grasp more firmly the skein and the purpose of life. All about their shoulders and heads, fitting the waxen cells like a glove, they wove their cocoons. From each downy cradle simmered a tiny, piping cry, answered occasionally by their royal mother, not in love and admiration and pride, but in wrath and jealousy! The nurses grew more attentive. They tipped and tickled the tongues of the young queens with stimulating food that gives the mien, the strength, the dignity and the wisdom of royalty. On the sixteenth day after hatching, Queen Caprice noticed a knot of workers about a royal cell. Ah! she thought, the cradle of my rival!

The unnatural mother, frenzied with the thought that a new queen was about to come forth, aspiring to her crown, tried to pounce upon the grub. A cordon of faithful workers stood guard about the helpless princess, and beat off the angry mother. Each assault was baffled by the kind yet determined blockade of the guards.

In the meantime the bees took council whether or not a swarm was to depart from the hive and found another colony. They considered. They debated. The house was still large enough for the family. It was early in the summer. This was the first brood of royal children. There would be others. The hive was not too hot. More than this, their queen was still large and awkward and heavy; she was not quite willing or able to make a long journey. So the bees argued, and the colony decided against a division. From one to another the word was passed around. The guard of workers, who had tended the young queens, who had nursed them and fed them and protected them, now deserted them! The piping came to the terrible queen like challenges for the throne. She answered with the voice of vengeance! She approached the cradle of the half hatched queens. In a trice she transfixed the helpless babe with her sting, then moved murderously to the next cell, dispatched the infant princess sleeping there, then to the next of the royal brood, till she had forever rid herself of the rivalry of her offspring!

The night following this tragedy the inhabitants of the hive were roused from their slumber. Yellow Belt awoke as from a hideous nightmare. Silver Side, stupid with sleep, heard a dull thud, repeated and repeated. The castle trembled and shook. Hither and thither skurried the workers. The honey was jarred from the light-skinned wax cups, and formed in tiny beads at the weak cell heads of the comb, for the night was warm and the store was thin and watery.

"Whack! Boom! Boom!" echoed the thunder, told up the heart of the bee tree.

In consternation the workers trembled. They gathered about their queen. She was still with them! This assurance brought them comfort. The drones dozed, like men indifferent to danger in the night.

"Whack! Boom!" thundered the terrible shock below, thrilling the hollow limb with bass echoes. The combs tilted slightly.

"She's comin' all right!" shouted a loud voice below, in language unintelligible to the bee people. "A couple more whacks on that side! That's it."

"Thud! Thud!" sang the ax, biting into the heart of the oak tree. Then the bees heard a cracking of stiff stump fibers—then they felt a long swinging glide into space—then the squeeze of workers between combs clapping together—then a crash through underbrush—and then—!

The hollow limb of the oak was split lengthwise by the fall of the tree, and

also broken in two places crosswise. The combs were jabbed from their moorings, and the thin honey drained out of the cells into the trough of the broken bough.

Yellow Belt was hurled into the edge of the sweet mess, but crawled out, and clung to a shard of bark. Daughter Boom, who had stood attendant to the queen, was separated from her. None seemed to think of their mistress. None cared to search for her. All were blinded; smeared with honey; stunned by the fall; maimed between collapsing strata of comb or drowned in the sugary pool that grew wider and deeper as the cells, punctured, scalped and compressed, ran dry. What a touch of terror to every trembling antennae! What a judgment sent upon the unholy house of murder! What a visitation after the infanticide of the royal brood!

"We must get the queen," said the giant voice, again in the language not of the bees, "or there'll be no use in takin' the rest of 'em. I never had much success inductin' supernumeraries. We ought to be able to see her on this sheet. Poke around in there carefully—don't mind 'em; they won't sting if you don't press 'em against your skin."

"I know," answered another great voice, "but they're gettin' tangled in my beard . . . . And I swell up as big as a bucket, too . . . I don't see the queen here anywhere . . . Turn the light this way—that's it. Not there! She'd be easily told from the rest, she's so much bigger, wouldn't she?"

"Yes, and won't drown as easily as the others. I tell you what we'll do. We'll leave the hive I've packed here sitting on this sheet over night. If the queen's not dead now, they'll find her, clean her off, and settle down again by to-morrow at noon. We can easily transfer them then, if they don't do it themselves. Bring that bucket of honey. I'll carry the light ahead for you."

All this Yellow Belt understood not, but he did know that riot reigned in the wrecked hive. Not finding their queen, and indeed indifferent to her fate, the workers began to gobble up the honey, till they were drunk with the gorge. They sapped it from the bottom of the trough—all that the robbers had left. They broke open the cells left intact and drank them dry. They sucked the sweet from the saturated wood.

Dawn was come. Daughter Boom was of the foremost in the awful festival on the scene of death and ruin. None was more active than she in ripping open the abandoned cells. The weak and defenseless grubs she did not spare, sucking up from the sluggish larvæ the store sealed with them for infant nourishment. She grew heavy with her spoil, and drunk with the spirits in the sun-soured honey. The doom of her deviltry was that, staggering about on the edge of the cleft hive, she lost her hold and fell into a little offset, which in the heartier days of the oak's life had been a knot. In the bottom of this she touched something with her antennæ! She smelled a familiar smell! The partial recognition cleared the dull senses of the tipsy bee—for she had found Her Royal Highness, Queen Caprice!

Smeared and almost dead, the noble mistress had dragged herself from the ruins of the shattered hive and was striving to get up into the main portion of what had been, a few hours before, the fair home out of which Daughter Boom had just tumbled. The alarm was soon spread! The queen was surrounded by eager attendants. They released her from her coating of honey. They caressed her. They polished her bedraggled wings. The bees, as if abashed, began to repair the ravages of their wanton revelry. Silence reigned in the hive. By the time the sun had crossed his arc, the old limb was sucked dry of its waste of honey, the giant hand that

had wielded the ax the night before had transferred Queen Caprice and most of her followers from the old oak tree to the hive upon the white sheet. The workers which hovered about in the air, one by one attracted to the gleaming white of the sheet, found the entrance to the patent hive, and entering, all was peace and industry in the new home. In the evening the sheet was wrapped about the hive, and when the bees again ventured out into the sunshine the next morning they found their new home one of many like it. Each honey house sat upon a bench, in the yard of the giant captor and wrecker of the hive in the wildwood, who had his own home at the border of a peach orchard. Now indeed was the hour of need, but Yellow Belt and Silver Side, indolent in the time of necessity, were dozing in the sun at the door of the hive, when, could they have understood, they might have heard the giant keeper of the bees tell his mate enthusiastically how he had made the capture of the hive in the wildwood, and they might have heard his wife retort: "Yes, but what's the use in all this fooling with bees? You get a few combs of honey in the fall, and when you've eaten up what the bees need for themselves, you have to feed them with syrup to keep them from starving. And just look at the time you waste at these old hives! I think it'd pay you better to give more attention to your milk cows—and that's what other people think, too."

Of course Yellow Belt and Silver Side did not comprehend this speech, nor did they even hear it, for it is not given the bees to know the tinkle of a bell, the music of the birds or the throbbing of the stiff-bellied drum; but with that strange power of communicating, antennæ to antennæ, the drones knew that despair or despondence had no part in that live hive. Everywhere was the zest of toil, and the relish of rehabilitating the colony.

Just east of the hive was a row of tall poplar trees, sweating varnish-like glue from the ankles and wrists of their buds. Thither darted the workers, rising in perpendicular flight from the mouth of the hive, then speeding like never dropping bullets to the pasture spot on the trees. Daughter Boom and Bottle Back were soon at this work, deluded with the delight of the sun almost into thinking that work was play. They dipped their feet into the propolis at the bud rings, flew back to the hive, and presented themselves to other workers who did not roam. These, with their mandibles, stripped the propolis from the feet of the gatherers, smearing it in a thin coat over the interior walls of the hive. It was messy employment—this bringing in the blood of the poplars—but was it not in the heart of Daughter Boom to work merrily and unselfishly for her queen? Was it not in the blood of Bottle Back to better the brotherhood of the bees? Hurtle Flight was one of the workers employed in stopping up the tiny holes found about the hive. While this work was in progress, others were scouting the hill and the meadow, the garden plot and the porch vines, the camp of flowers and the pink crown of the orchard acres.

Homeward returned the scout, reporting sweet nectar in new regions found. Then sallied forth legions of the faithful workers. They hung to the lip of the clover, blooming again on stalks, mower-mutilated. They bobbed about on the yellow lustre of the buttercups. They tumbled into the tunnel of the mallow bowl. They boomed nervously in the sweet breathed throat of the marsh marigold. They stumbled awkwardly over the towsled locks of the two headed dandelion, fanning into flight the ripe balloons of the seed bubbles.

But wherefore all this advance into the harvest of the hive? No combs had been erected, to receive the stores garnered. No cells had been plastered

upon the hive roof. Were the bees, then, greedy nomads of the air? Were they merely tiny gormands? Were they false idlers in the guise of apiarian industry? Not so. The little workers were preparing to build the layers of combs. Unerringly did they court the cause to produce the effect. After eating great quantities of the honey which they had gathered they clung in clusters to the ceiling of the hive. Lazily they consumed the store in their crops. Soon tiny flakes of wax specked the belly rings of the bees. Bottle Back reached in under her abdomen with her hind legs, plucked off the little white scales, conveyed them to her fore legs, thence to her mandibles. A faithful worker next to Daughter Boom reached in under her and did the service. Others in the warm bud of bees did the same for themselves or for those next them in the tight cluster, each depositing the little tithe of wax flakes in a common hoard, where it was chewed by other workers and mixed with the moisture of the mouth till converted into a plastic building material.

When quite a heap had been piled up, Bottle Back set to work to construct the first cell of the comb. She lifted pieces of the wax with her jaws and stuck them little by little to the top of the hive, till she had a thick semicircle of solid wax clinging to the ceiling. Other workers joined in the labor, clustering about so tightly that the work was carried on under a mass of moving wings, legs, nodding heads and sensitive antennæ. In the block of wax Bottle Back scooped out a trough, which was the beginnning of the first cell. Another cell was begun by Daughter Boom, running the opposite direction from a common partition. These cells were not directly in line one with the other, so that if Daughter Boom had run her trunk through the partition she might have missed the interior of the cell started by Bottle Back. Other bees were as busy starting other cells. Each seemed to know just what the other did, and when the plasterer in one cell would leave a little extra wax to bulge through into the other cell opposite, the worker there would scrape off the surplus with her jaws. Little by little the six sided, geometrical cavities grew in length, each having the greatest possible strength and greatest possible capacity combined with the least amount of wax used in its formation. Bottle Back was indeed a geometrical expert. The mathematical instinct of generations back guided the tiny head in the wise toil. Not a measure had she; not a compass; not a square; not a tablet of proven rules for the building of planes and solids. But soon arose from under her a perfect hexagon, a half inch long, opening on the end opposite the partition. Likewise, hexagons sprung up under other workers, till a long white comb hung from the hive, an inch thick, and divided by a partition common to both sets of cells, composed of tiny rhombs, which formed the pyramidal ends to the cells. A half inch from this first comb, workers had started another. A like distance from this second a third had been begun, and day after day the workers toiled at these and others, till the top of the hive was filled with white molds of wax, over which the workers clambered like runaway stars.

Now, this was the furnishing of the house. Neither were the bees idle in procuring the provisions. None was swifter to the harvest than Daughter Boom; none more lusty in the flower fetching than Bottle Back. These and others went forth in parting swarms to rob the lips of the virgin calyx, and the brown-coated tongue of the stamen. Not now did they hang themselves up to make wax. The honey they stole they poured into the waxen cells; for now were the days of harvest and the sensible gleaning hours, when they might assure

their salvation and survival in the severity of winter.

Bottle Back was one day out on a flight, when suddenly the shadow of a cloud darkened the clover head, whose rosiness had coaxed her down from the sunny wind. Afraid and confused, the wanderer hurried home, wishing the load of honey lighter within her. At the door of the hive she was almost injured in the jam of thousands of other bees, driven home in a frenzy of fright by the threats of a lowering storm. And it rained, according to the warning the gleaners had received. It rained for an hour, drenching the crops and the idle bloomers by the way side. A stifling summer atmosphere thickened and warmed within the bee home. A shift of bees clung desperately to the roof of the hive. Their wings hummed merrily, for now indeed was there need of ventilation. The temperature rose rapidly from 94 degrees to 98 degrees, and the fretting of the imprisoned harvesters added to the heat. Off on one of the middle combs, Queen Caprice was pacified with a dainty feed of choicest honey which her attendants placed upon her long tongue.

After the showers the sun smiled in the sky. Daughter Boom ventured to the bottom of the hive, and sallied out into the light. After one far, straight dive, she came to a great clump of saffron primroses, which she had visited on other journeys. She clambered into the flower, open now though it was day, because of the clouds and the rain and the cooling rain before, and began to knock the pollen from the anthers. She tried to roll it into balls, that she might stow it away in her pouch, but the pollen had been dampened by the rain, and was rebellious in its mixture. What was she to do? She could not abandon such fine pollen! Daughter Boom knew not failure in the finding of flowers, the dredging for honey, or despair in the mix of pollen pellets. Ah! why had she not thought of it before? With sagacious sauciness the little bee plopped down into the bath of brown powder. She rolled and weltered and wallowed in it, rubbing it into the hair of her body, till she was like a tiny puff, dusted from trunk to sting with the brown powder. Then she took wing to the hive. Within she was met by Bottle Back, and other sisters. The pollen was skinned and dusted from the sage bee, and stowed away for use. Other workers, following Daughter Boom's example, flew into the dew and the sunshine, and rolled in the cups of flowers, and returning into the hive, forfeited the forage of their flight. Some fussed about in the frills of the snapdragon; some rioted and quivered, like optical illusions, in the lemon eye of the prize primula which burgeoned on the widow sill of the bee keeper's house; some jolted and twanged the hollow sounding bass chords of the trumpet bloom; some stirred soft echoes in the musical dome of the Chinese bell flower—but all brought back the brown powder of their desire.

Meanwhile other workers had erected a series of cells destined to be the cradles of the new brood of baby bees. In the centre of one comb were royal cells, an inch long, and wide and stout of rib. Already had Queen Caprice deposited an egg in each cell, the egg of a female in the worker cells, the egg of a drone in the male cells, and a female egg in each of the royal cells. Hurtle Back was one of those at work mixing the food for the babies. Into the royal cells they had stuffed the fine food that makes royalty in the generations of the bees. A bunch of workers were busy at this work one day, when Bottle Back was touched on the antennæ, and turning, received intelligence that a swarm of invading bees were breaking into the hive.

Then was hurrying hither and thither. Workers gathered in solid phalanx at the

door, and were there met by the onward rushing, humming and buzzing hosts of the foes. They had left their own hive because their store of honey had been robbed, and the journey to the pasture was far — so they had come out on a mutual depredation. Everywhere were single combats raging. Everywhere were groups of fighters, flying, tumbling, biting and maiming. Here a sliver of wing was wrenched from a beaten invader. There a leg was cracked off a defender of the hive. Death stood with the assailants in this corner of the hive, and piled his myriads of victims about him. In another corner Death carried his banner into the ranks of the home guards. Fortune here flirted with the foe, there with the minions of Queen Caprice, who stood, surrounded by a heavy knot of defenders. After awhile, the soldiers of the queen saw that victory was with them. Then began the rout. Some, in their anger, waited not for their foes to die, but tossed them, crippled and dumb, out of the hive. Then followed the casting out of the dead, friend and foe alike. The contented air of triumph settled over the hive. All the invaders had been ejected. At the door the subjects of Queen Caprice stood guard for a few moments, then returned, contented with their wounds, to labor in the old way, just as if the colony had been attacked every day by vandals of the air.

But a worse calamity was about to fall upon the happy victors. A few days after the invasion, Daughter Boom noticed over the top of a little section of one comb a fine gray gauze. Here and there were little larvæ alien to the bees, spun in the mattress of web. The gauze spread. The terrible larvæ increased in numbers. A troop of baby bees, imprisoned under the net, died. Their carcasses began to decay! What enemy was this—this insiduous foe they could not rout? Oh! the horror of it all in that happy house! Destruction stared the colony in the face. They would have to move! But ere this thought had dawned upon the bees, the giant keeper —he that was so rude, and yet so kind to them—happened to open the patent hive. He cursed low and often. Then he tore from its moorings the coated comb, carried it into his own house, and burned it in the stove. He knew the awful ravage of the sneaking bee moth. He had sacrificed thousands of cells of honey, and many babies, but he had saved the life of the colony!

It was now late in June. The wasps had stung to death and slaughtered with their jaws a small army of the hive, some thousand workers and forty drones; the swallows, the tit-mice and the sparrows had gobbled up a whole regiment more; the lizards had insinuated themselves into the high grass at the door of the hive, and as the honey gatherers alighted after their journeys, or accidently dropped down from the door, they snapped them up greedily, till a hundred more were taken; natural decay had eaten into the hive to the number of two hundred more, and disease had decimated two broods of grubs. But in spite of these losses, so active and fertile had been the good queen mother that the colony had increased five fold during the first month of summer. The temperature had in consequence arisen to a high degree. Ventilation was maintained only by continual fanning. From the hive came a constant dreary hum.

From the royal cells came a piping sound, which worried the queen. She answered back angrily and haughtily. Again she began her efforts to slaughter the brood. Again were the workers as faithful in defending the hatching queens. Queen Caprice began to weary of the struggle against the rivals about to be hatched and released. She fretted for more security on the throne. She was now slender, from many motherly

cares, and fit for flight. Beaten back again and again in her efforts to slay her children, she became delirious from agitation and nervous fear. The workers took up the contagion of high tension. They hurried to and fro, impatiently. The heat of the hive rose from 92 degrees to 104 degrees! A loud buzz was heard constantly. Then all was quiet again.

For four or five days, at intervals, was this hubbub kept up in the hive of Queen Caprice. Workers prepared for the journey. Daughter Boom gathered up great stores of provisions, as did her sisters who were to be of the swarm preparing for flight. They gorged their crops. They stuffed their pouches with pollen pellets. Then came a sunny day. A few workers appeared at the hive door. None soared far from the hive that day, but some circled on hesitating wings around and around the hive. A strained hush spread over the hive. All entered. This was the hour of farewells. A few workers came out of the door, turned toward the hive, and drummed on it with their wings, among them Daughter Boom, giving the signal for flight.

Then came a mighty rush of those who were to make the expedition. They crowded out the door like wheat pouring from the slit of a hopper. Daughter Boom was selected to make the choice of a rallying point. She soared high in the air, then darted to the limb of a peach tree. Others followed, and clung to her frantically, like children gripping their mother's skirts in a circus crowd. Ah! this was a day of revel, and out going, and joy for the wild freedom of it all! At the rallying point gathered more and more of the swarmers, till a great bunch—a solid brown quart of bees, bobbed on the peach bough like a ball of rags. A few moments they clung there, silent and almost immovable.

Why was that disturbance? The bee ball broke! Daughter Boom bored out from the heart of it. Others, close packed at the core, boiled out to the rim of the brown balloon. Nay! Nay! That day was not a day of departure—for Queen Caprice, the beloved, the leader, the mother, the mistress and the mogul of the colony to be—was not in that swarm!

Helter skelter sped the bees, seeking her. Nowhere could she be found—not in clover nook, not in peach tree, not in the path of the aerial flight, or in wide circles along it! Disappointed, broken hearted, weary and disgusted, Daughter Boom and all the swarm returned to the parent hive. There they found their queen. Overtaken with weakness, she had turned back, ere she had joined the light hearted workers at the rally on the peach bough.

The second day from that, again issued forth the swarm, more determined, more certain of flight, than when the first attempt was made. This time they settled again on the peach bough. Their queen was with them. The tight ball was agitated. Then away went the bees. Just then a red faced, short winded, puffing man, who had been called from his work in the field, rushed upon the swarm. He was carrying his hat in his hand. The solid phalanx of the swarm was unbroken, and soared off just above the head of the excited bee keeper, away over orchard, over the wheat stubble, over a field of freshly worked corn. The giant hands were throwing dust up into the confused and laboriously flying bees, in the hope of bringing the brown mass to the ground.

After swarming a half mile, the bees came to a green wood, into which they buzzed and boomed, awkwardly brushing the thick foliage. The bee keeper followed for a time, but lost sight of the swarm, lost hearing of their hum, and followed slowly in their direction determined later to locate the tree which they

might make their new home. But he never found it—a giant oak overhanging a little vale, and till her dying day, a year later, Queen Caprice ruled and reigned, mistress of the new found colony. When leading a new swarm the next year, she was gobbled up by a bee bird—her graciousness the victim of greed, her faithfulness the spoil of a parasite. With her perished the gentle Daughter Boom, beside her queen to the last!

And what of the parent hive? What of Bottle Back, Yellow Belt, Hurtle Flight, Heavy Wings, and all the royal infants and newly hatched bees who were nurses? Scarcely had Queen Caprice and her followers of the swarm gone out of the hive, when the bees settled to their happy toil. At the same time two queens were hatched, simultaneously. These were Queen Calyx and Queen Corolla, christened after the flowers which the bees loved so well. For a few moments the new queens went about, each ignorant of the other's presence as rival mistresss of the hive. Suddenly Bottle Back smelled the one queen, and then the other, recognizing at once the complication of the crown. The bees were notified of the complex situation. Aware of the rival courts, all the bees stood apart, spectators of a conflict to be. The two queens must fight!

With lightning agility the queens dashed at each other. The onslaught was met face to face. The royal foes embraced each other in a frenzied grip. Neither could sting the other, so tightly did they clasp, their long bodies parallel and each striving to effect enough curve of her spine to insert the deadly sting. They struggled. They tossed about. Queen Calyx bit off the foot of her sister combatant, and herself was nipped at the base of the more sensitive antennæ. Then, almost before the spectators could realize the change, the two queens broke their holds, and stood confronting each other in such a way, that each had her sting poised over the throat of the other. Panic stricken with the thought that the double death might deprive the hive of a mistress forever, both queens separated mutually, and retreated, one from the other. The workers led them back in battle. In an unguarded moment Queen Corolla permitted her rival to get her leg about her body in such a fashion that the former had her back to the breast of the latter. Queen Calyx knew her advantage. Queen Corolla tried in one vain instant to turn back her body that she might strike upward, but already had the long spine of her rival been bent high in the middle; it was drawn far up the back of her antagonist — and then Queen Corolla gave one rigid squirm as she felt the plunge of the sting into her back, and the acrid poison straining through her stiffening body. As she died, she could feel the terrible spear again and again relentlessly thrust into her, and what seemed a great well of poison, seething and aching in her abdomen.

Queen Calyx was proclaimed mistress of the hive. Two thousand drones were attached to the hive now. The day after the conflict these idlers were out soaring about in the sunshine, when Queen Calyx went forth from the hive to make her virgin flight. She flirted with the first drone to meet her—happy Yellow Belt—and an hour later returned into the hive, as successful in her matrimonial tour as she had been in battle. Yellow Belt, disastrously happy, waned on his homeward flight, grew faint and weak and dizzy, dropped to the grass in the corner of the peach orchard, and was devoured by a ravaging army of black ants.

Queen Calyx, now a full fledged queen, led forth the second swarm, two weeks after that under Queen Caprice had taken departure. Another and another swarm went out of the parent hive, the time between each swarming less, and the

numbers in each less, till seven swarms in all had forsaken the central home—the home founded by Queen Caprice at the border of the peach orchard. After each swarm a new queen was released, and after each royal birth and coronation the fresh sovereign went forth on her matrimonial tour, and the fortunate and unfortunate drone that met her died—the lover of one courtship, the husband of a day!

When all the swarms had taken flight, when the late days of July brought peace and plenty to the parent hive, the workers began to bethink themselves. What use were the drones? Why were these lazy honey sops tolerated in the hive? Hither and thither the discontent spread. A hurricane gathered force in the hive. The workers rallied from comb and cell, from flower and flight. They darted at the drones. They drove them to the bottom of the hive. Poor Silver Side wished nature had given him a sting, and less of laziness. So wished all the drones. Frantic with fear, they huddled in the base of the honey house. What could they do? If they went forth, would they not perish of starvation? Ah, yes! Silver Side felt a pair of terrible jaws craunching his head. Heavy Foot, bitten and torn, tumbled out the door of the hive,a carcass before he touched the grassy ground, where the lizards licked him up. Light Wings was chewed to death. So fared it with all the drones, fate differing in his ministry to each only in the manner of the death inflicted —for all did die miserably. In their anger, some of the workers forgot the terrible result of using their stings, and died with the drones, leaving their stings fast in the lazy cadavers of the drones. After the wholesale slaughter of the males, the workers tossed them from the hive, then rushed to the cells containing drone larvæ. They tore open the wax cradles. They slaughtered the babes within. They sucked dry the honey stored with them for food. Then they dragged the grubs from their cells, and dispatched them. The rebellion did not cease till not a single vestige of the males remained in the hive. What Amazons were the bees!

From July till late in the fall the workers devoted themselves to the gathering and storing of honey for the winter days, and to the support and care of their mistress—Queen Sugar Tongue. Notwithstanding all their solicitude, their beloved queen one day took sick. For several hours she lingered, then blindly wandered out the hive door, and died upon a leg of the bench.

For an hour the labor of the hive went on peacefully. Did the bees know the fate of their queen? One discovered the calamity. She communicated the fear to others. The hive was thrown into the utmost confusion. Nurses forsook the young they were feeding. Workers ceased their repairs upon leaking cells. Thousands rushed out of the hive, and searched for the dead queen. For two days this confusion was rife. Then came quiet. The bees bethought them of the cells. No eggs were deposited in the royal cells! Well, what of that? Could they not make royal cells, by tearing down the walls of adjoining ones? So they set to work—but their queen had been sick and ailing, and had laid no female eggs in any cells! Their fate was sealed. They were queenless!

The whole colony grew despondent. They ceased their labors. The workers grew stiff at the joints from lack of occupation, and loss of interest. They were orphans, eating up the legacy left them by their queenly motherhood. The chill of winter came upon them. They clung to the roof, and the dew from their bodies, congealing, froze them into a ball of ice.

But in the sunny days of early May they thawed out. They revived. But it as if like they had been born out of a

fair dream to pass into the gates of death. What had they to work for now? What is a hive without a queen? No babies to nurse. No mistress to caress and tend.

Thousands went forth aimlessly into the too early sunshine, and, tempted too far, perished in the evening chill ere they could fly home. Thousands were food for the sparrows and the hungry song birds. No bees were born to supply the drain of death.

Then came a swarm of invading bees, who, discovering the hive without a queen, entered. Hurtle Flight and Bottle Back still survived, but what had they to fight for now? The intruders were victors. The last sad remnant of the parent hive, founded by Queen Caprice on the border of the peach orchard, joined forces with their captors. Broken hearted and dismal with disaster, they sallied forth, thenceforth to be sisters of their vanquishers.

CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

In the Orchard

By ALICE E. ALLEN

THE REVEREND PAUL RAYNOR was preparing his sermon for the next day's service. At least, the Reverend Paul supposed this to be his occupation. In matter of fact, he was lost in silent admiration of Betty.

Betty sat at a little distance from him. Now, Betty, in some environments, would not be called beautiful. But when a girl, with the freshness and sweetness of springtime in her face, arrays herself in a pale blue gown, and puts herself into a seat made by the low bent bough of an old apple tree, against a background of green leaves, with an aureole of rosy blooms about her, the chances are that she will present an altogether charming picture.

Betty was arranging some blue prints artistically in a large gray album, which lay in her lap. Occasionally she hummed snatches of song below her breath, stopping abruptly when she remembered the close proximity of the young minister and his embryo sermon.

At length, glancing up, she said anxiously, "Isn't your sermon about done, Mr. Raynor?"

Paul looked guilty. "Not quite," he said. "In fact, I've scarcely made a beginning."

"Oh, dear," said Betty sorrowfully, "and I'm just bubbling over with questions."

Rev. Paul Raynor closed the ponderous volume. With a sigh of relief, he flung himself on the grass near Betty. "I'll write it by and by," he said. "I can't seem to collect my thoughts out here in the orchard with you, Betty."

"That's strange, Mr. Raynor," said Betty, smoothing down a print lightly. "I have my very best thoughts out here. And I've tried, truly, to keep still so as not to distract you," she added, holding off her album at arm's length and regarding the page with critical eyes.

"You've been distractingly quiet, Betty," said the young man, with a quick glance of admiration in Betty's direction.

"Then I'll talk," said the girl quickly. "I'm consumed with curiosity about the wedding. Do tell me about it."

"Oh, 'twas much like all weddings," said Paul, indifferently.

"All weddings are delightful," said Betty emphatically. "Of course there were flowers and music and pretty gowns?"

"Of course," said Paul; "and best of all, Betty, there was the prettiest little bride—"

In her eagerness, Betty dropped her mucilage brush.

"The bride!" she exclaimed. "She's just the one I want to ask about. How did she look? What did she wear? Though I don't suppose you can tell—men never can—"

"Try me and see," said Paul, as he handed up the little brush, and dropped lazily back into the grass.

"Well," said Betty, propping up her pretty chin in both hands and leaning forward eagerly, "First—was she tall or short—stout or slender?"

Paul's grave glance traveled from the soles of Betty's small boots up—up to her pretty, wind blown, brown hair.

"She was about your size," he said slowly. "And she moved about in the same way—as if every motion was set to music."

Betty shot him a quick, quizzical glance, as she went on with the catechism.

"Good. Was she dark or fair?"

Paul studied the charming face brimful of mischief, for a long, long minute, until the warm color stole slowly into the smooth cheeks.

"She was fair — very," he said with emphasis, "like yourself. Her coloring reminded me of apple blossoms."

"How nice," said Betty with charming disregard of her red cheeks. "Well, let me see, her hair?"

"What color is *your* hair, Betty?" asked Paul irrelevantly.

"Brown," answered Betty promptly, "Why?"

"Because," said the young man quietly, "the bride's hair reminded me of yours. It had the same way of curling about the neck and forehead—"

"Yes," said Betty, her eyes dancing. "Now we come to her eyes."

'Her eyes were as blue as—"

"The skies, of course," prompted Betty.

"No," said Paul, still gravely intent upon her face, bluer than that—as blue as your own eyes, Betty. And her mouth," he went on, "made me think of yours—it seemed made only to—"

"Pout!" said Betty coolly, with a quick and wholly charming demonstration of her own powers in that direction. "Well, that's enough about the bride. She wasn't a very interesting person after all."

"I beg your pardon," said the Reverend Paul, seriously, "She was most interesting to me."

"Well, she isn't to me, and I must go," said Betty, hurriedly gathering up her unmounted prints, and rising from her low seat.

"But her gown," said Paul enticingly. "Wait, Betty, I haven't told you about that, you know."

"Men never know anything about gowns," said Betty. "Confess, now, 'twas white—and that's all you know about it."

"It was white, of course," said Paul, walking beside her, carrying her album. "It was soft, thin, silky stuff—like that white one of yours, Betty—"

"That's old muslin," said Betty in disdain. "I don't think much of your bride, Mr. Raynor—"

"I shall think the world of her—when I win her," said the Reverend Paul, with tender significance.

Afterward Betty didn't know just how it all happened. She looked up. Paul Raynor looked down. The next instant, both her hands were held fast in his, and he was saying:

"Betty!"

"I—I—thought it was—" she began.

"It's no one in all the world but you —Betty!" he said.

Topics of the Month in Chicago

Mr. Cleveland Discusses the Street Railway Situation, the Only Photograph of a Mountain Sheep, Wild in Its Native Hills, and the Advancement of a Young Millionaire Alderman, Who May be Sent to Congress.

By H. I. CLEVELAND

Chicago's Street Railway Problem

CHICAGO'S common council has officially declared that hereafter no ordinance in regard to issuing street railway franchises, or adjusting street railway financial questions, shall become a law until it has first been referred to the people and a popular vote taken upon the same. In other words the referendum is to be the court of last resort in Chicago street railway matters. The people will revise the work of their agents, the aldermen.

State legislation will be necessary to perfect this action of the council, but the mere declaration is a significant illustration of the trend of affairs in the most strictly American city on the continent. Students of the growth of municipalities, of the contests between the people and the corporations, of the blunders made by both sides and of the rights of each, will be concerned with the final outcome of this referendum issue.

As a general proposition, there is no city in the United States which has been more cursed and at the same time more benefitted by corporations than Chicago. And it has been a curious phase of the cursing and blessing that each has been bestowed to a large extent by Chicago financiers upon the Chicago public. In the street railway issue which has been before the public, sharply, since 1896, the actual offenders against public decency and public rights, as well as promoters of public welfare, have been residents of Chicago.

The corruption that has prevailed in the legislatures of Illinois since 1896 over the Chicago street railways, which have repeatedly attempted to control the Chicago city council as against Mayor Harrison, has been, indirectly if not directly, approved of by the Chicago owners of Chicago street railways. How they will now receive the referendum issue, with its suggestion of eventual municipal ownership of the lines, is something in which the friends of municipal reform will be mightily interested.

The Chicago voter has the Chicago financier to face, and, while the financier's trolley lines have opened suburban territory, have aided realty, have made long hauls and a five cent fare possible, his avarice has debauched councilmen and legislators and given the city in many respects the worst street car service in the nation. It is public knowledge that the street car question of Chicago could have been settled at any time within the last five or six years if the companies had been willing to give up but a small part of the profits, which have run from twelve to twenty-eight per cent per annum.

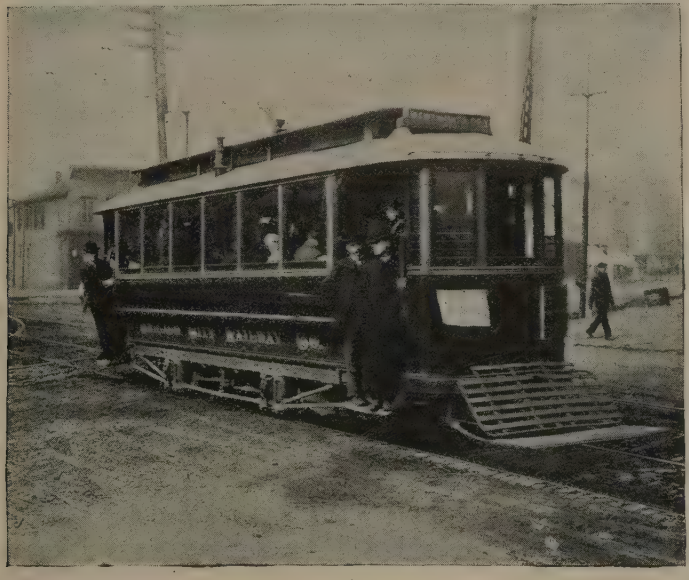
Now an aroused public sentiment, represented by an incorruptible mayor, is rapidly placing the corporations where the final adjustment must be at a far greater loss to themselves than if they had originally been not only generous but long-sighted. The Union Traction

Company, gracefully unloaded by C. T. Yerkes, feels the loss of his guidance. The Chicago General is a shadow. The Chicago City is profitable, but in uncommonly bad odor with the traveling public.

Taking the list of stock holders of the municipal companies, as represented by their directory lists, it is surprising to find so many men of accredited wisdom among them who have permitted the bitter game of politics and the more bitter one of selfish ends to reduce the street car service of a city of 2,100,000 people to be a byword and a mockery. If the seeds of anarchy are being sown in this country with great rapidity, perhaps the abode of the sower may be more readily found in such corporation offices than where the hovels of the poor bend under the burdens of taxation.

A "HEART OF THE CITY" TROLLEY CAR, CHICAGO

On the Wentworth Avenue line, the best paying trolley line in the world. The car is built to seat fifty persons; at the time the picture was taken the car held 101 passengers, and this is no uncommon sight. The crowding in these cars is not merely uncomfortable, but indecent and revolting to persons of gentle instincts. Chicago men commonly give seats to women, but the brutal conditions of city travel are eliminating this spirit of courtesy. Photo by the C. & C. Company, Masonic Temple, Chicago



Samuel W. Allerton, the packer; Otto Young, of department store fame; Joseph Leiter, once wheat king; Jesse Spalding, banker and merchant; Charles L. Hutchinson, banker; C. K. G. Billings, gas magnate; J. V. Clarke, banker; John M. Roach; James H. Eckels, former comptroller of the currency; P. A. B. Widener, the Philadelphia magnate; and, through the interests of the elevated roads, Byron L. Smith, banker; James B. Forgan, successor to Lyman B. Gage in Chicago banking circles; Marshall Field, largest dry good merchant in the world; Charles Counselman, who builds boats in Chicago to send to Europe, are some of the traction financiers whose attitude toward the public on the transportation question has provoked the present situation.

The value of all the street railway property in Chicago, including franchises, is placed at between $200,000,000 and $250,000,000. It is popularly supposed that since Mr. Allerton's connection with the City Company he has drawn out profits equal to $12,000,000. Mr. Leiter is supposed to have gained an equal sum. Mr. Field's holdings have probably not netted him less than $50,000,000, while other stock holders and directors have enhanced their riches by sums ranging from $1,000,000 to $3,000,000. The public has paid these profits out of its own somewhat ragged pocket.

In return it has received bad cars, antiquated cable service, insolent conductors, poor paving, slow service, and high fares for the service rendered. It

is not extraordinary then that there should be in the city an under current of popular bitterness toward the companies. Few who were present at the Central Music Hall meeting some years ago, when clergy and lawyers met on the same platform to denounce attempted corruption of the council by the street railway companies, will ever forget the cry from the gallery:

"Hang them!"

It did not come from an anarchist; the man who uttered the cry was a respectable property owner; but when such a cry is made possible at a dignified public gathering it is well for financiers to pause and consider the wisdom of the course that provokes it.

There is less actual anarchistic sentiment in Chicago, less general tendency to break laws, more disposition to be fair with all men, than in any other large city of the world. No commune of Paris, nor Hyde Park mob of London, nor "sand lotters" of San Francisco, could dominate the city five minutes. In many respects it is an extremely conservative city, but in its sixty-five years of existence there has arisen no question which has exasperated its people so generally, has led to so much vituperation, has muddled its press so, as the position of the transportation magnates toward the "man who pays when he rides."

The Chicago City railway earns gross $6,000,000 per annum and annually divides in dividends $1,500,000. It hauls over 110,000,000 passengers each year. It owns 2,000 cars and operates over 200 miles of road. It has $18,000,000 in capital stock. The Chicago Union Traction Company earns gross $7,500,000 per annum and has dividends of less than a million dollars per annum. It carries about 210,000,000 passengers each year and operates about 300 miles of track. It has $32,000,000 in capital stock. These are the two companies with which the Chicago citizen is contesting for fair play.

A SUBURBAN TROLLEY CAR OF THE UNION TRACTION COMPANY

It seats forty persons, is made out of an old horse car, seldom heated in cold weather, ill-smelling, rickety. One of the visible arguments for a change—even for municipal ownership. Photo by the C. & C. Company, Masonic Temple, Chicago

There was a time when the final settlement would have been distinctly favorable to these corporations. Whatever the outcome now, that time has passed. The second largest city in the United States is going into the street car business in some fashion within a very short time, and no one is responsible for this but the street car corporations.

Chicago's Millionaire Alderman

CHICAGO grossly laughed when the first announcement was made that Honore Palmer was a candidate for alderman in the old twenty-fourth ward of the city. Mr. Palmer is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer. His father

was the literal creator of State street, the retail commercial avenue of the city. Mrs. Palmer is one of the brainiest social leaders of this country. The son was not publicly known until his avowal that he would like to be an alderman.

As a general proposition, a rich man's son in Chicago is supposed to be a fool. There are enough shining examples on Prairie, Calumet, and other avenues of the city to sustain this assertion. While the Vanderbilt, Gould, Astor and other rich boys of the Atlantic coast have in many instances entered the world of work and fitted themselves for a practical and useful life, the rich Chicago boy has too often preferred an open life of dissipation or criminal stupidity. "Joe" Leiter is one exception. Any young man capable of losing between eight and nine million dollars and surviving with public credit to himself and sire is not a a failure.

But Chicago scoffed at Mr. Palmer's political aspirations until he was elected over a strong opponent by a nice majority and took his seat in the common council. He has been there long enough for some measure to be taken of his public worth and personal character. Mr. Palmer sits in a council notorious until six years ago for its petty boodling. Chicago has never experienced the municipal corruption of Washington, Baltimore or New York. Less public money is stolen here, or can be stolen, than in any other large city of the country. But what might be termed petty sneak thievery in contracts and franchises prevailed for a number of years, and does even now. The greatest harm it does is to damn the reputations of the men concerned in it.

Mr. Palmer attempted no oratory when he entered the council. Nor did he pose as a reformer. He is quoted as having said early in his aldermanic career:

"My father has been a business man. I like public life. I believe business methods should prevail in public offices. To carry out that belief is my sole ambition."

His aldermanic career, so far, has borne out this statement. The young man has not incurred the hostility of the "machine" aldermen nor the contempt of the independent ones. He is eminently successful in minding his own business and in effacing all offensive evidence of his wealth and high social standing. No Rome has ever been set on fire by him or ever will be, but he is clean and wholesome—a living refutation of the frequent assertion that there is no place in public life for juniors of wealth.

He may run for Congress one of these days. His mother is an ambitious woman—just practical enough to wish to see her son rise step by step to political fame. It is a worthy career for a young man who has shown no disposition to invariably cast an aldermanic vote with the corporations nor always with the other side. The fact that he knows the needs of his ward indicates that dolls of fashion and hours of idleness do not strongly appeal to his nature, and that he may make an able, business representative at Washington.

It is to be noted with satisfaction that Mr. Palmer has made no "breaks," and that he has manifested a wholesome interest in commonplace public affairs which many a rich man's son might imitate. He is the wealthiest member of Chicago's city government and the most modest.

A Hunter's Unique Snap Shot

HARRY E. LEE, the Alaskan hunter and explorer, known from the Kenai to the Atlantic, is preparing for another of his expeditions into the frozen wilds. Mr. Lee is the only hunter who ever succeeded in photographing a mountain sheep, alive and free in its own land. The last time he visited the wonderful

Kenai peninsula, better known as the Alaskan Alps, he made up his mind that he would get such a photograph or perish in the attempt.

He entered the range about forty miles from Cook's inlet and stood where his eye swept over the inlet, Kachemak Bay, and the south and southwestern end of the sheep is such that with a favoring breeze it can detect the hunter two miles distant.

Mr. Lee was probably a mile from his prize when he started on a crawl to win the picture. He had no easy work to perform. The mountain surface of the Alaskan ranges is rude and rugged. Ice, snow and frost have seared the way until

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH EVER MADE OF A ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT FREE IN ITS NATIVE HILLS

Copied for the "National" by the C. & C. Company; original copyrighted, 1901, by Harry E. Lee

Kenai peninsula. Mount Ilimana rose superbly to the west, while in the far northwest loomed the snow white head of Mount McKinley. The highest peaks of the Kenai range have a general elevation of 12,000 feet and their surface is broken by immense glaciers and deep ravines.

In such a spot, camera in one hand and rifle in the other, Mr. Lee espied far away the white coat of a mountain sheep. The animal was enjoying a siesta, its back turned to the hunter. The wind favored his advance. But for this latter fact he would never have secured his snap shot, since the scent of the mountain human progress is almost impossible. The sharp rattle of one rock disturbed in its place would mean the wild flight of the mountain sheep and the loss of the coveted photograph.

The hunter slipped, crept, crawled until he was within focusing distance of the still resting beauty. His camera was a 2½x3½, not the best in the world for Alaskan work, but good enough as it happened in this case. Mr. Lee rose softly to his knees, dripping with perspiration from his exertion. Click! His shutter snapped. One picture was surely secured. The mountain sheep heard that click, though, and was up

CHICAGO'S YOUNG MILLIONAIRE ALDERMAN, HONORE PALMER

Mr. Palmer is the son of Potter Palmer, one of the builders of the western metropolis, and of Bertha Honore Palmer, who rules society in Chicago as easily as Mrs. Astor does the so-called "400" in New York. Despite the handicap of family and riches, young Mr. Palmer seems likely to attain distinction in politics.

Photo by the C. & C. Company, Masonic Temple, Chicago

with a quick leap. Click! The shutter snapped again and caught the animal just as it bounded away. Two pictures were secured. An instant later the animal was far away in the wilds, safe from kodak and gun.

Of course Mr. Lee did not and could not know what he had secured on his films until he had returned to the United States, but he hoped for the best. When he was home again and the films were developed he knew that both snap shots had proven successful, although in the last one (the one reproduced here) the animal almost got off the film.

The New York Zoological Society was tremendously interested in Mr. Lee's success in securing this picture and Director William T. Hornaday has given it special mention in his notes on "The Mountain Sheep of North America." Mr. Lee holds the pictures above price but hopes to secure many more as valuable and of the same nature during the coming year.

At the present time Mr. Lee, who is a hunter and animal student at the same time, is the foremost authority on the Kenai peninsula country, one of the most remarkable game and glacial regions of Alaska.

CHICAGO.

Note and Comment

By FRANK PUTNAM

THERE may fairly be allowed to be ground for difference of opinion as to the value of Boston's literary product in the present generation, but as to the Boston bean, the corner stone of Boston's greatness, there can be but one opinion. The Boston bean is a peach.

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One of my neighbors was until lately a resident of New Hampshire. "I would like the Massachusetts Sunday," he said, "if a man were allowed to take his fish pole and go out for a bit of recreation. But he is not. You don't know who your friends are, and anybody is likely to inform on you for a dollar. No use trying to find a place so secluded that you may not be disturbed. About the time you get a bite, an officer will tap you on the shoulder, and you have to go along."

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Putting aside the question of his political morality, Rudyard Kipling's verses shine, in this era of pink poems for pale people, like a search light in a fog.

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Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the "Review of Reviews," delivered the convocation address at the University of Chicago the other day. One thing he said deserves to be read and remembered:

"Not only is it not in the least true that money, capital, mere dead material possessions, are getting the better of human flesh and bood, and that mankind is coming under a new form of slavery, but exactly the opposite is true. Capital and labor, of course, must continue in association with each other, but of the two it is labor that constantly grows stronger."

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A true word, and a timely one.

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I asked Uncle Billy Smith, who mends your shoes, if he didn't have any plan for leaving off work after a while.

"Why should I?" says Uncle Billy. "I eat hearty, sleep well, owe no man a dollar, and get along with my neighbors. Why should I pine after riches? My affairs are getting along well enough, and I believe in letting well enough alone. Mr. Rockefeller takes care that I have oil for my lamp, Mr. Morgan sees to it that my coal bin is kept full, and Mr. Roosevelt is managing my government to my satisfaction. I guess I can let my hired men do the worrying, if there is any to be done."

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It is worth noting that the three strongest, best sustained novels of the last ten years were written by women. These novels are: "The Bondwoman," by Marah Ellis Ryan, Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; "Lazarre," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Bowen, Merrill Company, Indianpolis, and "Audrey," by Mary Johnston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. And for absolute mastery of the lyric form, there are but two American poets now living who are comparable to Josephine Preston Peabody of Cambridge, whose books are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. These two poets are—but you know who they are.

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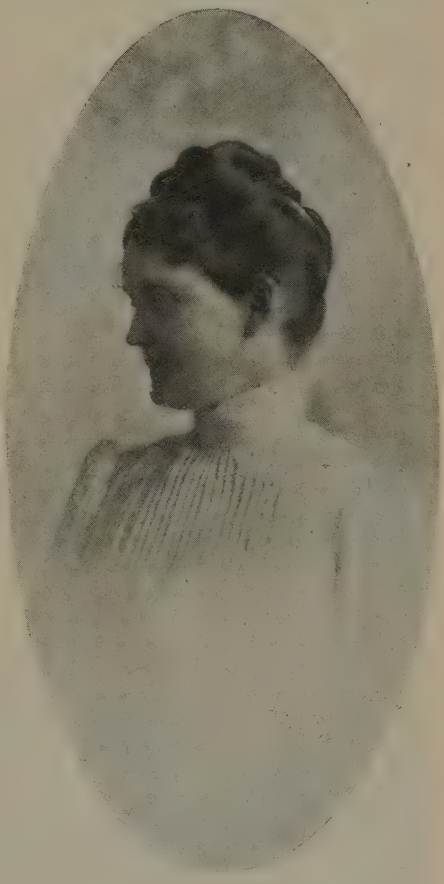
Two facts loom large in the record of the latest large strike—that of the Boston transportation unions. One of these facts is, that no union, or combination of unions, can hope to deny to an American business man the right to employ union or non-union men, as he pleases, provided he has courage and money enough to fight the point, and it is to be hoped he always will have both. The other fact is, that no union, or combination of unions, can hope to force an American railroad to discriminate against freight handled by non-union labor. The Boston strikers, badly advised by incompetent leaders, tried to crush a teaming firm which granted union wages and hours, but refused to bind itself to employ none but union labor. That firm comes out of the strike stronger than ever, and the union men who violated contracts with other employers not to strike until certain fixed periods should have expired, find themselves far worse off than before they went out; though most of them are back at work, they have forfeited their protection under the agreements they violated, and have all that ground to regain.

MRS. JOSIAH EVANS COWLES OF LOS ANGELES, CAL

Mrs. Cowles is president of the Los Angeles biennial board in charge of preparations for the national convention of women's clubs.



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It is beyond dispute that unionism is based on sound principles, under the present imperfect organization of society.

It is only when unions demand the sacrifice of individual rights guaranteed by the Constitution, and the violation of charter obligations of corporations, that they fail to have public sympathy with them. The time will come—is coming,—and rapidly, when all the people will be organized into one great industrial union, as they are now organized into one great political union. I am indebted to Daniel W. Church for the suggestion that, if the people can profitably unionize their politics, they can also profitably unionize their industries. The trusts and great corporations are helping on this work, by demonstrating the economic sanity of the nationalization of industries. The time is coming when the profits of the great wealth producing agencies will not go to build up enormous private fortunes, but will be available for public improvements, the reduction of taxes, and the general up-lifting of the masses. All in due time. There is no hurry. We have eternity before us, and as we cannot hope to escape from the earth, we may reasonably expect to be here to enjoy the better times coming. Cheer up.

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If the eighteen hundred thousand dollars that South Boston spends for liquor every year could be invested in decent clothing for the little children of South Boston—but apparently it cannot.

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Speaking of unions, reminds me that one day last summer, seated on a bench in Boston Common, I hired a shock headed youth of ten to shine my shoes. I was lazy, and he needed the money. He told me he was a member of the Bootblacks Union of Boston Common. All the members of the union, except one, were boys from Boston's Ghetto. The sole exception was an Irish lad, and

LOS ANGELES WOMEN'S CLUB HOUSE, SCENE OF THE MAY CONVENTION

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S CARRIAGE IN THE LOS ANGELES FIESTA OF 1901

of course he was the walking delegate and general manager. He bought all supplies in bulk, "staked" the boys when they "went broke," and looked after the general welfare, keeping peace, etc. The union existed under a verbal charter given by an Irish policeman on the Common, and the boy told me all lads not members of the union were "chased off de Common" by this policeman. Some three months later, wishing to learn how the union prospered, I visited the Common and looked up my boy. "De Union?" he said. "O, dat's

CHINESE DRAGON IN THE FIESTA AT LOS ANGELES

busted. De walkin' delegate skipped wid de funds. 'Bout seventy-five cents, I t'ink."

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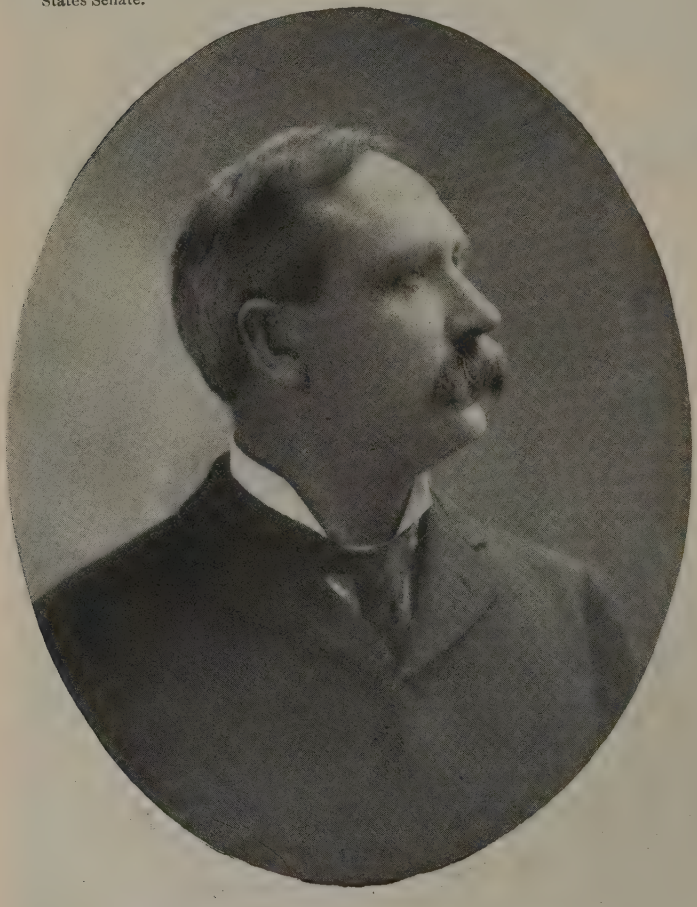
One of the things a westerner misses in Massachusetts is the letter R. A teacher in one of the schools near Boston was conducting a class in spelling. The exercise consisted in writing down sentences read aloud by the teacher. "Mistah Mo'se went to Bawston," said the teacher. The little girl from the West set it down, "Mr. Moss went to Boston," and couldn't undertsand why she was credited with an error in the marking of her paper later in the day. The little girl has been all but mobbed by her schoolmates—in the cheerful way of these young savages everywhere—for using the short O, the final G and the round R, and she doesn't know whether to surrender for peace, or to stand for her American right to give correct utterance to the language of the country. One of the teachers did try to assimilate the R. She even insisted that her pupils should use it. You must say "moth-er," she urged. "Mother," lisped the urchin addressed. "Theah, that's propah," said the teacher, approvingly.

JOSEPH KEMP TOOLE, FIRST AND PRESENT GOVERNOR OF MONTANA

Governor Toole is a native of Missouri. He was born in Savannah in 1851. He comes of Revolutionary stock and rose to his present eminence on the ladder of the law. In Congress he advocated the admission of Montana, and in 1889 was elected the new state's first governor. After a lapse of ten years, the Democratic party again placed him in the governor's chair. Mrs. Toole is the daughter of General W. S. Rosecrans, and a charming hostess. Governor Toole may yet be seen in the United States Senate.



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Western states are justly proud of their common schools, but they can learn many things to their advantage by studying school methods in the Old Bay State. No other population in the country assimilates the foreign elements more readily than does Puritan Massachusetts. And it is well that this is so, for no other state is to-day receiving so large an influx of

immigrants from the southern countries of Europe. Perhaps the presence of a Massachusetts man — Ambassador von Meyer—at Rome, accounts for the fact that the bulk of the Italian immigration is to-day entering America through Boston.

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This suggests the thought that it is time we ceased speaking of "foreigners." In fact, there is no such thing as a foreigner. There is only God, earth and man.

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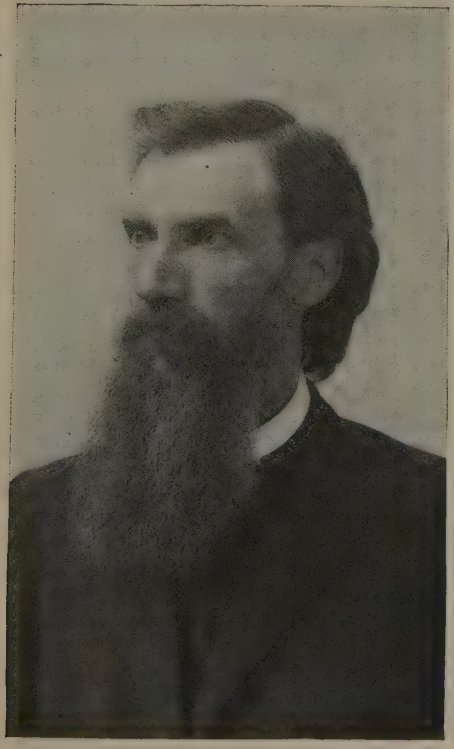
Frontiers are fading. Prejudices are perishing. The essential kinship and interdependence of all peoples is constantly given larger recognition. The example of free America, and the word sent backward from our shores to all the peoples of the earth, are breaking down autocracies and caste and privilege everywhere. The races of mankind are leveling upward.

REV GJERMUND HOYME OF EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

Mr. Hoyme, who, as this is written, is seriously ill at his home, is the president of the United Lutheran Church of America and one of the most learned Scandinavians in the country. He was educated in the University of Wisconsin and has devoted his life to the church.



EDITH MINITER, MANAGING EDITOR OF THE "BOSTON HOME JOURNAL"

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Los Angeles, offering the Fiesta and a pugilistic carnival as side entertainments for the national convention of club women, proves her desire to extend the broadest and heartiest hospitality. I think I recognize in this program the cosmopolitan spirit of Sam Clover, the editor of the Los Angeles "Express."

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Nearly a third of a century Professor Charles W. Pearson taught in Northwestern University, the Methodist school at Evanston, Illinois. He has just left the school, a heretic and a target for the criticism of Methodist preachers who were wearing diapers when he began teaching their fathers. The merits of

Professor Pearson's heresy have been and will be discussed at length in the organs of the church and in the secular press. The gist of it is that he denies the truth of the biblical miracles. He says Jesus was the son of Joseph, that both the immaculate conception and the resurrection were mythical; and adds the suggestion that grave argument for the truth of the miracles makes "the cynical laugh and the judicious grieve." His convictions

PROFESSOR CHARLES W. PEARSON, HERETIC

he unfolded at intervals, giving expression to them in three pamphlets. The one which excited the controversy was "Open Inspiration." Professor Pearson resigned on February 11, this year, to relieve the trustees from obvious embarrassment. They were under great pressure from the official Methodist editors, particularly from Dr. J. M. Buckley of the New York "Christian Advocate" and Dr. Charles Parkhurst of "Zion's Herald," Boston. The Methodist preachers of Chicago were also very insistent. The trustees of Northwestern have treated Professor Pearson, personally and officially, with the utmost kindness and courtesy, and have continued his salary until January 1, 1903, although he was relieved from all service on February 18. They consider that they are not at liberty to discuss the questions involved upon their merits, but that they have accepted a trust and must carry out its provisions. Of course, Professor Pearson thinks they construe the duties of a trustee too narrowly, but he respects their convictions and has only the kindest feelings toward them and toward the University in which he has taught for more than thirty years.

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Whatever may be the attitude of a board of trustees, the people generally are constantly more willing to have these, and all other questions that appeal to human intelligence, discussed "upon their merits." Professor Pearson's newest publication, in which he sums up and restates his views, is entitled, "The Carpenter Prophet: A Life of Jesus Christ and a Discussion of His Ideals." It is a heterodox, but a reverent work, treating Jesus as an heroic man pressing on to a great end in spite of every weakness and temptation that besets humanity. Professor Pearson has exchanged a small audience for a large one. The school, not the teacher, is the loser by the transaction.

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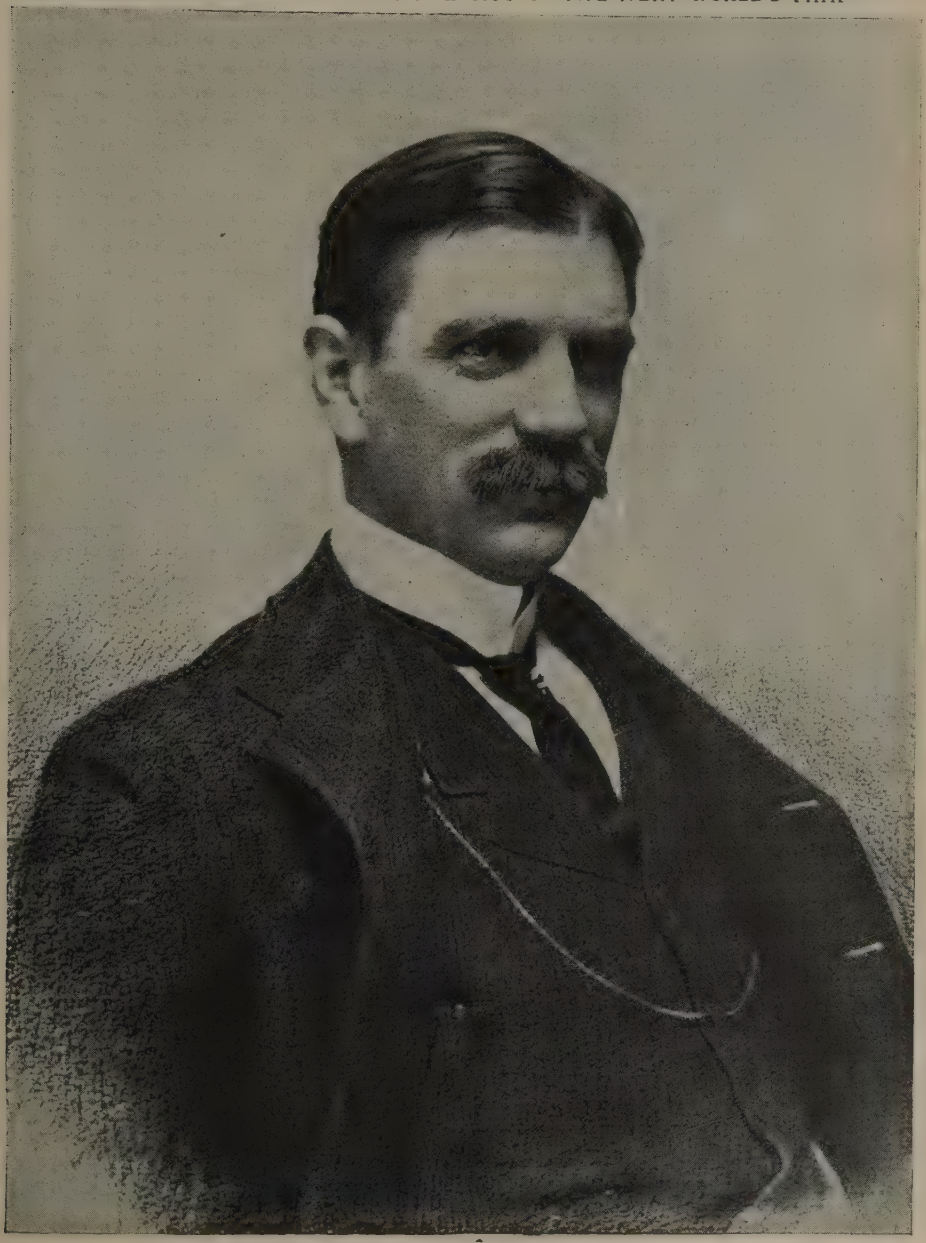
After all, how absurd it is to speak of a "Methodist university," or a "Baptist university"—as the University of Chicago is sometimes called, because of its religious affiliations. There can be no such thing as a sectarian "university." The word university implies, must imply, absolute freedom of thought and expression. No institution that forbids this freedom of thought can hope to attract the brightest, most inquiring minds, or can merit the title of university.

Boston paid her respects to Rear Admiral Schley on March 17. The Admiral came here to attend the unveiling of a monument in Dorchester, commemorative of the evacuation of Boston by the British troops, the movement having been forced by the erection of American batteries on Dorchester Heights, where the monument stands. The Admiral stayed in Boston several days, and everywhere was given evidences of the high regard the people have for him. Senator

ROLLO WELLS, MAYOR OF ST. LOUIS, THE CITY OF THE NEXT WORLD'S FAIR



THE JEWELED CASKET PRESENTED TO PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA BY THE CITY OF ST. LOUIS, ON THE OCCASION OF HIS RECENT VISIT TO THAT CITY
From a photo made for the "National"

Lodge was the orator of Evacuation Day, when, according to a "Transcript" wit, Boston celebrated two evacuations—that of Ireland by the snakes, and of Boston by the British. The senator delivered an address which deserves to go into the school readers as a model utterance of its kind. The conspicuous and characteristically Bostonian feature of the occasion that was lacking, was the reading of an ode by a Boston poet. In the old days, Boston's great poets were wont to signalize these patriotic occasions by giving the whole people a lyric expression of the spirit thereof. Only the orator remains, and it is thus doubly satisfying to reflect that the orator was worthy of his distinguished predecessors, and of his occasion.

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The sixth biennial meeting of the General Federation of Women's clubs is to be held in Los Angeles the first week in May. There are now more than 200,000 club women in the United States, 6,000 of whom, it is confidently expected, will be present at this biennial. Southern California in May is at her loveliest. The whole country revels in midsummer bloom. It is then La Fiesta de los Flores, the great annual carnival corresponding to New Orleans' Mardi Gras, is held. The first glimpse Eastern club women will have of the City of the Angels will be one of strange spectacular splendor. At Fiesta time, under skies of intense blue, the whole town lies, bathed in dazzling sun light. Every street and thoroughfare displays hundreds of floating pennants, of red, green and yellow—the Mexican colors; every post, pillar, arch and doorway shows the same gay colors in bunting and all are decorated further with palm fronds, pepper boughs, cypress or mountain laurel and dotted with gorgeous blossoms. During the entire week the town is en fete, the thoroughfares thronged with a merry, laughter-loving people intent on frolic and innocent revelry. The scene is varied daily by its street parade where Spanish dons, Mexican caballeros, Indian warriors, in picturesque costumes recall California's early history, give exhibitions of ancient sports and warfare;

where long processions of Chinese in gorgeously magnificent robes, pagodas, palanquins, joss, and clash of cymbals follow the far famed Chinese dragon and bewilder and delight the eye of the beholder. The floral pageant is, however, the most delightful feature of the week. One of the first hospitalities extended the visiting club women will be a formal reception which will be held in the Woman's Club House. This is an ornate and commodious building containing an art gallery, assembly room, handsome parlors, reception rooms, banquet hall, dressing, toilet and resting rooms, a complete culinary department and all that is important to a modern, luxurious club house.

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The work of preparing for the visit of so many brilliant women has been efficiently conducted by the biennial local board, of which Mrs. J. E. Cowles is president.

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A well known Boston writer says of a well known Boston journalist: "One of the working women journalists of

ADMIRAL SCHLEY, ESCORTED BY MAYOR COLLINS OF BOSTON

From a snap shot taken for the Boston "Herald" on the occasion of the dedication of the Dorchester monument

America whose record and achievements will compare favorably with most men of the same years, is Edith Miniter, who has practically been the managing editor of the 'Boston Home Journal' for the past nine years. In 1891, when for a year she occupied 'the city desk' of the Manchester 'Daily Press,' she was the only woman city editor in New England and she is one of the very few who have ever achieved that unique distinction in the annals of journalism. When it is considered that Mrs. Miniter's physical characteristics might be denominated by shortening her name into simple M-i-t-e, it will be observed that the instance of pluck and capacity is only the rarer. It is indeed these qualities combined with that ideality of temperament which finds its only natural expression in letters, in this case the result of direct inheritance, that has made of her a type of the all-round newspaper woman. Mrs. Miniter has attained to a quality and variety in her work for which one has to look far even outside of Boston to find the counterpart among women writers in the periodicals. But, as is the fate of the majority of journalists of the upper class who have written 'acres' of superlative copy, her name is almost unknown outside of a small circle of enthusiastic friends. She lives with her mother, Jennie E. T. Dowe, the well known poet, in Berkeley street, Boston, has no fads, belongs to no women's clubs and her name is not to be found in 'Who's Who in America,' but I do not recall at this moment another woman who is capable of turning out the same quantity of smart 'copy' weekly."

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To the truth of which the pages of the "Home Journal" bear witness.

—

Harry Cleveland writes from Chicago: When Prince Henry of Prussia advanced to the foot of Lincoln's monument, in Lincoln Park, Chicago, to lay a wreath upon the stone base, officer McMahon, of the regular police force, laid his hand upon his shoulder and said:

"Well, I've had the satisfaction of touching you, if nothing else."

"If it does you any good," replied the Prince with a smile, "you may touch me all you wish to."

"I wish you a safe journey home," said the officer.

"Good health to you," replied the Prince, and advanced to the statue, while 20,000 people applauded. The wreath was a ponderous affair which an attendant handed to the Prince just as he reached the base.

—

Fine horses are a wealthy man's luxury, and, in many instances the owners of championship horses are millionaires, who buy and pay fabulous prices for the distinction. It is rare to find such a gentleman who knows the value of breeding, conformation and soundness of a horse almost by instinct because the love of the sport is born in him. Mr. Harry W. Smith, a wealthy young business man of Worcester, Mass., who is at the head of the famous Wachusetts mills, gives his leisure time to the training of his horses. He won the champion steeplechase race with a purse of $10,000 last year, riding his own horse, "The Cad," which he had personally trained for the event. It was a spectacular race, and won much applause for Mr. Smith, as a man not only distinctive enough to own championship horses, but daring and skillful enough to ride them to victory in a field of professionals.

—

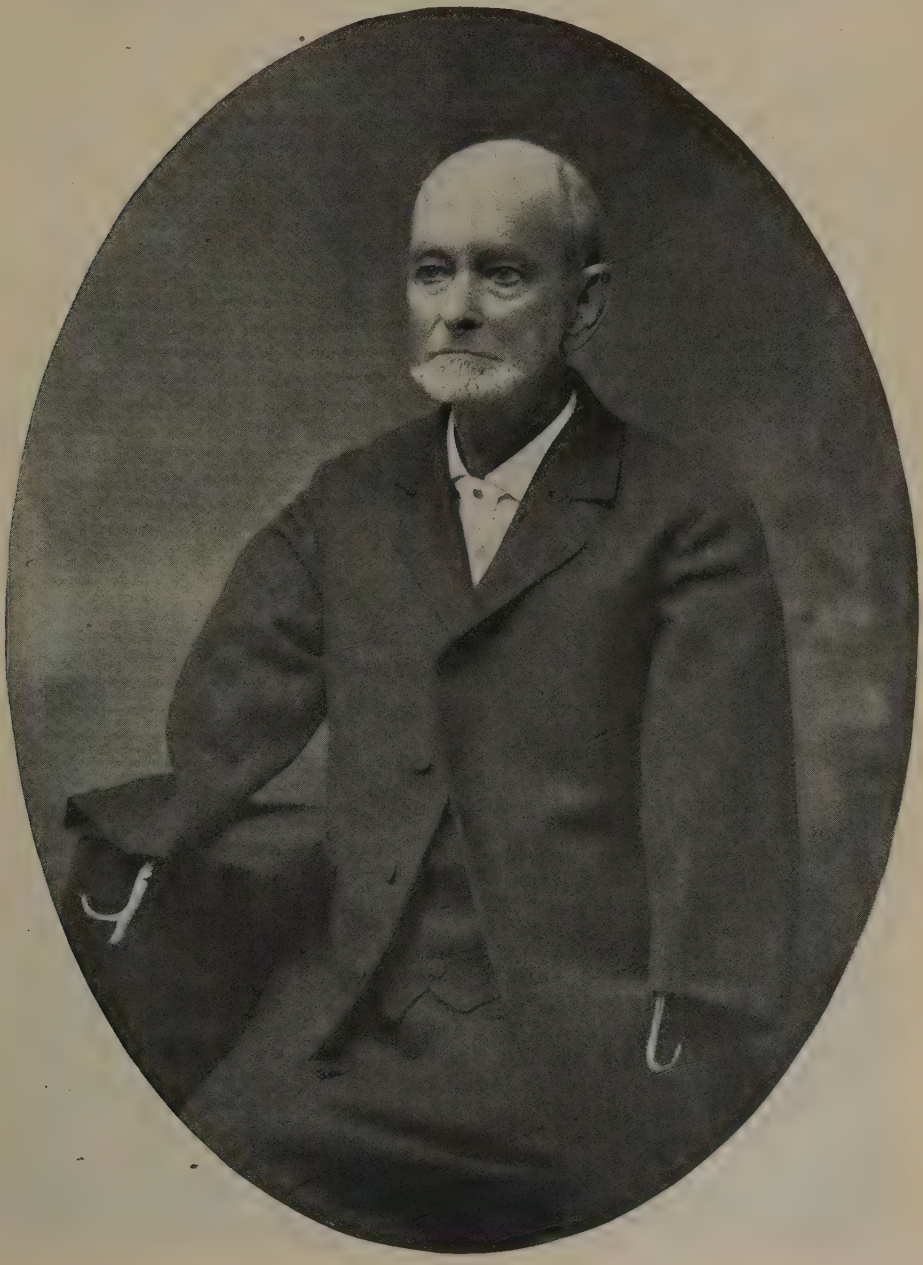
Chicago his city, and Illinois his state, will honor themselves in erecting memorials to John Peter Altgeld, the greatest American who has come out of Illinois since Abraham Lincoln.

—

Mr. Bryan's proposal that the Democracy ride back into office on the issue

PROFESSOR HANSON BORING, A SUCCESSFUL MAN

Except it be a winsome woman, there is hardly anything more edifying to the average of humanity than a successful man. Success is usually the product of courage and persistence. Success commands respect. Sometimes, owing to the nature of the difficulties overcome, it inspires a higher regard. Take the case of Professor Boring. At 21 he lost both arms. He did not surrender. He determined to make his life useful. He graduated from Bethany college, Virginia, at the head of his class. In September, 1853, he located in Madisonville, Ky., and has taught in the schools of that place continuously, except for one term in the state legislature, and twelve years spent in teaching ancient languages and mathematics in Eminence college, Kentucky. He invented the substitutes for arms and hands which appear in this photograph. A sane, serene, helpful man—in the best sense of the word a success.



of direct election of United States senators, will hardly serve. As Mr. Brisbane says in the New York "Journal," if the Democracy is to elect a president in 1904—or any other year—it must find an issue big enough to make the voters forget their pockets.

—

Altgeld gave his last interview to H. I. Cleveland a week before his sudden and dramatic collapse at the close of a passionate public plea for the Boers. This interview was published in the "Record-Herald," Sunday, March 16. He compared McKinley and Roosevelt:

"McKinley was a much shrewder man than Roosevelt is. He was practically master of the Republican party and its politics when he died. He and his friends really shaped Republican policies from 1896 on. It was imperialism, veiled, but none the less masterful. I can't say that I have wholly made up my mind about Roosevelt, except I am certain the Republican party will master him. It may be necessary to re-nominate him in 1904, but the party will not do it if it can be avoided. The Republican party has no Philippine policy, no Cuban policy that I can discover, but it has a monetary and protective tariff policy well defined. The President is without a policy. He has a will, and is impatient and over-riding, but as to what he definitely wants or will finally stand for, nobody knows nor ever will. An unexpected war might make him politically solid for a good many years, because he likes fighting; but without such a war he is certain to drive from him the financiers of the party, and without a sharp, defined, appealing policy he cannot hope to hold to him the young men of Republican faith."

—

Mr. Altgeld was modern to his finger tips. He had out-run his era, and was impatient of the slow progress of institutions. Bitterly hated, profoundly loved, he is gone. His last conscious effort was a rallying call for freedom. From the time he entered the Union

MR. HARRY W. SMITH ON HIS CELEBRATED STEEPLECHASER, THE CAD

army at sixteen, fighting to save the life of his adopted country, he strove mightily for the cause of liberty as he understood it. The little men who fought him will be soon forgotten. He served ideals and his ideals will save him. He was preeminently a successful man. His career is one which every American boy can study with profit.

—

South Carolina, having suffered from the two extremes of government by an arrogant aristocracy and government by an arrogant bully, will now, it is hoped, strike a middle course, in which there will be room for the intellectual development of the poor masses, and for the cultural graces that have long distinguished the proudest state in the Union. It was inevitable that the oligarchy, scornful of the rights of the mass, should be beaten down by the champion of the "poor whites." The time is past when caste rule can long survive in this country. Neither is there any possibility of long tenure for the rule of men who defy the decencies of life. As between two tyrants —the oligarchy and the bully—South Carolina will choose neither.

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It is significant of public feeling that Congressman Wheeler, being assailed on the floor of the House for his stinging attack upon the plan to send special envoys to the coronation of King Edward, was able to retaliate by printing in the "Congressional Record" a day or two later, several pages of telegrams congratulating him upon his speech. These telegrams came to him from men of all occupations and all sections of the country. Mr. Wheeler needs no guardian: he is amply able to take care of himself.

—

Mark Hanna bids fair to be remembered as the great pacificator. There was a time when his enemies called him a "labor crusher." Those charges have fizzled out. I think he understands the general run of people better than any other man in public life; his efforts for industrial peace raise him to the high level of useful citizenship occupied by Andrew Carnegie in his later years. He is the head of the creative, as Senator Allison is of the conservative, wing of the Republican party.

ROBERT AMBROSE OF CHICAGO

Mr. Ambrose, a witty son of the Emerald Isle, and not so long ago a crack football player and an officer in the Illinois militia, now plays the role of friend, philosopher and guide for the hundreds of night workers who pass the gates of the Madison street and Fifth avenue station of the L road. He knows the great and the small, the bohemians and the slowgoers, and has the friendship of hundreds of them. As for us, why, when the "National" has a thousand friends like "Bob" Ambrose, it will have a million readers every month.

—

Measured by the degree to which they have impressed their personalities upon the American people during the last ten years, four men now living are preeminent. These men are not poets, nor artists. The age is neither poetic nor artistic. They are financiers and publicists. This is the age of the financier

and the publicist. The four men are President Roosevelt, Andrew Carnegie, John Pierpont Morgan and Mark Hanna. Grover Cleveland was an accident, William J. Bryan a symptom, John D. Rockefeller is a single idea personified, George Dewey the hero of a single battle, supreme in his specialty. Roosevelt is the practical idealist. Carnegie is twice a victor—first, over other men; second, over himself. Morgan is the master of finance, the most skillful and daring player in the greatest game ever opened by men of money. Hanna is following in Carnegie's steps—with a difference. He has suffered reverses, but never lost a battle. He always starts at the bottom and always comes to the top. He was born in September, 1837. He is sixty-four and a half years old. He will be two years older when next the Republican party nominates a citizen for the presidency. He does not want it, but it will be more difficult for him to escape that nomination than it will be for any other man to get it. There is but one other man in America of equal qualifications for the presidency. That man is Senator Allison of Iowa. One urges, the other opposes, the shipping bill. This measure is probably making history far larger than its own proportions.

—

A reporter asked Mr. Bryan what he thought of D. B. Hill as a Democratic presidential nominee. "Ugh!" said Mr. Bryan.

—

I regret to have to inform you that the English sparrow has acquired the tobacco habit. The colony of birds that, all winter long, were found at early morning sitting sleepy eyed in the hedge that separates my back yard from the school master's, have not only taken up tobacco, but have learned to discriminate between good and bad cigars. For example, when I toss the stump of a Seal of Montana out of the window, they scramble over it like a flock of city urchins. But let the offering be the remains of one of the cigars which Mr. William Chapple gives to his confiding friends, and the birds will peck at it once or twice, turn it over, smell critically with head cocked to one side, and pass it.

THE WINTER WHEAT CROP IN KANSAS—THE CROP THAT PAID THE MORTGAGES

The harvesters begin in the southern part of the state in early May, and work north. The combined header and thresher, shown at work in this picture, has relieved the Kansas farmer of the yearly menace of a labor famine.

Pictures of the Players

With a Budget of Chat on Theatrical Affairs in New York — "Cissie" Loftus' Rapid Rise From the Music Halls to a Leading Part in the Irving Company.

By HELEN ARTHUR

SHOULD Henry Irving or Ellen Terry have the slightest doubt as to the rank accorded them by the American public, I should advise them to drive past the Knickerbocker Theatre when the advance sale is on and look at the

MARGARET ANGLIN, LEADING WOMAN OF THE EMPIRE THEATRE COMPANY, AS GUIDETTA, IN "THE TWIN SISTER"

MR. CHARLES RICHMAN AS ORLANDO DELLA TORRE IN "THE TWIN SISTER"

people in line. The box office opens at nine a. m. and since midnight, thirty-nine messenger boys have sat on camp chairs waiting to get the choicest seats. For this the blue uniformed lads receive fifty cents an hour. After them stand newsboys who are ready to sell their places to the highest bidder and who obtain on the average a dollar apiece for the coveted spot near the head of the line. From the Knickerbocker Theatre on Thirty-Eight street to the Casino on Thirty-Ninth and then down that street to Sixth Avenue, stand the long string of patient waiters. In that crowd can be found "all sorts and conditions of men;" the young actor who has breakfasted on shredded wheat biscuits and is quite willing to forego more elaborate menus for the pleasure of hearing the tragedian and who talks knowingly of Irving's mastery of details, his knowledge of make-up, etc. Then there is the newspaper woman who has seen Irving and Terry in London and who is telling how "the Englishmen bring their lunches and wait all day in order to get in for a first night, since there are no reserved seats in the pit; but she thinks that if the price of admission were ten shillings instead of two and six pence, the average Britisher's interest in opening nights would materially decrease if not wholly disappear." The matinee girls are out

MISS HILDA SPONG AS ESMERALDA, IN "NOTRE DAME"

MISS CECELIA LOFTUS, LEADING WOMAN WITH E. H. SOTHERN

SIR HENRY IRVING AND MISS ELLEN TERRY, THE FOREMOST PLAYERS ON THE ENGLISH STAGE, WHO HAVE JUST CONCLUDED A PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE AMERICAN TOUR

in full force and one was declaring apropos of Miss Terry's charms, "that in 'Nance Oldfield' when Miss Terry as 'Nance' cried 'Out, damned spot!' she personally would gladly have been that spot."

After having stood cheerfully for four hours, I obtained two seats in the twelfth

row and even the paying of six good dollars seemed like painless extraction." On the evening of the performance came visions of that long, patient line as I listened to Sir Henry's speech which rarely varies and which closes invariably with:

"I cannot tell how much my good friend Miss Terry and myself thank you for this your hearty appreciation."

PROBABLY the rise of no other actress has been so marked as that of Miss Cecelia Loftus, generally called "Cissie." She first came into prominence through her clever imitations, a specialty she did for the music halls. One of the most versatile of actresses,

MR. CHARLES RICHMAN, LEADING MAN OF THE EMPIRE THEATRE COMPANY, NOW PLAYING IN "THE TWIN SISTER"

she dances beautifully, is so good a singer as to appear in the title role of

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE, NOW THE BRIGHT PARTICULAR LIGHT OF "CAPTAIN JINKS"

"The Mascot" with the Castle Square Opera Company, has set a lullaby of Kipling's to music, beside having written and arranged songs for May Irwin. She has played in the Daly Stock Company, later been leading woman with Mr. E. H. Sothern and now is to have the honor of playing Marguerite to Sir Henry Irving's Faust during the revival of that play at coronation time.

SOME one has suggested that Prince Henry should have been taken to see only things which were distinctly American: instead of a gala night at the opera, Primrose and Dockstader's Minstrel Show; in place of an evening at Herr Conried's German Theatre, a performance at Weber and Field's Music Hall. There is no doubt but that the Prince would have found Weber and Field's both unique and entertaining. It is a music hall quite unlike any other in this

country or England. With a clever short story writer, Charles Belmont Davis, for its manager; one of New York's best composers, Mr. Stromberg, always at its command; a playwright under contract to supply so many burlesques a year and an "all star" caste whose salaries would frighten any ordinary manager, Weber and Fields have succeeded where others would have been involved in financial

RICHARD MANSFIELD: THE FOREMOST TRAGEDIAN OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

ruin. Last year when Coquelin was here, he expressed the opinion that David Warfield, then a member of Weber-Fields Company, was one of the cleverest actors in America—the truth of which has been borne out by Mr. Warfield's success in his venture as a star.

IT seems unfortunate that at both the Empire and Daly's, where now the stock companies hold sway, their latest plays should prove misfits. By way of a graceful tribute to Victor Hugo, "Notre Dame" was produced on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, but the players were not adequate to the demands made upon them. Hilda Spong belongs to the drawing room and not the streets.

MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL, NOW A STAR IN THE WEBER-FIELDS COMPANY, AND WHO ENJOYS THE DISTINCTION OF GROWING YOUNGER AND FAIRER EVERY SEASON. THE YEARS DEAL KINDLY WITH THE FAMOUS SINGER AND THE PUBLIC IS STILL HER LOYAL ADMIRER, AS OF YORE

Her personality suggests the repose of a society woman and not the abandon of a gypsy girl.

"THE TWIN SISTERS," an adaptation from the German, is the play which the Empire Theatre company is at present giving. The plot is based

AMELIA BINGHAM, AN ACTRESS-MANAGER, NOW PLAYING IN "A MODERN MAGDALEN"

solely upon intrigue. Miss Anglin's part is that of Giadetta, who, in order to win back her husband's, Orlando della Torre's, (Mr. Richman) love, pretends to leave home on a journey and returns disguised as her twin sister, Renata. Orlando falls in love with the supposed sister and Miss Anglin's scene where she is torn by the conflicting emotions of triumph because she has won him again and despair and outraged dignity because as a wife she is forgotten, is the oasis in this play where coarseness and refinement are incongruously mingled.

IN "Soldiers of Fortune," Robert Edeson has made a hit. The play is a dramatization by Augustus Thomas of Richard Harding Davis' novel of that name and is hardly up to the standard which Mr. Thomas has led us to expect from him. Mr. Edeson's talent saves it.

Studies of Books and Their Makers

Lyman Abbott's "The Rights of Man"

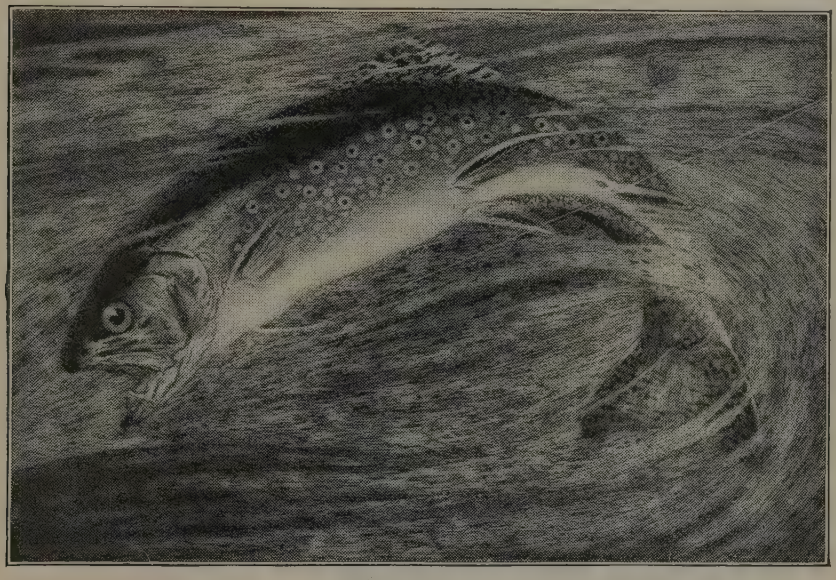
THIS easy, interesting, challenging volume, as a book, is in the third stage of a more than common metamorphosis: having first been a series of Lowell Institute lectures during 1900-01; then, and at the same time, a series of essays appearing weekly in "The Outlook"; and now a book—but lectures still so far as style and diction go.

Certainly by this time "The Rights of Man" is familiar to every thinking reading American. Breathes there a man so little read that he does not know Dr. Abbott's position in things religious, sociological and political? Who does not know that he is squarely with the Doctor—or just as squarely against him? We know exactly what to expect when we open "The Rights of Man." We can't call the book "Outlook Crumbs Swept Up;" but we can call it "Outlook Editorials Strung Up"—the editorials of "The Outlook" since Dr. Abbott has been editor—strung up into lectures—essays—into a book.

Dr. Abbott is remarkable for his ability to get on the wrong side of a question—so a very few of us think. But he is the kind of man we like on the other side. He stands up so to be hit. "Pelt away," he cries. "All I ask is that you get into the fight." He loves a fight; and he has kept more men on the firing line these past few years than any other single American editor. This new book will call up an army of pelters. We can't agree with Dr. Abbott. Probably he doesn't want us to. He doesn't agree with himself. He is too radical to be

"TAKING THE FIRST RUSH"

From "The Speckled Brook Trout," copyright, 1902, by R. H. Russell



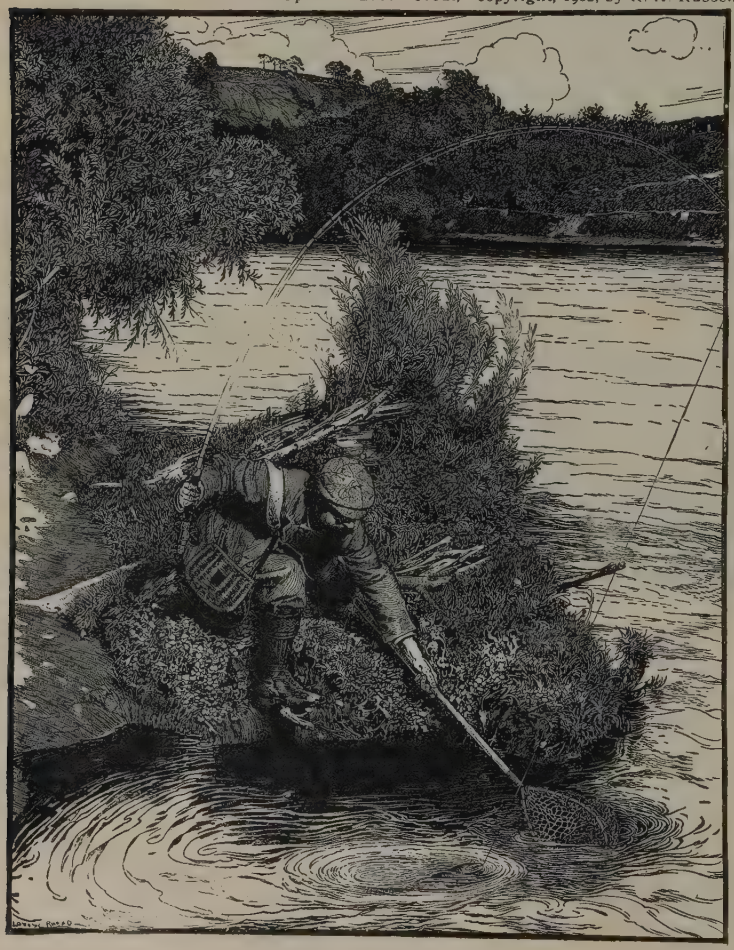
consistent. And "consistency is the vice of small minds," says our Concord sage. "No man has a natural right," says Dr. Abbott, "to share in the administration of government—" but, he goes on in another chapter to declare that the state *must* educate its children, for they *must* administer the government.

The book takes the ultra "White Man's Burden" theory of the state; it is surcharged with the spirit of the McKinley administration with regard to things abroad.

He says the Declaration of Independence is "now unread" (!) and that "derived their just powers from the consent of the governed" is a parenthetic clause in the Constitution. That this doesn't count—doesn't mean anything, therefore. But as a student of mere English I should say, if parenthetic, as he insists, it was inserted so that there could be no mistake, that even we wayfaring men, though fools or Indians or Filipinos, should not err therein.

In Dr. Abbott's governmental chain there seems to be one link lacking—who is to judge if the government is conducted for the benefit of the governed? In our American Revolution the American people insisted upon judging; in the French Revolution the Third Estate insisted upon judging; in Ireland to-day the Irish people persist in judging who can rule Ireland for her best good. Perhaps the Filipinos think they know, too. In matters political Dr. Abbot's morals are not simple enough to allow one to follow his logic.

"THE END OF A STIFF FIGHT"
From "The Speckled Brook Trout," copyright, 1902, by R. H. Russell



But in the chapter on "Religious Rights" there is no uncertain sound. Here is a sample of his frankness, his strength:

"I do not believe in toleration. I do not

thank any man for tolerating me; and I cannot conceive myself as tolerating Cardinal Gibbons, who represents one extreme in ecclesiasticism, or President Eliot, who represents another extreme in ecclesiasticism. It is not toleration, it is catholicity we need; it is not indifference to error, it is the humility of mind which says, I see in part and I prophesy in part; my brother sees in part and prophesies in part, and by and by we will (shall) put these parts together and then we shall—know it all? No. Then we shall know a little more than we know at present." It is a magnificent chapter.

The book is about all that Dr. Abbott thinks on every question demanding thought to-day, from the nature of God to the nature of temperance text books. One thinks more and thinks better when he gets through "The Rights of Man."

Dallas Lore Sharp

A Biography of Cecil Rhodes

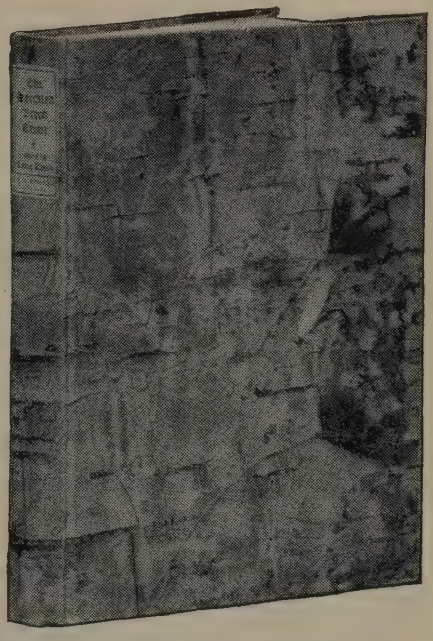
"THAT young man," said Paul Kruger, years ago, after his first meeting with Cecil Rhodes, "will cause me trouble if he does not leave politics alone and turn to something else. Well, the race horse is swifter than the ox, but the ox can draw the greater loads."

Kruger survives, a beaten and an exiled President: Rhodes, who checkmated his plans and made South Africa British territory, is dead. Their duel is not yet concluded, but the dying player saw victory almost assured before he closed his eyes in his last sleep.

Thirty-two years ago a pale, slender, quiet English youth sailed for South Africa to improve his health. As a student he had been an intense worker, an infrequent yet earnest participant in athletic games, but not possessed of a physical constitution of even average strength. He worked on "nerve," and was near to a break-down when he sailed for Africa. He had relatives there, and found health. The whole world is familiar with his rise to leadership.

UNIQUE COVER OF "THE SPECKLED BROOK TROUT"

Copyright, 1902, by R. H. Russell



Where others, assembled from all the quarters of the earth, were seeking, first and last, individual advancement, Cecil Rhodes schemed and strove for the extension of British sovereignty. He was not long in beginning to work out that vast plan for dispossessing the blacks and subordinating the Dutch, in the interest of the British crown, which he thereafter, to the end of his life, pursued with extraordinary skill and relentless energy. "Painting the map of Africa red," he is said to have called it. He painted it red with the blood of friend and foe, black and white. It is not yet certain that he saved South Africa to the British crown, but it is as nearly certain as anything of the future can be, that he made English the language of South Africa for all time to come.

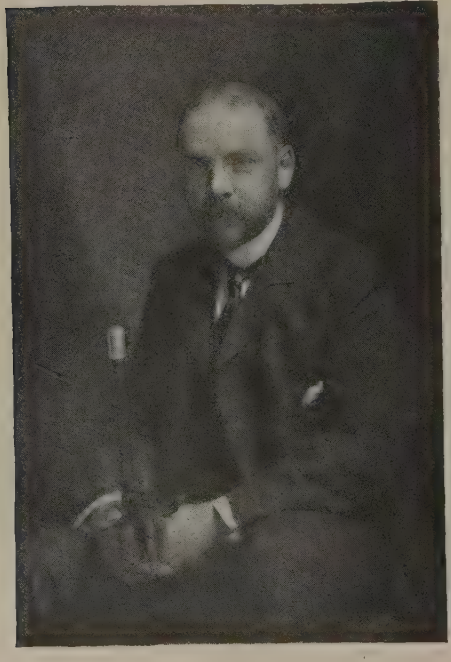
Rhodes, quite apart from the question

of the morality of his projects, was one of the half dozen commanding figures of his time, and his career will be studied closely everywhere. It is, therefore, a fortunate circumstance that, in the very hour when he laid down his tasks, the public should receive from Harper & Brothers a biography at once complete, dispassionate, and in a high degree authoritative. The Harper biography—"Cecil Rhodes: a Study of a Career"—is written by Howard Hensman, an Englishman who adds to a thorough knowledge of his subject a style at once simple and convincing, and who had, in the preparation of this work, the invaluable assistance of Mr. Rhodes' sister, his confidant and inseperable companion. The author's view-point is expressed in this sentence from his Preface:

"I may say at once that I decline absolutely to regard Mr. Rhodes either as a heaven-sent statesman or the incarnation of all that is wicked. He is in my eyes an empire-builder of great originality, and a man who makes a most fascinating study."

LEON H. VINCENT

Mr. Vincent is the author of a series of essays on French society and letters in the seventeenth century. The newest in the series, from the house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is "Moliere."



Taken up chapter by chapter, the book deals with Rhodes' "Early Days," with "South Africa as He Found It," "Rhodes at Oxford," "His Entrance Into Political Life," "Saving the Route to the North," "Rhodes, the Man," "The Amalgamation of the Diamond Mines," "The Northern Expansion Commenced," "Rhodes and the Home Rule Party," "Before the Matabele War," "At War With the Matabele," "Rhodes and the Native Question," "The Raid and Its Consequences," "Rhodes Before the Raid Committee," "Rhodes and the Matabele Rebellion," "Events After the Rebellion," "The Trans-African Railway Schemes," "Before the (Boer) War," "Rhodes Besieged in Kimberly," and "Rhodes' Gift to the Liberal Party." The appendix contains copies of the agreement signed by Lobengula with the imperial government, Lobengula's concession to Messrs. Rudd, Maguire and Thompson, the charter of the British South Africa Company, a map of Rhodesia and an index. The illustrations include portraits of Rhodes as boy and man, of Groot Schuur, his African home (published in the April "National"), Table Mountain from the grounds of Groot Schuur, Colonel F. W. Rhodes, brother of Cecil, and the house where both were born.

It is worth remembering that the man who crushed the Boer republics was born on July 5, 1853, just three months after the British government had definitely decided to abandon the sovereignty of the Orange Free State, and about eighteen months after Great Britain had recognized the full independence of the Transvaal Republic. The infant squirming in his long clothes when these pacts were signed was des-

tined to upset the plans of governments and to re-order the career of a continent.

It is a curious fact, in view of the enormous cost at which Britain has latterly determined to keep open her pathway to the north from Capetown, that only a little while ago Rhodes was almost alone among English statesmen in recognizing the importance of keeping the northern highway open. It was he who fought Kruger in the dark and in the open, organizing, arming, always preparing for the blow that he knew was one day to be struck.

Amid the rush of events here recorded, in which Rhodes was always a chief figure, we are offered glimpses of the man himself, giving a key to his motives, his character, and the purposes that animated him. Having neither wife nor child, he was free to devote himself to the service of the Empire, and he did so. A new revelation of the singleness of this purpose is given in the cable dispatch, published since his death, in which it is stated that nearly all his enormous fortune was bequeathed to the cause of popular education, throughout the entire British Empire.

Mr. Rhodes has been likened to Kaiser Wilhelm. The two men greatly admired each other, and it is elsewhere recorded that Wilhelm once expressed a fervent wish that he might have a colonizing lieutenant of the quality of Mr. Rhodes.

The one great mistake of his career—putting aside the suggestion that the greatest mistake of any man's career is to ignore or defy the sentiment of human brotherhood—was made when he under rated the fighting power of the Boers. Only the bulldog quality of the British people, their ungrudging outlay of life and treasure in support of the war which Rhodes brought on, saved the "empire-builder" from passing out of life amid the ruins of a disastrous defeat of all his plans. He has been called an adventurer; but no man of equal achievements less deserved this epithet.

But, after all, the differences of opinion concerning Cecil Rhodes are based on differences in fundamental convictions. The thing to do is to know the man and his work, as nearly as we can, to look at it from his point of view as well as from our own, and to remember that, however merciless his methods may have seemed, he worked not for himself, but for the best interests of mankind as he understood them. Mr. Hensman's biography is the first adequate review of Rhodes' career that has been published. The Harpers have printed it on heavy paper, in large, clear type, and have dressed it handsomely in leather, making it a volume of genuine excellence.

Frank Putnam.

CLARENCE HAWKES, THE BLIND POET OF HADLEY, MASS.

Mr. Hawkes contributed a group of children's stories to the March "National," and his story, "The Country Doctor," leads the fiction in this number. He is the author of a charming collection of poems, "Idylls of New England."

The Speckled Trout Book

WITH its covers in semblance of birch bark, its delightful photographic and sketched illustrations, and its general air of bookish elegance, "The Speckled Brook Trout," from R. H. Russell, New York, may surely be awarded the crown as the most beautiful publication of the Spring. *Salvelinus Fontanelis*, could he realize the honors which have been paid him in this book, would feel doubly assured of his kingship among the finny tribes. The editor, Louis Rhead, says in his Preface:

"The first object of this work is to supply general information on the *Salvelinus Fontanelis*. It is hoped that it will also prove of interest to amateurs as well as to expert anglers, who will add it to their list of books to take on trips to read and re-read at odd times — not too bulky or crowded with technical terms or matters of little interest to the average fisherman who is interested in angling only as a sport or pleasure and change from the activity of city life and business cares."

The chapter themes are: "Baptism of the Brook Trout," a charming poem by Charles Hallock; "General Description of the Brook Trout," also by Mr. Hallock; "Big Trout of the Nepigon, Lake Edward, Lake Batiscan, etc.," by E. T. D. Chambers; "The Habits of the Trout," by Wm. C. Harris; "The Old Adirondacks," by Charles Hallock; "The New Adirondacks;" "An Angler's Notes on the Beaverkill," by Benjamin Kent; "Winged Enemies of Brook Trout," by J. Annin, Jr.; "Trout Propagation," by A. Nelson Cheney; "Some Notes on Cooking Brook Trout," by Louis Rhead; "Along a Trout Stream," by L. F. Brown.

There are scores of illustrations and decorations, rich with the atmosphere of wood and stream. The general style of the text is chatty, discursive, authoritative. It will double the joy of every trout fisher, and discount the disappointment of the fisherman who finds himself cut off from his favorite diversion.

Martin Murray

LOUISA M. ALCOTT, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.

Librarians report that the works of Miss Alcott still are in greater demand than those of any other writer for the children. The child who has not read "Little Men" and "Little Women" has a great treat in store.

Some of the New Books

"THE LIFE OF JOHN RUSKIN," by W. G. Collingwood. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, publishers, 425 pages. $2 net.

"THE POLITICAL FRESHMAN, 1902," by Bushrod Washington James. The Bushrod Library, 1717 Green Street, Philadelphia. 560 pages.

"HEZEKIAH'S WIVES," by Lillie Hamilton French. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. 116 pages. 85 cents, net.

"ROCKHAVEN," by Charles Clark Munn. A swift and attractive novel, bidding strongly for a place near the head of the best of "best-selling books." Lee, Shepard & Co., Boston. 384 pages. $1.50.

"STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS," a biography, by W. G. Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. 141 pages. 65 cents net.

"THE SPECKLED BROOK TROUT," edited by Louis Rhead. R. H. Russell, New York.

"CECIL RHODES; A STUDY OF A CAREER," by Howard Hensman. Harper & Brothers, New York. 382 pages. $5 net.

"THE SON OF A FIDDLER," by Jeanette Lee. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. 286 pages. $1.50 net.

"SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAINE," a biography, by H. D. Sedgwick, Jr. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. 126 pages. 65 cents net.

"THE CLOISTERING OF URSULA," novel. By Clinton Scollard. $1.50. L. C. Page & Co., Boston, publishers.

HARBOR SCENE IN ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK

The River and City of St. John, N. B.

By A. M. BELDING

THERE is a river in the Canadian province of New Brunswick which for scenic loveliness has few rivals in America. Having its sources far up in the interior, and receiving small tributaries from the state of Maine and the province of Quebec as well as from New Brunswick, it flows in ever growing volume through a rarely fertile and lovely country, until at the city of St. John its waters are poured into the Bay of Fundy. It is the St. John river, and its total length is about 450 miles.

As yet the region is not over-run by tourists, nor has the iron hand of industry and commerce robbed it of its idyllic charm. It is therefore, a constant source of pleasure to the visitor who is weary of the noise of cities and seeks the consolation of a closer contact with nature. The illustrations accompanying this article convey but inadequately an impression of the beauty of the river. The people who dwell along its banks are of the same sturdy stock as the settlers of the New England states. They are a thrifty class, distinct from and yet having much in common with their New England neighbors, and they are the dispensers of a kindly, old-fashioned hospitality which is very gratifying to the heart of the stranger.

The annual summer tour for change of scene, with the accompanying rest and recreation, has become so much a part of American life that to the transportation companies and the proprietors of favored resorts it presents a very important economic aspect. The individual or family, or touring party, is

perhaps less concerned about it from that point of view, the chief difficulty in their case being a choice of routes. But the movement eastward has been steadily growing in volume, and now reaches down (or up) more and more each year into the Canadian provinces.

Whoever goes "down East," and returns without having sailed on the St. John river between the city of St. John and Fredericton, has missed what nine out of ten would regard as the most pleasurable experience of such a tour. The distance between the two cities is about eighty-five miles and is traversed by excellent passenger steamers.

By a singular freak of nature the river at its very mouth presents a phenomenon that has not a counterpart anywhere in the world. The steamers do not sail right up the river from the harbor into which it empties, but from wharves at the extreme north end of the city. There the river, after passing through a narrow channel between lofty bluffs, broadens out into a lovely basin, but narrows again and flows through the rocky gorge shown in our illustration of the bridges by which it is spanned. At the head of this gorge, just above the bridges, a ledge of rocks rises toward the surface. If the stream above and the harbor below were always at the same tide level, vessels of light draught could go up and down, but the tide in St. John harbor has a rise and fall of twenty to twenty-five feet. When the tide is out of the harbor the river pours its waters down over the ledges and through the gorge with terrific force. When the tide returns, it rises a little higher than the level of the river, and there is a slight fall in the opposite direction. This reversing fall, which is produced twice in every twenty-four hours, is a never failing source of interest and wonder, and it is now proposed to harness the enormous power to produce electrical energy. From a small pavilion erected for the purpose, just above the bridges, visitors, after a pleasant carriage ride from the city, may enjoy the spectacle of the falls at their leisure. A notable fact is that while no craft can pass the falls in safety at either high or low tide, they are able to do so without difficulty at about half tide.

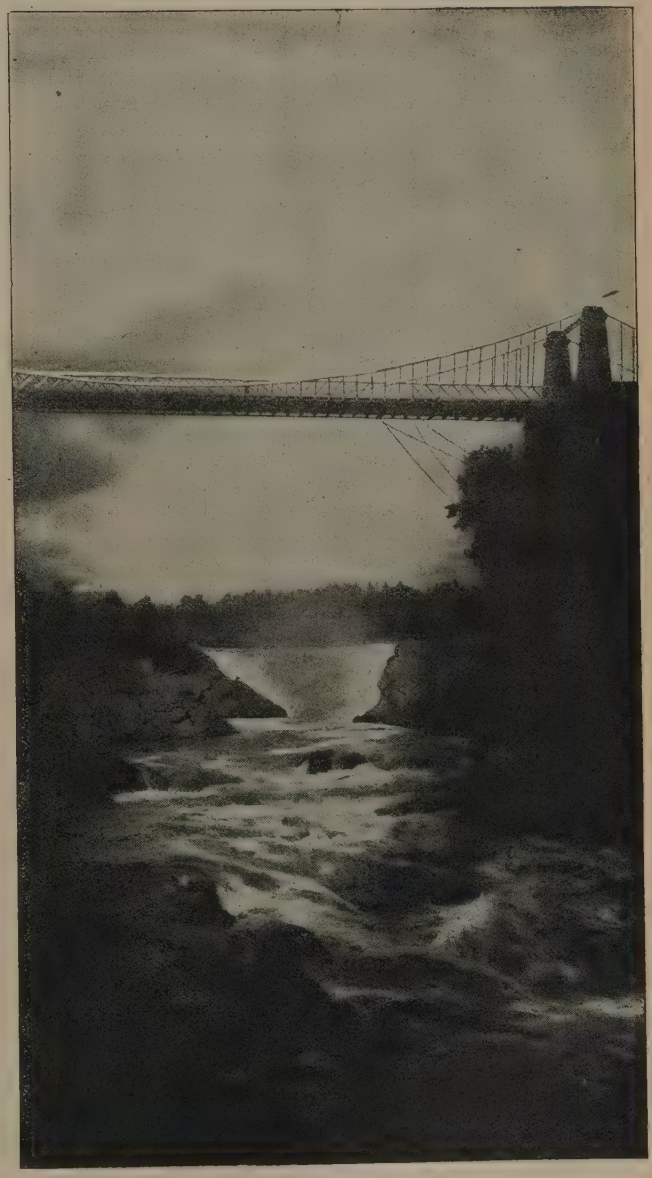
Leaving the wharves above the falls, the passenger on the steamer bound for Fredericton is first attracted by bold headlands, thrusting themselves into the stream, lending an extremely picturesque effect. A few miles up, the river broadens on one side into Grand Bay, and on the other receives the waters of a large tributary, the Kennebeccasis; and the tourist sees a magnificent sheet of water extending for nine miles. On the shore of the Kennebeccasis, though not visible from the steamer, unless it be one traversing that stream, are the club house and headquarters of the Royal Kennebeccasis Yacht Club. For they have enthusiastic yachtsmen on the St. John, and the club's chaplain is a well known Brooklyn preacher. Each summer they have a club cruise to Fredericton with perhaps side excursions into one or another of the three lovely lakes which are tributary to the river. There is always a Sunday spent at some beautiful spot, with an open air service, to which the people of the country side flock in large numbers. It is an interesting incident of river life.

All along the way from St. John to Fredericton the aspect of the river and country is continually changing. The bluffs disappear, the hills recede, lovely little islands come into view, pretty villages are seen, and smiling farms; and in all the landscape there is that luring charm of beauty and restfulness which contrasts so forcibly with the strenuous life of the towns and cities from which the tourist has been glad to flee for a season.

There is just enough of life on the

river itself to add a quaint interest to the general picture. Here and there a small yacht or pleasure boat is passed or a tiny steamer is seen towing a great raft of spruce logs, some of which were cut perhaps in Quebec province and some in the Maine woods. Another little steamer is towing a long line of scows, laden with deals cut in a mill near Fredericton. A schooner drifts placidly along with perhaps not a cap full of wind in her dingy sails, bearing coal from the Queens County mines to the city forges. A small boat is seen ahead, almost in the track of the steamer. It has put out into mid stream with passengers and baggage, or a little produce. The steamer slackens speed, an expert deck hand catches the bow of the boat with a long boat hook, and in a twinkling passengers and freight are bundled on board. Other passengers perhaps clamber into the boat, which is quickly cast off and the steamer proceeds. At the wharves where she stops, there is always something quaint and interesting, if it be only the exchange of badinage between the crew and the shore folk. The whole journey is full of enjoyment, and is rounded out by the pleasure experienced in Fredericton, a cathedral town, the seat of the provincial government and the home of a university and a normal school, and having also a military school and other institutions. It is a town of level, elm shaded streets, with charming rural drives, a glorious view from the summit of the hills behind it, and at its feet the

GRAND FALLS OF THE ST. JOHN RIVER



splendid river, nearly half a mile wide, on which boating and canoeing are delightful pastimes. Both railway and traffic bridges span the river at Fredericton. Except in the early spring, steamers do not go above this point, but the river valley is very beautiful all the way up to the Grand Falls, which are second only to Niagara among cataracts on this side of the continent. It may be remarked incidentally that the upper waters of the St. John and its tributaries are famous for their trout and salmon fishing, which is annually enjoyed by wealthy American sportsmen.

Not the St. John river alone, great as are its attractive features, but the whole province of New Brunswick delights the summer visitor. Lying between Maine and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, it is washed on the south by the tides of the Bay of Fundy, made famous by Longfellow, and whose great variation is one of the remarkable features of a region that is full of pleasing surprises to one who visits it for the first time.

The climate of the province is one of its most engaging attributes, for it is rarely hot, even at mid day, and the nights are always cool, so that the visitor who has been in search of a land where sleep is not denied is here satisfied. In the city of St. John, at the mouth of the beautiful river and on the shore of the bay, the temperature seldom rises to eighty degrees, and the cool, health giving breezes from the water are such a welcome relief from the constant heat of cities farther south, that the first impression of the tourist is certain to be favorable, apart altogether from the fact that excellent hotels are at his service, and that the city is a centre from which he can make a series of delightful excursions, adding the sport of the angler to the pleasure of the tourist.

St. John is a handsome city, which, aside from the climate and the river, has attractions of its own, and to these adds the pleasure of sea bathing, alluring

THE FAMOUS REVERSING FALLS AT ST. JOHN, N. B.: THE TIDE RUNNING OUT

drives in rural neighborhoods, trout fishing in near-by lakes and streams, and the fascination of the ships. For the harbor is filled with shipping, both steam and sailing craft, most of them loading lumber for ports as widely separate as Boston, New York, Liverpool, the Mediterranean, Sydney in Australia, and Cape Town in South Africa. St. John is the Atlantic terminus of the great Canadian Pacific railway, and both this line and the Intercolonial have wharves and grain elevators on the water front; for St. John is also the chief winter port of Canada, and in the latter season has a very large export trade in all the products of the great west.

ON THE RIVER ST. JOHN: A GLIMPSE OF PASTORAL BEAUTY.

The province of New Brunswick is so intersected by railways that no where is the tourist far removed from the convenience of mail and telegraph service; yet no where is he conscious of the ever lasting rush and worry that are characteristic of the life in American cities. Once arrived in the province, there is a complete change of environment, of the kind that makes for rest and enjoyment. Whether it be along the coast of bay or gulf, or on the inland rivers, the St. John, Miramichi and Restigouche, all famous for their fishing, the effect is the same. The visitor finds a new and interesting field for observation and a new source of pleasure, with all that is necessary to make a summer sojourn something to be enjoyed and gratefully remembered. The city of St. John is only two hours sail on a Clyde built steamer from Digby, N. S., the gateway of the Land of Evangeline, traversed by the splendidly equipped Dominion Atlantic railway. Prince Edward Island is also easily reached by rail and steamer; for there is no other place so central as St. John from which to branch out on tours of the three maritime provinces.

At the recent Sportsman's Show in Boston a very attractive feature was the fish and game exhibit from New Brunswick. The province derives consider-

able revenue from sportsmen, who go there in the proper season to hunt moose, caribou, deer and bears, or to whip the streams and lakes for trout and salmon. The fame of the province as a resort for sportsmen is well established, and Americans from as far away as Chicago and St. Louis roam the woods with their guides in the hunting season.

The province is within easy reach of Boston and all New England points. From Boston an eighteen hours run over the Boston & Maine, Maine Central and Canadian Pacific railways brings the passenger to St. John; and the journey may also be made five days in the week by one or the other of the handsome steamers of the International S. S. Co., which runs during the summer months a direct service, as well as one via Portland, Lubec and Eastport. There is a Tourist Bureau in St. John, and the secretary of the Tourist Association, Mr. Charles D. Shaw, lends a willing ear to all inquiries for information concerning the city or province.

MARTELLO TOWER, ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK

BIRTH

GOD thought: —
A million blazing worlds were wrought!

God will'd: —
Earth rose, while all Creation thrill'd!

God spoke;
And in The Garden love awoke!

God smiled: —
Lo! in the mother's arms, a child!

BOSTON

Frederic Lawrence Knowles

The City of Wilkes-Barre

By EUGENE T. GIERING

NATURE has contrived to make the city of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., one of the most attractive places scenically, and one of the most important industrially, in the East. It is situated in the famed valley of Wyoming, a name which stands out so prominently in connection with those stirring times that engaged the attention of the colonials near the close of the eighteenth century.

The vale of Wyoming, in which rests the city, is noted not only for its historical associations but for its natural beauty as well. For twenty miles it runs north and south, walled by verdure clad hills on either side, its bosom studded with flourishing municipalities and winding through it the picturesque Susquehanna river.

Although Wilkes-Barre itself has a population of 52,000, in round numbers, the figures are misleading and place too low an estimate upon the importance of the place commercially and industrially. While the city proper has that many inhabitants, there are connected with it a number of large and prosperous boroughs, under separate municipal government but practically a part of the city proper, as in some cases the dividing line cannot be distinguished. Adding the population of these, which pour their trade into the city, we have a community of about 120,000 people.

CITY HALL, WILKES-BARRE

In the centre of the anthracite coal region, Wilkes-Barre's importance in an industrial sense cannot be over estimated. Pennsylvanian anthracite is mined in a region less than a hundred miles long by ten or twenty in width, and in a prosperous year fifty or sixty million tons of the "black diamonds" will be taken from the under ground workings. Years ago Wilkes-Barre was almost entirely dependent upon this industry, but times have changed and the industries attracted here by reason of its cheap fuel and many other advantages, have caused a marked metamorphosis and the city is no longer designated as a coal town. While the huge breakers in which the coal is prepared for market may still be seen on the hill sides and in the suburbs, and while the "culm dumps," containing the refuse from the coal, form great embankments by the breakers to give an idea of the vast tunnel dug under ground, the stacks of many other industries rise into the air and tell of thousands employed in factory and work shop.

Cheap coal is Wilkes-Barre's great advantage. While other industries away from the coal regions must pay the middleman's profit and the cost of railroad transportation, which amounts to a couple of dollars a ton a hundred miles from Wilkes-Barre, the local industries have the coal at their very doors

and the only cost is that paid at the mine.

A number of manufacturing establishments within the past fifteen years have been removed bodily to Wilkes-Barre from other places on account of the cheapness of fuel and splendid transportation facilities and are increasing their capacities from time to time. Among these is the Sheldon Axle Works, the largest axle manufacturing plant in the country. Wilkes-Barre also has the second largest wire rope works in the country, the Hazard, which manufactures everything in that line from the most delicate copper wire to the stoutest street car or mine cable. Within the past twenty years the city has become the seat of an extensive lace curtain manufacturing industry. The first plant of the kind to be established in this country is located here and the buildings cover many acres of ground, the output being thousands of pairs of curtains a year. This, together with a second plant more recently established, which is also growing to immense proportions, is cutting very effectively into the English exports to this country. Then there are numerous other industries which cannot be

HOTEL STERLING, WILKES-BARRE

mentioned here, all prosperous — silk mills, iron works, furniture factories, etc.

Few cities have such transportation facilities as Wilkes-Barre has, it having the advantages of seven railroad lines—the Lehigh Valley; Central Railroad of New Jersey; Delaware & Hudson; Delaware, Lackawanna & Western; Wilkes-Barre & Eastern; Pennsylvania; Erie & Wyoming Valley. It is 147 miles from New York City and 145 from Philadelphia.

The City has not had a mushroom growth. What has been added to it has remained. There is no disposition to grasp at everything that comes in sight. While a distinctive feature of the enterprising Board of Trade and leading business men is conservatism, it is conservatism only in so far as it protects the public credit, a spirit which eventually resolves itself into progress, since investment in local industries are made upon a basis that has some guaranty upon which to rest.

The visitor to Wilkes-Barre will find much to admire. The idea many people have of the "mining town" from reading of such communities is entirely dispelled here. It is one of the most beautiful as well as most substantial cities of the East, and its councils have expended and are expending thousands upon thousands of dollars in municipal works. Along the entire length of the city stretches the beautiful Susquehanna, a park studded with shade trees forming its eastern border. This park during the warm days of the summer is a breathing spot for the people. A sea wall at a cost of over a quarter of a million of dollars is about to be erected along the edge of the park, and other notable improvements are to be made.

Along the park and on adjoining avenues and streets are palatial homes, more than in many cities much larger. They represent a wealth and refinement that have always been characteristic of the people of the community.

The country homes of many wealthy residents are situated on the bordering hills overlooking the valley, and pleasant places they are. Boulevards of red

shale stretch by easy grades over the mountains into virgin pine forests, by waterfalls and garden spots, taking in a few hours the man of business from the heat of the city to the very heart of nature. Twelve miles from the city is the largest body of water in the state of Pennsylvania—Shawanese lake—twelve miles in circumference, and it is surrounded by many beautiful cottages, while its hotels are the summer mecca for people far and near.

Wilkes-Barre has a public library of 40,000 volumes, established and endowed through the munificence of one of its citizens, Isaac Osterhout, who left an estate of half a million dollars for this purpose. There is an Historical and Geological Society which has a valuable museum.

As showing the substantial character of the city it may be stated that there are twenty-eight miles of paved streets, much of the pave being asphalt; many miles of sewers, and over four hundred electric arc lights. The total property valuation of the city proper in 1901, as assessed for purposes of taxation, was $37,000,000, while the public debt and the tax rate are among the lowest in the state, wise and economical municipal administration having kept the taxes so low that there never has been any complaint. The public schools have challenged the admiration of educators from abroad, and beside these there are prosperous academies, seminaries and girls' schools. No city of the union surpasses Wilkes-Barre in educational advantages. There are sixty-four churches, some of them most imposing structures architecturally.

The prosperous nature of the community may be noted in the largeness of its business houses, rivaling those of much greater cities. There are several department stores that employ a couple of hundred people each, and they occupy buildings of unique architecture, there having been a commendable spirit of rivalry in this respect. The traction system is one of the sources of pride of the Wyoming valley. The electric lines radiate into every community within fifteen miles of the city and connect with other systems, making a network fifty miles long. The service is of the best and the equipment the most modern.

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, WILKES-BARRE

Much of Wilkes-Barre's success is due to the progressive management of its traction system.

The healthfulness of the city is shown by the fact that in 1901 there was a death rate of only 15.2 per cent, making it the second healthiest city of the state, a percentage much lower than the average. Its paved streets and excellent sewerage are in a measure responsible for this.

The city will continue to expand in the future as it has in the past. All that is needed in the way of fuel and transportation is within the reach of the hand. Nature has done much for the community, and it only remains for the manufacturer to take advantage of what she has so generously bestowed. While Wilkes-Barre will continue to grow industrially, its confines will continue to be the home not only of great manufacturing enterprises, but of a people environed with an atmosphere of refinement, combining the wealth of the purse with those riches of mind and heart that have made her people from the first a community intelligent and high-toned.

ENGINEER KEMPTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT CHEPO, ON THE ISTHMUS

The Mandingo, a Sea Level Canal

By CHARLES H. SPENCER,

Business Manager of the American Isthmus Ship Canal Company

NEARLY four hundred years ago the Spaniard, toiling painfully through the swamps, through the forests, over the mountains, now on foot, now on horseback, developing with his pack mules the commerce that should make his country the mistress of the world, dreamed of a water way across the Isthmus of Darien, made partial surveys at several locations, and passed into history leaving for other times and other men, the task his era could not master.

To-day the modern American who does not dream, but acts, has undertaken to solve the problem, the greatest remaining unsolved of those which condition the world's commerce.

To describe the endless procession of adventurers who followed where Balboa led, when the sixteenth century was young, and Gil Gonzales de Avila and Machuka conceived the first idea of an Isthmian canal; to continue the description to the time when the nineteenth century had passed its prime and Kelly, Rude, McDougal and Foreman laid the foundation upon which Serrell and his associates have projected the Mandingo line in this twentieth century's infancy, is not our purpose. Suffice it to say that the long discussion begun when no white man had yet set foot upon the Island of Manhattan, is about to end. The people of the United States as represented in the national legislature is about to say the last word.

The many routes which have been from time to time considered may be divided into two groups: First, sea level tide water canals; second, canals depending upon impounded rain water, with locks and tide gates.

No one who has considered this subject could for a moment hesitate between the two classes named, were there no other factors in the problem.

To depend upon rain water impounded by dams in a country where

every rain storm is almost a cloud burst, and is therefore a grave danger to the dam which is expected to contain it, would be deplorable. To operate great ships through tortuous channels, to lift them up and down by gigantic locks would be indeed a pitiful solution for twentieth century science to offer to a problem so long discussed and so vitally important.

It would seem most astonishing that men of scientific eminence should propose such a course unless there were no other way, and practically it has until now been held that there was no other way.

Both the preliminary and full reports of the existing Canal Commission briefly describe certain sea level lines only to eliminate them from the discussion. Their shorter journey, their perfect natural harbors, their sea level, and the enormous advantages of such qualities are admitted, and yet it will be seen that the Commission preferred the Nicaraguan and Panama locations notwithstanding their grave faults, their complicated system of locks and tide gates, dams and lakes, their enormous cost both as to construction and operation, because the sea level routes involved each of them a tunnel.

We hold no brief for any of the sea level lines which the Isthmian Canal Commission rejected. That these lines contain curves, that they are in valley locations, are sufficient reasons for our rejecting them also. We are of opinion, however, that with all its faults, the Darien route described by the Commission would be better in the end than any canal with locks and tide gates, dams and lakes, even though it should cost the enormous sum which the Commission names. We maintain that a sea level canal, and a sea level canal alone, is the solution of the Isthmian problem, and even if it were necessary to expend an additional hundred million dollars to obtain a sea level canal, we would advocate it.

A prominent senator of the United States has lately said: "I have been familiar with this problem for forty years, and to-day I would prefer a sea level canal to one with locks and tide gates, even though the increased cost were $150,000,000."

We have said that a sea level canal is the only correct solution of the Isthmian problem. For years we have been endeavoring to discover the best route for a sea level canal, and we have discovered it. We feel confident that had we discovered it and perfected it sooner, it would have been the only line considered. But unfortunately it was not until the Commission had made up its full report that we were able to say that we had this line; that it was not only practical and feasible, but also the final answer to the Isthmian problem.

The Mandingo canal as now studied and described by our chief of engineers, General Edward W. Serrell, runs from a point in the Gulf of San Blas almost due south to a point opposite the Pearl Islands, very nearly through the centre of a strip of land twelve miles wide from ocean to ocean, now being acquired.

The following are some of its merits:

First—Its length is but 29½ miles.

Second—It is a perfectly straight line from ocean to ocean.

Third—It possesses perfect natural harbors, large enough and deep enough for commerce.

Fourth—It has no locks nor tide gates, nor dams, but is essentially a part of the water system of the world where shipping can pass without hindrance or delay.

Fifth—It does not depend upon impounded water with all the contingencies involved in such dependence, but becomes on the contrary, from the moment of its completion, a portion of the ocean.

Sixth—It can be constructed ready for

operation in not more than three years.

Seventh—Its cost of construction will not exceed $100,000,000, and its cost of operation will be nominal.

Eighth—Its capacity under all conditions of tide and weather allows the passage of 288 ships per day one mile apart.

Ninth—Electric trolleys will tow shipping through the canal with certainty, regularity and safety.

Tenth—The time of transit for steamships under their own steam in the open cut and by trolley through the tunnel, will be three and one-half hours; for ships not using their own motive power, the time by trolley towage will be five hours.

Eleventh—Sailing ships, which are practically impossible by other routes, go through this as easily as steamers and as cheaply, thus providing for the enormous traffic in timber, grain and coal by sailing ships.

Twelfth—The distance to and from all South Pacific ports is shorter and the time needed less. To all North Pacific and insular ports the certainty and rapidity of transit will give a time advantage which more than balances its slight disadvantages in distance.

Finally—The Mandingo Canal asks no money from the treasury of the United States. It proposes to give to the commerce of the world ideal transit from ocean to ocean at a moderate and just price, and to the government of the United States, in exchange for the guarantee of its bonds, free transit for one hundred years for the national ships.

The accompanying tabular statement shows the superiority of the Mandingo line to the Nicaragua and Panama, and the enclosed map serves to locate the Mandingo line.

There can be no doubt that this line would be adopted now with enthusiasm were it not that the objection which in the past justly forbade the tunnel is still adhered to by some authorities, notably by the Isthmian Canal Commission, but it will be observed that while their proposed route differs from ours in the open cut, ours being straight, theirs being curved, theirs in valley locations, ours not, their tunnel also differs from ours in size, design and construction, and perhaps in the material to be removed. Such a tunnel as is figured by the Commission might well be an objectionable feature.

It is, while too narrow for two ships to pass, wider than need be for one ship to go through. It is lined five feet deep with concrete at an enormous expense, and is figured to cost $22,500,000 per mile, or not far short of $100,000,000 in all, being more rather than less than the entire cost of our canal.

Our tunnel, on the other hand, 95 feet wide in the single way and 180 feet wide in the double way and 202 feet high, gives ample accommodation for the largest ships, and will cost not to exceed $36,000,000 for its entire length of a little less than five miles.

Again, whether the rock through which the Commission's Darien tunnel must be dug would require lining or not, we do not know—but as to the rock through which the Mandingo tunnel would run, we have invaluable information. Our survey shows that it is primitive rock, mostly granite; that it is granite on the surface we have positive proof, while geologists, without exception, tell us that under granite there is only granite.

And finally, Prof. C. W. Kempton has been for some time carrying on an investigation on the ground, and cable advices received from him confirm our contention that we have to deal with solid rock, and a government geological map recently received from Bogota is confirmatory of all these statements.

Granite, then, being the material we have to deal with, the question of lining is one of minor importance and slight cost.

But certain critics deny the completeness of our information on this subject, and claim (while admitting that they have no real knowledge) that the material to be encountered is volcanic ashes, and insist that the tunnel must be lined at an enormous expense, while in such a formation it is uncertain whether a tunnel could be constructed successfully and economically. In view of our confidence in the kind of material to be found, it scarcely seems necessary to discuss this objection, but as it has been widespread, and as it is the only weapon which our critics have remaining, it is perhaps as well to dispose of it, which is easily done. We quote extracts from the report of our chief engineer on this subject:

"You ask for a report in reference to the construction of the tunnel, if it should be found that there is anywhere upon the line of the excavation rotten rock. It is quite probable that in the very best granite formation there may be found some slips, faults, slides, or something that the miners call a 'vugg', while it has been said that we are all wrong in our statement that we have to do with solid rock, some people going so far as to say that this portion of the Cordilleras is a mass of volcanic ashes. In view of all these considerations I have planned a form of lining which permits the excavation of any sort of a vugg, even a mass of rotten rock as large as the whole section of the tunnel. This lining will be made of steel, the pieces uniform in size and shape, sufficiently large for stability and small enough to easily go down the shafts. They will be carried from place to place by hanging trolleys, and be put up and built one on the other, without any staging. They will be so shaped that they will lock together, and can be bolted without any fitting on the ground, and then backed with concrete and faced with very strong hydraulic mortar to protect the metal against rust.

"I have found it to be best to put in a lower heading as well as an upper heading in order to save time in the construction, the lower heading will provide means for working a lining upward rather than downward. Every part is arched against the pressure, and all the compositions and resolutions of the forces have been determined, and complete provision made to resist the greatest strains with the least weight.

"Thus, you will readily see that if rock were found so rotten as to require the lining described, that the plan affords a lining so inexpensive that it might be nearly or quite offset by the saving in the cost of the excavation itself."

All the arguments of our opponents are directed against our tunnel, and, as is often the case, if they prove anything at all, they prove too much and end in a *reductio ad absurdum*, since if their objections to our tunnel are valid, the same objections apply to all tunnels, and engineers should apply themselves to the invention of a system of locks and tide gates and dams to carry railroad trains over mountains, and to the invention of flying machines instead of tunnels for passing the North River and the East River at New York.

We boldly compare our tunnel as an engineering problem with the locks, the dams, the tide gates, the lakes of the Panama and the Nicaragua routes, and we insist that our tunnel presents no such engineering difficulties as these locks and dams and tide gates and lakes. No such uncertainty as to the cost of construction, and no such uncertainty as to the time to be consumed in the construction, and we point out the stupendous importance of the fact that while the tunnel results in a sea level canal, the proposed engineering works of Panama and Nicaragua result only in dams and lakes and locks.

In other words, the tunnel gives us the ocean waters of the world. Their dams and lakes and locks give them only the chance of catching rain water and saving it.

If, then, the tunnel were very much more expensive to construct and maintain, if its engineering difficulties were very much greater, it must still be the

inevitable choice. But when it is remembered that the tunnel costs less to build than the locks and dams, that when built its maintenance is certain and at little cost, while the maintenance of dams and locks is enormously costly and not certainly possible, it is difficult to see how the discussion can be maintained.

It has been said that our proposed line is an imaginary one, that any one could take a pencil and draw a straight line across the Isthmus of Darien and call it a canal route; that our surveys are old, incomplete and inaccurate. The answer is, that any one could say this who possessed the necessary ignorance, both of the subject and of the author of the line, and whose mind was sufficiently closed.

The fact is, that the Mandingo route is the result of many years of careful study by Brevet Brigadier General E. W. Serrell, U. S. A., who has been identified, within the knowledge of the public, with so many engineering triumphs and who has been familiar with the Isthmian problem from the time when he helped to make the Panama railroad possible in 1849. He made his studies from sufficient data acquired on the ground by competent engineers, many years ago, it is true, but the rocks and the soil, the general topography, do not change, have not changed, and the field books and other data accumulated by the engineers of 1864 give a sufficiently wide lateral information to justify the line produced. Time and again these studies have been exhibited to eminent engineers and scientists and have been approved by them without exception. The following are some of the letters we have received on the subject:

—

Alfred E. Phillips,
Consulting Engineer,
407 Thirty-Third Street,
Chicago, Ill.

July 14, 1901.

My Dear Sir: I have carefully examined the plans and profiles of the "Mandingo Route" for a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama, and I see no reason to question the feasibility of the project, from an engineering standpoint. The tunnel which must be excavated through about five and one-half miles of the route, while of unusual proportions, should with modern methods and machinery, offer no serious obstacle to the construction of the canal if, as seems to be the case, the material is granite.

On the other hand, the route seems to

A GLIMPSE OF CHEPO, AN ISTHMIAN TOWN, FROM THE HOUSE OF THE PRIEST

offer several advantages over other proposed routes; it is short, can be readily fortified in case of necessity, and the fact of its being a direct water way from ocean to ocean without artificial construction such as dams, locks, etc., will permit of carrying a much greater tonnage.

Yours very truly,

ALFRED E. PHILLIPS,
Professor Civil Engineering
Armour Institute of Technology

—

Chicago, Ill., June 6, 1901.

My Dear General: I had hoped to have seen you in New York during the coming week, but my plans have had to undergo a change to meet the requirements of my work here.

I have found all that you told me and showed me of the "Darien Mandingo project" most interesting food for thought, and the more thought feeds upon it the stronger grows my conviction of its practicability and desirability.

Yours very truly,

ISHAM RANDOLPH

—

29 Broadway, New York City,
April 4, 1901.

Dear Sir: We have made a careful study of the surveys and plans of all the trans-isthmian routes, and the Darien-Mandingo route certainly offers great advantages over any other. It combines a sea level canal, shortest route, straight line, and good terminal harbors.

The objection which has been brought against it is the fact that its plan includes a tunnel, about seven miles long. In view of the present conditions in engineering practice, this objection, which was valid a few years ago, no longer holds.

The canal tunnel is a problem of *magnitude*, not of *difficulty*.

The detail of methods for quick disposal of the broken material presents the principal line for study, and resolves itself into comparison of several devices or maybe their combination.

The shafts which are proposed to be sunk during the construction of the tunnel, will act as so many high draft ventilating chimneys and there seems to be no reason to anticipate any difficulty with its general ventilation.

Yours truly,

C. W. KEMPTON,
Kempton & McCoy, M. E.

THE TRANS-ISTHMIAN CANAL

In the following I am relying upon the accuracy of the statements furnished me in the reports of engineers and of General Serrell, concerning the harbors, the length of the canal and tunnel, and the nature of the rock to be met with. I have not myself examined the location, nor have I personal knowledge of the facts, though I have very great confidence in the statements of Mr. Sweet, the engineer who made the surveys, and of General Serrell, who has called my attention to the enterprise.

The Serrell or Mandingo-Darien route for the Isthmian Canal offers the following advantages over any other route proposed that are so universally admitted as to need no argument:

1. It has at each end a good harbor (an advantage it has over the Nicaraguan route).

2. It is a straight line and the shortest distance between the oceans.

3. It is a sea level canal, the advantage of which fact is enormous and almost incalculable, and should have very great weight in arriving at any decision as to routes.

The chief difficulty suggested in the construction and operation of the Darien-Mandingo canal is the fact that it is proposed to make some seven miles of it as a tunnel through a mountain. It is stated, however, that the mountain is composed of syenitic granite, one of the most homogeneous and resisting of rocks and one in which great mining difficulties such as occur through ground difficult to hold, or quicksands (such as the drills are reported to have found on the proposed sea level canal at Panama) are least likely to occur.

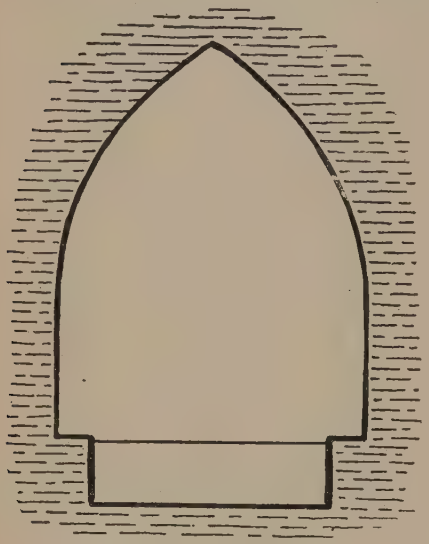
As a mining problem the cutting of a tunnel of 100 or even 180 feet wide, and of 200 feet in height through firm syenitic granite offers no great practical or engineering difficulty. The sides and arch would, of course, be cut with channeling machines, and would in general be as firm as a masonry wall or arch. The width of the canal water way is stated to be 95 feet and 180 feet at turnouts. I assume the cross section would be something like the annexed rough sketch.

The width of the excavation and arch might well be less than the water way, for vessels yards trimmed fore and aft, as

they would be in the canal, would occupy much less space than the beam of a ship.

The span of the tunnel arch would therefore, be much less than half that of the arches of the Pennsylvania depot at

CROSS SECTION OF THE CANAL TUNNEL



Jersey City, which are about 250 feet span, and much less than the arch of the dome of the Capitol at Washington, which is 133½ feet diameter and 180 feet high, and about one-half the very flat stone arch of the Cabin John bridge at Washington, D. C., which is 220 feet span, and would only be about one-fifth of the span of the steel arch bridge at St. Louis, which is 519 feet.

With present methods and appliances for driving tunnels, the work of excavating the whole section in benches could be accomplished about as rapidly as the heading tunnel could be driven, and we have plenty of examples of driving headings or mining tunnels through hard rock at the rate of 400 feet per month.

It is said that the ground admits of working from two intermediate shafts as well as from the two ends of the tunnel, thus making six working places, though it is not to be expected that the advance on the shaft headlines and their benches would be as rapid as those from the open ends of the tunnel. The working time for piercing the tunnel might well be less than three years, allowing in this for such delays and hindrances as might naturally be expected in a work of this kind. Even making large allowance for unforseen difficulties (and some are sure to occur) the entire work should be completed in less than one half the time (ten years) allowed by the Commission for the completion of the Nicaragua Canal.

In an engineering sense there are no insuperable and even no very great difficulties in cutting and maintaining a ship canal tunnel of the stated dimensions and under the conditions given, and I assume that in ground requiring artificial support in places steel ribs or masonry will be constructed.

The question of the permanent ventilation of the tunnel will require careful consideration, but experience has solved the problem on a somewhat smaller scale, and shows that it may be successfully handled in this case. The work of driving the tunnel will present such advangates in protection of the workmen from the influences of the climate that the excavation will proceed more rapidly and more cheaply than if it were made in the open cut. There are no rivers to control where the canal is open, as in the Panama route, and no heavy dams to build as in the Nicaragua canal. It seems to me that the manifest advantages this route offers in certain respects, render it well worth the most careful attention before any decision is arrived at in regard to the initiation of this great work, the most important in its influence on the commerce of this country and the greatest engineering enterprise of this age.

R. P. ROTHWELL,
Mining and Civil Engineer,
Editor "Engineering and Mining Journal."

Washington, D. C., Jan. 14, 1902.

Dear Sir: I have carefully considered the questions which you brought before me relating to the construction of the Isthmian Canal on the sea level route which you designate as the "Darien-Mandingo" location. Many months ago you submitted for my inspection when you visited Chicago, the data which you have gathered together bearing upon this project, such as original field books, maps, profiles and tunnel sections. Basing my conclusions upon what you then showed me, I most unhesitatingly

recognized the practicability of the construction features of the project and so advised you. The note books containing the results of the surveys, in my judgment, bore internal evidence of authenticity, and this was confirmed by a letter from an engineer now living who took part in the surveys. The vital question affecting the practicability of the construction of a tunnel of the heroic proportions of the one now under consideration, namely, the character of the material through which it is to be driven, you answer satisfactorily on evidence which you consider reliable, when you say it is granite. I need not take up the manifest advantages of an inter-oceanic canal without locks, for the *obvious* need not be dwelt upon. I have examined the maps, plans, studies and estimates which you laid before me to-day, and I recognize the feasibility of all that you propose. The gothic section for the tunnel seems to me an admirable departure from the semi-circular arch heretofore considered. Basing my views upon my observations and knowledge acquired in building the Chicago Sanitary and Ship Canal, and upon years of active work in railroad construction prior to taking charge of said canal, I believe that a tunnel of this magnitude can be excavated at a cost not in excess of two (2) dollars per cubic yard, and that the earth excavations outside of the tunnel can be excavated for, not to exceed thirty (30) cents and the rock for, not to exceed, ninety (90) cents. I believe that I can organize a body of the ablest contractors to be found in the United States who will do the work for these prices. As to the time required for doing the work, our experience was that the excavation of rock was the least difficult problem encountered upon the Sanitary canal. After a section was equipped with our improved machinery the work, to use the words of one of our ablest contractors, "moved on time card." The rate of progress could be predetermined and lived up to. I see no reason why this work should not be so planned that the project could be completed three years after the installation had been effected.

Your truly,

ISHAM RANDOLPH

149 Broadway, New York City,
January 13, 1902

My Dear Sir: In regard to your desire for an expression of an opinion from me of your proposed route for a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, I beg to say as follows:

After a most careful examination of your maps and plans I consider it the most practical route at present submitted. It is thoroughly practical and presents no engineering difficulties that cannot be overcome by any engineer of practical experience in tunnel construction. I say this as an engineer that has had a large experience with tunnels in the past forty years, although none was of the magnitude of the one proposed by you.

There is no doubt that it can be maintained at a minimum cost, it being practically a tide water canal, without locks or other what I will call obstructions, which are always expensive to maintain and a source of delay in the passage of vessels, without taking into consideration the large staff required to attend to the locks.

In regard to the advantages in using this canal in the transit of vessels, I have always considered thirty ships a day the maximum that could be taken through the Panama or Nicaraguan canals, owing to the long distance and the number of locks to be gone through. With your proposed route, considering the short route without locks and your mode of transit, I think your capacity will be nearly three hundred (300) vessels per day, which will cause a proportional decrease in the cost of operation.

Now, with regard to the cost in the construction, you have certainly adopted the safe side for an engineer and kept your estimate high. You are certainly high in your prices for material throughout, and while I have never done any work in Central or South America, I have had a large experience in this country, Europe and India, and from my experience in those countries I cannot help but think that your figures are thirty per cent higher than will be found necessary in carrying out the work.

I am, my dear sir, respectfully yours,

E. LeM. HOARE,
Formerly Major Royal Engineers

—

Syracuse, N. Y., Feb. 26, 1902

General Edward W. Serrell, Washington, D. C.,

My Dear General: In reply to your favor of February 20, informing me that

the Senate Committee on Inter-oceanic Canals may request my presence in Washington in order that the results of my surveys, etc., of the San Blas, or "tunnel," route over the Isthmus may be made known to its members, I have only to say that it will be quite impossible for me to spare the time necessary to journey to the national capital and return. I have, therefore, concluded that a written communication, as you suggested, would answer every purpose, so far as my personal observations on the Isthmus are concerned, and from the large amount of data, newspaper clippings, special reports, etc., now in my possession I have derived the following facts, which I trust you may find of use. As you will doubtless notice, I have said practically nothing regarding the dimensions, cost and certain other features of the proposed canal, for such can scarcely be required; but have confined myself to the relation of ascertained facts that could only have been acquired by actual observation on the spot. Practically all of what follows has been derived from my original report.

It was on February 3, 1864, that, under engagement by Frederick M. Kelley, Cyrus Butler and Luke T. Merrill, promoters of the San Blas or "tunnel" route, I landed on the Isthmus of Panama and proceeded to make suitable surveys and to study closely the geological formation of the entire region. From reliable official sources I learned that in the Gulf of San Blas the tides do not exceed two feet from ebb to flow; also that the mean half tides of the two oceans are on the same level.

According to Captain Kellett, the highest rise of the tides is at Panama, 22 feet. With the proper astronomical deduction the lowest rise and fall that may happen at the time of the spring tides is equal to 12 65-100 feet. The width of the Bayano river at its mouth is about three miles, and it is 900 feet wide at the divergence of the canal, where the river trends to the east; and at the head of tide, 28 miles from the coast by the Bayano, 300 feet in width.

The summit of the Cordilleras I found to be 1,500 feet above the level of the sea, and from these data the following plan for the construction of the canal was adopted:

First—On the right bank of the Bayano, 10 161-1000 miles from its mouth, a tidal lock is to be constructed, with duplicate gates for the purpose of locking up or down into the canal from the river, as may be necessary by the state of the tide.

Second—A dam with sufficient flood gates should be built across said river above the mouth of the canal, by which the water surface of the canal can be maintained at all times at the level of ordinary high tides in the river.

Third—A feeder, 1,500 feet in length, to extend from the river above the dam to the canal north of the lock. The feeder to have proper bulkhead gates, to supply the canal with water from the upper Bayano at low tides. The 18 miles of river, from the dam to the head of the tide, comprises what may be termed a reservoir, which can be filled twice in 24 hours from the flood tide. The quantity of water derived from this source would be largely in excess of that required for canal purposes, and the supply, furthermore, would be constant and unfailing.

Fourth—The canal to extend across the Isthmus by means of a tunnel through the dividing ridge of the Cordilleras and to terminate at San Blas with a lock of eight feet fall. It is also proposed to cut through the "Great Bend" (as it is generally known) made by the Bayano river, seven miles from its mouth, thus saving a distance of three and one-half miles and several sharp curves, the prevalence of which latter is one of the gravest objections to the proposed inter-oceanic waterway by the Lake Nicaragua route. The Mamoni river, which our line of survey crosses, is to be diverted and brought into the Bayano below the lock and near the apex of the "great bend." The south or Pacific end is 8 996-1000 miles from the Gulf of San Blas. The total distance, therefore, from Chepillo Island, in the Panama Bay, to the Gulf of San Blas, is 30 30-100 miles.

From the above it will be seen that the proposed route presents no such problem regarding the maintenance of a water supply as is found at Panama, where the Chagres river, with its violent and uncontrollable floods, is an obstacle not absolutely insurmountable, to be sure, but certainly most difficult to restrain and utilize as it should be.

As regards the geological formation of the Cordilleran ridge, through which the proposed tunnel would pass, it is com-

posed of quartzite and granite, indicating a character so stable and durable that no lining is required. The dip of the rock on the south or Pacific side of the Cordilleras is 33 degrees in a southerly direction, and on the north, or Atlantic side, I found it to vary from 20 degrees to 30 degrees in a northerly direction. On the plains of Madrono, near the Mamoni river, I found that the granite crops out at an elevation of 550 feet above the sea level, and at 600 feet it is again covered by the trappean formation.

The direction of the dip seems to be favorable for intercepting the granite in the tunnel after passing through the quartzite which overlies it. The ledges of rock which spread seaward from the face of the walls of the City of Panama, are formed of numberless strata of mangrove petrifications and have a general dip of about 30 degrees to the southeast. The several strata of lime formation in the Pearl Islands, in the Bay of Panama, have a dip toward the south and with about the same angle. Under Chepillo Island the seaward dip looks to the south.

Taking, therefore, all these well ascertained facts into consideration, one might be inclined to believe that the great Bay of Panama was formerly dry land, which by the heaving up of the Isthmus in some former age has in its turn been submerged.

My party, among other things, obtained some fifty specimens of wood of different varieties and brought them home. Our attention was directed more particularly to the kinds adapted for mechanical uses, and the samples have been pronounced suitable for construction. The timber is exceedingly plentiful in this part of the Isthmus and is found growing principally upon the unoccupied public lands. There is also an abundance of stone, and many varieties are all that can be desired for constructive work upon the proposed trans-Isthmian waterway.

Of late it has been suggested that an independent canal can be constructed along the bank of the Bayano river in a straight line from Panama Bay to the Gulf of San Blas without any tidal lock or dam, as at first proposed. After much thought on this subject I am of the opinion that the plan is feasible, for the reason that the difference in the height of the tides of the two oceans would not interfere with navigation through the canal. I may also add that my observations of the Bayano river led me to believe that the mouth of the Mamoni river, a tributary of the Bayano, would be the most suitable point to leave the river for the canal.

Such, my dear General, appear to me to be the chief matters of importance relating to this great project, but should you desire any further information that is in my power to give, I hope that you will not hesitate to inform me to that effect.

Trusting that you will meet with every success in this magnificent undertaking, I am

Yours very truly,

C. A. Sweet

—

Opinion of Joseph Nimmo, Jr., on the American Inter-Oceanic Canal Question.

I have not in the slightest degree changed my views as to the small commercial value of an American inter-oceanic canal, but I have been too busy of late to write upon the subject. I have no objection to stating my opinion as to the relative merits of the three projects named, from the engineering or economic point of view. The Darien route, known also as the San Blas and as the Mandingo route, is by far superior to either the Nicaragua or the Panama route. This is evident from common sense points of view:

First—The San Blas route is the only sea level proposition. That gives it immense advantages over either of the other two routes. DeLesseps was perfectly correct at the beginning in saying that only a sea level canal is worthy of consideration.

Second—The San Blas is a perfectly straight route. That is a point of superiority barely second to that of a sea level canal. The matter of passing great ships through a narrow waterway with a large amount of curvature except at a snail's pace, is serious business. The Panama route involves 584 degrees of curvature, and the absurd Nicaragua route has about 2,800 degrees of curvature.

The third point of superiority of the San Blas route is that it is the shortest route. The lengths of the three routes as stated are: San Blas, 29 miles; Panama, 49.09 miles, and Nicaragua, 183.66 miles.

A further point of superiority for the

San Blas from the engineering point of view is that it crosses no water way or line of drainage. The other two routes abound in culverts and bridges under the canal, and dams to sustain the water levels—all sources of difficulty and of danger for all time.

A fifth point of superiority of the San Blas route is excellent harbors at either end.

The objection heretofore urged to the San Blas route is that it involves a tunnel of a little over four miles. But there is no more valid objection to a ship tunnel than to a railroad tunnel, of which we have hundreds in this country. Tunnel excavation on so large a scale will cost very little more than of an open cut.

At the request of my old friend, General Serrell, I have carefully examined all his plans and maps at the Arlington Hotel. The first fifteen years of my business life was spent in acquiring and practicing the engineering profession. I served under General Serrell as civil engineer, he being chief engineer, in the fifties on a railroad in Iowa, when there was not a bar of railroad track laid in that glorious state.

General Serrell is president of a board of consulting engineers on the San Blas route. He is one of the most eminent and distinguished civil engineers in the world. His opinion upon the engineering features of the project, having regard alike to his character and to his professional skill, to my mind constitutes the very highest proof of the practicability and the vast superiority of the San Blas to either the Panama or the Nicaragua projects.

JOSEPH NIMMO, Jr.

—

There are two important facts that must be borne in mind. First, the Isthmian Canal Commission estimates that it will cost $189,000,000 to build the Nicaraguan canal, and to this must be added whatever recognition should be given to the claims of the Maritime Canal Company, said to be $33,000,000, and the cost of the property on the line of the canal, which is said to have been bought up by speculators; and the Isthmian Canal Commission estimates that it will cost about $180,000,000 to complete the Panama Canal, including the $40,000,000 to be paid for the work already done by the latter.

These figures are nebulous. The testimony before the Senate Committee shows that the eminent engineers testifying as to the cost of these two lines differ widely, while the other elements of cost no man can safely predict at this date.

The position of the Mandingo canal is based not upon the estimates of engineers, but upon the statements of contractors who are willing to build the canal within the estimates and to give satisfactory bonds to that effect.

Second—There is no difference of opinion between engineers and contractors as to the fact that the Mandingo tunnel is feasible and practicable. It can be built with machinery now on the market and in successful operation. It includes no new engineering problems, and requires no new mechanical devices, while once completed its permanent maintenance presents no difficulty and scarcely any expense. On the other hand, the dams of the Panama and Nicaragua lines present engineering problems of stupendous magnitude and enormous cost of construction, while their maintenance under the conditions prevailing in their locations must always be difficult, expensive and uncertain.

We have discussed the problem of canal construction, and now call attention to a radical difference in the value of the proposed routes in actual use, which of itself should be sufficient to drive Panama and Nicaragua from the field, if there were no other reason.

The proposed Nicaragua and Panama canals afford no safe nor economical transit for sailing ships. The Mandingo canal, by means of its electric trolley towage, gives transit for sailing ships equally with steamers. By means of the Mandingo canal the American many-

masted schooner immediately becomes the greatest carrier of international heavy freight in the world. The problem of the revival of American shipping is solved, a nursery of seamanship created, which will give to the United States navy forever the best seamen in the world. The effect upon the ship yards of the country, upon the miners, upon the merchants, upon the farmers, upon the lumbermen, is absolutely incalculable. Every American citizen should most carefully consider this fact. We will not elaborate it here but refer the reader to the appendix, in which he will find two reports by Captain Ira Harris as follows:

First, a report upon the timber trade, transmitted as it will be seen to Senator Mitchell of Oregon, a member of the Inter-oceanic Canal Commission of the Senate, on our behalf.

Second, a report compiled more recently upon the coal trade.

The startling fact will, therefore, appear that while the initial tonnage of the canal proposed by the Isthmian Canal Commission is 7,000,000 tons, our estimate of the initial tonnage of the Mandingo canal is 20,000,000 tons, and we maintain that our estimate is better supported than theirs.

A fact of great importance should be noted in regard to the time of transit through the canal. It is very doubtful whether ships could be taken through the Panama canal except in daylight, while it is practically certain that they could not be taken through Nicaragua by night. Therefore, the time consumed in transit at Panama should be called twelve hours of daylight, and at Nicaragua thirty-three hours of daylight, which might mean the actual expenditure of almost two days for Panama and never less than three days for Nicaragua, since in that climate twelve hours is the limit of daylight. Ships will be taken through the Mandingo canal in five hours by day or night, it being perfectly straight and lighted throughout by electricity.

The question, then, as between the Mandingo canal and its competitors has been fairly stated.

"Nothing," says Horace Greeley, "ultimately resists an economy." Our late lamented president, informed of the progress we had been making and of our hope of reaching the result now achieved, strongly urged forward our endeavor, and in that marvellous address at Buffalo on September 5, 1901, a legacy which the American people will ever prize, he used this remarkable language:

"We must build the Isthmian canal which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico."

Will any man dare to say that a canal like that of Nicaragua or Panama, with hundreds of degrees of curvature, with locks and tide gates, depending upon impounded rain water, fulfills these conditions? Are such canals to be described as uniting the two oceans, or as a straight line of water communication?

That the Congress of the United States should decide to build either the Panama or the Nicaragua canal in the face of the facts and opinions stated above, can hardly be believed. Such a decision is inconsistent with the history of the foremost legislative body in the world.

We have now discussed the question of constructing and operating the several canals proposed, but there is another question. Who shall build the Isthmian Canal? Shall it be built and operated by the United States government, or shall it be built by private enterprise? We strongly advocate the latter.

It is fiercely contended that the government of the United States should manage, control and own the Isthmian canal, that such has been the decision of the American people, that it has been imbedded in all party platforms time and again, and that the press has been

practically unanimous in its support. These statements are probably true. But it would be profitable to inquire first, how did such a sentiment arise? Second, in view of all the facts now known, should such a sentiment commend itself to the American people?

The first question is readily answered. The Panama Canal Company, led by

LOOKING DOWN THE MAMONI RIVER, AT THE POINT WHERE THE LINE OF THE CANAL CROSSES

those who had but recently succeeded at Suez, attempted to build an Isthmian canal at Panama and failed. The Maritime Canal Company and the Interoceanic Canal Company successively undertook to build a canal at Nicaragua, and by prodigious efforts interested public sentiment in their favor. They, too, failed. The conclusion from these experiences that private enterprise could not be trusted to solve this problem was natural, and so far as the Panama and Nicaragua routes are concerned, we readily concede that it was just.

The second question admits of a difference of opinion, but we do not doubt that when it has been carefully weighed and the facts recently brought to light examined, the American people will be quick to recognize the error.

First—We claim that it is the experience of governments generally and of the United States in particular, that commercial undertakings, even though national in character, are best promoted by private enterprise. The number of illustrations which could be brought forward would be tiresome. We will confine ourselves to two: *a*. The experience of nations who have in recent years built numerous war ships has led each in turn, having tried the experiment of building in national ship yards, to revert to the policy of contracting for their ships with private parties.

b. The United States government undertook the business of transporting

its soldiers to and from Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. One by one these experiments have been abandoned because the work could be done better and more cheaply by private enterprise.

Second—That the corporations which tried to build canals at Panama and Nicaragua failed was not because private enterprise was not the better way, but because, first, of well known errors in the management of these corporations, and second, of the inherent, and we had almost said insuperable, difficulties which characterize those routes.

Our undertaking as described above, perfect as it is in result, is insignificant in cost when compared with its competitors. The objection to private enterprise founded upon their failure is an argument for and not against our success.

Third—It is beyond question the experience everywhere and always that government work costs more when done by the government itself than by private contract.

Fourth—There is an interesting question for constitutional lawyers in regard to the "ownership, control and management" of the United States, should the government of the United States elect to build a canal on the Panama or Nicaragua location. That is the question of sovereignty. How is the United States to obtain sovereignty over the territory through which the canal runs? The cession of sovereignty is, we are informed, in terms forbidden by the constitutions of the Central American republics; therefore a condition precedent to any sovereignty of the United States would be a constitutional amendment in Colombia or in Nicaragua and Costa Rica. That such amendments are possible is no doubt true: that they are probable, is a matter of grave doubt.

Should such sovereignty be obtained after long delay and great difficulty, there come the expensive and vexatious delays incident to sovereignty under such circumstances. Would control be in the hands of the War Department, or must a civil government be set up? It is unnecessary to continue the subject. Enough has been said, we think, to make the United States hesitate to accept sovereignty, even if it could be had. As a matter of course, the idea of the United States building this canal without sovereignty is out of the question. The difficult problem of sovereignty is immediately disposed of when the canal shall be built by the private corporation which we advocate.

The recent negotiations with the Republics of Colombia, Nicaragua and Costa Rica are but slight indications of what would follow an attempt at government ownership, control and management of an Isthmian canal.

Finally, the Congress of the United States is in effect trustee of the money raised from the American people by taxation. It is a sacred trust and it is a matter of national pride that it is in safe hands.

Whether, on the one hand, the Congress of the United States shall spend hundreds of millions of dollars of the public money, raised by taxation of the people, upon a water way across the Isthmus with dams and locks, or, on the other hand, shall authorize a private corporation to build a sea level canal without taking one cent of money from the public treasury, is the question at issue. There can be little doubt of the answer. There can be little doubt that Congress will accept our proposition and that instructed public opinion will support them therein.

But, it may be said, while you propose to take no money from the public treasury, you ask the government to guarantee your bonds in principal and interest. Is not that indirectly much the same thing? Yes and no. Our proposition provides that in case we default in our work at any time, or at any time fail to receive

the approval of the Secretary of War, the President of the United States may, by executive order and without foreclosure proceedings, take possession of our property and finish our canal. Therefore, if we succeed in our enterprise, the United States government pays nothing whatever, but receives free transit through our canal during the life time of the bonds, and if we fail the government takes possession and completes our line and then has a sea level canal costing $100,000,000 at most.

Such is the Mandingo canal. At the end of nearly four hundred years of effort and of study the question which Balboa first asked, Serrell has finally answered. No question is ever settled until it is settled right. Should Panama or Nicaragua be chosen it would be but a choice of evils. The Mandingo line must still be built, and every dollar covered by the shifting sands of the San Juan, and every dollar swept away by the surging floods of the Chagres, will be wasted; and sadder still, every victim of the poisoned atmosphere of both will have died in vain, and long before these enterprises have exhausted the patience of the American people and been abandoned, the Mandingo canal will be serving the commerce of the world.

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The Arlington, Washington, D. C.
March 12, 1902

Hon. John H. Mitchell, United States Senate:

Dear Senator: I transmit herewith a paper prepared partly with the object of more fully answering some unofficial questions asked me by Senator Morgan.

The apparent intention of Congress to build a canal which can only be used by steamers, and of such limited capacity as to make the charges necessarily excessive, has caused me to extend the line of thought Senator Morgan suggested.

The interests of the state you represent are, I honestly believe, heavily involved in this matter, and I trust you will present it to the Committee. By doing so you will put me, and the company which employs me, under great obligations.

Very respectfully,
IRA HARRIS,
Late Lieut.-Comdr. U. S. N.
Late Marine Supt. Army Transport Service

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The Relations of the Isthmian Canal Question to the Timber Industry of the North Pacific States and the Shipping and Ship Building Business of the Northeastern States.

In the State of Oregon there is standing about 230 billion feet of timber. In Washington about 200 billion feet. The major portion of this timber in Oregon and nine-tenths of it in Washington is found to be westward of the Cascade mountains, and is easily brought to the seaports. Sixty per cent of the timber west of the Cascade range is red or yellow fir. There is, therefore, at least 200 billion feet of this splendid timber near to coast shipping points. For single stick topmasts of square rigged vessels, and the masts of fore and afters, no timber equals this fir or Oregon pine as it is generally called. The sugar pine is not so strong for its weight nor as straight grained. Sticks of sugar pine are now rarely found of suitable dimensions for masts and Georgia pine is used for want of better. Decking is growing more and more expensive, grades are laid which our fathers would have rejected and there are more butts than before in every new deck. From Oregon and Washington clear, straight grained decking, free from sap, can be had in any lengths desired. A new field for this timber is for sheathing the bottoms of steel ships. For this purpose long lengths are peculiarly desirable, as it is in the opening of the butts that the danger lies. Two government vessels are now being sheathed with Oregon pine. The demand for long lengths and large sections in dimension timber is not falling off, but the supply in the Eastern states is decreasing and prices are advancing.

Clear cedar for building small boats has become so scarce and expensive in Eastern boat yards that its use has been almost abandoned and cypress and white pine have taken its place. About one-sixth of the timber in Oregon and Washington is Alaska cedar. It is not so

handsome as Eastern cedar, but it is light, strong and very durable. If it could be brought to our Eastern coast at reasonable rates it would rapidly replace white pine and cypress, not only in the boat building, but for many other purposes.

On the northern coast of California there is standing five billion feet of redwood. That this wood, so beautiful, so easily worked, so durable, and of such dimensions, would replace pine in Eastern markets if cheap transportation could be had, is perfectly obvious. There is, therefore, accessible to the sea ports of California, Oregon, and Washington 300 billion feet of fir, cedar and redwood, not to speak of hemlock and spruce, which would find a ready sale if brought to our Eastern market.

Second—The construction of wooden ships was once the pride of our northeastern states. It reached its high tide in 1855, when 1,781 sailing vessels, of a gross tonnage of 510,690 tons, were documented, and its lowest ebb in 1895, when only 397 sailing vessels, with a gross tonnage of 34,900 tons, were built. If anything can be done to revive this industry it would benefit not only the ship builders, but the country at large, for there were no finer man-of-wars men than the men who make and man a "down East schooner." Recently very large four and six masted schooners have appeared and brought large returns to their owners. They are largely engaged in carrying coal. In no other class of vessels is the cost of wages per ton per mile so low. The largest schooner pays best. They use steam to handle sails, anchors and cargo, and some have a small auxiliary engine to carry them through a calm belt or to get in or out of port. In 1901, twenty-two of these schooners were built, of which twenty, having an average tonnage of 1,903 tons, were built in Maine. If these vessels had profitable return cargoes they could not be built fast enough.

From Norfolk, or the other coal shipping ports of the Atlantic seaboard, to San Francisco by way of Cape Horn is, for a sailing vessel, approximately 14,000 miles, but it is a rough and dangerous voyage, especially for a heavily laden collier. Extra hands would be necessary and insurance rates would be high. From the same ports by way of the Isthmian canal is less than half that distance, and no such stormy weather is likely to be encountered as that which is so frequently met off the Cape. If, therefore, a canal can be made which can be utilized by sailing vessels, the big six-masted schooners will be built with bow ports to take in long lengths of timber, and will carry coal from the Atlantic seaboard to the Central American and Pacific ports, bringing back the timber of Washington, Oregon and California. In this trade these ships would be protected from foreign competition, as they would sail from an American port to an American port, and even those that carried the timber to England or Europe would have the benefit of the coastwise return cargoes.

Third—Neither the Panama nor the Nicaragua Canal can be used profitably by sailing vessels, except under very exceptional circumstances. It is very seldom that anything but steamers pass through the Suez Canal. In 1900, 3,441 steamers passed through the Suez canal, paying $17,490,356 transit charges, which is an average of $5,083 each. If to this is added the cost of towing the entire length of the canal it will be evident that such freights as coal and timber could not stand the expense.

On leaving the harbor of Panama the ships bound up the coast must bear slightly to the eastward of south for seven or eight miles, and then steer about south until the small islands of Otoque and Bona are passed. The current sets to the westward. No wind, except the land and sea breezes, can be depended upon until south of latitude eight degrees and it would therefore be unsafe for a sailing ship to cast off her tugs until south of Nona, or thirty miles from Panama. This would make the towing distance via Panama canal approximately that of the Suez canal. The Suez canal is very much straighter than the Panama and its banks are sand or mud, and when the five locks up and five down are considered, and it is remembered that the enormous daily maintenance cost has to be distributed on only about twenty ships it will need no further argument to prove that the transit charges through Panama would be prohibitive to sailing vessels. What has been said about Panama applies equally to the Nicaraguan canal, except as to towing out to sea, but the greater length of the Nicaraguan canal balances that and the passage

cannot be made as cheaply as at Suez.

Fourth—The Mandingo canal can be profitably used by sailing ships. With no locks, dams or tidal gates to maintain, the maintenance charges would be limited to the electric towage, electric lighting and inspection. The difference in tidal flow would flush the canal, and as ships would not use their own power there would be no deposits of ashes to be cleaned out. The Mandingo river has a drop of over 500 feet, and would probably furnish at small cost all the electric power required. The cost of maintenance ought not be more than ten per cent of that of the Panama canal; and, as its capacity is at least ten times as great, the expense will be divided not among twenty ships a day, but among a number which no one can now estimate, but which might easily be a hundred and which certainly would increase yearly. While future business cannot be estimated it would be conservative to count on one per cent of the standing timber of the three kinds considered being transported yearly. That would make 2,143 loads for the big schooners mentioned above and this, with the return passages, would be between eleven and twelve passing daily. The towage south for an offing need not be more than a few miles if any at the Mandingo southern terminus, for there are no dangers to the westward until the same islands are reached that lie south of Panama and a short distance from the canal end lie the Pearl islands, extending about ten miles south and cutting off the westerly current. The time and cost of transit by the Mandingo route would be the same for sailing vessels and steamers, as both would be trolleyed from sea to sea. The country opened up by this canal would afford a market for much light freight going to and from both coasts, so that sailing vessels carrying coal or timber could carry partial light cargoes to and from the canal ports. The harbor on the north side is the Gulf of San Blas, protected from northerly gales by a bold headland and by a chain of islands on the eastern side. This is the one fine harbor on the Atlantic Central American coast. It has water enough for any ship close to shore, good holding ground and room for the demands of a world's commerce.

To sum up—the timber field of the world is Oregon, Washington and California. This can be reached by sailing vessels of proper character and American build if an Isthmian canal is built which such vessels can afford to patronize.

If the foregoing is correct, and a conservative estimate of the coal and timber business between the two coasts is a dozen sailing vessels a day, then, when the enormous grain trade which would follow the opening of a canal for sailing ships is also considered, no one would dare to say what the business of the canal would be or what its effect upon the commerce of the country.

While perhaps the Panama canal might pass all the steamers that could afford to pay the heavy tolls, yet it could only do a small percentage of the business the Mandingo Company expects.

"There is No Raw Material Into the Value of Which the Cost of Transportation Enters in so Large a measure as Coal"

—O. P. AUSTIN, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics.

Production of Coal—The world's output of coal in 1900 was 844,680,413 tons, of which the United States produced 269,881,827 tons. Until 1899 Great Britain led the world in the production of coal, but in that year the United States exceeded Great Britain by 6,458,783 tons, and in 1900 increased this lead to 15,000,000 tons, producing 50,000,000 tons more than in 1898. In 32 years the United States has increased her output 750 per cent, Great Britain 120 per cent, and the world 283 per cent.

In 1868 Great Britain produced over 50 per cent of the world's coal and the United States 14.35 per cent of it. In 1900 Great Britain produced 30 per cent and the United States 32 per cent of the total output.

From this it will be seen that the United States produces now over one-third of the total and is relatively gaining, while Great Britain is relatively losing ground.

Consumption of Coal—Since the year 1891 the consumption of coal has been greater in the United States than in any other nation. In 1868 we consumed 100,272,000 tons, or 1.75 tons per capita, and in 1899, 226,883,000 tons, or 2.98 tons per capita. If this ratio continues as in the last five years, the consumption per capita will be 3.55 tons in 1905.

This consumption per capita exceeds that of any nation except Great Britain, whose per capita consumption in 1897 was 3.87 tons. The consumption of coal in the United States has increased relatively to the population as 12 to 7, and the production has increased relatively faster than the consumption.

Movements of Coal—In Europe, Great Britain, Germany and Belgium produce annually about 60,000,000 tons more than they now consume. Russia, Sweden, France, Italy, Austro-Hungary and Spain consume about 20,000,000 tons more than they produce, leaving now 40,000,000 tons to be exported.

British coal is still found all over the world. It is the standard of steam coal. It is the main source of Great Britain's power.

The rapid increase of the United States coal trade affects the commerce and business of the world. The export of coal from the United States amounted to nothing a few years ago; now American anthracite is being shipped to France, Germany and Belgium. Arrangements are being consummated for handling American bituminous coal in several Italian ports. It is even proposed to invade Great Britain by establishing a depot for our coal in a certain harbor of South Ireland. The Russian government has been negotiating for a large amount of American coal for its navy. During the year 1900 Pocahontas coal was shipped to 37 foreign ports, including Cape Town, Algiers, Japan, Manila, Austria, Italy, Halifax, and Gibralter for the British navy, and the ports on both coasts of South America.

The opening of the Suez Canal has modified the movements of coal. There is a large and increasing demand for coal in Egypt. The ports of the Mediterranean and Red Sea, and the trade with Eastern Africa will undoubtedly require more than the 40,000,000 tons of the present surplus.

The question of supplying the West Indies and the north and east coasts of Mexico, Central and South America is easily answered. The rapid production of large wooden schooners, of which twenty were produced last year in Maine, is indicative of the course in that direction. The Spanish-American war demonstrated that these vessels, carrying about 3,000 tons of coal, could successfully compete with the typical tramp steamers which carry about the same.

South Africa will require a large amount of coal when the war there is over and the country is again open to development, and it is said that the Cecil Rhodes Company has already opened correspondence with American coal operators for a supply which may be carried in very large steamers designed for that special trade.

Japan doubled her production of coal in the last six years reported, but more than doubled her own consumption. She might, however, be counted on for 2,000,000 tons per year exportation. Naturally this would go to the neighboring countries of China and Korea.

Victoria, Queensland, New Zealand, South Australia and Tasmania all import more coal than they export, but New South Wales exports enough to balance these imports, and the British colonies can be neglected in the calculation of the Pacific.

The Philippine Islands have a large and growing demand for coal. At present the supply comes from the United States, Japan, Australia and Great Britain. There is still more British and Welsh coal in the Philippine Islands than there is Japanese or Australian, and more of these than American.

Siam, China and Cochin China are unknown factors in the coal problems. China may open up her great coal fields and produce more than she consumes. At present the coal in these ports is English, Welsh, Japanese and Australian mainly. Some is from the island of Formosa.

If a canal, such as is proposed by the American Isthmus Ship Canal Company, were opened and the charge for transporting a sailing vessel were $1.50 per ton of gross measurement, it would be about $1 per ton of coal in square rigged ships and a little less in schooners. Tramp steamers vary in carrying capacity relative to tonnage, but the average of all would be not far from $1 per ton coal freight.

A careful consideration of the foregoing will lead to these conclusions—when the canal from San Blas is opened:

1. The states of Washington, Oregon and California will get coal in American vessels, probably largely from the Gulf ports, Scranton, Miss., Mobile, Ala., and Pensacola, Fla., and the enormous deposits of splendid coal in Alabama

will be rapidly developed. These vessels would return laden with timber or grain. This trade would be protected and very profitable.

2. The Pacific ports of Mexico, Central America and South America would receive their coal also from the Atlantic and Gulf states. The trade would be open to the world. The ships going to Peru and Chili would bring back guano and phosphates. Mexican mining and manufacturing would be greatly benefitted for "coal is now more than ever the material energy of the country, the universal aid, the factor in everything we do." It is only the lack of cheap fuel of good quality which keeps back Western Mexico.

3. Hawaii will get her coal from the United States and the vessels, probably sailing vessels, will bring return cargoes of raw sugar to the Atlantic seaboard.

4. The Philippines will get most of their coal from the United States. Hemp from Manila will form some of the return cargoes.

5. There will be some coal sent to Siam, China and Cochin China. There may be more copra, matting, tea and general cargo return freights than will equal the coal demand, but the general cargoes with steel and machinery will probably equalize the business.

It is comparatively easy to state in general terms the effect of the opening of an Isthmian canal of such a character that sailing ships can use it to advantage, and of such capacity as to pass all that come; but one naturally hesitates before setting down in figures the terms of such a great and complicated commercial problem.

1. If the states of Washington, Oregon and California continue to increase as in the past five years, they will have a population in the year 1905 of 3,171,861. These, at the rate given above, should consume 11,260,107 tons of coal per annum. But these three states produced in 1900 4,109,071 tons of coal, leaving 7,151,035 tons to be imported. It is possible that the home product might be increased, but it is not probable, for the home product is lignite, which would not be used so extensively if good coal at a reasonable price were to be had. California now imports coal from British Columbia and elsewhere, but foreign importations would cease with the introduction of good and cheap coal from the Atlantic. Canada, as a whole, consumes more than she produces, and it is only the present high price that brings her coal to these states. None of the coal of the Pacific slope produces coke suitable for blast furnace use. If it is true that a coking coal is to be found near the Gulf of Mexico, a big trade will be developed by bringing it to this market, there to be coked and used. This would wonderfully advance iron and steel production. We estimate then, 7,000,000 tons or 2,333 cargoes of 3,000 tons each for these three states at once, with a probable rapidly increasing consumption.

2. The Pacific ports of Mexico, Central America and South America to the southern boundary of Chili would be the largest market for American coal. Half of the population of Mexico, Costa Rica, Nicaragua and Colombia, one-fourth of Honduras, and all of Ecuador, Peru and Chili can be reached by their Pacific ports, and these proportions of the populations amount to 16,770,199. There is no available data as to the consumption of coal in these countries. Mexico's mines and manufactures would be so developed as to make a large showing per capita. On the other hand, if Peru opened her mines, as seems likely to occur, she would produce more than she consumes.

The coaling of passing steamers is an important element in South American ports, and the consumption of coal in Colombia would be greatly increased by the coaling of steamers at the canal mouths.

It seems reasonable to estimate the consumption of coal in Mexico, in proportion to population, to be one-half as great as in the United States, and in all Central and South American countries only one-tenth as much. This gives a total consumption of 15,588,507 tons, or 5,196 cargoes of 3,000 tons each.

3. The exportation of sugar from Hawaii in 1899 was 272,685 tons of 2,000 pounds. The consumption of coal in that country will not be as great as this, but as the American sailing ships passing through the canal for this sugar would have coal for their staple outward freight, we can use this amount, which equals 91 cargoes.

4. It is too early to tell what the business in the Philippines will be when American enterprise controls it, and has

had opportunity to develop the immense resources of the islands. Coal will be only one of many items of commerce, but perhaps will be the largest item until the coal fields said to exist there are open. We are surely conservative in estimating one ship load of coal per day.

5. The returning freights will govern the shipment of coal to China, Cochin China, Siam and the East Indies. The questions are too complicated to admit of any exact estimate.

The Suez route is too expensive for sailing vessels. The cost of towage and tolls for a sailing vessel carrying 3,000 tons of coal and measuring 2,000 tons would be about $6,600, while through the San Blas canal it would be $3,000. This difference of $1.20 for freight more than offsets the 5,000 miles difference in distance between England and Hong Kong, or the 2,000 miles difference between England and Yokahoma, by the two routes. It is probable, therefore, that the Eastern trade via this canal may revive British sailing ship business and maintain that of France and the other countries in which it has not as yet fallen off.

This opens an immense question, but for the consideration of the coal trade by itself, two vessels a day would be a safe estimate for this field.

The aggregate of this coal trade, as estimated above, is 24,145,000 tons a year. This is only half of Great Britain's export of coal in 1897. It is but little in excess of the amount of coal handled in the two cities of Philadelphia and Chicago, and it is less than the present annual increase in America in coal consumption.

To those unfamiliar with the coal trade it may seem large, but a little consideration will show that this statement is conservative.

To carry this in cargoes of 3,000 tons would require 8,048 loads, which with the return cargoes would mean 44 vessels each day in the year.

The opening of a canal of such a character would divert the commerce of the world from its present channels, give new life to sailing ships, and advance American commerce both absolutely and relatively to that of other nations.

The data used in the above is largely obtained from the Bureau of Statistics, Bureau of Navigation, and U. S. Geological Survey. *IRA HARRIS*

On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher in the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

John Keats

TABULAR STATEMENT

Showing the Difference Between the Nicaragua, the Panama and the Mandingo Routes for an Isthmian Canal.

	MANDINGO.	PANAMA.	NICARAGUA.
Length of Canals.	29½ miles.	49.09 miles.	183.66 miles.
Curves and Courses.	The Mandingo is a perfectly straight line at the narrowest part of the Isthmus, and normal to the Coast.	771 degrees 39 minutes of curvature, 29 curves, in all 22.85 miles of curves. This curvature equals 46.54 per cent. of the entire length of route. The line crosses the Chagres river 28 times.	2339 degrees 50 minutes of curvature, 56 curves, in all 49.29 miles of curves. This curvature equals 26.83 per cent. of the entire length of route.
Terminal Harbors.	Perfect Natural Harbors at both ends, large enough and deep enough for the greatest demands of commerce.	Good harbor at Panama, but not so good at Colon, while at the latter place sailing vessels are often embarrassed by northers and at Panama by calms.	No harbor at all at either end. It would be necessary to make artificial harbors at an enormous expense, which, when made, would be costly and difficult to maintain.
Locks and Gates and Dams.	A sea level canal without locks or tide gates, essentially a portion of the ocean, where shipping can pass without hindrance or delay.	A complicated system of locks, with a total lift of 92 feet. Many dams of large extent and doubtful maintenance: Normal lift, 85 feet; maximum lift, 92 feet.	A complicated system of locks and tide gates, with a maximum lift of 112 feet. Many dams of large extent and doubtful maintenance.
Water Supply	The united waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.	Rain water impounded by dams in lakes with all the contingencies of deficient rain fall or excessive rain fall. The rains are so sudden and violent that construction of permanent and satisfactory basins must be a feat of the utmost doubt and difficulty.	The same difficulties exist at Nicaragua as at Panama, increased, however, by the greater length of the water way, demanding a greater supply of impounded water.

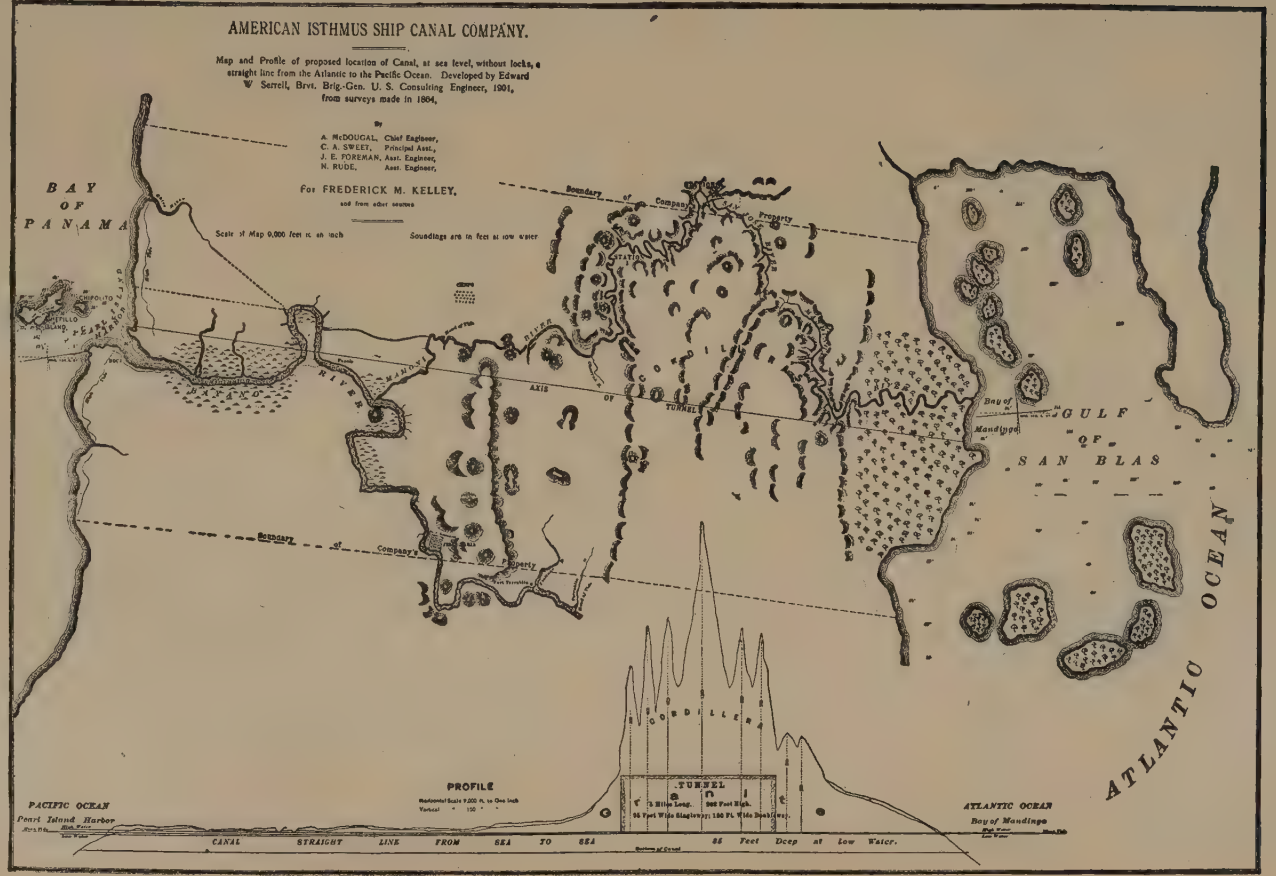
TABULAR STATEMENT—Continued.

Time of Construction.	Can be done in 3 years.	8 or 10 years.	As estimated by the Canal Commission, 8 years. By others, 15 to 20 years.
Capacity of Canals.	Under all conditions of tide and weather, 288 ships per day with a headway of one mile.	In both Panama and Nicaraguan canals, transit of any ships at all depends upon rain fall and success in saving it. If water be plenty and locks work perfectly, 24 to 26 ships per day might go through.	
Initial Tonnage.	20,000,000 tons, including timber, coal and grain schooners conservatively estimated from figures furnished by government departments.	For either Panama or Nicaragua canal, 7,000,000 tons. Sailing ships cannot go through these canals.	
Method of Transit.	Electric trolley controlling absolutely the movements of ships.	No method of propulsion being proposed for either of these canals, an expensive system of tug boats would seem to be required, or steamships by their own power.	
Time of Transit.	Five hours for sailing ships and others by trolley towage; exceptionally, steamers by their own power might go through in 3 hours, by day or night.	Uncertain—If there be enough water, and locks and machinery act properly, it is possible that the time named by the Commission, 11½ hours of daylight, may be realized, but for delay where towing is needed and for difficulty with locks, a liberal allowance should be made. M. Choron, Chief Engineer of the New Panama Canal Company, estimates fifteen hours as a minimum.	Most favorable conditions as to water supply and machinery might realize the estimate of 33 hours, but allowances must be made for detention at curves and for delay caused by imperfect action of locks, and the canal cannot be navigated at night, therefore 33 hours means 3 days.
Distance from Ports in the United States.	From all Atlantic and Gulf ports to all South Pacific ports a considerable gain, both as to distance and time. To all North Pacific and insular ports, a valuable gain in time.	Suffers but slightly in comparison with Mandingo if delay from water supply and uncertainty of locks be eliminated.	To South Pacific ports far behind both the others as to time and distance. To North Pacific ports an advantage in distance which is more than balanced by the difference in time of transit.

TABULAR STATEMENT—Continued.

Incidents of Traffic and Maintenance.	Transit presents no dangers of collision, on account of trolley control. Has little machinery to be deranged, and no delays from curvature or locks, therefore transit can be counted upon absolutely at any time.	No certainty of transit can be depended upon as to fact or time, since all machinery is liable to become deranged, and it is not improbable that the line will be impassable from this reason for greater or less periods. The expense of maintenance of machinery must be very great.	The same must be said of Nicaragua as of Panama, and to this must be added the expense and difficulty of maintaining the artificial harbors. Storms upon Lake Nicaragua are frequent.
Permanence of Water Way.	Constructed practically through primitive rock, banks will not wash and there can be no silting. Destructive earthquakes unknown.	Very much of the line must be dug through mud and sand, which will have to be kept dredged at a continual expense, interfering with mercantile traffic and increasing cost of maintenance, while the danger of a broken dam with all its fearful consequences can never be absent.	The preliminary Report of the Isthmian Canal Commission shows some of the dangers to the permanence of this water way, where "the canal line passes over swampy sections." Again we have the fearful risk of dams, and finally the Nicaragua location experiences frequent and severe seismic disturbances.
Financial.	The American Isthmus Ship Canal Company asks no money from the United States Treasury. It proposes to build the canal itself, asking the United States Government to guarantee its bonds in exchange for free transit for 100 years for the National ships.	If this line is adopted, the rights of the several French Corporations together with their concessionary complications in Colombia, must be determined accurately (a work of no little time and difficulty) and such rights and concessions paid for, at a cost of $40,000,000 as estimated by the Commission, and $144,000,000 more of public money spent to finish the canal, which estimate is considered, by many authorities, much too low.	Here the Government must expend, according to the estimate of the Commission, upwards of $189,000,000, raised by taxation, while other authorities maintain that the ultimate expense will be much greater.

MAP AND PROFILE OF THE MANDINGO TUNNEL ROUTE TRANS-ISTHMIAN CANAL WHICH THE AMERICAN ISTHMUS SHIP CANAL COMPANY PROPOSES TO CONSTRUCT


AMERICAN ISTHMUS SHIP CANAL COMPANY.
Map and Profile of proposed location of Canal, at sea level, without locks, a straight line from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Developed by Edward W Serrell, Brvt. Brig-Gen. U. S. Consulting Engineer, 1901, from surveys made in 1864,
By
A. McDOUGAL, Chief Engineer,
C. A. SWEET, Principal Asst.,
J. E. FOREMAN, Asst. Engineer,
N. RUDE, Asst. Engineer,
For FREDERICK M. KELLEY,
and from other sources
Scale of Map 9,000 feet to an inch
Soundings are in feet at low water
BAY OF PANAMA
Boundary of Company's Property
AXIS OF TUNNEL
GULF OF SAN BLAS
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Bay of Mandingo
PROFILE
CORDILLERA
TUNNEL
3 Miles Long. 900 Feet High.
55 Feet Wide Singleway; 110 Ft. Wide Doubleway.
PACIFIC OCEAN
Perry Island Harbor
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Bay of Mandingo
CANAL STRAIGHT LINE FROM SEA TO SEA 85 Feet Deep at Low Water.

THEY were real Easter lilies. There were the little tots on kindergarten chairs, innocent, guileless and pure. The little girls with ribbons of white in their hair, holding fast the hand of little brother and assuming a motherly responsibility to see that he got up and down at the right moment. With the child's impulse, the younger brother stopped to climb into the first chair instead of going along and taking his place at the end of the row. The average child in his unselfish way does not go on to the centre of the car to get into easy riding seats and out of the draught, but promptly climbs up on the first one at hand. It is a pretty sight, these children filling every inch of the space in the rostrum and in the organ loft. Back of the others, kindergarten recruits with open-eyed wonderment did not let anything pass unnoticed, despite the vigorous training, even if it required climbing up and looking over the back of the chair and surveying the whole situation. And what a superb air of unconsciousness there was in the group of human Easter lilies as they gazed upon the large audience in front. The primaries and intermediates, from eight to twelve, were even more shy, but their strong, sweet voices filled the large auditorium as they sang with a swing a lively waltz-song with sacred words. There was a freshness in that treble chorus that opera singers can never furnish. Then there were duets by other girls—shy but sweet, with all the unstudied graces of vocalism. Then, of course, the quartette choir had its array of new and special Easter music, where the fugue movement predominates and where the climax breaks forth at stated intervals. Here was a reflection of life in all stages, for in the front pews were the faithful, gray-haired attendants looking serenely forward on the sunset of life, and farther back the fathers and mothers and heads of households, while in the rear were the young swains who felt that they had outgrown the Sunday school age and had not yet taken their places in the ranks of house holders, but filled with the bubbling spirits of halcyon courting days. Here was the great glad day of the year celebrated by all ages in one common hymn of praise. The palms and lilies, how serene, stately and sweet.

SENATOR HANNA has finally found time to prepare the third article in the series on "William McKinley As I Knew Him," and it will appear in the June "National." The Senator tells about the late President's first days in the White House. Senator Frye is also a contributor to the June number. His subject is "The Gap in America's Armor." In this brief article he deals vigorously with the pending shipping bill, of which he is the author.

THE MARSEILLAISE

ALLONS, enfants de la Patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrive;
Contre nous de la tyrannie,
L'etanard sanglant est leve,
Entendez vous dans les campagnes
Mugir ces feroces soldats?
Qui viennent jusques dans vos bras
Egorger vos fils, vos campagnes!
Aux armes, citoyens! formes vos bataillons!
Marchons! marchons! qu'un
Sang impur abreuve nos sillons

Que veut cett horde d'esclaves
De traitres de vois conjoures!
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,
Ces fers des longtemps prepares?
Francais! pour nous, ah! quel outrage!
Quels transports il doit exciter!
C'est nous qu'on ose menacer
De rentre a l'antique esclavage!
Aux armes, etc.

Quoi! ces cohortes etrangeres
Feraint las lois dans nos foyers?
Quoi! ces phalanges mercenaires
Terraseraient nos fiers guerriers?
Grand Dieu! par des mains enchainees
Nos fronts sous le jong se ploireraient!
De vils despotes deriendraient
Les maitres de nos destinees!
Aux armes, etc.

Tremblez, tyrans! et vous perfides:
L'opprobre de tous les partis,
Tremblez! vos projets parricides
Vout enfin recevoir leur prix.
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre;
S'ils tombent, nos jeunes heros,
La France en produit de nouveaux
Contre vous tous pret a le battre.
Aux armes, etc.

Francais! en guerriers magnanimes,
Portez ou retenez vos coups;
Epergnez ces tristes victimes
A regret s'armant contre nous:
Mais les despotes sanguinaires.
Mais les complices de Bouille
Tous ces tigres qui sans pitie,
Dechirnant le sein de leur mere.
Aux armes, etc.

Amour sacre de la Patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeur,
Liberte, Liberte, cherie,
Combats avec tes defenseurs,
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
Accoure a tes males accens;
Que tes ennimis expirants,
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.
Aux armes, etc.

THE ROCHAMBEAU STATUE, GIFT OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE TO AMERICA

This statue, brought across the sea by the battleship Le Gaulios, was unveiled at Washington May 24, in the presence of a vast concourse of public officials, diplomats and citizens. The statue was unveiled by Countess Rochambeau, a descendant of the young gentleman who fought under George Washington to liberate the American colonies, and is a graceful acknowledgment of American friendship shown in the gift of the statue of Lafayette, unveiled in Paris July 4, 1900. The French band played the music of the Marsellaise, the national song of the French, while Countess Rochambeau pulled the cord that unveiled the statue. The words of the song as Frenchmen sing it are given on the preceding page.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI. JUNE, 1902 No 3.

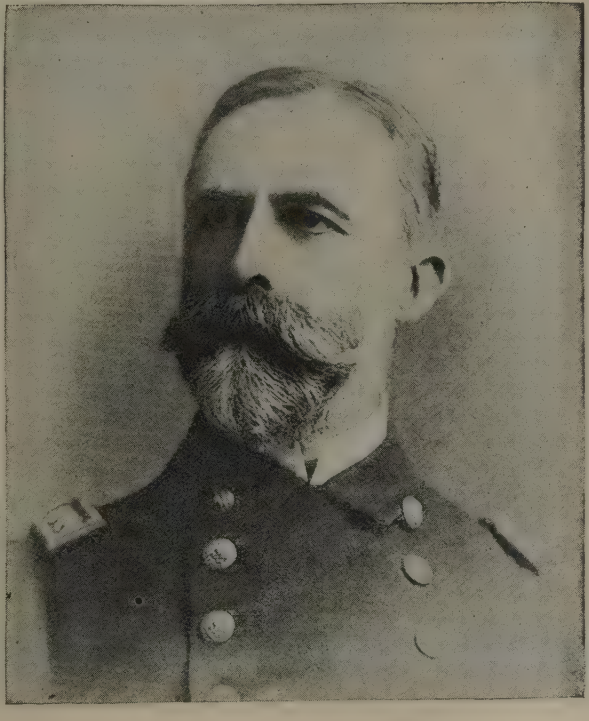
Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

HISTORY will hinge an important epoch upon the proceedings of the Senate Philippines committee. Sessions have been held nearly every day for months past. No more interesting reflection of one of the live wire topics of current times is furnished than a collection of the freshly printed sheets that are laid upon the oval oak table for the perusal of the members of the committee each morning. Modern legislation is shaped, and actually transacted, in the committee room. The forensic display on the floor of the legislative body is now more or less perfunctory. The assembly chambers are merely the display windows: the real creation of laws is the work of the committee system, which is in close accord with the business ideas of the times. As I glanced in upon the Philippines committee in session, I was impressed with the quiet, business like way in which the momentous questions have been handled. Our best and most effective legislators are those who give the concentrated, business like swing to

REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON. BORN FEB. 8, 1840; DIED MAY 6, 1902

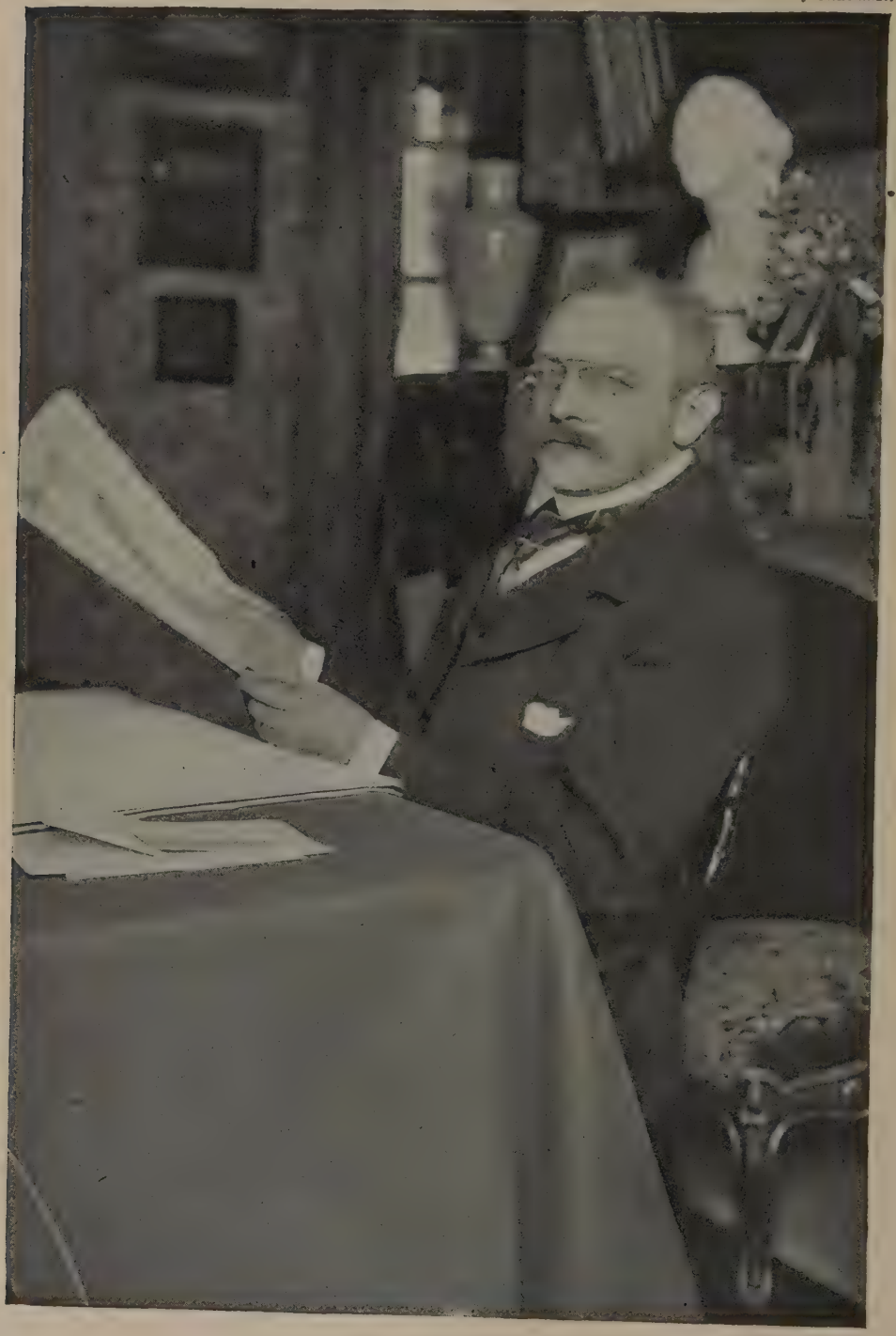
The son of a farm laborer, William T. Sampson rose by his own efforts to be the foremost scholar and tactician of the American Navy. That he was also a fighter he proved during the Civil War. His fame will rest chiefly upon his services as commander of the fleet that destroyed Cervera's squadron off Santiago, in July, 1898.



MR JULES CAMBON, AMBASSADOR OF FRANCE TO THE UNITED STATES

Since January, 1898, Mr. Cambon has represented his country at the American capital. No other member of the diplomatic corps has greater talents, or a larger share of American affection than he. Chief among his services to this country was his action as intermediary between the United States and Spain in the making of a treaty of peace.

Photo by Clinedinst.



affairs. The committee room suggested a well ordered directors' room, where pressing problems were discussed in all phases and bearings, through direct personal testimony given by an array of witnesses, which furnishes the subtle psychological basis for final decisions. Whatever may be said of Senator Lodge's political views, his masterly handling of the work in this committee is a notable achievement in American statesmanship. Cool headed, persistent, thorough, he has driven for exact facts with the pertinacity of a historian delving into obscure records to clear away a disputed point.

AS Senator Lodge stood at the head of the table, barricaded by books, General Arthur MacArthur sat in the witness chair, giving a recital of the situation and meeting the volley of questions aimed at him from all sides of the table. At the right of Senator Lodge was Senator Allison with his chin in his hand, in a reflective, watchful mood. Senator Beveridge was keenly following the cross examination. Senator Dietrich was busied clearing up a point of fact. Senators McComas, Patterson and DuBois were next in line, and Patterson's questions came quick and positive—and frequent. At the foot of the table, opposite the chairman, was Senator Rawlins, quietly noting each turn of the tide of information, with Senator Culberson at his right, ready with a loaded question. And the keen eyed newspaper senator, Carmack of Tennessee, sat next to the newspaper reporters, who are located close to the witness to catch every word and inflection. Senators Burrows, Hale and Procter say but little. In fact, the older members assume more of a judicial attitude, while the younger senators are attorneys. The summary of the work as given by Senator Lodge on the floor of the Senate shows forty-three active sessions on sixty-seven working days—this with all other work pressing upon the thirteen senators is a remarkable committee record. They have kept straight to business and admitted little useless driftwood evidence, and the sharp controversy over the proposal to summon Major and Civil Governor Gardner to substantiate his promiscuous charges of American cruelty in the Philippines indicated that these wholesale attacks upon the army are going to awaken the lions.

The speeches on the Philippine government bill were the notable events of the session. This is the great new question, on which the people seek light. The opening address by Senator Lodge, on the facts, followed by Senator Spooner, dealing with the legal status, and the storm of fire from Patterson, Rawlins, Carmack and Culberson, ought to sift the matter pretty thoroughly for consideration by the people, which is of course the court of last resort. Bringing witnesses from the Philippines, 10,000 miles, is an expensive process, and it is thought that a special commission could better get at the facts by taking testimony on the ground. As an overture, the business like, comprehensive work of the Philippines committee of the Senate is promising.

WHEN I started to go into room 212 at the State department recently, I thought the colored messenger would have a shock as he pulled me away from the door; and anyone who has ever been in Washington much will understand the vast importance of the man who opens and shuts the door during official hours. The dignity of a senator is nothing in comparison. Well, I had innocently attempted to enter No. 212, the state department's only reception room, while there was a foreign minister in that room, looking over the photograph album while awaiting a conference with Secretary Hay, and usage says that when

MADAME CAMBON, THE WIFE OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR

Madame Cambon recently came to America to join her husband. Hitherto she has been prevented by ill health from taking up her residence at Washington. She is a graceful hostess and will be a great social favorite at Washington. Photo by Clinedinst.

a foreign ambassador is in that room—none else shall enter. Minister Calvo of Costa Rico finished his interview and I trod lightly in passing over the threshold where the world's ambassadors come. The long, narrow room is finished in dark wood. The long table is laden with

MRS. ROBERT B. ARMSTRONG

Mrs. Armstrong is an Iowan, but has spent much of her life in California and the East. She has traveled extensively in this country and Europe.

ROBERT B. ARMSTRONG, PRIVATE SECRETARY TO SECRETARY SHAW

Mr. Armstrong is a journalist, clean, capable, alert, aggressively American. He began his career in Iowa, served on the Chicago Record, and was Chicago correspondent of the New York Herald when Secretary Shaw asked him to go to Washington. Photo by Walinger.

souvenir photograph albums, showing scenes all over the world. Upon the walls are hung the portraits of past secretaries. At one end, however, Lord Ashburton regards the visitor with an eighteenth century smirk, and at the other end is stately John Sherman; near him is the splendid painting of James G. Blaine, with a big red book in his hand. It is indeed interesting to reflect how many of these secretaries were afterward presidents, and how nearly all of them are men who figured conspicuously as presidential candidates—in fact, this department in years past appears to have been more or less of a presidential training school. Henry Clay, in a dark and obscure corner, is not far from the cadaverous gaze of Webster. Louis Cass

has a pose that reflects the defiance characteristic of this man. Meek and gentle Elihu B. Washburn, stately

CAROLINE FRYE BRIGGS, WHO CHRISTENED THE SHIP WILLIAM P. FRYE

Hamilton Fisk, demure James Buchanan —what a flashlight of American history is reflected in these paintings. The trooping tourist parties gave them a passing squint and later, I was alone in that hall of secretarial fame. Each face had its story to tell, and the ever present but significant emblem of the state department loomed up in the corner, a tilted globe, as if saucily and pertly to say—"A world power now, sir!"

THERE was a picturesque suggestion of the old Roman spirit when Senator Hoar stood upon the floor of the Senate, a lone and solitary champion of the celestial immigrants, and raised his voice in no uncertain tones against the reenactment of the Chinese Exclusion Act. In the gallery there were a number of sombre, blouse clad Chinamen, and they broke forth in applause, softly and subtly, scarcely audible twenty feet away; but it was enough to cause darting and threatening looks from those near by. The position of Senator Hoar may not be popular from a practical or political standpoint, but it was one of those flashes upon the canvas in the prosaic proceedings of Congress that have a real touch of the lofty and heroic about them, in defense of human rights as against national privileges. Massachusetts honors him, even when she disagree with him.

CONGRESSMAN FRANK L. COOMBS OF CALIFORNIA

THE FULL RIGGED SHIP WILLIAM P. FRYE,
named for the President pro tem. of the senate, Senator Frye of Maine. The ship was built and is owned by Arthur Sewall & Co., and first sailed from New York, December 7, 1901. The Frye is a fine example of the skill of American ship builders; nothing better of its kind was ever turned out from any ship yard.

IT may be heretical to say it, but the debates both in the Senate and House seem to partake of the nature of cross examination—of efforts to trip a speaker while he is courageously trying to furnish material for the Congressional Record. The taunting repartee may seem rather rude, even insulting, but it serves a good purpose in bringing out, in a face to face contrast, all phases of the question under consideration. For instance, Senator Allison is speaking, and Senator Tillman raises a point. A colleague of the speaker, say Senator Aldrich, quietly goes over to the South Carolinian's desk, and points out a reference or whispers a supplemental explanation, which may or may not be satisfactory, according to the nod of Tillman's head. Senator Quay sits with his hands folded, quietly

MISS JEWEL HAY, DAUGHTER OF COLONEL ED. HAY AND NIECE OF SECRETARY JOHN HAY

Miss Hay is as charming and beautiful as her cousins, the daughters of the secretary of state, and is a favorite in the highest social circles at the capital. Photo by Clinedinst.

SENATOR GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR, MASSACHUSETTS' GRAND OLD SENATOR

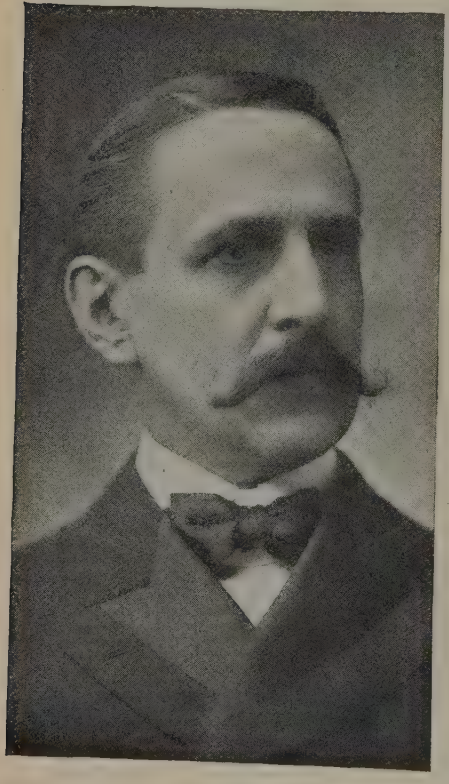
The National reproduces this photograph of the senator by courtesy of the Photo Era.

Photo copyrighted 1898, by H. Schervee.

watching proceedings, with his inevitable motion to adjourn. It may be that Senator Penrose, with one hand in his pocket, is trying to push a matter through, and if so, Quay assists him with the whispered explanation. There is something charming in this spirit of comradery between senators interested jointly in a measure. When Senator Frye talks on the shipping bill, Senator Hanna is one of the interested auditors and assists in clearing up points as the speech progresses. It is easy to observe from the faces of the senators or members whether or not they are connected with the matter under discussion, and the friendly courtesy of attention, the hand grasp and the initiation of an encouraging ripple of applause, when the speech is concluded. Bits of human fellowship that salve the stings of wounds inflicted in partisan struggle.

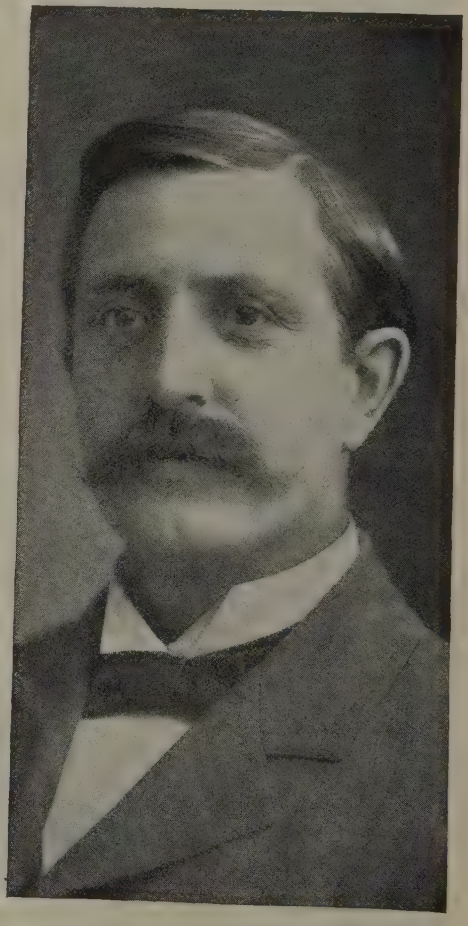
CONGRESSMAN JAMES A. TAWNEY OF MINNESOTA

Mr. Tawney is the republican whip. He is a ready debater and a man of genuine influence in shaping legislation. He began life as an apprentice in his father's blacksmith's shop, near Gettysburg, Pa., became a machinist, worked at this trade and studied law, graduated from the law school of the University of Wisconsin, located in Winona, Minn., won a seat in the state senate and passed thence to congress, where he has represented the first Minnesota district nearly a dozen years.



CONGRESSMAN JAMES TIGHLMAN LLOYD OF MISSOURI

Mr. Lloyd is the democratic whip. He is a native of Missouri, born in 1857, graduated from Christian University at Canton, Mo., a lawyer and prosecuting attorney. He has represented the first Missouri district in the fifty-fifth, fifty-sixth and fifty-seventh congresses. You will notice his marked facial resemblance to Mr. Tawney, the republican whip.



THE government service at Washington has graduated many men who have taken high rank in the business

world. It is not so much the experience acquired at Washington that attracts corporations as it is the test which a prominent public position puts a man under: the search light of publicity brings out the strong natural qualities of the man or reveals his lack of them. There were happy selections of young men for office made by President McKinley. When he first took up his work in the White

SENATOR THOMAS MACDONALD PATTERSON OF COLORADO

Mr. Patterson is one of the ablest and most alert Democratic senators. He will never be president, because he was born in County Carlow, Ireland, but he will have a good deal to say in the selection of the Democratic nominee in 1904, as he did in 1900, when he presided over the populist national convention that nominated Mr. Bryan. Mr. Patterson was nine years old when his parents removed to America. He became in turn a printer and a watch maker. Later he studied in Indiana universities, and in 1872 located in Denver. There he rose to eminence at the bar, was active in politics and was elected to the Senate in 1901 by the joint votes of Democrats, Silver Republicans and Populists. He is taking a keen interest in the Philippine civil government bill.

House, Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip was appointed first assistant secretary of the Treasury at the request of Secretary Gage. Mr. Vanderlip was, and is, one of the strong men in the financial world —not only keen and practical but a student and philosopher on monetary and commercial matters. Broad, comprehensive and vigorous, he won his way as a marked leader in thought as well as action. After resigning his position in the treasury department, he made a tour of the principal cities of Europe and with the instinct of a journalist and observer, he gathered material and information of fascinating import. The three articles, "The American Commercial Invasion of Europe," published early in the year in Scribner's Magazine, were papers that would serve as a text book in colleges beside furnishing a fascinating recital of present day conditions from a Cecil Rhodes "world view" standpoint. Mr. Vanderlip is a strong personality; his work as financial editor of the Chicago Tribune and later as editor of the Economist attracted the attention of Mr. Gage, who took him to Washington as his secretary and speedily put him forward to the assistant secretaryship, where his talents might be better utilized. Mr. Vanderlip's views have the sweep of the broad Illinois prairies upon which he was born, and the courage that is characteristically American. When I saw him at his desk in Wall street as vice president of the great National City Bank, engrossed in the rushing current of international monetary affairs, there was revealed the same pleasing personality and vigor as of yore. He is a master of the art of finance in its broadest and best sense.

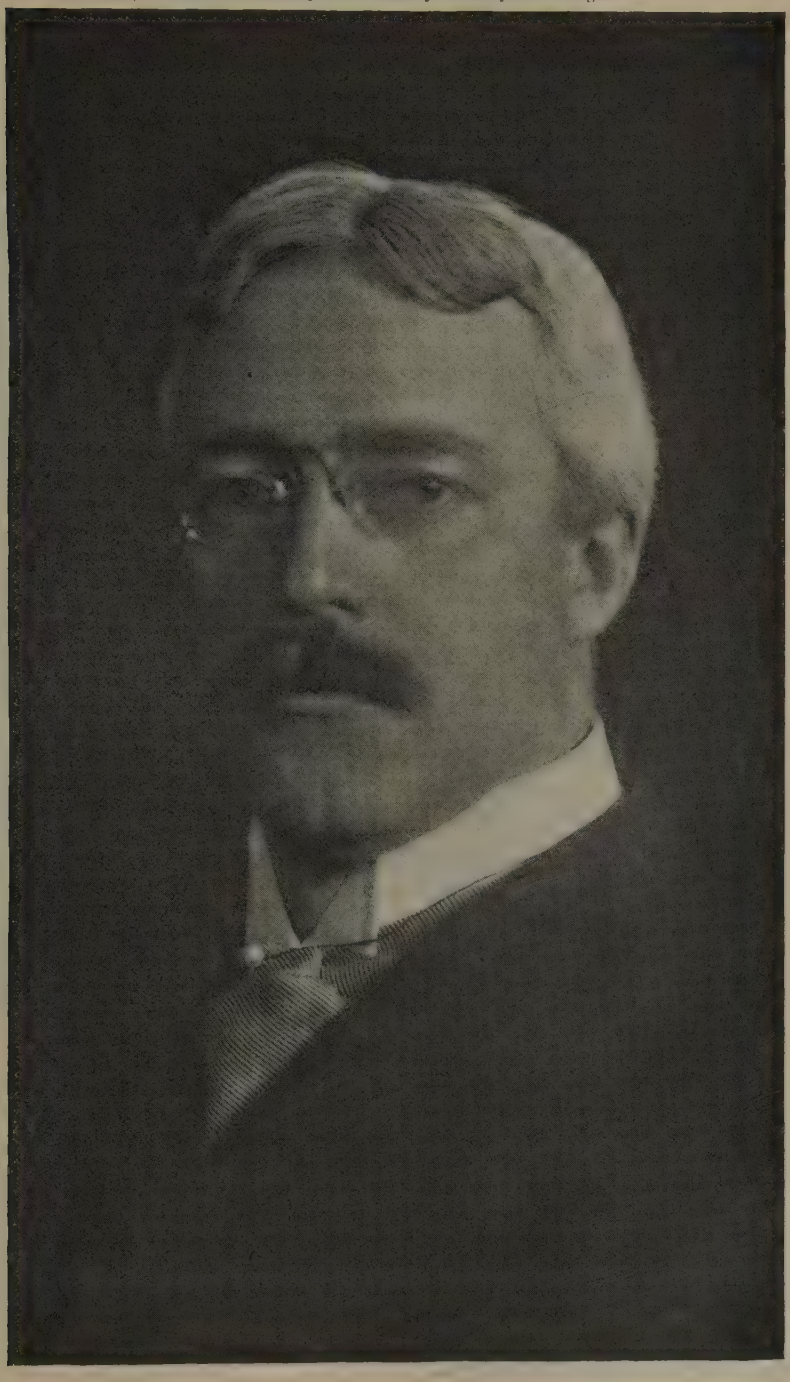
JOAQUIN WALKER MARTINEZ, RECENTLY APPOINTED MINISTER FROM CHILI TO THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Martinez, who succeeds the late Morla Vicuna at Washington, is a splendid type of the doughty little republic on the west coast of South America. From journalism he passed into politics, shared in the revolt against Balmaceda, served his country as minister of war and finance, and earned the gratitude of his people, who presented him with a villa in the suburbs of Santiago, the capital. Before coming to Washington he had represented Chile at Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres.

A SPIRIT of civil service has pervaded many of the appointments made by President Roosevelt. This largely accounts for the advancement of Henry P. Squiers, secretary of the American legation during the trying days of the siege of Peking, to the Cuban mission; also that of Henry W. White, secretary of the American embassy at London, to the ambassadorship at Rome, (in case Ambassador George Von L. Meyer returns to canvass the congressional district recently vacated by Secretary Moody). There is a keen interest in Mr. Meyer's candidacy among his many staunch friends. He has served his friends and

FRANK A. VANDERLIP, VICE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK

Mr. Vanderlip took his training in finance as financial editor of the Chicago Tribune, editor of the Economist, and assistant secretary of the treasury under Lyman J. Gage.



the people faithfully, and is a man whom all that know him delight to honor.

THE appointment of General Edward S. Bragg of Wisconsin to be consul general to Cuba will give pleasure to his thousands of friends and admirers throughout the country. A gallant soldier, a brilliant lawyer, a Democrat of broadly national views and fire tried convictions, he deserves well the honor that has been shown him, and will fill the post with distinguished ability.

GARDEN parties have been inaugurated by Mrs. Roosevelt. These are given in the White House grounds and will be a factor in enlivening social affairs during the dreary days of a midsummer session. The President, naturally enough, heartily concurs in anything that has an outdoor atmosphere about it.

A SCORE of old comrades in the G. A. R. uniform followed the remains of the late Congressman Amos J. Cummings from the depot to the Capitol, where a state funeral was held. The services were held in the House of Representatives. Speaker Henderson and Secretary Cortelyou sat near the bier. Senator Frye sat near the draped desk of the departed member, and other senators sat among the congressmen on extra chairs brought in for their use. There was an impressive hush when the choir in the gallery began singing, "Lead, Kindly Light." An allusion by one of the speakers to President McKinley made many eyes glisten. The soft strains of the little organ broke forth into "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and one could read the thoughts that hymn awakened. The packed galleries looked down upon scores of white heads that cannot hope to remain much longer. The shadows of life are deepening over them each year, and yet, what a splendid grandeur surrounds them as the sunset of great careers creeps upon them!

THE capital now possesses a noble statue of Rochambeau, the French gentleman who, with Lafayette and other ardent young Europeans, fought under

J. A. BRECKONS, WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

Mr. Breckons is an able representative of the men who report Washington affairs for the daily papers of the country. He serves several journals in the West, including one of the Honolulu dailies.

General Washingon in the last years of the eighteenth century for American independence. This statue was unveiled on May 24 with elaborate ceremonies. President Roosevelt, Cardinal Gibbons, Ambassadors Cambon and Porter, General Brugere, the chief of the special commission from France, and Bishop Satterlee participated. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts delivered the formal address of the occasion.

Note and Comment

By FRANK PUTNAM

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, America's most popular composer, and James Whitcomb Riley, America's most popular poet, have given us a new national song. Riley wrote the words last fall, shortly after the death of President McKinley. Sousa lately completed music for the lines, and the song was given its first public presentation May 15, in Indianapolis, when it was sung by a male chorus of 150 voices, accompanied by brass instruments. The song is entitled, "The Messiah of Nations," and the lines are as follows:

In the need that bows us thus,
America!
Shape a mighty song for us—
America!
Song to whelm a hundred years--
Roar of wars and rain of tears,
'Neath a world's triumphant cheers;
America! America!

Lift the trumpet to thy mouth,
America!
East and West and North and South--
America!
Call us round thy dazzling shrine
Of the starry old ensign--
New baptized in blood of thine,
America! America!

Dying eyes through pitying mists,
America!
See the assassin's shackled wrists,
America!
Patient eyes that turn their sight
From all blackening crime and blight,
Still tow'rd Heaven's holy light--
America! America!

High o'erlooking sea and land,
America!
Trustfully with outheld hand,
America!
Thou dost welcome all in quest
Of thy freedom, peace and rest--
Every exile is thy guest--
America! America!

Thine a universal love,
America!
Thine the cross and crown thereof,
America!
Aid us, then, to sing thy worth;
God hath builded from thy birth,
The first nation of the Earth--
America! America!

Boston is not today producing any great original poetry. It is, however, sending out some anthologies of the highest standard. Best of these is the "Year Book of Famous Lyrics," edited by Frederick Lawrence Knowles and published by Dana, Estes & Co. This collection deserves to be ranked with Palgrave's "Golden Treasury;" it covers the whole field of American and English

HYMAN ASKOWITH

Mr. Askowith was recently awarded a first prize in the Old South Essay Competition for 1901. His subject was, "Explorations of the New England Coast before 1620." He is now attending the English High School, Boston, where he has received a Franklin medal and several prizes, and is editor-in-chief of the E. H. S. Record.

verse, with a breadth of taste and a thoroughness — barring a few notable omissions — exhibited by no other anthology bearing an American imprint.

MRS GERTRUDE ATHERTON, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN NOVELIST

In this connection it is a pleasure to note that Mr. Knowles' own book of verses, "On Life's Stairway," published by L. C. Page & Co., of Boston, has won the unusual compliment of a second edition. Mr. Knowles is a lyric singer born, but has not achieved his best work, though this volume contains many notably fine, strong lyrics.

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Gertrude Atherton has put Alexander Hamilton into a novel, and set a crown of saintship upon his head. Her newest work may not convince the Burr adherents of the error of their ways, but it is most interesting reading. Mrs. Atherton is held by many excellent critics to be the foremost living American novelist.

MRS ANNA D. WEST OF SOMERVILLE, MASS.

Mrs. West is one of the distinguished leaders of the woman's club movement in New England, and at the national federation convention in Los Angeles took a prominent part in the discussion of the color-line problem. Her parents were active in the anti-slavery movement and she holds—and strives for—the ideals of her forbears.

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Nobody disputes the fact that tens of thousands of American horses and mules have been shipped from the British camp at Chalmette, Louisiana, to South Africa. Nobody disputes that these animals have

been used to mount British soldiers hunting down the Boer patriots. But the government officials charged with the duty of determining whether the American government has violated its correct position of neutrality by permitting this traffic have determined that it has not done so. When the British have wiped out the last vestige of Republican government in South Africa—if they ever do it—we shall be able to remember that we helped in the commission of the deed. By the way, the credit for forcing the investigation of the British camp is due first and chiefly to the New Orleans weekly journal Harlequin. Editor J. M. Leveque early recognized that there was real, though perhaps not technical, vio-

MISS JANE ADDAMS OF CHICAGO, FOUNDER AND HEAD OF HULL HOUSE

Miss Addams is the animating spirit of a movement that has done more for real civilization in the western metropolis than all its colleges. Her social settlement, situated in the centre of the darkest poverty, is a model and an inspiration for social settlement workers all over the country.

lation of neutrality in the sale of horses and mules to the British army, and hammered away at the question until it had to be taken up officially. As Lowell said in the early days of the anti-slavery agitation, one earnest man with a pen is a power that the strongest must reckon with. I do not exaggerate when I say, as I do say, that today, in point of public usefulness, Mr. Leveque is the foremost citizen of New Orleans.

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While John Pierpont Morgan was financing Clement Griscom's ocean steamship combine, President M. E. Ingalls of the "Big Four" railway was opening a back fire on the great Morgan-Hill railway merger. Mr. Ingalls, who is one of the clearest thinkers in this country today, believes the inevitable result of the merging process is the control of all American railways by one man. This, he says, would quickly become intolerable, and would force government ownership. Mr. Ingalls abhors government ownership. In his case, that is where friendship ceases. It is gratifying to see that Mr. Ingalls reads the trend of the times. It is also gratifying to reflect that not he nor any other man, nor any group of men, can defeat the course of events. Mr. Bryan has discovered, I believe, that it is impossible to legislate trusts back into the womb of time: Mr. Ingalls will likewise discover the impossibility of halting the vast

SANTOS-DUMONT, THE FAMOUS BRAZILIAN AERONAUT

M. Santos was lately a visitor to this country. He came to assist the St. Louis World's Fair folks in arranging a program of air ship races for 1904, the year of the Fair. M. Santos wished to enlist American capital to develop his ships, but without success. Lord Kelvin, also a visitor to America during the last month, says M. Santos' ship is vitally defective, and that all balloon ships are so. Edison thinks differently, and says so.

currents of concentration now at work in this and all other civilized countries. The people have no more valuable servants than John D. Rockefeller, John P. Morgan and the other great builders and organizers. The United States is heading toward socialism, or nationalism, which ever you prefer to call it.

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April has a crowded page in the book of necrology. The winds stirred the upper branches of the tree of life, and much ripe fruit fell earthward. One or two great men, a few celebrities, the others nationally known.

Francis Bret Harte was a classic living and is an immortal dead. The great artist takes precedence over all other great men; he lives longest and serves the world best.

Rear Admiral William T. Sampson was the foremost scholar and tactician in the American navy, but his lack of a sense of humor was fatal, first to his happiness and finally to his life.

Archbishop Corrigan ably headed the conservative Roman Catholics in America, fronting Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland.

T. DeWitt Talmage was the greatest actor that ever graced a pulpit, and one of the soundest preachers.

Frank Stockton spun stories, one of which will pique human curiosity until Woman ceases to be a mystery to her thick skulled brothers.

J. Sterling Morton held the agricultural department under Grover Cleveland.

Sol Smith Russell will be remembered as a lesser contemporary of Joseph Jefferson. We owe him much for laughter that lightened care.

Potter Palmer founded State street, Chicago, the richest retail district in the United States.

Wade Hampton was the ideal Southern cavalier — senator, soldier, scholar.

Amos J. Cummings was the best brain and the soundest patriot in New York City's congressional delegation, and a strong journalist.

—

A reader of the National asks us to get up some guessing contests, with large cash prizes. He also asks us to print a facsimile of the manuscript of Leigh Hunt's sonnet, "To Fame," now lodged in the public library at Buffalo. We take pleasure in presenting herewith a facsimile of the sonnet, and we think our friend can get a chance to do some gambling in the faro banks of his city. The National is not a game of chance: you get your money's worth every time.

—

Another friend of the National — a woman—writes to say that my plan of paying a government pension to mothers for every child born, is good natured, but silly. She says every lazy lout of a man would quit work when he had laid the burden of half a dozen children upon his helpless wife. I must have been dreaming.

—

Jane Addams of Chicago is one of the really great women of the time. She has found her work, and is doing it. She understands the people of the so-called slums as few understand them, and serves them in the real spirit of fellowship, with wisdom, patiently. Hull House, the seat and center of her activities in Chicago, is a model among social settlements, a blessing to thousands in the squalid nineteenth ward of that city. Miss Addams has lately published a book on "Social Ethics," which will be reviewed for the July National by Winthrop Packard, the distinguished Boston journalist and story teller.

—

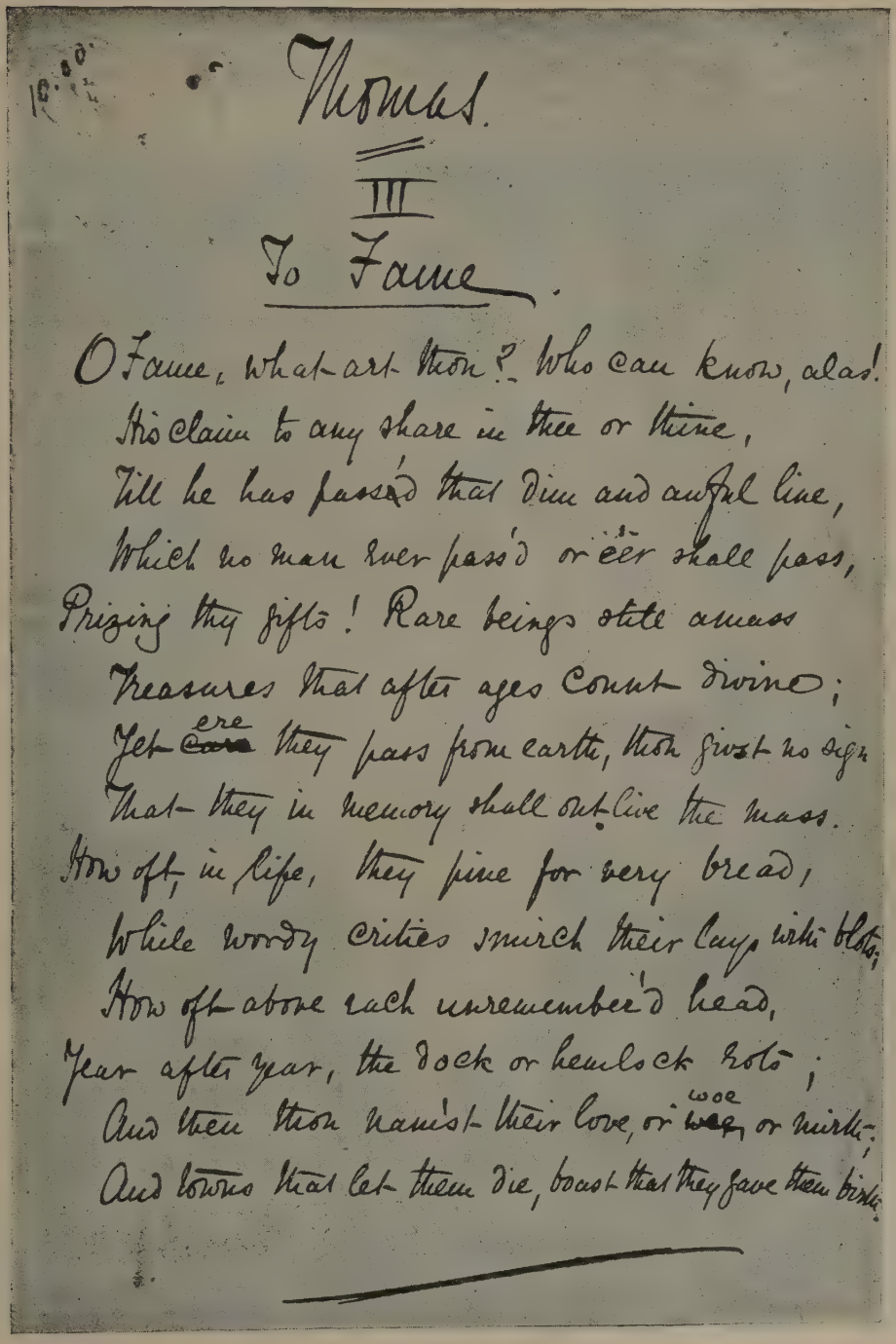
It is very sensibly suggested that teachers who spend in summer all that they earn during the rest of the year prove their unfitness to train the young. Is it really necessary for teachers to go broke attending summer institutes?

—

The Bay State "Old Home Week" in July promises to be a grand success, owing to the persistent efforts of General Charles H. Taylor of the Boston Globe,

LEIGH HUNT'S SONNET, "TO FAME," A FACSIMILE

The National's engraving was made at the request of a reader, from a photograph of the original manuscript, now in possession of the public library at Buffalo.



Thomas.

III

To Fame.

O Fame, what art thou? Who can know, alas!
His claim to any share in thee or thine,
Till he has passed that dim and awful line,
Which no man ever pass'd or e'er shall pass,
Prizing thy gifts! Rare beings stole amaze
Treasures that after ages count divine;
Yet ere they pass from earth, thou givst no sign
That they in memory shall outlive the mass.
How oft, in life, they pine for very bread,
While worthy critics smirch their lays with blots;
How oft above each unremember'd head,
Year after year, the dock or hemlock rots;
And then thou namest their love, or woe or mirth;
And towns that let them die, boast that they gave them birth.

with whom the idea of a gathering home of wandering Massachusetts men and women originated. Cities and towns are responding to his efforts by the appointment of committees to welcome the "weary pilgrims traveling from afar," and their home coming will be celebrated with the slaughter of veal in many communities.

—

Governor Odell of New York is a good

POULTNEY BIGELOW, THE DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR, JOURNALIST AND TRAVELER
This photograph shows Mr. Bigelow in an unusual position—up a tree. The engraving was made from a snapshot taken during Mr. Bigelow's recent visit to Bermuda, concerning which he writes in this number of the National.

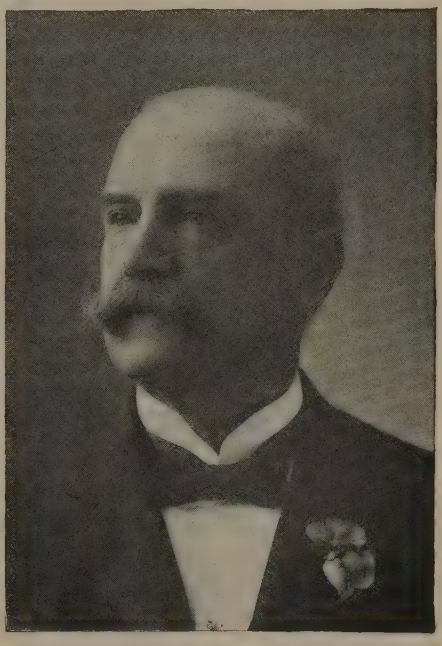
traveler and can get more rest out of a railroad trip than out of a fishing excursion. When he is fagged out and brain weary he finds a ride of a few hundred miles on the steam cars exceedingly restful. As he describes it, "there is something soothing to me in the rapid whizzing of the train, coupled with the lightning-like changes of scenery, that puts my nerves back into shape as nothing else can."

—

In the Abbey church of St. Peter, Westminster, on June 26, Edward and Alexandra will be crowned king and queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and formally will assume such other titular honors as the accident of heredity have given to the fat, amiable, sport loving king and the admirable wife and mother who shares his throne. Meantime, Arthur Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury, last of the great Tories, and Joseph Chamberlain, commoner, husband of one of the fair daughters of an honorably old Massachusetts family, will continue to rule Great Britain and Ireland and to exercise that measure of guidance and control over the British colonies which these practically free republics have left in the hands of the mother country. America will be represented officially by men of rank from civil, military and naval establishments.

PHILIP C. SHAFER, IMPERIAL POTENTATE, MYSTIC SHRINE OF NORTH AMERICA

BENJAMIN W. ROWELL, 33D DEGREE, IMPERIAL RECORDER SINCE 1894, MYSTIC SHRINE OF NORTH AMERICA



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The annual session of the Imperial Council, nobles of Mystic Shrine, will be held in San Francisco June 10 to 14, when members of the order from all sections of the Union will assemble at the Golden Gate of the Pacific slope to tread the "hot sands of the desert," drink "camel's milk," and view the many objects of interest in that section of the country. The pilgrims from the East will visit Yellowstone Park and Yosemite Valley while en route.

Bermuda and the Boers

ALSO

Its Importance on the New Highway of Commerce

By POULTNEY BIGELOW

Author of "White Man's Africa," "Children of the Nations," etc., etc.

OF course I love England—because I am an American. I have never met an American who did not love England. I refer naturally to real Americans—not those whose blood is temporarily affected by hereditary hatred. Of course also we Americans look to the day when the whole English speaking brotherhood will come together and abolish war—when Australia, Canada, the United States and the rest of the world will come together and feel their oneness as against all of a different speech and blood. We Americans grieve over the legal separation that occurred in 1783—and we stand with open arms ready to welcome back the prodigal parent. Even Spain feels the magic spell which binds people of kindred speech and blood together, and from my scant experience I am almost willing to prophesy that in a very few years we shall see an understanding between the Latin section of America and old world Spain that may prove awkward to those of us who fondly imagine that the South American Republics love us merely because we inhabit the same continent.

However, that has nothing to do with this, which is to record that when I sailed into the beautiful harbor of Bermuda on a lovely morning in April, 1902, it was with a heart bubbling with gratitude for the Providence which had held the British flag over this little island, and with a natural desire to see the Boer prisoners and tell you how they looked, how they fared.

It had been my fortune to see Austrian prisoners in the war of 1866. I had inspected many thousands of French prisoners in 1870-71. In 1896 I had been afforded ample facilities for seeing how the Transvaal Republic housed and fed the Johannesburg "Reformers" who were incarcerated in the Pretoria jail. From eye witnesess I had learned much of the way in which we Americans had treated our prisoners in the great Civil War, and in 1898 I had seen the condition of the 13,000 Spanish prisoners held within the walls of Manila—to say nothing of the handful we had at Key West during the early part of the brief war.

Thus much to indicate that I did not

come as an idle tourist to merely say that I had "done" the Boer camp.

I knew the average British officer as a gentleman. I have messed with him in every corner of the world—ashore and afloat—he is a clean man, a just man, a brave man. Soldiers follow him with confidence. Personally I needed no evidence to convince me that the stories circulated to the discredit of British officers sprang from political spleen or wounded vanity.

As we sailed among the islands that dot Bermuda harbor, we could readily see the Boer prisoners lounging or at work—could see the barbed wire fences, the British sentry, and above all note the sanitary character of the place—an ideal camping ground.

The world would have to be raked with a fine tooth comb in order to discover a spot more happily situated than Bermuda as a convalescent home. The encampments are on small islands, recalling those in the St. Lawrence river. The Boer has but a few steps from his tent to his bathing—and the luxury of a salt bath every morning is one which the prisoners have fully appreciated. I learn that they have gone in keenly for swimming lessons.

One of them, with a pathetic ignorance of geography, swam away from his little island to a larger one near him—thinking that he was by this effort reaching the continent. He started out to trek into what he called the hinterland, but had gone less than a mile when he again found himself facing the ocean, for Bermuda altogether is scarcely a mile in width. The Boer turned regretfully back with his news. It had a calming effect upon his friends.

All the prisoners have the regular British army ration served out to them—plus an extra allowance of beef. Indeed, from what I heard, it was the Boer who was doing well, and the guarding Britons who had the hard work.

The soft Atlantic breezes are ever blowing over this favored isle—there is never a frost and at the same time there is never the heat which we have to endure in New York in the hot season. It is a good climate for work, a delicious one for play—in many respects it recalled Cape Town at its best—the soft English spring.

I met many English and Americans who had seen the Boers frequently and even talked with them. I had no doubt in my own mind that, under the circumstances, they were being treated as well as we treated our Spaniards or as the Germans treated their French. Still, I did not like to return without being able to appear as a witness against some slanderous statements which had appeared in American papers, and been copied into those of Germany.

So I spoke to the colonial secretary and his answer ran about his way: "Well, you know some time ago there was a female reporter from the New York Daily Sewer who wrote a lot of falsehoods about us and since then we have allowed no one to inspect the Boer camps."

Then I ran across my gallant friend Captain Traherne of the Royal Artillery,

who had charge of one of the Boer islands, was a fellow member of the Royal Artillery Institution and greeted me with cordiality and the promise of assistance. "But I warn you it will be impossible, for, let me tell you that some time ago there was a woman reporter from the New York Dust Bin who etc., etc."

"Yes, I know," and I hurried away to the Acting Adjutant General in charge of the prisoners of war, the gallant Major Morrice, who also smiled in friendship on my quest and promised to put in a good word for me, but, quoth he, as one repeating from memory: "Let me tell you that you will not succeed, for there was here some time ago a feline reporter from the New York Howler who—"

"I know the rest," I answered wearily, and hurried away to Government House, where I left a solemn pasteboard on His Excellency and then cheered my spirits by a "two step" at the hotel.

Bermuda is a very important naval station. No one thinks so yet. At least no one in London. Today it still reposes in the happy notion that it is far from all trouble—far from the great highway of war and commerce. The people of the place think of nothing but a few patches of onions, and the potatoes and lilies which they send up on small and very dirty steamers to New York. The political life of the place is limited to a petty rivalry as to whether one little town or the other shall secure a few pounds more or less from the colonial treasury. These little towns are Hamilton at one end and St. George's at the other. At present we don't know whether one end or the other will prevail—whether the dog will wag the tail or the tail wag the dog.

While the parochial legislators are fretting over their little onion patches and seeking a precarious livelihood by selling early plants to New York, they are apparently indifferent to the fact that their industry is bound to lose much of its value because of the increasing competition from the American Southern states, to say nothing of the West Indies proper. The future of Bermuda lies not in the cultivation of a few acres more or less of onions, but in making that island a great port of call between Europe and the Canal (which will soon be opened across the isthmus). Today no ship comes to Bermuda save through stress of weather, because the approaches to the present harbor, Hamilton, are so bad that not even a yacht dares come in without a pilot. The channel is at times so narrow that I could have reached the coral reef with a boat hook. Last year some two hundred steamers coaled here, driven in by distress. The coaling facilities, are, however, unsatisfactory, and reform is urgently needed.

With a first rate channel to anchorage, and modern coal chutes, we may expect to see Bermuda spring up like another Hong Kong or Singapore—a natural half way house where ships would gladly foregather. Like Hong Kong, the island cannot feed its population, but its position makes it of prime importance as a port of call. It is just 650 miles from New York—and indeed about the

same from Halifax or any other portion of the North American continent. Today, however, it is rather a menace than an aid to seamen. Ships give it a wide berth, for it is small and low, and coral reefs run out for sixteen miles beyond the main land, and in thick weather those who do not care to run on top of them run past the place and then have to look for it all over again—as we did.

Nature has pointed out St. George's as the proper port of Bermuda, but vested interest sticks to Hamilton. The two are fourteen miles apart, not yet connected by tram or railway—indeed, there is no railway in the colony. At St. George's a small outlay would dig a deep, straight and short channel to a good harbor.

With Hamilton as the commercial port, progress is out of the question, excepting for those who regard a few sacks of onions, more or less, as the measure of national advancement.

The garrison of Bermuda consists largely of young American widows, and a few officers of the Warwickshire, West India, Royal Artillery and Engineers. The rest of the population did not appear to be of much importance—excepting to themselves.

These widows are all beautiful American ladies who have come here strictly for the sake of their health; and a leading feature of the cure appears to consist in leaving their husbands behind them—either in the graveyard or—Chicago. For my part, the distinction is not worth quarreling about. At any rate, I have rarely seen more animation and beauty lavished over so small an onion patch as in this island of the blessed. The night of my arrival I was dancing with a lady from Chicago, who told me she had just announced her engagement to an officer of the Warwickshires that very evening. I asked where he was. She said he was detained by duties. I was disposed to hope he would disguise himself as a Boer until this Chicago maiden had reengaged herself to some one more in her line. But she told me that on the previous day another engagement had been announced—and so on. It is bewildering, this startling interchange of marriage vows. I felt myself at the centre of a matrimonial cyclone, the edges of which extended to Mayfair at one end, the Mississippi valley at the other. Bermuda dances all night and plays golf, tennis and heart breaking all day. There is nothing like it anywhere on earth. Japan, Hungary, Honolulu — there is nothing to match Bermuda.

Did I suggest anything more than platonic flirtation? Then I hasten to retract. In all Bermuda I never once heard a scandal—we were playing as boys and girls with open doors and windows—the climate was our best chaperon.

But to return to His Excellency!

He, too, wished me well!

At first he was suspicious, and turned me over to a subordinate with orders to answer all my questions—at least such as were discreet. But this I politely protested against. It would have done no good to my friends that I should

have used the second hand information of a second rate official.

It was one of the beautiful widows who helped me when I was about giving up my quest. She drew His Excellency to a quiet little luncheon, and with a tact which marks her as one born to rule over great men, she slipped away and left that august personage alone with me over some excellent coffee, wine and cigars.

Then His Excellency became human, for was he not also a "Gunner" — a warrior who had slain his thousands in the Crimea, whose breast beamed with tokens of his sovereign's favor, and who had in the hollow of his hands the fate of all the Bermudas — and the Boer prisoners! He became chatty—indulgent. He told me he had once heard me make an address. I told him my heart had not changed, and that I wished to see the prisoners and write the truth over my own name—and I was weak enough to think that in so doing I should be showing my gratitude to the Colonial office in London, no less than to the governor of Bermuda. I ventured to remind him that on two occasions I had traveled through remote British colonies under the Aegis of Mr. Chamberlain's letters of introduction, and I ventured to think that I had not abused of the confidence reposed in me.

His Excellency listened—approved—but clung to the principle of consistency. He had bound his order with red tape —and that knot he would not disturb.

"You see," he said, "there was a female journalist down here from the New York Liar and she—"

"Spare me, Your Excellency," I moaned, "I know that girl by heart."

I urged that the lies of newspaper writers are most effectually corrected by a moderate dose of truth—but in vain.

So we parted—His Excellency commanding my presence next morning at eight o'clock breakfast, to be followed by a long drive over the island to inspect positions for projected defenses. What I saw on that drive is not for publication.

"If there are any questions you would like answered don't hesitate," quoth he.

So, by way of showing appreciation, I started a talk whose echo is somewhat thusly:

"What is the population of Bermuda?" quoth I.

"Oh, there are a good many people here—I really can't say how many, but quite a lot."

"How much sickness is there among the Boer prisoners?"

"Oh, very little—I really can't say what the proportion is—"

These statistical bits having been carefully recorded I turned to the theme of political matters in the island and asked the conditions under which negroes were allowed to vote.

"Well, really, I'm sure—yes, I think I have heard—but I don't know exactly." (Then calling to his black coachman) "I say, driver, do you know anything about suffrage in Bermuda?"

"No, sah!" answered our coachman positively, and with a broad grin, "I was raised here and I ain't seen any of it—I don't think it grows in dese parts!"

"No, no, I don't mean a plant—I mean how do you qualify as an elector?"

The driver looked a hopeless blank, and grinned idiotically, and his Excellency changed the subject.

No Bismarck could have parried my question more happily.

His Excellency gave me a delightful drive. He confirmed me in the importance of making St. George's the port of the colony and of mounting some strong guns to defend it.

But he did more.

He made me realize that Bermuda is now of first rate importance and that only the best is good for her. The time has come, when onions and potatoes—even charming widows--must be treated as of secondary interest compared with the interests of a world empire, and the man who is sent out here to represent the British crown must be a man with an eye that can see far beyond the little coral reefs on which his government house is built. May the day soon dawn when John Bull and Uncle Sam will treat the North Atlantic as a common play ground — neutral water like the Great Lakes on the Canadian border.

The lines of commercial intercourse are being modified by the Panama canal and Bermuda will find herself soon in the rush of a thoroughfare. We may regret the fact—but we cannot afford to ignore it.

NEW YORK CITY.

RECOMPENSE.

The old year said: "Young was I at the start,
But cares came fast, and now with broken heart,
I'll do as all the New Year's callers do —
Smile, take a cup of coffee and depart."

—Ironquill.

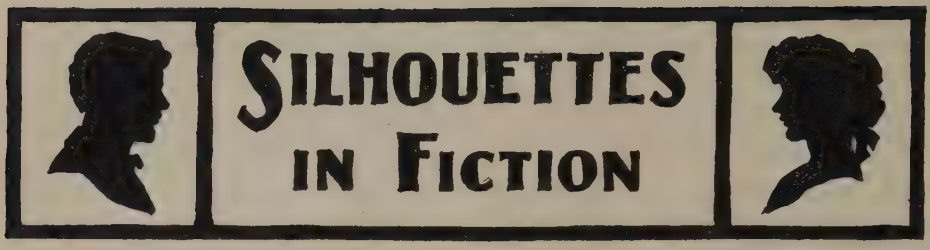
THE old year paused, like a slow-going guest
Sighed, stroked his whiskers, smoothed his ample vest,
And says, says he: "Hope much of him who comes,
But — careful how you put him to the test.

"He, like his predecessors, at the morn
Of his brief reign, arrives with blare of horn,
Wearing a robe of promise, which at eve
From his lean shoulders rudely shall be torn.

"The years, like men, are playthings of the power
That makes our triumphs sweet, our losses sour,
And, at our splendor's height, elates our foes,
By curtly cutting off our little hour."

"Cheer up," says I, "the best is yet to be;
When Gabriel blows his trumpet wild and free,
The folks who did not love us will be sad,
Seeing us fit our crowns on — you and me."

Frank Putnam



While the Cognac Burns

THEY sat in a private compartment of a down town cafe, facing each other across a little round table, spread with a fresh white cloth. A cluster of frosted incandescent lights cast a softly diffused glow on the deep red walls with their large design of passion flowers. On her plate were some remnants of salad and beside it stood a half finished wine, its amber tint blending with the ruby of the walls into a delicate orange. She was looking at him and wondering at his silence. Was it an omen—now when the crisis was at hand, that he should sit thus dumb and unresponsive when she hungered for a word.

Before him the cognac flame leaped high in the blazing saucer. He stirred it ever and anon with his spoon and watched the blue points spring up till their tips were sharp and yellow—like a fang.

He raised his eyes to hers with a strange intensity—the prescience of the dreamer, for whom the walls of time have parted and who sees things that are beyond.

"Watch it," he cried. "There is life in it now, and passion—it leaps and plays and flashes. See it burn. It is eating out the soul—like human fire. Bye and bye it will flicker and go out."

The woman clutched the goblet with a grip that broke it from its base. The yellow wine ran out and stained the clean white cloth before her.

"Do you think," she asked fiercely, "it will be like that with us?"

He plunged the spoon suddenly into the mixture. It gave a great hiss and shot up into brighter flame.

"I do not know," he answered, absorbed again. "Sometimes I fear—it is the same with fire always. It burns while it destroys, and then—"

"And then—?" she panted, leaning forward, her heart at bay against the onslaught of an agonized conviction, "What then?"

"And then," he finished slowly, and paused as if to muster words that would not come, "it has consumed the spirit. And what is left is like this cognac will be—thick, insipid, dead."

"It is a lie," she almost screamed, "I will not have it. Our love—is it so small a thing as that? The sacrifice I am making—my home, my name—and his—have you thought of that? Is it all for nothing? One great, wild thrill and then—stagnation?"

The man trembled before the look that was on her face. "You have not made it yet—this sacrifice," he answered hoarsely. Some inward power forced the utterance from his throat against his will. "There is time *yet*—to go back."

He looked at her and his passion blazed forth anew. He rose and clasped her to him—and rained warm kisses on her face and neck and hair. The hot blood mounted to her temples in a great red surge. She felt his heart throb like a fevered man's.

"It is the fire!"

The thought came to her like a sudden warning and left her pale again. All in a moment she seemed to see the future with this man. First, full of a mad ecstasy which could not last—relaxing slowly, like the tired muscles of an athlete after undue strain, until it drifted into listlessness—a dull round of indifference in which even shame was dead.

"Look at the cognac," she cried, "It is dying."

He released her, and, swaying from reaction, grasped the table for support.

She was gazing at the saucer and he at her. His face was white as death, but his heart beat steadily now and in his brain resolve was forming clear and strong.

Once more the cognac flickered and a tiny cone of irridescent, fiery blue danced like a fairy light about the liquid's surface. Then it vanished and the mixture was sluggish and lightly tinged with brown. He struck a match and touched it with an unsteady hand. The flame spluttered and went out with a little puff of smoke.

"It has burned out the soul," he said, half to himself. "You cannot kindle it again."

The woman turned and faced him, smiling, with a steel gray calmness in her eyes.

"That is the lesson," she said. "I am going home." *Louis J. Stellmann*

Los Angeles, Cal.

Bagsley's Unlucky Day

IT was highly important that Algernon De Forest Bagsley should board the 7 o'clock morning train. He lived in Chicago and desired to arrive in Cleveland in time to attend an event in which he was deeply interested, said event being nothing more nor less than his marriage. For this reason he warned the cabman to call at his boarding house not a moment later than 5 o'clock. The ride from the suburb to the station would consume an hour, which would give him ample time to secure breakfast and purchase his tickets—but man disposes and queer things some times intervene.

Bagsley occupied apartments on the third story, in the rear. The front apartments on the same floor were leased to a man, a low, coarse fellow, with whom Bagsley was not on speaking terms. Since certain events have come to pass, the coolness between them has been more marked than ever—but to the story.

Exhausted by the worry of preparing to assume the matrimonial yoke, Bagsley finally fell into deep slumber from which he was partially aroused by the far distant peal of a bell. Leaping out of bed, he noticed that it was a few seconds past 5 o'clock. Then he distinctly heard the crack of a whip and the sound of heavy carriage wheels gradually growing fainter. Heavens! It was the cabman and no one had answered the bell. Bagsley, attired in a night gown that was painfully short, dashed out of his room. He could not hope to pass into the apartment of his neighbor and call to the departing cabman from his window, so he clattered down the stairs, barking his shins and stubbing his toes. His abbreviated night robe, floating grandly behind him, entwined itself about the newel post at the foot of the stairs. One desperate plunge and the garment ripped from the bottom to the neckband. However, it was no time for trifles. Bagsley threw open the door, took a hasty glance about him and stepped out to shout to the cabman. Just as he caught a glimpse of the rear wheels whisking around the corner, a half block distant, a furious blast of wind banged the door shut and Bagsley found himself, barefooted and well nigh nude, out on the narrow stone step, with the temperature five below and no key in the garment he was wear-

ing. The slamming of the door had so startled him that he forgot to shout to the cabman. He tried the door, kicked it with his blue feet and hammered it with his fast stiffening knuckles. Nothing doing. Chicago doors are built to withstand the assaults of burglars. Then Bagsley pushed the bell button until his fingers ached. No response. He had no better success than the cabman, who had wasted ten minutes and much choice profanity in a similar effort. Despairing of rousing the porter, Bagsley lifted his voice, gently at first, eventually rising to a scream that was caught up and distorted into a wail by the bitterly cold wind. Finally he heard a window open. A frowzled, bewhiskered face was poked out of the third story front and a voice asked: "What's the matter down there?"

"It's I—Bagsley—I'm locked out!"

"You're a liar! Bagsley went away from here in a cab a half hour ago. Get away from there and quit your yowling or I'll telephone the police!"

"But I s-a-y—I S-A-Y!—"

Slam! went the window and Bagsley, his teeth chattering like castanets, danced from one foot to the other to keep from freezing to the granite step. Then he cursed the cabman, the drunken porter, the occupant of the third floor front, his luck and everything he could think of. Just as he was about to curl up in despair and freeze to death, he was overjoyed to hear approaching footsteps. Yes! they were coming nearer, pattering along, and as Bagsley peered out, a Chinaman, bearing a large bundle of clothes, hove in sight.

"H-e-r-e, C-h-i-n-k; r-r-u-n a-r-r-o-u-n-d t-t-o t-t-h-e r-r-e-a-r a-n-d b-b-r-e-a-k d-d-o-w-n t-t-h-e d-o-o-r-r." chattered poor Bagsley.

But the affrighted Chinaman was already scurrying across the street, muttering volubly to himself, and Bagsley collapsed into his corner. By this time he was too feeble to make another attempt to push the button. The streets were becoming very light and he knew the people across the way would soon be arising. Some one would surely spy him before he could enter the house. As a last desperate resort, he determined to make a mad dash around the corner, five doors away, hasten through the alley and gain the rear entrance. It was his only hope. Collecting his tattered garment about him as best he could, he ran down the icy steps and darted for the corner.

But it was not Bagsley's lucky day. Just as he turned the corner leading into the alley he collided with a Celtic lady of ample proportions, who was on her way to essay the renovation of sundry linen articles for a family in the block. The impact of the collision and the vision of Bagsley's despairing face well nigh upset the well balanced washlady and she crossed herself and called upon a number of saints to protect her. Then her fighting instinct came to the front.

"Ye impident little whelp!" she panted, "is it afther murtherin' me yez would be?"

Poor Bagsley vainly endeavored to back through the brick wall of the house. He was too badly frightened to respond and could only chatter unintelligibly.

"It's buggley-house ye ar-re!" screamed the ponderous lady, as righteous indignation caused her bulky frame to palpitate like a tub of purple gelatine. "I'll have the law upon yez. Back to th' looney-coop wid yez!"

Bagsley, proud and haughty clubman, who a half hour previous would have been outraged at the very idea of being spoken to by a washwoman, sneaked into the area way, where two minutes later, a mighty arm of the law, summoned by the Irish woman, swooped down upon him, and calling the patrol wagon, haled him to the station.

In due course of time, he was permitted to explain and send a policeman to

his boarding house for some clothing.

Somewhat later in the day a flustrated and anxious young woman in Cleveland received a telegram from Chicago to the effect that a gentleman she was expecting had been unavoidably detained by sudden illness, but would arrive on a later train. *Edward F. Younger*

CHICAGO, Ill.

The Thought of a Man and a Maid

HE was in a characteristic attitude, perched on the balustrade circling the fancy little boat house. He watched his vis-a-vis intently. She was smilingly pinning a rose in her dark hair. He thought her very pretty—in the moonlight.

He felt very glum, for it was the last evening of his vacation. With grimness he reminded himself of Gibson's "Vacation Over" sketch. It hung in his den at home and once he had mentally joked the down-in-the-mouth chap taking leave of his Summer Goddess. And he had thought the picture girl's supreme nonchalance particularly humorous. But there was nothing very funny about this, the real thing!

Giving the rose and the knot of hair a final pat, the girl fell to wondering what was passing in the Man's mind. She had the gift of silence—a real virtue in this age of talkative women. Instead of teasing a man for explanations she waited. And nine times out of ten they came to her in full. She hardly understood her own methods, but they were quite efficient—especially with a man of his temperament.

He puffed wildly at his cigarette for several minutes, then threw it disgustedly into the water. Even smoking had lost its charms. This, in the Man's case, was decidedly the limit.

"Just predestination, I suppose," at last he found voice to say between closed teeth. "That's all. That I should come here and know you, and—"

"I don't like the way you wear your eye glasses, nor the way you frown, nor the way you cut your sentences short. Why don't you reform?"

He looked at her as though she had not spoken, saying in a dull monotone:

"I came here for a rest, and where did the rest come in? Not only that. I've prepared unrest immeasurable for myself this winter. Pleasant prospects, surely. But I suppose it had to be—every summer has its army of fools."

He looked so absurdly glum that she laughed right in his face.

He stared at her blankly for a moment but was clever enough to join in her merriment.

"You should get furious at me when I laugh at you like that," she said prettily, her white teeth showing in the silvery light.

He was leaning far over, his face quite close to hers, as he replied:

"That's it. I should; but I don't! That's where the fool part of it comes in, you see."

And he rested his head in his hand in a despairing way.

The girl smiled behind her fan.

"I am sorry I came here. I was dully content before. Now—now—why, you know yourself how impossible it will be for me to go back to the old way and be happy! Not to see you any more, that's the worst of the whole business, hang it!"

"You'll forget all about it sooner than you think. Summer affairs never last long."

It was said in a prim, sententious manner which would have amused any one but a lover.

It irritated the Man.

"Yes, that's your idea of it. Summer affair! It hurts me to hear you talk like that, because—because—look here, little girl," he broke off suddenly, taking her hands gently in his, "Don't you under-

stand that I care for you ten times more than is good for me? Don't laugh; answer me!"

His keen, anxious eyes looked into hers and she shifted her glance to the shimmering water.

"I think I — I understand," she answered in a low, soft little voice, gently freeing her hands.

"It's as well that I'm going away tomorrow morning. I may make a worse fool of myself if I stay. Oh, yes, I'll admit it! I *have* made a fool of myself. You know it."

"I shan't allow you to be slandered like this. I'll punish you this very instant!"

Deftly she slipped a thin crepe scarf from her shoulders to bind his wrists with it.

"There!" she cried gayly, "if you say another word about yourself, I'll command you to walk into the hotel corridor with your hands tied. How would you like that?"

"Oh, I'd do it, I presume, if it pleased you. To think that I should come to this!"

"I wouldn't let you go!" she cried impulsively. "I merely threaten. It's to make you behave."

And she smiled most entrancingly as she unwound the bands. He was so tempted to kiss her, there, as she leaned to him ever so slightly. Instead, he merely passed his face across the folds of her scarf as she sat idly twisting it between her white fingers.

When a calm wave returned to him he said:

"You have fascinated many men, just countless dozens, isn't it so?"

"I have never thought of it. I don't know."

"But I know. Anyhow, it's a jolly consolation to think that I am not the only one. There must have been other chumps. When did you stop counting?"

Again his face was very near hers, and she answered hesitatingly: "Not any—any—that I really liked—ever."

The water splashed softly against the steps. The gentle sound came to them in trebled volume as they sat there, intently silent. At last, she lifted her head with a quick, young movement.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked sprightlily.

"You! That's all I can think of, these days."

Silence again.

"Why don't you ask me the same question?" she cried with a dainty show of petulance.

"Well, tell me."

"Ask me, first."

"Of what were you thinking?"

"You! That's all—all—I can—think of—these days!"

"Sweetheart!" Then, half incredulous, he turned to her. He longed to take her in his arms and kiss her for an hour, without cease. But he feared that it might be a new sort of torture she was practising upon him.

"Aren't you glad?" she pouted.

"But you don't mean it!"

"I do! I do! I do!" she sobbed. Wherefore he embraced her in a most dazed fashion. He wondered how she could care for him, and why she should weep over it.

But when the hour was up, he thought he understood. *Anna Cosulich*

PENSACOLA, Fla.

"De Courtin' of de Morkin' Bird"

How a Banjo Song Was Made

"SAM," I said, "I am lazy, too lazy to read or think. Get your banjo and your old canoe, and we will float down to Little Bayou where we can go to sleep with our eyes and ears half open, while the bull frogs croon, and the birds sing us a lullaby."

Perpetual Indian Summer seemed to

brood over the dreamy swashes. The semi-tropical foliage of trees and vines drowsed in soft amber light, and a hush as of peaceful slumber muffled the earth.

When we reached Little Bayou, whose coffee colored waters assumed still deeper tints in the silent shadows of great, overhanging trees, Sam, my black minstrel of the swashes, laid down his paddle, and, letting the canoe drift with the little momentum his lazy arms had given it, lolled backward, with hands clasped behind his head, and looked dreamily upward through the firmament of leaves. He had asked no permission, for he knew my moods. We had been together on Little Bayou before, and through many others of the labyrinthean water ways in that amber land of dreams. Nor did he hesitate to trill, in his strangely sympathetic tenor voice, soft snatches of song that came to my ears like the broken warblings of some honey throated bird embowered in leafy distance. Through my semi-consciousness at last there stole a sense of seeming words set to a bird-like melody—a soft refrain struck from some song I had not heard before. It was only a broken bar, repeated, with singular, ventriloquistic effect, between intervals of listening silence; and practiced so softly, with varying swells and trills—light ripples of bird land joy and love held in a sweet restraint—that I could scarcely realize that it came from my ebon warbler, stretched just beyond my feet.

"Sam," I asked, "what song is that?"

He sat up, and answered with a smile: "Dat's what I calls 'De Courtin' ob de Morkin' Bird.' "

"Where did you learn it, Sam?"

"I didn't larn hit. It jes' made hit-*se'f* right in my haid."

"How could it do that?" I asked, for I wanted to hear the story.

"Well, hit was this a-way, Sah: Las' week I come down heah in my ole canoe, jes' so's to be all alone by myse'f. I wanted to res' undeh de big trees, wid de vines hangin' down oveh de watah, an' not heah nuffin but de frog go *plunk*, an' de owl go *who-who*, an' de woodpeck go *tr-r-r-r* on de daid limb, an' all de li'l birds sing praises to de good Lawd. Well, Sah, when I got heah, de birds weh havin' a concert; an' somehow dat concert got into my haid, an' de chune got into my fingahs, an' I commence to hum. Den dis banjo clim' right up on my knee lak a pickanniny dat wants to be petted. Fus' t'ing I know I got to singin', an' playin' dat banjo; an' den, Sah, de words come slidin' right down dem vines, an' drap off into my mouf; an' I *sing* 'em, an' *sing* 'em, an' *sing* 'em; an' pat my foot, an' play dat banjo;—an' dis new song was born'd right den an' dar, while all de li'l birds hung on de limbs wid der haids on one side listenin'. Der ain't berry much sense in de words, Sah, 'specially de words de mork bird sing. Fac' is, der ain't much sense in lots ob t'ings folks sing, nohow; but de sound get dar monst'ous fine, all de same; an' yo' haht make out meanin's to de words dat ain't in 'em—but still dey *is* in 'em, too, cause yo' *feel* dey is."

"Sing it, Sam," I said.

He gave his banjo a few preliminary twangs, and began:

"Mistah Mork Bird swing on de tip-top limb,
An' he sing: 'High-er-*O!* Come-a-high-er-o *hee!*'
For he see Miss Mork Bird peep at him,
W'en he sing: 'High-er-*O!* Come-a-high-er-o *hee!*'
He love Miss Mork Bird, so he do;
An' he know Miss Mork Bird love him, too;
For she first look up, an' den look down,
An' twis' huh neck, an' smoove huh gown;
An' huh sweet li'l haht go pitty-patty-pat,
As fas' as a woodpeck's r-r-rat-tat-tat;
An' den she say: 'Chirrr-*ree!* Chirrr-*ree!*
Will you be true, dearrr-ree?

Chirrr-*ree*! Chirrr-*ree!*'
Den he sing: 'High-er-*O!* Come-High-er-o *hee!*'

"Magnolia blooms breave sweet, an' smile,
W'en dey hear: 'High-er-*O!* Come-a-high-er-o *hee.*'
De squirl' he laugh lak a cute li'l chile,
W'en he hear 'High-er-*O!* Come-a-high-er-o *hee!*'
De woodpeck' tip he bright red hat,
An' tap he drum wid a r-r-r-rat-tat-tat;
De tree toad fluttah he throat: 'Cherrrr-*rink!*'
An' de owl in de hole look wise an' wink;
De frog he cough; an' de slim bluejay
Break half in two w'en de mork bird say,
Wid a trimbel sweet: 'Dearrr-ee!
Chirrrrr-*ree!*
I will be true, dearrrr-*ee!*
Chirrrrr-*ee!* Chirrrrr-*ee!*
So come high-er-*o!* Come-a high-er-o *hee!*'" *William W. Fink*

DES MOINES, Iowa.

A Picnic Interlude

THE sun had just gone down behind the thick darkness of the woods. Filmy clouds, flushed to a delicate rose by the after glow, brightened the eastern sky, and above the saffron tint that lay along the western horizon the evening star was just trembling into sight.

"Aren't we staying away from the rest too long?" asked the girl. "Hark! —we can hardly hear their voices."

He checked the long, lazy rhythm of his oars, and they drifted back a little, listening. The sweet stillness of evening that was closing round them was broken only by the sound of the water dripping from the uplifted blades, and a far off murmur of voices from down the stream.

"Why must we go back just yet?" he answered, letting the oars drop noiselessly back into the water. "Do you prefer salad and sandwiches with people who haven't a thought beyond them, to—this?"

"With you?" she completed, smiling back at him; but she offered no further protest as the light boat moved swiftly up the glassy river, in whose mirrored surface the deep sky with its pink clouds lay duplicated.

Now the channel grew narrower and the drops from the oars fell like balls of quick silver on the broad green discs of the lily leaves. Once she leaned over and pulled a full blown white lily as they passed. Farther on, where the river widened again, they came among a cloud of tiny, white insects that were rising from the river like a mist, frail little ephemerae, spreading their gauzy wings and floating away for a brief and airy existence.

The rose color faded from the eastern sky, and the stars began to come out here and there, at long intervals. A breeze came up from the not far distant lake, rustling the broad swords of the cat tails and gently swaying the feathery plumes of the wild rice. The river grew darker and the shadows more mysterious as the boat passed under the overhanging boughs of some giant willows. Here a little brook, hurrying down tumultuously from a wild and rocky ravine, joined the placid stream that lay, broad and peaceful, under the star lit sky. The voices of the distant picnickers were no longer heard and only the noisy brook and the breeze in the narrow willow leaves broke the spell of silence that lay on the world. The air was sweet with the breath of unseen wild roses and the strange, haunting night fragrance of the woods.

"Hush—oh listen!" said the girl suddenly, in a half whisper. Down from the impenetrable dusk of the ravine came a song of wonderful and serene beauty. A wood thrush was singing his vespers in the sweet darkness of the trees; such perfect, golden notes, so deliberate, with

long silence between the mellow phrases of the song! Such sweetness, such remotenesss, such purity!—the very spirit of the woods and the summer twilight.

The night fell while they listened. The stars shone through the branches and the fireflies were beginning to flash among the bushes, when the thrush at length stopped singing. For a little while the silence seemed vibrant with echoes of the wonderful evening hymn. There was no need of speech between the lovers, for the bird's song had expressed all that mere speech could never hope to compass.

Presently there was a sound of oars in the oar locks, and the slender skiff shot out from the willow shade and under the open, starry sky. Heading down the stream, the man bent his broad shoulders to the oars, and the black water woke into a thousand sparkling ripples as the prow cut through the little waves.

In the pure, faint light of the stars he could just catch the gleam of the white water lily in her hand.

From down the river came near and nearer the sound of voices and the thrumming of a guitar, and bright colored lanterns began to show among the trees. *Marion Warner Wildman*

NORWALK, Ohio.

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Not Quite a Gentleman

I.

LIEUTENANT RIDGLEY, coming eagerly along the dark parade, looked up to catch the gleam of a white dress through the vines that screened the colonel's veranda.

"But he really isn't quite a gentleman, Uncle Jim," a girl's voice said,—the words reached him distinctly. "None of the other men have anything to do with him. In a game of cards last year they say—"

"Pooh, my dear," the colonel's voice interrupted, "that's only a story. He's a very good officer. And he has the money to take care of a wife with while a young fellow with only his pay, you know can't—"

"I don't know at all!" the girl broke in with a half laugh. "For—oh, Uncle Jim — I've promised to marry Barry Kent!"

Young Ridgley had passed by. He walked quietly on, with contracted eyebrows, out to the end of the palisade; and flinging his cigarette over, stood looking down at the dusky river.

"But I wonder," he muttered, "if it was Kent who told her that old story?"

II.

Three cavalrymen, on a sun flecked evening, were riding at full speed along a strip of timberland, glancing now and then over their shoulders. But their pursuers had dropped out of sight ten minutes before; and presently they drew rein.

"Do you know what those red fiends are up to, Kent?" cried the senior of the three. "That whole party is on its way down the Wawa. If we don't get a warning through ahead of them, not a man, woman, or child in the settlement will be left alive! Confound this leg of mine."

"Oh, you're too lame," Kent said decidedly. "Change horses with me, major, and I'll try to get through myself."

"And be missing when your wedding day comes!" said the major. "No—we'll draw for it. What do you say, Ridgley?"

"As you please," replied the third.

The major's hat was used as a lottery box, while he rode to the top of the hill to look out for pursuit. When he got half way down again the others joined him and Kent handed him the hat.

"Ridegly's drawn it." he said.

III.

Kent's pretty fiancee was holding her usual court on the veranda when the major hobbled up the steps.

"The doctor's put Kent to bed, though he has only a scratch, Miss Louie," he said, "and I am come to make his excuses."

"Let's see the marks they left on you," said the colonel, taking the old felt from his hand. "Two holes in the brim, by Jove!—What's this sticking inside?"

"The lots that weren't drawn, I guess," said the major, putting up his glasses.

"But," said the colonel, "Ridgley's name's written on both!"

There was a startled silence.

"Kent put the same name on them all!" the colonel said in a suppressed voice. "It was a cowardly trick?!" And the girl beside his chair looked down at the strips of paper with a colorless face.

IV.

News came at length from the Wawa that the warning had gotten there in time; but it was an old squaw that had brought it, bribed, she said, by a young paleface who had been made prisoner by her tribe. Weeks afterward Ridgley, escaped from captivity, made his way back to the fort on foot, a very skeleton in rags.

The garrison was inclined to give him the welcome of a hero. He had been badly treated, it was felt, in more ways than one. But the returned wanderer was scarcely responsive. His only interest, though a silent one, was in Kent's broken engagement, and ostracism.

"We've changed places," Kent had said with a short laugh, when they met. "I ought to have gone with you, it seems; though, 'pon my word, I don't see what good it would have done. But I'm outside the pale for it. You'll have your innings now."

But Ridgley found that explanation hardly adequate. And it was with the intention of solving the mystery that he mounted the colonel's veranda, finding its young mistress alone in the moonlight. As was his way, he came at once to the object of his visit.

"Miss Worth," he said abruptly, "what is it that Kent has done?"

The girl flushed.

"Don't you know?" she asked. "Then it is almost a pity that you should. The other lots were found after you left, and your name was on them both."

Ridgely stood looking down at her without speaking, a variety of expressions passing over his face. Then he turned and gazed out across the parade.

"Miss Worth," he said presently, "was it Kent who told you that story about me?"

The girl glanced up at him, and then down again. "Yes," she said.

Ridgley looked out again into the moonlight. In the shadow of the other side a man was coming up the parade. He turned to the girl beside him.

"There was never an atom of truth in that story, Miss Louie," he said, with a flush on his face. "I am not quite a gentleman, perhaps, but I have at least been honest. For the lots—Kent was going to be married, you know, and I—didn't signify. So—it was I who wrote the names, not Kent. I put my own on them all."

The girl stared up at him, scarcely believing. He glanced across the parade.

"Hello, Kent," he called, in a ordinary voice, "come over here, will you?"

And as the boy stiffly and hesitatingly came toward them, Ridgley stepped down into the shadow and strode off.

Sophie Hammond

Ellicott City, Md.

William McKinley as I Knew Him: In the White House.

Third Paper.

By SENATOR M. A. HANNA.

I CAME to Washington a few days in advance of the inauguration in 1897 to make the final arrangements as chairman of the National Committee. How well I remember the morning of McKinley's arrival, as I went to the Ebbitt House to meet him. He had stopped at this hotel for many years as a Congressman, and was now a guest as President. I was particularly impressed on meeting the same McKinley that I had seen so often before in his room at the hotel while a member of Congress. There was nothing in his manner or appearance to denote that any change whatever had come over him; there was nothing in his expression of the exultation of success, or political victory or personal prestige. If there was any difference it was that he appeared to me more serious, more warmly sympathetic, in the gentle dignity that came upon him under the weight of the great responsibilities before him. It would have taken a close observer to discover that he was other than the old member of Congress from Ohio quietly assuming the duties and responsibilities of an every-day routine in the work which he loved. He greeted me with the same sweet smile and hearty handshake which I had known so well for thirty years past, and I could scarcely realize that he had become the ruler of the greatest nation on earth, and that he was still to remain the same confidential and loving friend as in the old days.

After the pomp and ceremony of the inauguration was over he appeared to slip into his place with an ease and grace that told the story to every one over again that had been proclaimed so effectively during the campaign just closed, that William McKinley, of all men, at this time, exactly "fitted the situation."

Immediately after Congress was called in extraordinary session in 1897, to begin the business in hand, to fulfill the promises made by the Republican party. The changed conditions of the country seemed to engross his concentrated attention day after day, hour after hour, morning, noon and night. In all his talk and conversation with me there was one supreme purpose, and that was to bring the nation back to the old anchorage of sound money and a protective policy. His work from day to day was laid out with the system and care of an architect or an artisan who had specific duties before him. The Dingley bill was almost ready for the House and in shaping and advising along this policy, keeping in mind prosperity for the peo-

ple as the one great desired object, he was always at his best and always enthusiastic. For the first few months of his administration his whole time was taken up in dealing with a proposition concerning which he was an acknowledged expert, and more than that, involving a labor of love which seemed to be more apparent in his work than a sense of perfunctorily performing executive duties. He was, in fact, enthusiastic in this work and had a happy, cheery way of meeting old friends as well as new acquaintances that had always stood by him in so many fights for the principles of protection. Happy especially because in every outstretched hand that came to greet him there was a pledge of loyalty and support which made him feel strong and fixed in his determination to do his utmost for his country's good. It was not merely a generalized or theorized purpose of patriotism that inspired him; he appeared always to have the specific and concrete interests of the people as individuals in mind when he undertook to solve the great questions of public welfare.

In those days his social life was a happy one because his dear wife caught the inspiration of the work in hand and in the new environment her own life had been brightened. She was personally interested in those things which have made the White House a bright reflection of ideal American home life. Her interest in those matters was especially appreciated by the devoted husband, who seemed to feel that the great purpose of all American policies should concentrate in the betterment of conditions of the American home and fireside.

After the adjournment of Congress, about the first of August, 1897, the President took a much needed vacation of a few weeks, but during all that time was constantly engrossed with work. He never seemed to quite throw off the serious purpose that had been interwoven in all the acts of his public career. Immediately after his return to Washington he began the preparation of outlining in written data and notes the fixed ideas expressing his own line of policy which was destined to be of so great benefit to his country and to humanity as well. When Congress reassembled in December, 1897, he had fully made his forecast and was prepared to meet in a masterful way the questions of the hour.

The country knows only too well how quickly he grasped the serious situation that came up later in the island of Cuba and led to the outbreak of the Spanish war. It was during these trying days that I saw Governor McKinley in a new light. As difficulties multiplied and responsibilities increased he seemed to grow even more masterful and self reliant. As close as we had been as personal friends, each day seemed to unfold some hitherto unobserved strength of character and nobility of purpose.

Under these conditions, I was forcibly reminded of the criticisms that had been made at an earlier time when his candidacy for the Presidency was discussed. It was claimed that McKinley was a man of a single idea; that he was an expert on tariff matters only and that his claims to statesmanship were confined to his advocacy of the policies and principles of protection. Later developments proved this to be far from the truth.

There was not a detail or a situation in any branch of the Government with which he came into contact that he did not fully fathom and master. The intricate and unprecedented questions growing out of the war situation he met in much the same way that he did as a young lawyer in solving the intricacies of the case before him. While he had a loyal and efficient cabinet, he always led in the newer propositions presented. His judgment never faltered, nor did he fail to awaken enthusiastic support in all with whom he came into contact. In fact, his influence with men grew so strong that the whole Congress of the United States was ready to follow his leadership in all matters pertaining to the conduct of the war, having perfect faith in his patriotism, tried and true, and his ability which had time and again withstood the crucial test.

One of the remarkable things concerning his whole administration was this personal confidence and esteem which he universally inspired and so well earned from every man of both political parties in the Congress of the United States. In all the upheavals brought about by the conditions and new questions growing out of the war, the problem of insular possessions and our relations with Cuba, the influence of his personality never changed or relaxed while his life lasted, and in the closing days of his public career was reached the climax of a pure and noble life.

During the hot, sultry days of August in 1898, William McKinley continued unceasingly his long hours of labor at the White House. Night after night found him at work if there were pressing matters at hand, and usually there were problems of the gravest importance demanding his attention as commander-in-chief. Often I would go over to the White House and sit with him on the south porch when he had finished his work, with various members of Congress or Cabinet members and in the long summer evenings we would enjoy those little friendly gatherings far past midnight. He seemed to consider these brief hours of recreation as well worth the arduous labors of the long day. During these meetings he had little to say of the serious and sad things of life, but was always an optimist and his enthusiasm was infectious. He was particularly fond of telling and listening to stories and cracking jokes, always in that good humored and gentle way which never possessed the rapier touch of satire or temper.

Perhaps the greatest strain upon William McKinley during his whole life was the few months prior to the declaration of war. The suspense of the situation in getting at all the facts wore upon him, and his patience under distressing circumstances always appeared to me saintly. But when war was finally declared, and the inevitable came upon us, his whole manner changed. Everything else was cast aside to do with all his might what had to be done in pushing the war. He settled down in that quiet, serious and determined way which emphasized his mastery of the problems before him. How often I have watched him in those thoughtful moods. He would remain silent for some time and

seeming to commune with himself—"think it out," as he would jokingly remark. And when he had settled the matter fully in his own mind, his old natural manner would come back with a rebound and he was again the same smiling, sweet and gentle companion.

His unvarying habit was, when advising with any one in matters of state or serious import, to first find out what the other fellow thought. On this situation he always seemed to build his premises, and he had a faculty of getting it out of you somehow or other; sometimes he would approve and sometimes he would say nothing, but he was always an earnest seeker after the truth and the facts, seeming to entirely obliterate his personal prejudices in his eagerness to arrive at a just and equitable conclusion.

I have often observed how he never withheld his sympathy in any case, no matter how small or inconsequential it might be. There was a particularly interesting incident in his desiring to appoint an old school friend to a small postoffice in one of the western states. The lady was a widow and needed the income toward the support of herself and family, but the congressman had previously recommended for the position a man who had been of some service to him in his Congressional campaign. For a time there was an indication of feeling growing out of the matter and it appeared like a curious commentary upon the power of the President of the United States, when he was unable to control the appointment to a fourth class postoffice, under the inexorable unwritten law of precedent. But the situation was soon solved when the congressman held a conference with William McKinley. The President had made an effective plea with the irritated and annoyed member, who had resented interference with his absolute prerogative when fanned into temper by outsiders; but the President won his point for the old school friend and none were more cheerful parties to the plan than the congressman and disappointed candidate for the post office. They had felt the touch of human sympathy such as William McKinley could always inspire.

William McKinley was the incarnation of the best and purest statesmanship, which, I believe, exists in every American. His qualities that inspired in me a close personal friendship were given with the same unstinted grace and generosity to every individual that came within the influence of his personality, no matter how remote or how humble that individual might be. His career is a treasured heritage of the human race, and marks the beginning of a new epoch in the history of the United States.

Phases of American Affairs

Topics of the Month in Chicago

HARRY E. LEE and his big male caribou brought down on the Kenai peninsula, Alaska, have become the subject of attention from the Field Columbian Museum. Mr. Lee, as the first white discoverer of the animal wonders of the interior of the Kenai country, has well proven his title to being as "enthusiastic and successful a big game hunter as President Roosevelt." The illustration shows him standing with his Savage by the beauty of the Alaskan ranges brought down by him. Professor D. G. Elliot of the Field Museum says, "It is a very fine male caribou."

In his enthusiastic journeys through Alaska in search of big game Mr. Lee has come to believe that as soon as possible the government should establish there a great game preserve.

He thinks if this is not done at once the ruthless slaughter now going on will result in the total destruction of animal families. He has discussed the game preserve idea with President Roosevelt and other prominent sportsmen of the country and finds that they agree with him, but unless the President himself acts in the matter, no one seems likely to take the initiative.

The bull moose, caribou, bear and mountain sheep, as well as the paroquet and eider duck, are now found in Alaska. They represent connecting links with the time when the earth was much younger than it is today. Gold seekers, ruthless prospectors, and wanton hunters are fast diminishing their numbers. Specimens that should be in the great museums of the country are ruthlessly thrown away. Game that ought to be spared and encouraged is brought down to satisfy a whim. The government and the people are the material losers.

"I would have the government," says Mr. Lee, "take drastic action immediately to make an immense game preserve in Alaska. For the benefit of future travelers, for museums, for students, it would be one of the most valuable acquisitions the nation could have. If the Yellowstone Park was to be considered wonderful twenty years ago, Alaska now is simply marvelous."

The caribou shown with Mr. Lee is one of the finest specimens of its kind ever brought into the United States. The lower lip in front is silvery white. The upper part of the nose and head to between the horns is a dark chocolate brown. The cheeks and throat are paler and of a redder brown. There is a white ring around the eyes, while the rest of the head and neck and fore part of shoulders is a mixed black and white, having a pepper and salt appearance. The hue on the belly is blackish brown. The number of points on the antlers is fifty-six, twenty-eight on each side. Mr. Lee promises to tell the readers of the National at a later date how he shot his emperor of horned beasts.

—

J. E. HASCHKE of Chicago is one of the mechanical geniuses of the twentieth century who are making new paths of progress for coming "captains of industry" Mr. Haschke has discovered how to make the hardest steel like putty; a method of reducing adamant to the penetrability of a spider's web. He is the discoverer of the value of electricity in cutting away barriers of Bessemer.

Mr. Haschke calls himself a "consult-

ing electrical engineer." He has had for some time a factory on Market street, Chicago, but has been without newspaper fame. One morning all the western newspapers found him. He had quietly gone to Milwaukee with some electrical apparatus, a carbon point, and his own wits, and cut his way through steel doors with as much ease as though he were dealing with "cheese" pine. Perhaps there was not a bank president in the country who felt comfortable after this, for Mr. Haschke made it known that with his electrical power and carbon

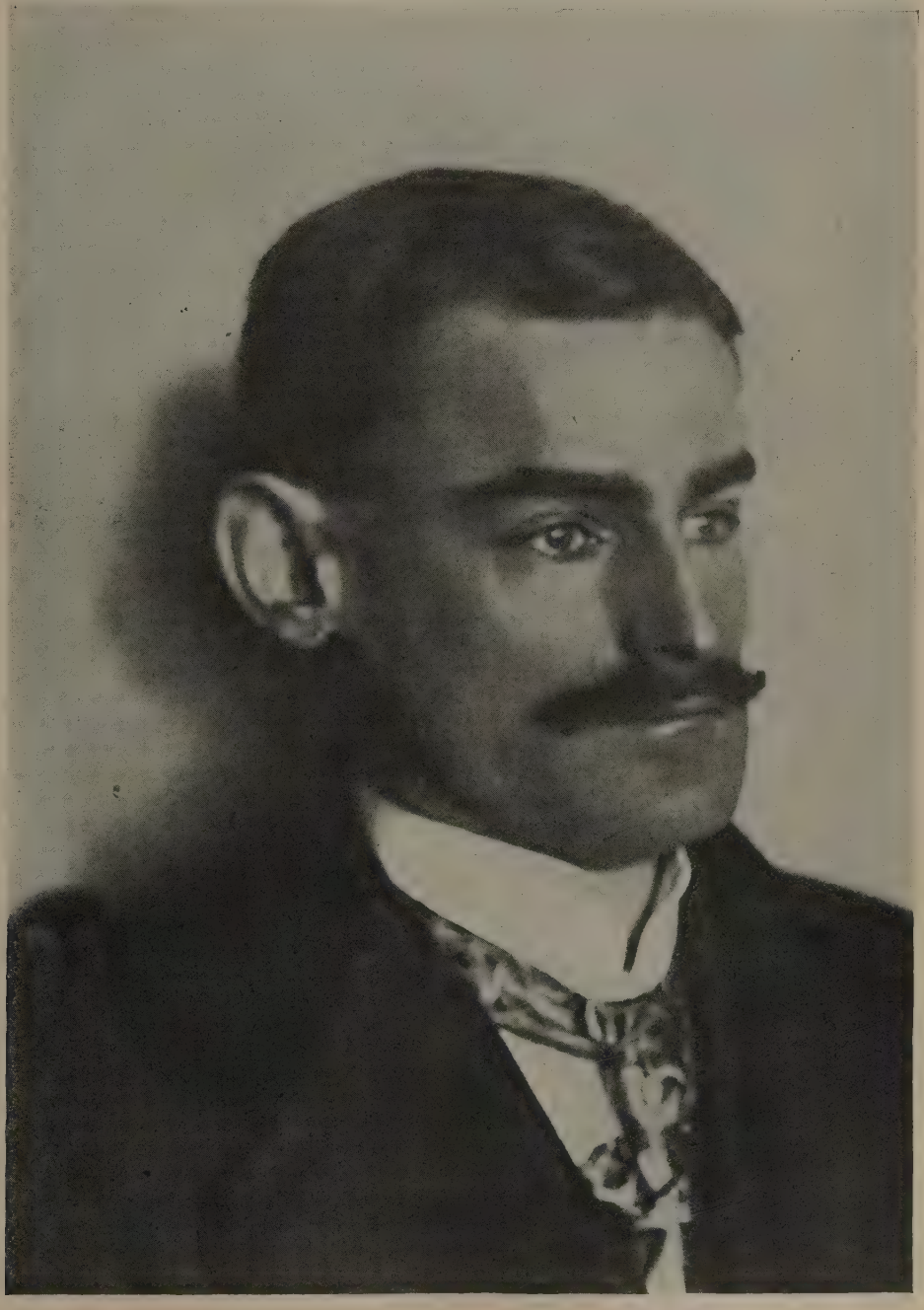
HARRY F. LEE AND HIS ALASKAN CARIBOU

Photo copyrighted, 1901, by Harry E Lee

point he could cut through any steel safe, vault or safety apparatus that has yet been made—do it rapidly and surely.

Up on the fifteenth floor of the Audi-

J. E. HASCHKE, INVENTOR OF THE CARBON POINT FOR CUTTING STEEL
Photo by the C & C. Company, Masonic Temple, Chicago



MR. HASCHKE CUTTING OUT A STEEL BOILER ON THE FIFTEENTH FLOOR OF THE AUDITORIUM BUILDING, CHICAGO Photo by the C. & C. Company, Masonic Temple, Chicago

torium building, Chicago, was a huge boiler, which was constructed into the building when the latter was erected. For some time the managers of the building have wished to get the boiler out. They heard of Mr. Haschke and called on him. He cut the boiler out. The National's picture shows him at this work. The blinding glare which comes from his carbon when it is at work is shown. This glare promises to destroy the eyesight of Mr. Haschke. It is not only fierce in white light but hot. Despite the fact that the inventor has worn goggles and all kinds of other protection for his eyes his optic nerves have suffered intensely. The protecting goggles blister, and so far no substitute for them has been discovered.

This new application of electricity may give the safe and vault manufacturers of the country new reasons for concluding that something less penetrable than steel is needed if they are to continue to defy the wiles of cracksmen. At the same time, in the cutting of great masses of metal the discovery may prove to be of incalculable benefit to metal workers. Mr. Haschke is one of those who believes that the possible uses of electricity are not yet half known to the industrial world.

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CHICAGO leads with a new idea—having installed the telephone for use at lunch tables in popular cafes, it is now equipping passenger trains with telephone service. The Chicago & Northwestern Railway is the first road in the country to make this innovation. General Passenger Agent Kniskern and Assistant General Passenger Agent Cairns saw the installation of the new accomodation on their line late in March. Their transcontinental service, that which spans the country from Chicago to the Pacific coast, now carries in the Pullman cars a complete telephone equipment with special messenger service. Thus a Chicago passenger taking his train thirty minutes before its departure can sit in his car and converse with his family or his business office until within a few seconds of the time of leaving. On leaving San Francisco, if he so desires, he can advise his business connections there of his arrival. The innovation is part of the sweep and rush of the times, the straining of individuals and corporations to accomplish as much as possible in the least time. "Business" no longer waits for laggards, and this has not recently been better illustrated than in the multifarious uses being made of the telephone and the telegraph in shortening the hours of labor and increasing volume of transactions.

In this connection comes the story of a new application of the telephone made by the Illinois Central Railway, which like the Northwestern is always looking for worthy improvements. The Illinois Central has installed on its lines a telephone service by which its engineers and train men in the event of a breakdown on the road between stations may telephone from their disabled train to the nearest point and secure assistance. The necessity of sending a train man back five or ten miles on foot in the event of an accident is done away with. There is also an enormous saving of time. The engineer sits in his cab and by wire calls for aid and gets it much quicker than by the old system.

One illustration gives a glimpse of the interior of the most beautiful Pullman car ever finished for public travel; a traveler on the Northwestern sending a message from the train just before its departure, a messenger by his side. The other picture shows the engineer of an Illinois Central mogul telephoning his headquarters officials that there is a washout in the track ahead of him. The two pictures bear eloquent witness to the progress of American enterprise.

CHICAGO *H. I. Cleveland*

PASSENGER ON A CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN TRAIN AT CHICAGO TELEPHONING FROM THE CAR TO HIS HOME JUST PRIOR TO THE TRAIN'S DEPARTURE. Photo by C. & C. Co., Masonic Temple, Chicago

AN ILLINOIS CENTRAL ENGINEER TELEPHONING FROM HIS CAB TO HEADQUARTERS IN THE CITY
Photo by the C. & C Company, Masonic Temple, Chicago

The People of the Stage

THE beginning of June marks the close of one the most successful theatrical seasons managers have ever known. Gratifying, perhaps, more from the pecuniary than the artistic point of view, but in many ways a highly satisfactory year. At "Du Barry" such a thing as a vacant seat has not been found, and "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" has earned nearly half a million dollars for its managers. Then, the season has been made memorable by the work of two actresses, Henrietta Crosman and Minnie Maddern Fiske. Miss Crosman in the production of "As You Like It" ran the unprecedented—for a Shakespearean revival—length of eight weeks and proved the falsity of the manager's adage, "The public do not care for Shakespeare." We all go gladly when the portrayal is as charming as Miss Crosman's Rosalind, especially when the supporting company is thoroughly adequate. It is an odd thing—this dearth of Shakespearean revivals, and one scarcely fair to the rising generation. Even in the leading theatrical weekly is a notice to this effect:

CHARLES UPTODATE
PRESENTS
HORTENSE COMMEILFAUT
IN
TWELFTH NIGHT
by WM. SHAKESPEARE

And on the elevated train one morning the following conversation took place:

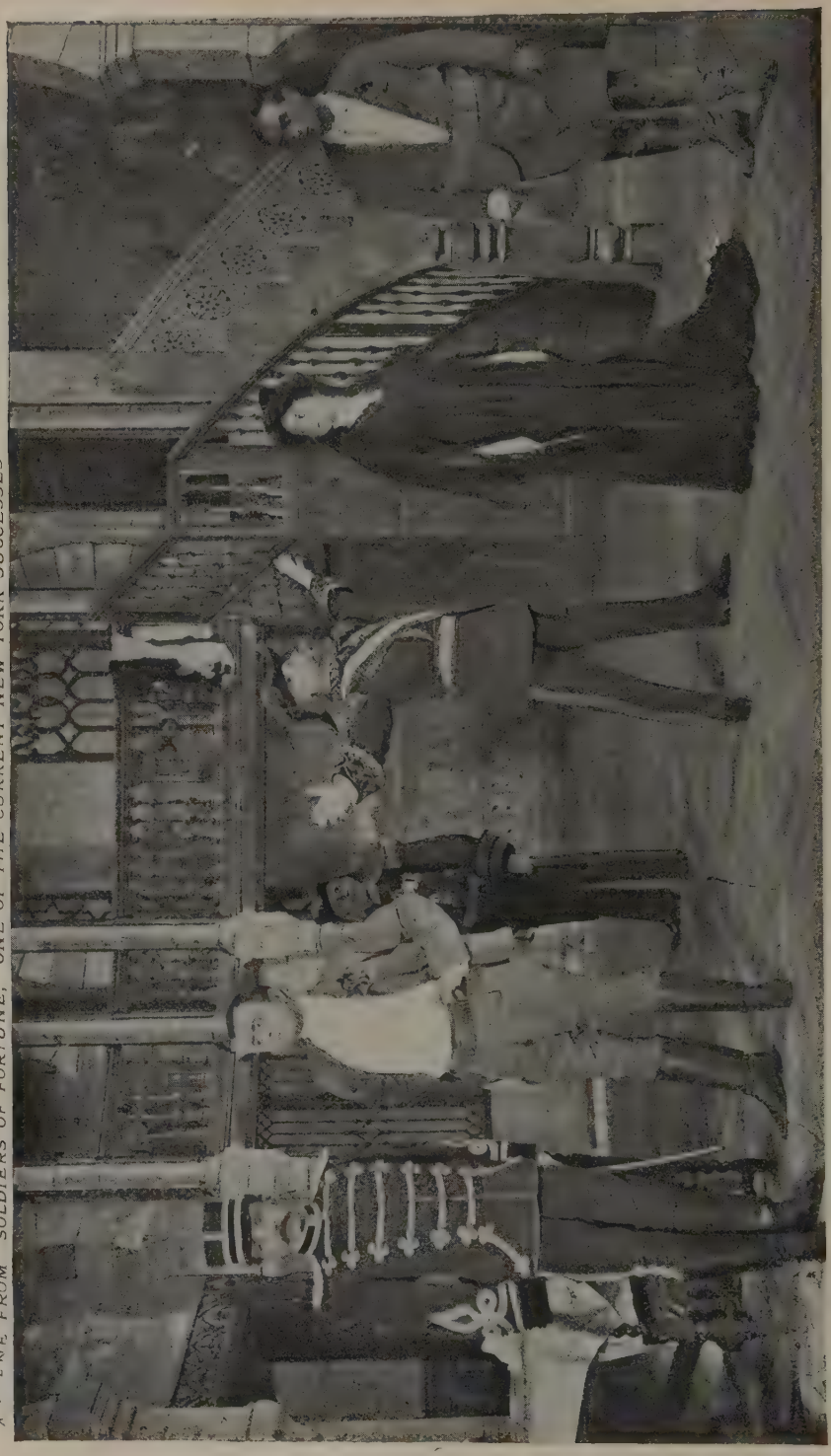
"Have you seen Henrietta Crosman in 'As You Like It?'"

"No, but I've read the play."

Mrs. Fiske, who by the grace of her

LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF JULIA MARLOWE, WHO HAS ADDED BOOK BINDING TO HER LIST OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS

DOROTHY DONNELLY IN "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE"



A SCENE FROM "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE," ONE OF THE CURRENT NEW YORK SUCCESSES

JESSIE BUSLEY AS AUGUSTA VICTORIA PATRICIA WILKINS, IN "A SKY FARM"

manager, keeps her promises, returned to play a spring engagement, reviving "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and Sardou's "Divorcons," and playing for the first time here "Little Italy" and Ibsen's "A Doll's House." There are two players who need never leave New York, so far as the desire to attract large audiences is concerned: one is Richard Mansfield and the other Minnie Maddern Fiske. Next year Mrs. Fiske has promised to spend the greater part of

the season at the Manhattan and she will produce "Mary Magdalene," the first drama dealing with Biblical characters ever presented in New York. Beside this, Mrs. Fiske has a number of plays in reserve and may use one of her own, "A Light from St. Agnes," as a curtain raiser.

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OVER in England is taking place what is called "the American invasion"—more correctly, "the American conquest." The Queen congratulates the leading woman, Olive May, in "Arizona" and the King has a specially built royal box from which to view the chariot race in "Ben Hur." In London alone six theatres are directly under the control of an American manager, and our own William Gillette has furnished one of the "hits" of the season with his stage version of "Sherlock Holmes." He has

WILLIAM GILLETTE, WHO HAS CAPTURED LONDON WITH HIS "SHERLOCK HOLMES," AND WHO EXPECTS SOON TO PLAY "HAMLET" IN AMERICA

LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

taken this play to Edinburgh, where even the canny Scots flocked to see him. Next year he will return to give Americans his long promised reading of "Hamlet."

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DOWN the gang plank of an ocean liner one of these first days in June will walk a woman who seemingly knows no such word as leisure. Having played continuously for thirty weeks, Julia Marlowe sails for a change of scene to a little watering place, Bad Nauheim, Germany, and while there she will take lessons in book binding. Being able to earn her living by a profession, it is part of Miss Marlowe's creed to be able to do so at a trade. An extremely versatile woman, almost equally good in tragedy and comedy, a playwright herself, a thoroughly accomplished stage director, she has yet found time to write a book, "Six Girls from Shakespeare," which will appear this month. Miss Marlowe considers herself at her best in comedy roles, though her ambition is to create a lasting impression in the interpretation of Shakespearean heroines. She says:

"Shakespeare is my pinnacle and I hope yet to make my grand effort—the effort of my life—in classic drama. Some day I shall again play Shakespeare; but when I do I shall hope to attract great audiences. Then to those who come to see Shakespeare played I shall play my very best, and in the hearts of those who come only out of curiosity to see Julia Marlowe play Shakespeare I shall try to awaken a love for Shakespeare which shall surpass the feeling of interest in me or in any other interpreter of Shakespeare's plays."

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PLAYERS at the outset of their careers are constantly on the outlook for something by which they may be made noticeable. Isabel Irving, now leading woman with William Faversham, once had a small part where she was forced to march in a long line and not being able to feel that the procession was exactly a triumphal one for herself, she decided to vary the "business," and so do something out of the ordinary as she crossed the stage. She finally decided to drop a bouquet she was carrying and in this way attract some little attention. It was a lovely plan but it did not work very smoothly, for it threw the whole line into confusion, and when Miss Irving made her exit she was accosted by an angry stage manager, who wanted to know "Why under the sun couldn't she hang on to that bouquet," and advising her "to exercise care in the future."

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IF the meaning of "the survival of the fittest" is not changed by a rising mercury, then musical comedies must be distinctively in the lead of what is best on the boards. "San Toy," "Dolly Varden," "A Chinese Honeymoon" and "The Wild Rose" are left to entertain when just the name of the last Empire success, "The Importance of Being Earnest" causes one to look warily. Musical comedy in a well ventilated theatre in summer is on a par with a novel by "The Duchess" when read in a hammock. *Helen Arthur.*

NEW YORK CITY.

The "Carnegie Railroad"

THOSE not directly interested in industrial affairs are unaware of the important part which an obscure but remarkable American railroad played in aiding Andrew Carnegie to work out many of the plans of his clear and far-reaching brain, and of the steel king's keen personal interest in the road.

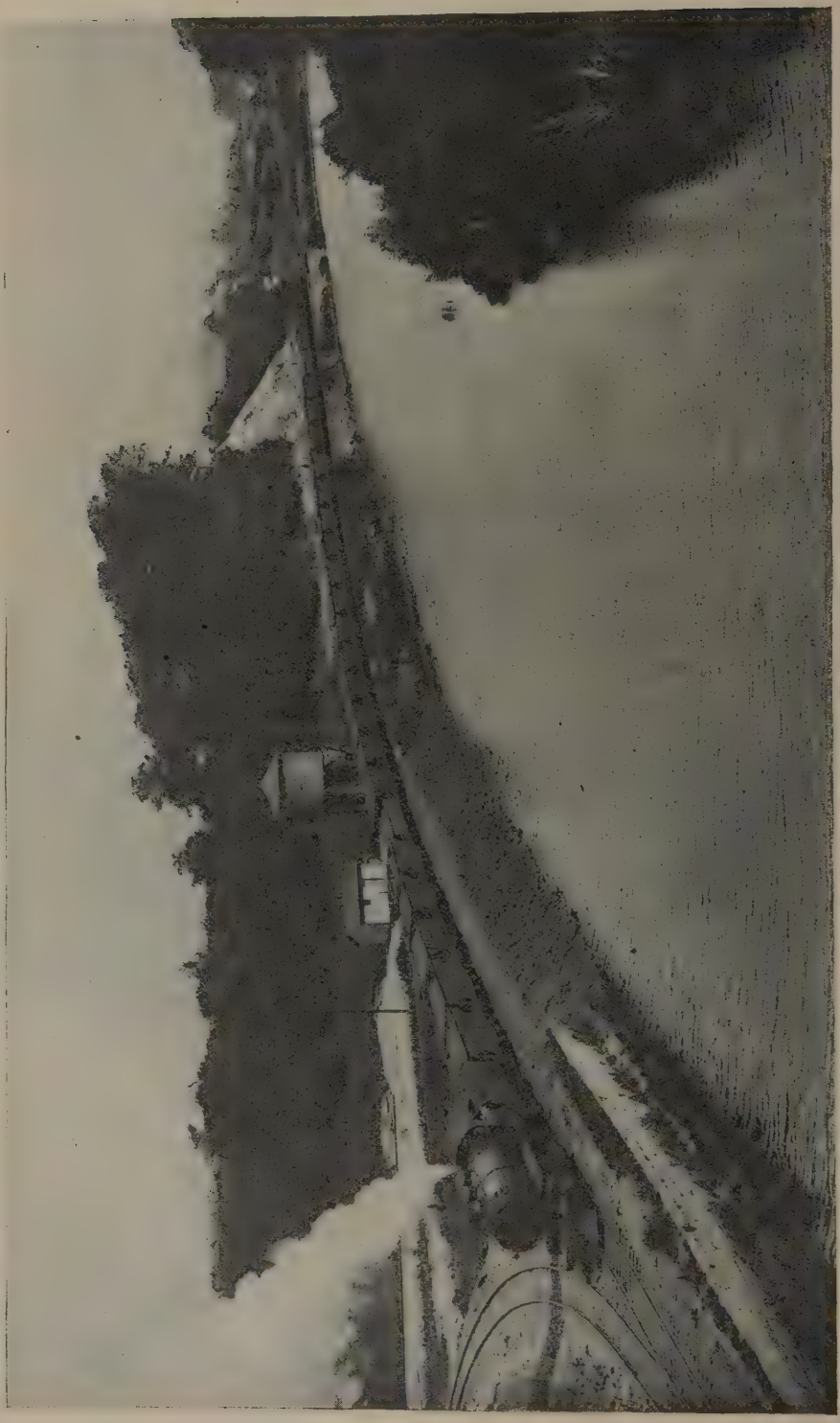
This bit of railway, which is used almost exclusively for the transportation of iron ore and coal, extends from the furnace districts of Pittsburg to the great lake port of Conneaut in Ohio. Its official name is the Pittsburg, Bessemer & Lake

Erie, but it is, perhaps, oftener referred to as the "Carnegie road." Among its notable possessions are two of the biggest locomotives yet built, and the largest type of freight cars extant. Over its tracks have been hauled the heaviest freight train ever drawn by one engine (grades considered). With its 200 miles of track this road handles annually as much freight as many of the great trunk lines of America.

It is said that one of Mr. Carnegie's ambitions, before retiring from active business life, was to be able to ship iron and steel to Europe from his furnaces over his own railroad to his own shipping harbor, and thence via his own boats to the old world. This he practically accomplished shortly before he turned over so many of his cares and his industries to the giant steel trust, the United States Steel Company, and his railroad was an important part of the chain of facilities which made such a thing possible. When in the year 1900, the railroads connecting the furnaces with the Atlantic coast harbors insisted on charging Mr. Carnegie higher rates of transportation than he felt he should be charged, he gave to them a warning by shipping steel billets, for Europe, sufficient for four cargoes, via his own railroad to Conneaut harbor. At this northern terminal four British vessels were waiting to receive the first products of the American furnaces to go by way of the Great Lakes and the Welland Canal to Europe, and later dispatches from across the deep told of their safe arrival at Avonsmouth, England.

ONE OF THE THREE BIGGEST LOCOMOTIVES IN THE WORLD: BUILT FOR THE "CARNEGIE RAILROAD"

When Mr. Carnegie sought a destination in Canada for the product of his mills, he decided on a car ferry route to connect with the northern terminal of railroad, and today a large per cent of the steel that is being used in the construction of Canadian railroads passes over this route. The car ferries differ from other lake vessels in that they are built to carry cars with their contents,



HEAVIEST TRAIN EVER HAULED BY A SINGLE ENGINE (GRADES CONSIDERED)

while the ordinary freight vessel carries but the contents without the cars. On the floors of the huge ferries are tracks of the same gauge as those of the connecting railroad. Thus the train can be easily shifted from wharf to ferry. The path of these odd boats across Lake Erie is sixty miles in length.

Conneaut harbor, which I have before referred to as the northern terminal of the "Carnegie railroad," is another piece of the handiwork of Carnegie and his millions. Here more than 3,000,000 tons of iron ore have been unloaded from lake vessels during the past season. In the past decade many millions of dollars have been expended in making it an ideal harbor, with the most improved machinery for rapid unloading of iron ore, and loading of coal and steel. The 3,000,000 tons of ore here received last season, either has gone or will go forward to the furnaces over the "Carnegie railroad." The marvelous record of shipping a half million tons in a single month over this road was accomplished in October, 1901. In this period of thirty-one days there were 253 ore trains sent south, and the average train load was 1,025 tons of paying freight. The gross earnings were $341,000. Incidently it may be noted that this is the railroad, and the port of Conneaut is the harbor in which the great steel trust is interested.

LARGEST TYPE OF CARS EXTANT: ORE CARRIERS ON THE "CARNEGIE RAILROAD."

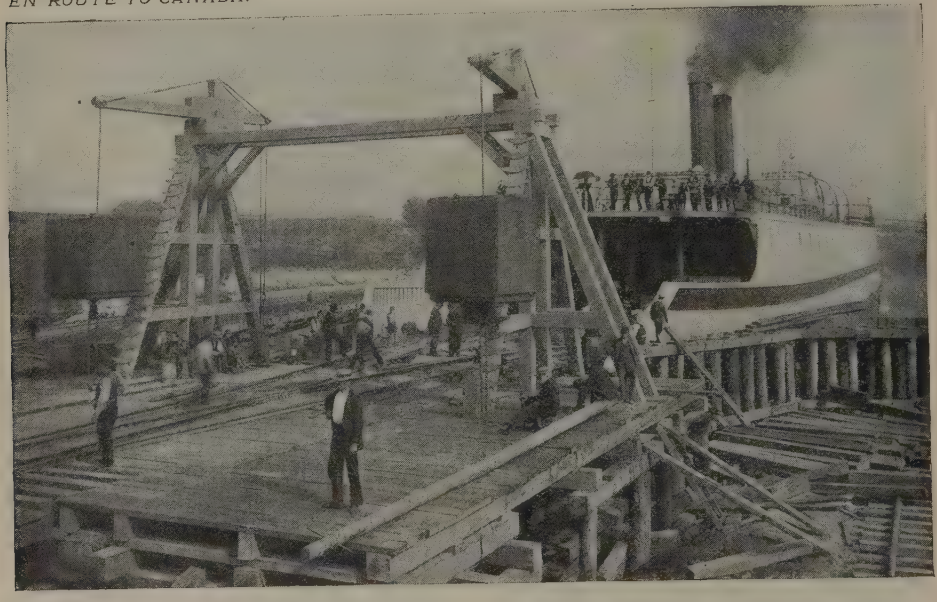
When the "Carnegie railroad" leaves Conneaut, after winding about the great ore piles, it passes up a grade which for steepness is said to eclipse any other incline over which an ore train passes. Before reaching its immense bridge of 2,700 feet length, spanning the Allegheny river, the road traverses an extensive farming territory and wooded land. The

construction of the road embraces numerous engineering feats, and is remarkable for its quality and strength. The entire length is of 100 pound rails, the heaviest known to the railroad world.

The first achievement of this notable railroad in rolling stock was the introduction of a steel car of 100,000 pounds capacity. Thousands of these giant carriers are now constantly in use. They have drop bottoms. To discharge their contents requires but a moment of time. The cars are run on to a trestle, and the iron ore received by pockets or buckets beneath. These cars are built at a cost of $700 each. They are one inch less than twelve feet high.

The most notable acquisitions to the road were the immense locomotives, built not for speed but for power. The mammoth engine constructed for the Illinois Central a few years ago was regarded in railroad circles as the zenith in size, but Andrew Carnegie was determined to become king of the situation, and his engines have had no rival until a month or so ago. With the tender they exceed in weight the giant of the Illinois Central by thirteen tons, and exceed it in water capacity by 500 gallons. The total weight of one of these locomotives, fully equipped and ready for a trip, is 391,400 pounds. The water tank capacity is 7,500 gallons. Exclusive of the tender, the engine weighs 250,300 pounds. The weight on the drive wheels is 225,200 pounds. Its heating surface is 3,564 square feet. Its steam pressure is 220 pounds.

SCENE ON THE CONNEAUT, OHIO, HARBOR DOCKS, AT THE POINT WHERE CARS OF STEEL AND COAL ARE SHIFTED FROM THE RAILROAD TERMINAL TO CAR FERRIES EN ROUTE TO CANADA.



These immense locomotives were built for use principally between Conneaut and Albion, Pa., between which points the steep grade before referred to is situated. Where an ordinary locomotive had previously been able to haul but fifteen laden cars up this grade, the new engines on their first test hauled twenty-five of the hopper or biggest style cars.

In the accompanying photograph of one of these locomotives it will be

THE "CARNEGIE RAILROAD" WINDING ABOUT HUGE PILES OF IRON ORE, A MOUNTAIN RANGE OF IT

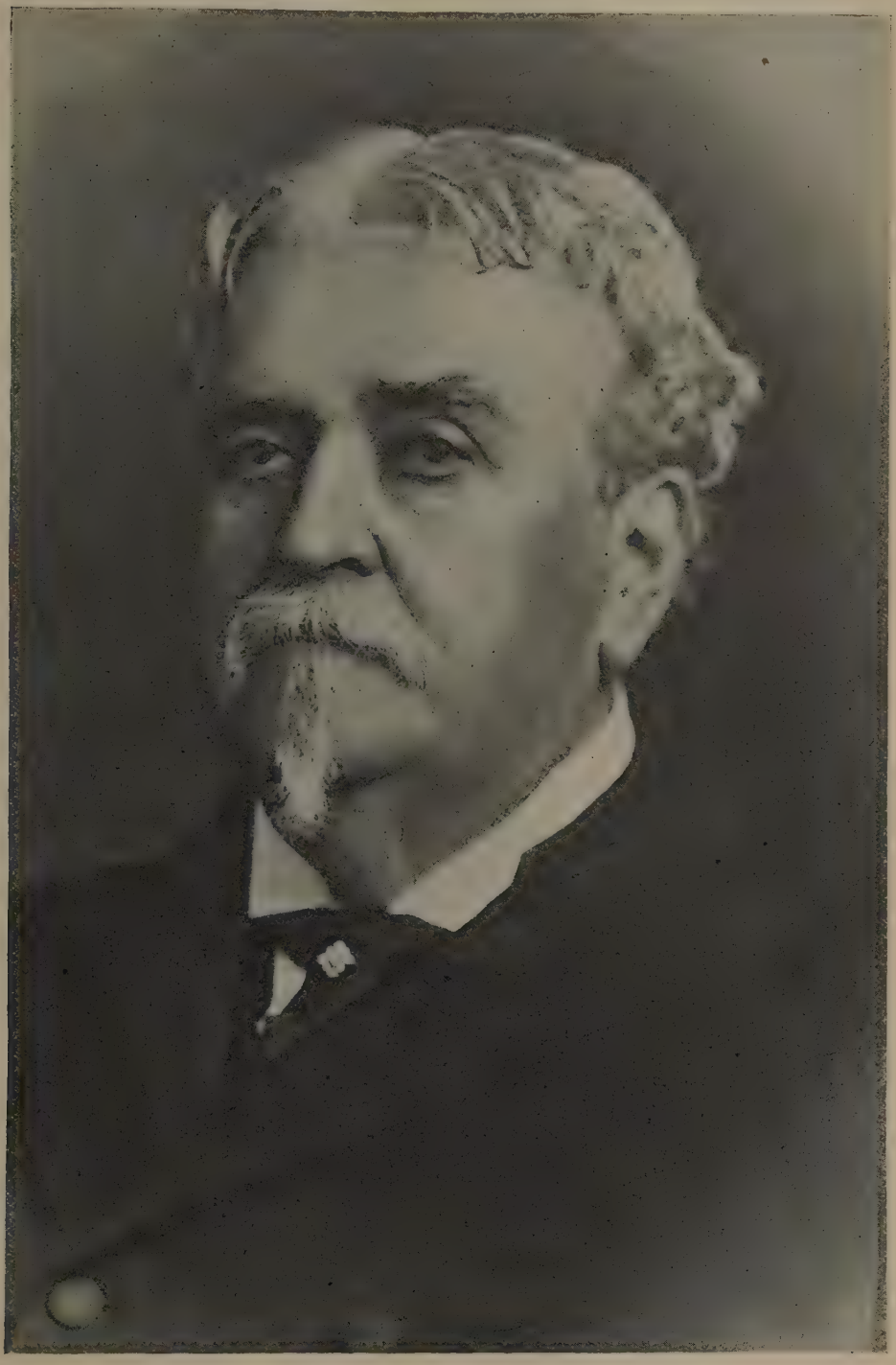
noticed that the rear of the boiler slopes toward the cab. This is necessitated by the immense size of the boiler, for if it did not taper it would be impossible to work about it within the cab. In this connection it is interesting to note that the average diameter of the boiler is seven feet. Another very noticeable feature is the size of the tender. It is not many years ago since an entire railway engine was no larger than this tender. In it can be placed fourteen tons of coal. It must not be thought from this that this locomotive is a heavy coal eater. To the contrary, when a comparison is made with the coal consumed by a sufficient number of smaller motive power to handle the same traffic, the economy is on the side of the giant. The new and recent rival of these monsters has just made its debut on the Santa Fe. Its dimensions slightly eclipse the locomotives of the "Carnegie road."

From the docks at Conneaut, en route to the furnaces, one of these great locomotives with its train of largest cars has established the record for the heaviest train ever hauled by one railway engine.

SCENE AT THE "CARNEGIE RAILROAD" TERMINAL: BRITISH STEAMER "LEAFIELD" TAKING ON ONE OF THE FIRST FOUR CARGOES OF STEEL TO GO VIA THE GREAT LAKES AND THE WELLAND CANAL TO EUROPE

The comparison with all other records was computed after taking into consideration the heavy grade known as the "hog back" hill. It was not the longest train of cars ever hauled, neither was it, in a sense, the heaviest train ever hauled by one engine upon a level track, but that which is the equivalent of this train upon a level track would exceed by several hundred tons the weight of the greatest load ever drawn by one engine on any railroad in the world. The

MAYOR MIMS OF ATLANTA, WHO FOUGHT WITH GENERAL JOSEPH E JOHNSTON AND ESTABLISHED A "YANKEE" INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE SOUTH AFTER THE CIVIL WAR



largest train comprised twenty-five cars beside the caboose. Each car was filled to a greater capacity than usual. The total weight hauled was 1,787½ tons, or equivalent to about one-fifth of the largest cargo ever brought down the Great Lakes by a vessel.

As this notable train was leaving Conneaut harbor many railroaders watched it with an interest which railroad men seldom take, except in something extraordinary. The photograph illustrates the train as it appeared on a level track just before it began its successful climb of the heavy grade. It passed gracefully up the same incline on which two locomotives had previously puffed, as if plowing through mountains of snow and ice, in transporting the same load.

W. Frank McClure

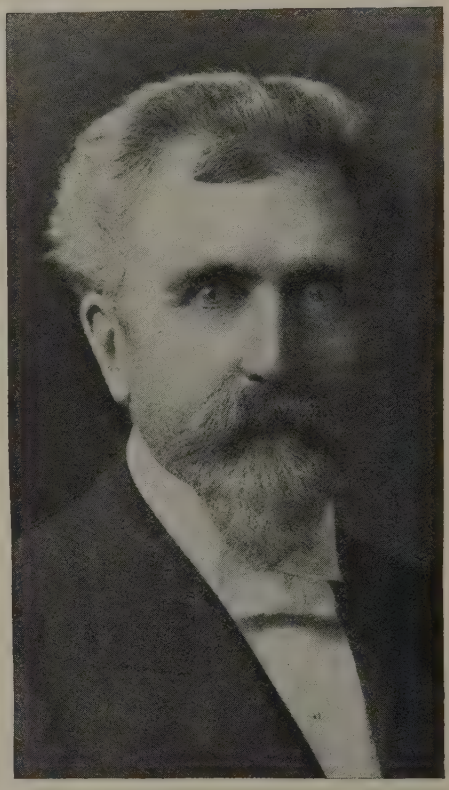
ASHTABULA, Ohio.

In the Public Eye at Atlanta

WHEN Atlanta slipped away from the ranks of the politicians over a year ago and elected the president of her leading social club as mayor, the wiseacres predicted all sorts of mishaps in the administration of her future affairs,

MRS. MIMS, THE WIFE OF THE MAYOR OF ATLANTA AND THE FOUNDER OF THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH OF THAT CITY

COLONEL WILLIAM L. SCRUGGS WHO ALL BUT PROVOKED A WAR BETWEEN BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OVER THE VENEZUELAN BOUNDARY DISPUTE



but they were mistaken in Mayor Mims, as he has been an energetic and able official. Although his administration has been confronted by most difficult problems, among them a bitter street railway fight, he has acted in every case to the satisfaction of most of the voters of the city. Just now he is engaged in an earnest effort to fulfill one of his election pledges, the cleaning of the streets.

Well along in the journey of life, his career from the first has been most interesting and he has always been a successful man. As an officer of the Confederate army he fought bravely and at the close of the war he formed a business partnership with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston

and Governor Humphries in the southern management of two insurance companies, one of which has just retired him on a pension of a thousand dollars a month. His experience in planting a "Yankee" life insurance company in the South following the exciting days of the war is entertaining as he tells it now, but was not pleasant at the time. As an after dinner speaker Major Mims is in continual demand in the South and his admirers place him in the Chauncey Depew class as a narrator of anecdotes.

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PROBABLY the most interesting woman in Atlanta is the mayor's wife, who for years has been a follower of Mrs. Eddy, and has built up a large congregation of Christian Scientists in Atlanta. Mrs. Mims is a sweet faced, gray haired, matronly woman, with a great deal of magnetism. Fifteen years ago she became a Christian Scientist and decided to make that her life study. At the time she was an active social leader of the city, but she immediately gave up receptions and other social functions and delved into the mysteries of Eddyism. Since that time she has delivered lectures in all the principal cities of the South and has built up from nothing a church worth $20,000. Despite

"UNCLE REMUS'" BOYS, JULIAN AND EVELYN HARRIS, RESPECTIVELY MANAGING EDITOR AND CITY EDITOR OF THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

newspaper, medical and ecclesiastical attacks, Mrs. Mims has lost none of her popularity in her old social set. It has been said that Mayor Mims does not share his wife's religious beliefs, but if such is the case he keeps his views to himself and no one is the wiser.

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JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, the "Uncle Remus" beloved the world over, resigned from the editorial staff of the Atlanta Constitution a few months ago, but his two sons, Julian and Evelyn, remain on that paper as managing and city editor. At one time they were the youngest managing and city editors in the country. Julian Harris received his newspaper training with the Chicago Times-Herald at the time the late Major Moses P. Handy was editor-in-chief. As assistant Sunday editor of the Times-Herald he was prolific of ideas and proved himself a good newspaper man. His brother, Evelyn, is a better reporter and is a city editor who is not often scooped. Julian has written several short stories that have been published in the magazines. Both the young men are popular personally in Atlanta.

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IT is not often recalled nowaday that Colonel William E. Scruggs of Atlanta is the man who created the feeling in the United States which almost resulted in a war with Great Britain over the Venezuelan boundary question. It is not difficult to get up a war sentiment if one only knows how, and this is the way Colonel Scruggs awakened the slumbering nation to the knowledge that the Monroe doctrine was being violated in South America. He was employed by the Venezuelan government as legal advisor in its case against Great Britain, which government the Venezuelans claimed had appropriated over 100,000 square miles of Venezuela's territory. Colonel Scruggs wrote a brief pamphlet graphically explaining the situation, with many references to the Monroe doctrine, and sent a copy of the pamphlet to every club, every newspaper office, senator, congressman, and legislator in the United States. He then had a private interview with President Cleveland, which resulted in the sending of the famous Venezuelan message to Congress. The country was stirred from end to end by the President's message and Colonel Scruggs' evidence, and things looked squally for a time. Colonel Scruggs was twice minister to Venezuela, served one term as minister to Columbia and was consul at Canton, China. He has now retired from public life.

Clarence Axman

ATLANTA, Ga.

Little Pickers of the South

FEW Northern people know what a God-send our native small fruits at the South are to the poorer class, which in this section means the negro. After scrambling through the winter on the ragged edge of nothing, he hails the advent of Spring and its abundance of wild fruit with infinite delight. First comes the dewberry or blackberry, as it it is here commonly called, ripening in April or May, according as the season is advanced or otherwise. Soon the fields are black with the low, creeping berries that trail along the ground on their pretty, thorny vines.

What a prolific source of revenue for Cuffee! Every morning, as the day lights, a crowds of little black urchins may be seen trooping along the dusty road to the nearest "old-field," for it is on the land that is lying by that the berries find their home.

A curious picture they present, and a varied one withal. Some with garments faded and patched, but showing a thrifty mother's care. Some, ragged and dirty, with kinky heads and unwashed faces.

their small bare legs exposed to view, and their woolly heads guiltless of covering. Others again, larger and more pretentious, have the remnants of shoes upon their feet, and head gear, ragged perhaps, but with the remnants of former glory, in the shape of faded flowers and ribbons that ornament their tattered crowns. The heels of the pretentious may be out, their toes protruding: no matter, since the leather can be held upon their feet, tho' past all service—the ghost as it were of their former selves—those once useful articles of attire are still "shoes," in name at least, and nothing can take away from the dignity and glory enjoyed by the wearers—who are the admired of all beholders among the shoeless throng.

Armed with buckets, baskets, pails and pans, they troop along, chattering like magpies, and happy as the birds that sing in the hedges along the wayside.

Then follows a good natured race to fill the vessels, and after that a long, weary tramp to the nearest town, where for the first week or two they sell their berries for a nickel a quart. In the height of the season any quantity can be

LITTLE LIGHTWOOD SELLERS

SETTING OUT TO PICK BLACKBERRIES

purchased for twenty or twenty-five cents per peck, such a drug are they on the market, and the poor little sellers have to hustle indeed to get them off their hands. Many charitably disposed persons buy when they do not need, rather than turn the little creatures away with their loaded baskets and wistful faces.

A sad and disgraceful feature of these selling expeditions is that they are sent from house to house on their daily all day tramps without a morsel of food to take with them. They are expected to live by their wits, *i.. e.*, to beg or to steal, being held to strict account by their parents for every cent they are supposed to have taken in. The effect on their morals is obvious, and it causes them to be a terrible nuisance to the respectable element in the towns. The demand for "cold bread" is as regular as the coming of the blackberry boy or girl; if he or

she is refused, a resort to some dishonest practice is the usual result.

After the blackberry season has waned, comes the plum crop in June, followed closely by the huckleberry, of which there are thousands in the swamps and thickets. They are far more troublesome to gather, being no larger than a buckshot, and requiring much more labor to the quart. Plums are the most productive of all, being very abundant and easy to pick. All the small fruits sell at about the same rate.

It seems a merciful Providence that these things last until the crops begin to ripen, and keep the wolf from the door of the black man in the rural districts. In July the "watermillion" and green corn, so dear to his heart, come in to take their place, both as articles of diet and commodities for sale. In the winter time the chief ware of the little sellers is "light wood," as it is called in the South. It is the fat red heart of the pine, filled with turpentine and resinous deposits, and used for kindling purposes. Such kindling as it is, to be sure! How the Northern house mother would rave over it; only a touch of the match, and a brilliant, cheerful blaze following like magic.

But this is digression. To return to the little sellers, this kindling is split and made into bundles tied with sections of wild grape vine, and "toted," as they would express it, for miles upon the heads of the young venders, to be sold for five or ten cents per bundle, according to size.

Mrs. M. E. Hutson

McPhersonville, S. C.

Mrs. Roosevelt Captivates the South

MRS. ROOSEVELT has left as fine an impression throughout the South as the result of the recent trip of herself

MAYOR SMYTH OF CHARLESTON SHOWING THE PRESIDENT THE BEAUTIFUL TREES IN THE FOREST ON THE WAY TO THE ALGONQUIN

Photo by Fred C. Hemment, Times Building, Washington, D. C.

and the President through that section, as that left by the President himself. In Charleston and on the way back Mrs. Roosevelt's winning smile and gracious ways won the hearts of fully as many people as the generous sentiments, the manly carriage and the appropriate speeches of the President. Up to this time Mrs. Cleveland has been the favorite lady of the White House in the South, but Mrs. Roosevelt will undoubtably divide the honors with her from now on. The smile of Mrs. Roosevelt is not a made-to-order affair. It is wholly lacking in formality, shows her pearly teeth, and lights up a face that is naturally sweet and attractive in repose. It carries sincerity and sunshine with it fully as much as the President's earnest way of talking when his heart is in the subject he is discussing.

Mrs. Roosevelt lacked no attention during her recent trip to Charleston. The society people of that historic old city watched every opportunity to make her visit a most pleasant one and to make her feel at home with Charleston and its people. How easily and gracefully this can be done by the society women of Charleston is known only to those who have had some experience with them.

Undoubtedly the most prominent lady in Charleston society on the occasion of the visit was Mrs. Andrew Simonds, a leader in the exclusive society circles in the ancient City by the Sea. Mrs. Simonds accomplished a feat that few persons can boast of at any time. The whole program of the Charleston trip was fixed days in advance, and it is exceedingly seldom that a schedule can or is departed from. Secretary Cortelyou, who has charge of the details of these

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND MAYOR SMYTH ARRIVING ON BOARD THE REVENUE CUTTER ALGONQUIN, FOR A TRIP TO FORT SUMTER AND AROUND THE BAY

Photo by Fred C. Hemment, Times Building, Washington, D. C.

programs, knows how much an entire visit may be upset by any deviation from the fixed itinerary. The program for the Presidential party in Charleston on Tuesday, April 8, was that it should be met outside the city, escorted through the grounds of the new naval station, and then take a boat for a ride in the harbor and on the rivers emptying into the harbor. It was contemplated that her confidence they would have advised against it. She is a petite, beautiful woman, and, as a member of the reception committee, she was at the train when the party got off at the naval station. She made herself agreeable and pleasant to all, finally selecting Attorney General Knox, whom she did not know, as one in whom she could take an interest. She and Mr. Knox became very

THE PRESIDENT TALKING TO JUDGES BRALEY AND SIMINSON ABOARD THE ALGONQUIN
Photo by Fred C. Hemment, Times Building, Washington

this would take until 4:30 in the afternoon, when the party would be driven to its hotel for a short rest prior to the banquet in the Charleston Hotel Tuesday night. Mrs. Simonds had made up her mind that she wanted the President to take a late luncheon at her house after the boat had returned to the city Tuesday afternoon. She kept her own counsels as to how she would do it, because if she had taken any one into warm friends and after a while cautiously led up to each others' names. This was done adroitly and most graciously and Mrs. Simonds was exceedingly pleased when she found that her guest was so distinguished a man as the attorney general himself. They strolled together a good deal and after a while Mrs. Simonds took the attorney general into her confidence. But the attorney general could not do any thing directly himself.

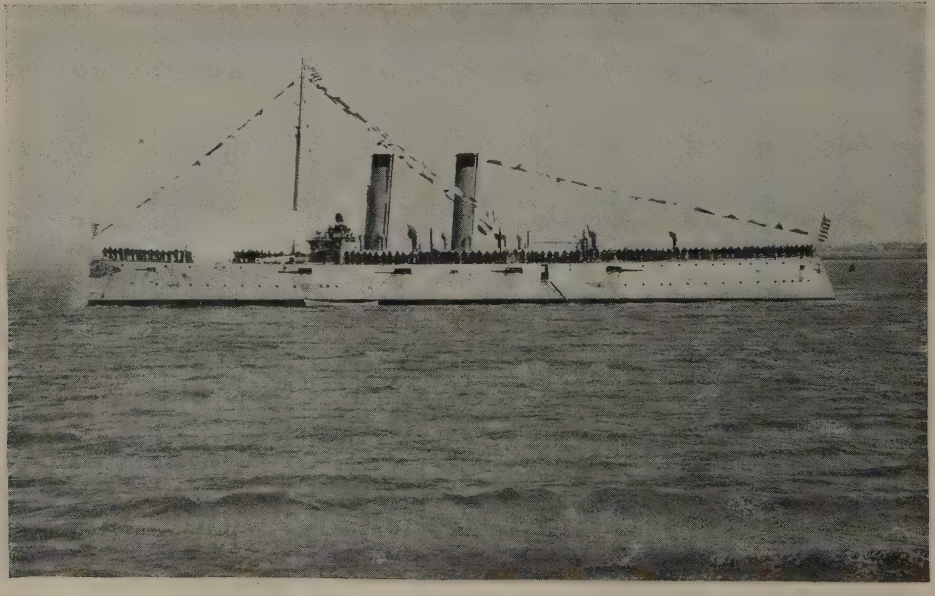
THE PRESIDENT SHAKING HANDS WITH A LADY OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA COMMITTEE ON THE ALGONQUIN; MRS ROOSEVELT IN THE FOREGROUND

Photo by Fred C. Hemment, Times Building, Washington

"Cortelyou is the whole thing on this trip," said Mr. Knox, "but I will introduce you to him. If you can talk him into your way of thinking, you will undoubtedly get the President to lunch at your house." The attorney general introduced Secretary Cortelyou to Mrs. Simonds, adroitly said some very pleasant things about her and then left her to work out her own case. How well she succeeded is shown by the fact that when the boat landed the party at the wharf, the carriages of the Presidential party were ordered to drive to Mrs. Simonds' magnificent home in the most select portion of the city. The lunch which followed was one of the most delightful ones of the whole trip. It is still talked of by the President and others, while in Charleston the coup of Mrs. Simonds is the talk of the social circles of every kind.

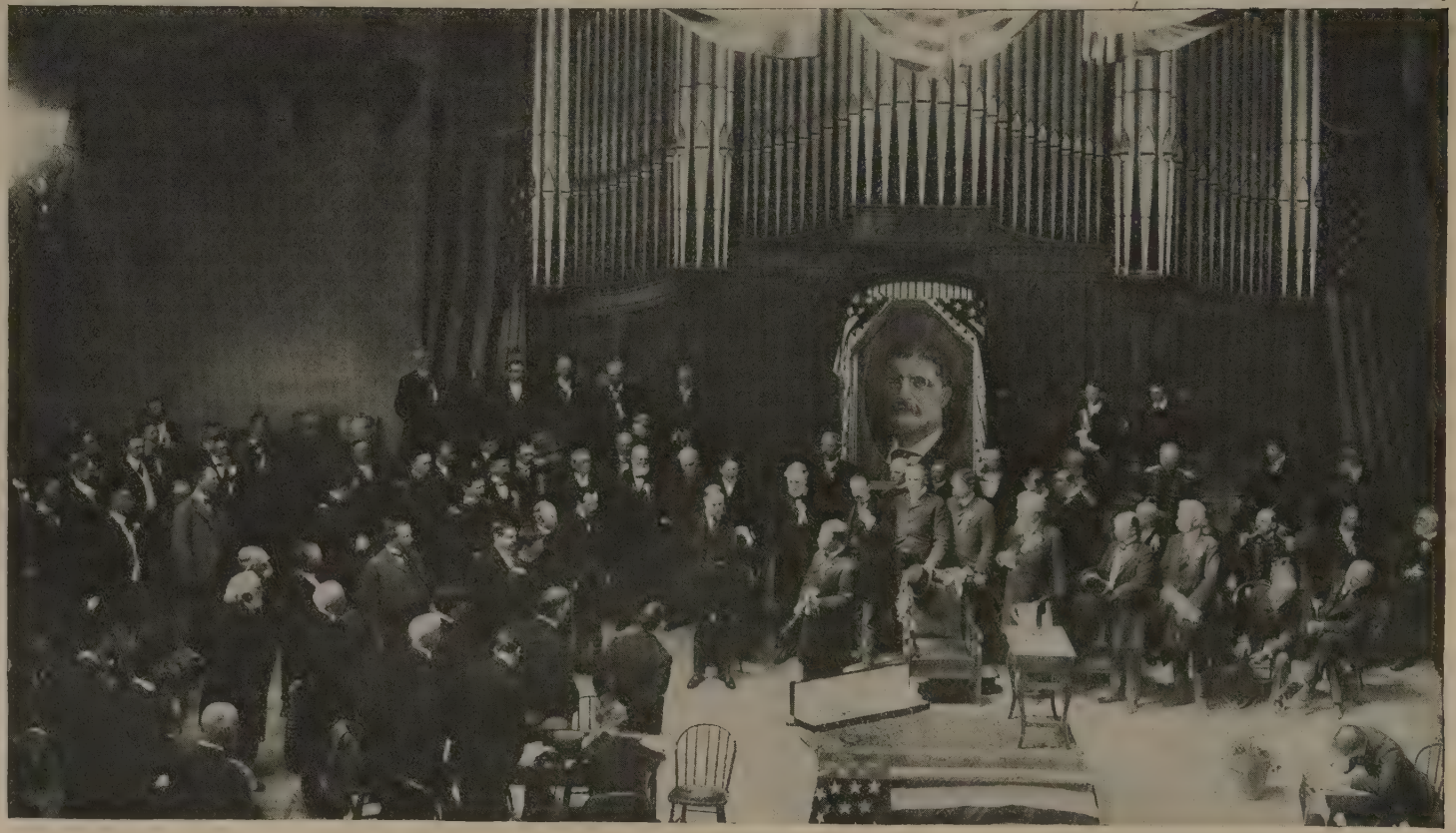
The success of Mrs. Simonds is in great contrast to the failure of Secretary Wilson in an undertaking in which his whole heart was involved. When the party visited Summerville it was found that there were some balking horses among the teams. It happened that Secretary Wilson, Secretary Cortelyou and two or three other members of the party occupied seats behind a nice looking team which followed the procession from the depot to the hotel, a mile and a half away over country roads. That is, the team tried to follow the procession, but soon one of the horses balked and then the carriage had to stop. The colored driver whipped the unruly horse very sharply and was kindly reprimanded by the secretary of agriculture, who told him that was not the proper way to make a balking horse overcome his troubles. "I'll show what you ought to do," said the secretary. He got down from his seat, descended to the ground and patted the horse gently on the forehead, neck and shoulders, spoke encouragingly to him and then resumed his seat, whereupon the horse moved off very promptly. Mr. Wilson puffed up with great pride over his achievement and pointed out his success to the colored driver and told him that was

THE CINCINNATI SALUTING THE PRESIDENT OFF CHARLESTON
Photo by Fred C. Hemment, Times Building, Washington, D. C.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT PRESENTING A SWORD TO MAJOR MICAH JENKINS, A DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Engraved for the National from a photo taken by Dunn for Leslie's Weekly



just the way he should always do. The driver looked wise, however, but said nothing. Five minutes later the same horse balked again. Mr. Wilson waited a few minutes for it to go on and then got out to repeat his feat of a few minutes before. After coaxing the horse and showing him every attention, Mr. Wilson gently pulled at the reins, but the horse went backward instead of forward. The more Mr. Wilson talked and worked the more the horse backed and balked. The wise looking Ethopian smiled grimly to himself when Mr. Wilson gave up in disgust and took another vehicle that was passing.

President Roosevelt, during a trip of this kind, never departs from the dignity which belongs to his office, but he manages to add to it a personality and an informality that is most charming to those who have the pleasure of traveling with him.

On the boat which made an excursion around Charleston harbor the President put aside the silk hat for a soft felt hat belonging to the editor of the leading paper of Charleston and wore it until the boat returned to the city. He joined most heartily in all the pleasures on the boat, giving zest and life to everything. On his way back from Charleston the train stopped at Columbia, South Carolina. After the President had made a speech a woman in the crowd came forward with a pretty baby in her arms and handed it up to the President to shake his hand. "Yes, I like 'em," said the President, with a smile. "I've got six of my own and I never get tired of children." Whereupon many women came forward with their babies and the President talked baby talk to nearly all of them. He did not do any kissing, as was the custom in the days of Clay, Calhoun and Webster, but he did make the mothers' hearts rejoice by the way he fondled their infants. Mrs. Roosevelt looked on with much pleasure and occasionally added a word or smile when some particularly attractive juvenile was lifted up to the back platform of the car on which the President stood.

WASHINGTON, D. C. *W. W. Price*

The Man in the White House

An Acrostic

THE chance-flung favorite of no lucky hour,—
Here is the man who strode, not rose, to power!
Eyes riveted on duty, not reward,
Offering his country heart and brain and sword;
Danger he scorn'd and ease he put away,
On toward fame's summit plodding night and day;
Ranchman, rough-rider, patriot, magistrate,—
Exalting Law, and reverencing the State,—
Rich in that rare inheritance of worth
Old as the heavens and honest as the earth;
Oak-hearted, fearless, pure as Galahad,—
Sycophants hate him, spoilsmen think him mad.
Except our land beget such sons as he
Vain are our boastings of prosperity:
Empty of self-conceit, big-soul'd, robust,—
Love warms his will yet nerves it to be just.—
This is a ruler whom the ruled can trust!

BOSTON *Frederick Lawrence Knowles*

Mr. Henry and the Little Mayblossoms

A Pleasant Story for the Children

By CARA HOWARD CRANDON

MISS LILLY and Pansy Mayblossom live in the summer time in a charming cottage by the sea. All that separates their cottage from the next equally charming one is a beautiful green lawn, and a hedge of great beauty. It so happened that in this very next cottage there lived a young man named Henry, who seemed to all of his friends a very pleasant boy, fun loving and full of pranks, to be sure, as college boys are apt to be, but to the Mayblossom children he seemed indeed a most mysterious person. In fact, their blue eyes would open wide with wonder whenever they chanced to see Mr. Henry in the distance, for full well they knew that something very strange would happen directly.

The mystery was this: no matter what the little Mayblossoms did or had done, Mr. Henry knew all about it and had just read about it in the Recorder. It was very mortifying, to say the least, for some times the little Mayblossoms did things, not exactly naughty, you know, but things one would as lief one's friends did not know. The very night before an unpleasant surprise had left Lilly and Pansy in a most bewildered frame of mind.

The children had fluttered across the lawn after dinner, and had found Mr. Henry and one or two members of his family seated on the veranda enjoying the cool fragrance of the evening air. Suddenly Mr. Henry had said, looking solemnly at Lilly: "What a long day this must have been to you, my dear, playing all alone by yourself."

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Henry?" answered startled little Lilly.

"O, nothing," said this calm and knowing young man, "only I saw something about you in the Recorder and thought you might like to know about it," and finding the place in the paper in his hand, he began to read the following paragraph:

"Miss Lilly Mayblossom, well known to the juvenile residents of Seaside, was obliged to spend a very quiet Tuesday. Coming forth before breakfast to view the beauties of the morning; before, in fact, the flaxen tresses had been arranged for the day, she skipped across to the garden to her friends, the Cherryblossom children, and was there spied, pursued and brought back to the paternal roof by the ever watchful Maid-in-Charge. As such things could not be allowed, Miss Lilly has been given a chance to reflect upon the act of disobedience and therefore has spent the day at home. 'The day was long; thus ends my song,'" said Mr. Henry.

"You're a dreadful man," said Lilly, whose pretty face was scarlet by this time, "and I 'm going straight home."

And away she ran, with Pansy following.

Now at Seaside, beside the mysterious Mr. Henry, there was a very ornamental Policeman, not only ornamental in looks but in name, for the fervor of patriotism had burned brightly in the home of his parents in his infancy and he had been christened George Washington Works. The "G. W." part of the name was very good; it sounded well, beside being a

delicate compliment to the memory of the Father of His Country. But the "Works" part was distinctly a misfit, as there was not a doubt that the owner was a believer, neither in deeds nor in works.

If a sound as of trouble in any form were heard in the distance, G. W. Works always took the precaution to go the other way and never forgot to shut his eyes if he thought there were the least possibility of his seeing anything wrong. But every child in the place liked him, O, yes; they thought G. W. Works was all right, especially the Mayblossoms, who always were delighted to see him.

The next time Mr. Henry saw the little girls they were picking flowers near their own front porch, where nasturtiums grew in glorious profusion.

"Good morning, little Mayblossoms," said he; "how are you both today?"

"We are well," answered the children sweetly.

They glanced up a little suspiciously, however, and seeing that he did not carry one of those dreadful newspapers, they went a little nearer, and Pansy said politely:

"I'll give you some flowers, Mr. Henry, to put in your button hole."

And then they both hunted to find the prettiest ones for him.

"Thank you very much, little Mayblossoms, for these little June blossoms; 'I shall wear them on my heart, until we have to part,' " said he.

Now to say such a charming thing to such sweet little maids was very fine, and the children beamed with pleasure. But, alas; it is sad to relate that Mr. Henry drew immediately from his pocket a newspaper, and smiling pleasantly at them, said:

"Ahem, little Mayblossoms; I have something here that I think will interest you greatly."

The children drew nearer in spite of the fact that they knew perfectly well that they surely would hear something unpleasant, and this is what Mr. Henry read to them:

"As I was walking on the street,
An awful sight I chanced to meet;
Two little girls, whom we all know,
Whom we see trotting to and fro,
Were seen to march and smartly slap
Our dear Policeman on the back,
And then they turned and swiftly flew.
And that is all I'll tell to you,
Except to say that I'm quite sad
That little girls can be so bad."

For a minute the children simply were dazed; then Pansy looked severely at Lilly, and said:

"Well, I didn't do it, anyway; you did."

"But you helped," answered Lilly, "you said we couldn't touch him before he turned around. But O, Mr. Henry, you get badder and badder, every day. I used to like you, but now you're worse than the Maid-in-Charge, and we're 'most disgusted with her. We must think this over, Pansy and I, and settle what makes you so naughty."

"Let's go," said Pansy, looking as serious as a flaxen haired Mayblossom could under any circumstances.

Mr. Henry caught the look, and quick as a wink he pulled a box of candy from his pocket and called after the children:

"O, come back, children, and have some candy; you used to have a sweet tooth."

"I know it," answered Lilly, stopping long enough to turn around, "but my sweet tooth is loose now, so I can't take any," and she opened her mouth and jiggled a tooth triumphantly, back and forth, and then ran swiftly away with her devoted sister.

Mr. Henry did not see the children for a day or two, and then he met them on the road, holding a huge red umbrella over their heads and carrying several books.

"My dear children," he exclaimed seriously, "what is the meaning of this literary air? I'm sure I don't like it."

"O, Mr. Henry," answered Lilly, "we've been thinking all about you. You see," she continued, stopping and putting her books on the ground, "we've been thinking you up, and Maid-in-Charge of course heard us. She has turned out better than we ever 'spected her to, anyway. Papa could have thought you up in no time, but he is so jolly, you know, and is so apt to speak of things to his friends."

"You might just as well keep these affairs in the family," said Mr. Henry, sympathetic for once.

Both children nodded "yes" and Lilly went on:

"And so Maid-in-Charge said: 'And it was in a newspaper, was it? And did you see it wid your own two eyes, my darlin's? Since my eddication was finished I believe nothing excipt what I read wid me own two eyes.'"

Lilly gasped for breath but went on:

"'My brother says to me, says he, "Eddication's the root of all evil, excipt in cases like this, my dears."'"

Lilly's imitation of the vigilant Maid-in-Charge was so perfect in voice and action that Mr. Henry at this point had only strength to flop upon the grass, and pulling his hat over his eyes, said faintly:

"And so—"

"And so," said Pansy, taking up the story, "we've made up our minds to learn to read better. We can read now; my favorite poem is 'A child should always say what's true', but I know it so well it isn't any trouble to read it."

"And most anybody would know when you come to it by the picture," put in Lilly. "And then when we know how to read perfectly, we'll be sure about you," resumed Pansy, "for we don't want to 'spect our best friends until we're sure. So when Lilly said to Mama, 'Pansy and I want to learn to read poetry,' Mama was delighted and said to Papa, "You see, my dear, what the home influence will do;' and Miss White on the hill will teach us every day at eleven."

"We'll be late, too," said Pansy. "I think we must be going," and gathering up the books the Mayblossoms sped up the hill, the red umbrella bobbing wildly, leaving Mr. Henry to ponder on the possibilities of the higher education.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

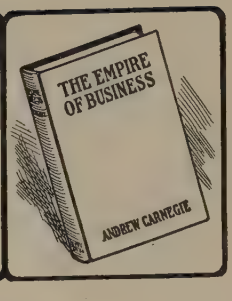
DANDELIONS.

WAIFS by the wayside! Bits of blossomed gold,
Fringing with flame the hot road's weedy hems!
You are but symbols, set on slender stems,
Of Hope's own angels, cast in earthy mold!
For oftentimes, when clouds hang thick and gray,
You seem but stamened sun-gleams gone astray
To cheer lone pilgrims, faint and sorrow-souled,
And speed them, strengthened, on the toilsome way!

PITTSBURG, Texas.

Hilton R. Greer.

Andrew Carnegie "His Book"



"I SUPPOSE," says Andrew Carnegie, "every one who has spoken to or written for the public has wished at times that everybody would drop everything and just listen to him for a few minutes. I feel so this morning," etc.

Thereupon Mr. Carnegie proceeds to write "The A B C of Money," a chapter that lifts this most perplexing of American problems out of the darkness of partisanship into the light of common sense.

There is possibly no other article on the money question so clear, so sane, so simple; and if there had never been written any other paper on the so-called "sound money" side of the question, this very lucid one must certainly have sufficed to defeat the claims of the free-coinage-of-silver-men. Up to this minute (being more familiar with the name of money than the sight of it—no great misfortune) I have been one of those who, not clearly understanding the merits of the question, have inclined to oppose the single gold standard, because so many of its advocates were so vulgarly rich. Mr. Bryan's arguments seemed based on fact, but Mr. Carnegie does not leave him a leg to stand on.

This paper is the second chapter of Mr. Carnegie's new book, "The Empire of Business," published at $3, by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York City. The book is a collection of magazine articles and occasional addresses written by the author since 1885. The chapters are but loosely connected, and no effort is made to cover, with scientific exactness or completeness, the whole field assumed by the title; yet, so sound—in the main—is the homely logic, so pleasing the simple style, that "The Empire of Business" is likely, quite independent of its author's fame, to enjoy a wide reading, and to be long consulted by students of the problems it considers.

It seems eminently fit that this review of the Ironmaster's book should be written here amid the rumble of the presses; it is keyed to the roar of traffic in the cobble paved street outside my open window. And yet—and yet, here, too, are covert suggestions of the dreamer in the Ironmaster; here are flushes of jovial humor and flashes of salty wit. There is still a good deal of the boy in the man. He cuddles closer to human love than he did, and enjoys romance. He sets large store by material success—doesn't believe the average university course is good or necessary to its attainment; but, wiser than some over-inflated "self made" men, he perceives that scholarship carries its own agreeable rewards, and he suspects these may be sweeter than material triumphs.

Consider his chapter headings—the book's appeal to your interest as a student of current economic problems:

1. THE ROAD TO BUSINESS SUCCESS: A TALK TO YOUNG MEN. (Lessons drawn from a long experience.)
2. THE A B C OF MONEY. (Barter—the direct exchange of commodities. The needs and uses of money. Comparison of the two standards—gold and silver. How the money standard affects the credit of a nation.
THE COMMON INTEREST OF LABOR AND CAPITAL. (Employer and employe interdependent. The advantages of mutual trust. The employer who helps his workmen through education, recreation and social uplift, helps himself.)
THRIFT AS A DUTY: THE DUTIES OF RICH MEN. (Thrift as an evidence of civilization. Saving one of the highest duties of citizenship. The accumulation of a competence a duty; the acquirement of vast wealth not a virtue but a great responsibility.)
HOW TO WIN A FORTUNE. (The advantages of an early start. College education not necessary to business success. Poor boys the successful men of today. Men of business ability sure of recognition.)
WEALTH AND ITS USES (Poverty an incentive to great achievement. Surplus wealth allows merely an elaboration of the simple needs of life. Wealth helps consolidation and cheapens production.)
THE BUGABOO OF TRUSTS. (What is a trust? Combinations the order of the day. Trusts that increase production and reduce prices.)
ANGLO-AMERICAN TRADE RELATIONS. (Contrasting the commercial methods of the two countries. The part the tariff plays in trade. Protective tariff in the United States; free trade in Britain, a comparison of results.)
BUSINESS. (Business is a large word and in its primary meanings covers the whole range of man's efforts. The same principles of thrift, energy, concentration and brains win success in any branch of business from medicine to dry goods.)
STEEL MANUFACTURE IN THE UNITED STATES. (Some reasons why the United States has become the greatest steel producing country in the world. Comparative costs of raw material and manufacture of steel in this country and abroad.)
THE COST OF LIVING IN BRITAIN. (As compared with the United States. The costs of the necessities of life in England and America. Why the American can enjoy luxuries that are denied the Englishman.
OIL AND GAS WELLS. (A short history of the discovery of oil and gas. The method of driving wells and the use of the product. The fortunes won on a small capital. The possibilities of its use in the future.)
THE THREE LEGGED STOOL. (Scheme of the world's work. The triple alliance of labor, capital and business ability are necessary to produce successfully. Each dependent on the others—combined, invincible.)
RAILROADS PAST AND PRESENT. (Railroading in the Seventies; rails, systems, speeds, salaries and methods. Railroading in the future. The needs of the railroad man and his responsibilities.)
IRON AND STEEL AT HOME AND ABROAD. (Conditions of the iron trade in the United States and abroad compared. The future of these metals.)
THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL AND TODAY. (The British contention that each nation is specially qualified for but one general branch of industry discussed and combatted.)
WHAT WOULD I DO WITH THE TARIFF IF I WERE CZAR? (The advantage of taxing the imported luxuries heavily and reducing the tax on raw materials and necessities. A few striking examples of correct and misapplied tariffs.)

Survey the plan of this book—or call it a mine—of Mr. Carnegie's, and you find that it has three general drifts:

In one he tells young Americans how to make money and character at the same time: how to grow strong and useful.

In the second, he takes the money question apart and shows you the works. He makes you see that it is not a thing to be controlled by legislative enactments, but a part of natural law—supply and demand.

In the third drift, he explains and justifies the trusts—justifies them, that is, for the present time. He declares the trust era is drawing near its close—likely to end with the next financial panic, and says he thinks some other fad will take its place as a panacea, itself in turn to be superseded, and so on ad infinitum.

Mr. Carnegie appears to think this third drift will always run off through the earth without reaching any particular destination. Now, I have an idea that this drift will eventually run into the White House, with branches to the state and city council halls. I suspect that we are going to learn, in time, that under the socialistic form of national co-operation, the very men who in the present era make millions for themselves, would with equal energy and nobler ambition make those millions for the state—that is, the whole people.

The next panic *may* smash the big, over blown trusts, and business *may* then settle back into the rut of petty competition from which the genius of the trust builders and the force of circumstances lifted it, but this I doubt. I think it more likely the next step will be forward rather than backward. Forward to government ownership of the great wealth producing agencies. If our presidents and cabinets had to look after the railways and the coal mines and the oil fields, they would at least have no time or money to waste in fighting a little brown race, just to show their muscle. They would be kept busy tend-

ing to their own business at home. If the little brown man wished to buy anything, they would be able to do business peacably, like decent neighbors, instead of, as now, cutting and slashing each other like savages, with no gain to anybody. But this isn't in the book. In fact, there is nothing in the book about our colonial enterprises, a somewhat surprising omission, since we have been given to understand that these were undertaken as a "business" proposition.

Having examined the three main drifts of the mine—I mean the book—let us take a look at the operator's policy. This, after all, is the main thing. We find that Mr. Carnegie is as far ahead of his generation in his practice as he is behind it in his theory. You are familiar with his practice—his gifts which spur and for centuries will spur the best aspirations of millions of other men and women. His theory of life, so far as I can grasp it in this volume, is the patriarchal, or baronial. Assuming that free competition can never be prevented, it follows, in his plan, that preponderating wealth and power will always flow into the hands of exceptionally able men. He would have these men to be kind, even generous, to the great majority upon whose labor they levy toll.

No recognition here of the inalienable right of the humblest individual to possess an equal share of the world's goods and the world's opportunities with the strongest individual. And if Christianity means anything on earth, it means just that—ultimately.

Mr. Carnegie is a magnificent patriarch: a princely baron. I should be sorry to lose him: he is such a fine dramatic figure, and he means so well by us. But when he goes, and when his kind go, with the entrance of an era which will not permit the creation of patriarchs or barons, we shall have taken the next step forward. We do not want any more patriarchs. We want a race of equal men.

The law of supply and demand is Mr. Carnegie's religion: competition is his creed.

General Sherman said: "War is hell."

Competition also is hell—the competition for the means of subsistence. There will never be any approach to heaven on earth until this form of competition is abolished. Christ came to abolish it. It is the law of the wild beasts. It is supreme wastefulness. It is legalized anarchy. Mr. Carnegie thinks well of competition, because he was the ablest competitor: his book should give the opinions of the losers.

Mr. Carnegie is a broad man, and a strong man, but he is short. He was not built for standing with his feet on the ground and his head in the clouds, like Abraham Lincoln. So, it sometimes happens—I judge from this work—that when he wants to get his head up into the clouds, he has to let go of the ground with his feet. I like him best on the ground; can oftenest agree with him there. And he isn't up in the air very much anyway.

His book tastes better than it looks. (Some two dozen typographical errors mar its pages). Dip in anywhere, and you are likely to find the flavor of homely wisdom on what you take out. Thus:

"It does not hurt the newest comer to sweep out the office if necessary. I was one of those sweepers myself, and who do you suppose were my fellow sweepers? David McCargo, now superintendent of the Alleghany Valley railroad; Robert Pitcairn, superintendent of the Pennsylvania railroad, and Mr. Moreland, city attorney. We all took turns, two each morning did the sweeping; and I remember Davie was so proud of his clean white shirt bosom that he used to spread over it an old silk bandana handkerchief which he kept for the purpose, and we other boys thought he was putting on airs. So he was. None of us had a silk handkerchief."

"The rising man must do something exceptional and beyond the range of his special employment. *He must attract attention*; the o[illegible]

—

"The partner's sons will not trouble you much, but look out that some boys poorer than yourself * * * do not challenge you at the post and pass you at the grand stand."

—

"One service Russell Lowell has done, for which he should be thanked—he has boldly said that in Shakespeare alone we have a greater treasure than in all the classics of ancient time."

—

"In my own experience I can only say that I have known few young men intended for business who were not injured by a collegiate education. Had they gone into active work during the years spent at college they would have been better educated men in every true sense of that term. The fire and energy have been stamped out of them, and how to so manage as to live a life of idleness and not a life of usefulness has become the chief question with them. But a new idea of education is now upon us."

—

"It is no disparagement of free libraries to say that most of the works read are fiction. On the contrary, it is doubtful if any other form of literature would so well serve the important end of lifting hard working men out of the prosaic and routine duties of life."

—

"It is not the educated, or so-called classically educated man, it is not the aristocracy, it is not the monarchs, that have ruled the destinies of the world, either in camp, council, laboratory or work shop. The great inventions, the improvements, the discoveries in science, the great works in literature have sprung from the ranks of the poor."

—

"I hope the future is to add many more advantages and that the toilsome march which labor has had to make on its way from serfdom, when our forefathers were bought and sold with the mines and factories they worked, up to its present condition, is not yet ended, but that it is destined to continue and lead to other important results for the benefit and dignity of labor."

"When you begin to earn, always save some part of your earnings, like a civilized man, instead of spending all, like the poor savage."

—

Mr. Carnegie's volume is not a Book, but a bundle of papers. As literature, its claim is slight: as the utterance of one of the greatest business men in the world on the subjects with which he is most familiar, it is extremely interesting. I can see my great-great-grandson going into a Carnegie library a hundred years hence, taking down a copy of this same work, and saying to himself, as he turns the leaves, "So this was the book of the man that built the libraries. Well, for the light they had in those days, he was a great man, a great man."

Frank Putnam

"The Heroine of the Straits"

Miss Crowley's second Detroit novel Little, Brown & Co , Boston. $1.50.

THERE is a certain grandiloquence about "The Heroine of the Straits," both in dialogue and description. For instance, this is the way Miss Crowley reports the weather in which the scenes of her last chapter take place.

"It was one of those cool, delightful days that come toward the last of August, deluding those who are not weather wise into the belief that the heat of the summer is over, a faith to be speedily submerged by the torrid wave upon whose sunlit crest comes floating in, like a waif from the sea of time, the young god of the harvest, September."

Now this is bombast, but very pretty bombast. Thus spake Fenimore Cooper's characters, and not only Miss Crowley's Indians, but the other characters of her book, give the same impression, a phrasology that is a little strained, a little self conscious, though eloquent and expressive. Somehow her people talk as if they knew they were in a book and must behave accordingly. It is perhaps this that makes savages and

soldiers, lovers and ladies, seem a bit unreal. Yet they are certainly picturesque savages, gallant soldier lovers and most charming ladies, and they have many and interesting adventures. The author has caught the color of the time and place with spirit. She has written a very readable book, with several love affairs, successful and unsuccessful, upon a background of forest life and savage warfare in the olden time. It is not a great story, but it is interesting and very prettily told. It lacks humor, except of the unconscious kind, it lacks forceful, cumulative plot, but it is pretty good reading for all that.

Winthrop Packard

Collingwood's "Life of Ruskin"

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. $2 00 net.

I LAID down this life of Ruskin saying again what I have often said — for downright human interest good biography beats the best fiction hands down. This biography is thick with interest. All fiction is by no means skim milk; but I have yet to find a good biography that hasn't been pure cream.

To one who knows "Praeterita" (and is there anything about Ruskin or by Ruskin any better?) the first part of Mr. Collingwood's Life will be a twice told tale—not particularly improved either by the second telling, except for those whose chief interest is in mere detail. The mantle of the master's style has not fallen upon his secretary-biographer's shoulders. But then, that miracle of the falling mantle never occurs in the world of letters. If there is any exception to the solemn declaration that we brought nothing into this world and we can carry nothing out, it is with respect to this one personal chattel we call literary style. Certainly Ruskin brought his with him and took it when he left. Mr. Collingwood allows this high mix, for instance: "Mrs. Orme lived until 1892 in Bedford Park; the other lives in Mr. Coventry Patmore's 'Angel in the demand is But we must let the Englishpetition is his pun—it's a constitutional infirmity—and we must let Mr. C. have his abundant other criticisms, for he was Mr. Ruskin's private secretary for years, his intimate friend, too, and his biography is honest, warm in spots, discriminating everywhere, authoritative and interesting to the end.

Yet in its detail it is too Boswellian. And there is too much about Turner, the Alps and icicles. This is the price we pay for accuracy and authority. The reason we like the detail in Boswell is largely because Samuel J. didn't tell us in twenty-six volumes (my set of Ruskin numbers twenty-six fat volumes) all about himself as Ruskin did, so that Mr. Collingwood hasn't the advantage of our curiosity as Boswell has. Nevertheless, it is a fascinating story, and I have read it with more admiration and irritation than any other book has provoked for some time.

What a precocious, spoiled, unhappy, all-wise little upstart young John was! We wonder at him, yet openly wish the privilege of spanking him. It wasn't his fault, though. His insuperably solicitous parents exhausted their resources in their prolonged endeavor to make a fool out of him. The first and greatest miracle of his life is that he managed to survive their supervision. They loved him; but they tagged and worried him. John is thirty-five years old; is down for a lecture in Cambridge; but his papa writes and bids him tell the committee that his *parents* object to his fulfilling the engagement. Johnny does so, and postpones the lecture for ten years! And then his parents tell Johnny to get married; Johnny obeys; but afterward gives his wife away to his friend. Poor John! He and his parents make me think of a gosling and its goose-mother

and gander-father that belonged to one of my neighbors. They were wild geese; the old ones had clipt wings. The gosling was their sole child. He had a head of his own and would wander away. I have seen him waddling down to the pond, out into the meadow, across the road; and everywhere he went there waddled after him, hissing and squawking, his goose-mother and gander-father.

It is a unique home picture that this Life gives us. It finally gives us the picture of a great and unique man, too—greater than we before had known—a greater, kindlier, more heroic Ruskin, perhaps, than we yet know. More great movements for the betterment of men can be traced directly to Ruskin than to any other nineteenth century man. And as to his great work as an art critic? Much of it may pass away, "but the mission was laid upon him to tell the world that Art, no less than other spheres of life, had its heroes; that the mainspring of their energy was Sincerity, and the burden of their utterance Truth."

Dallas Lore Sharp

The Book of the Opera Singers

Gustav Kobbe's charming souvenir. R. H. Russell, New York.

"I HAVE gathered here," says Gustav Kobbe in a "foreword" to his "Opera Singers," "a series of costume and other portraits of the grand opera singers best known to American opera goers of today. To these I have added a set of pictures taken during the long tours made by the Maurice Grau Company, showing many famous singers in moments of relaxation on the road."

Mr. Kobbe adds: "In addition to these pictures, I have written a series of biographies of some of the most famous opera singers of the day, from the view point of the American public. Possibly the most interesting fact connected with these lives is that they are absolutely authentic, the facts being taken down from the lips of the singers themselves."

The pleasant style of the writer, his familiarity with his theme, and the beauty of the illustrations combine to make a souvenir that every lover of the opera will be glad to possess. The biographies are narrative, estimate and tribute: each, in brief compass, reflects as in a mirror the qualities of mind and person that have distinguished their possessor. Indomitable Nordica, fascinating Calve, beautiful Eames, the magnificent De Reszkes, Melba, the silver throated, Sembrich, Schumann Heink, Zelie de Lussan, Gadski, and all the long roll of wonderful vocalists, are here presented in a delightful gallery.

We are reminded that Maine, the Pine Tree state, has given us three of our greatest prima donnas—Nordica, Eames and Annie Louise Carey. Nordica owes her first training to John O'Neill, a scholarly man, still living and teaching in Boston. It was Nordica who induced the De Reszkes to study Wagnerian music, in which they have won their greatest successes. "They call that music!" exclaimed Jean, when he first heard "Die Meistersinger," and added: "It is barbarous to ask a tenor to sing such a role as 'Walther.'" But the urgency of Nordica overcame his objections. Calve says: "There are five girls of us in our family. I am the homeliest." Eames was born in Shanghai, China, but passed her childhood in Bath, Maine, with her grandparents. Her father was practicing in the international court at Shanghai. Emma wedded Julian Story secretly, and the first letter she received addressed "Mrs. Julian Story" was with a wedding present from the Prince of Wales, now King Edward. The De Reszkes are multi-millionaires, owners of enormous estates in Poland. "No one," says the author, "is justified

in treating them otherwise than as guests in his own house."

Martin Murray

Bayard Taylor's Poetical Works

A definitive edition. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.

AMONG American men of letters for a generation Bayard Taylor occupied a unique position. A great traveler, an acute observer, a glowing writer, he held and charmed his contemporaries with song and story, with Eastern legend and home ballad.

Edition after edition of his poems has appeared until this last from Houghton, Mifflin & Co. This edition is put forth as the most complete and most carefully edited of all. It contains Taylor's poetical work, as he wished it to stand, from his "Early Poems" to his "Latest Lyrics" and "Odes," embracing the years from 1845 to 1878. "From a youth worshipping devoutly at the shrine of Poesy, he grew into a man, setting his poetic goal higher and higher the more he advanced, never flagging in aspiration to the end."

Taylor's three dramatic poems, "The Masque of the Gods," our best contribution to the religious drama; "The Prophet," and "Prince Deukalion," form a separate volume.

It is not easy to trace the man and his development in his poems; his best work perhaps, was done in the prose of his travels, the most ephemeral form of literature. And still further, it is well known that he did not give forth himself, he did not unbosom himself willingly to his fellows. That, perhaps, is the reason why his hold upon men has passed in so large a measure. He was a wanderer, searching up and down the earth for the poetic vision, confessedly burning with ambition to reach the sublimest height in poetry, but he could not say with Longfellow:

"Look into thy heart and write."

The poets, "makers" of the race, have written out of the heart to man; they have caught and reproduced the great truths of life, from the earliest nameless bard to Edwin Markham of today.

Of American writers, Poe is our foremost lyrist; next to him in lyric power stand Holmes and Taylor. The last, in spirit and in form, is an Orientalist. His imagery has all the rich coloring and dreamfulness of the Orient. To him no land appears as simple mountain and field and stream, but mantled in all the halo of its legendry. And, as a citizen of the world, he said:

"Go, therefore, Songs!—which in the East
were born.

* * * * *

"They are the blossoms of my life,—and I
Have ripened in the suns of many lands."

To the student of literature, to the poetical soul, Bayard Taylor will always be a joy and an inspiration, and a pain, because he did not attain his vision,

"White as a morning star."

To men he will be known as the writer of a few lyrics that still ring down the years, of a few poems of sublimity and grandeur. He will rank with a group, his lifelong friends, Boker, Stoddard, Whitman, Stedman, Aldrich. Each of these has enriched our literature by the contribution of some writing of permanent value. All stand outside of that charmed circle of which Emerson is the prophet.

This Sir Galahad searching for the Holy Grail of Song, this great restless heart following unto the end the light that never shone on sea or land, spake once from within:

"Yet I sometimes think,—and thinking
Makes my heart so sore,—
Just a few steps more,
And there might have shone for me
Blue and infinite the sea."

Frederick J. Allen

The Gap in America's Armor

William P. Prye, Presdent pro tem. of the United States Senate and Author of the Shipping Bill, Tells "National" Readers How Vital Is the Need of a Merchant Marine, and How to Get It.

By SENATOR WILLIAM P. FRYE

OUR country is great, prosperous and powerful. For a few years it has moved forward with the strides of a young giant, and to-day ranks with the foremost nations of the world, in very many regards outranking any of them. In manufacturing, agriculture and mining we are in the lead. Our exports reached last year the enormous sum of $1,487,000,000. The balance of trade in our favor was a little over $664,000,000. No nation approached that. This result has been attained under the policy of protection; free traders would say in spite of that policy, while protectionists would insist, because of it.

The McKinley and the Dingley tariff legislation were thoroughly protective in every feature, and under them we made our greatest progress. Nearly every industry has been protected, has prospered. One alone, from a national point of view more important than any, has for fifty years not only been without encouragement, but has been handicapped by adverse legislation at home, and protection of its competitors abroad. I refer, of course, to our ships engaged in the foreign trade. The logical result has followed. With an almost limitless sea coast, capacious harbors, boundless forests, iron and coal in rich abundance, skilled laborers, sagacious and bold business men, large capital, an ever increasing foreign commerce, we have permitted the other maritime nations, our inferiors in most of these regards, to seize upon the pathways of the oceans of the world and hold them to our exclusion.

Who carried last year our $2,300,000,000 and a little over of our foreign commerce? We did — 8.2 per cent. Of our enormous exports we carried 9 per cent. We paid the past year $500,000 a day in gold to foreign ships for the carriage of our goods, principally to those under the English and German flags.

Mr. Ferguson, of the New York Produce Exchange, keeps an annual record of grain clearances from that port. I recall one, which, if I remember correctly, showed 1,200 and over ships laden with our farm products, bound for foreign ports, seven of them under our flag. I have the exact figures for the year 1893. Entire amount of grain shipped, 55,768,000 bushels — not a bushel in an American bottom.

I saw a letter from our consul at Bergen, one of the principal ports of Norway, dated February, 1895. The consul had improperly exacted certain fees from the American ship "Hamilton Fish." In his letter he acknowledged the error; said that he had refunded the money, adding the significant statement that perhaps there might be some excuse for his ignorance in the fact that he had been consul there for fifteen years, and this was the only American vessel entering the port during that time.

Last year the climax of decadence seems to have been reached—the worst year in our history. In the trade between the United States and Europe not one American vessel came from or went to Germany, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands, Italy, Aus-

tria-Hungary, Greece or Turkey. Two small vessels came from France, one of these in ballast; one from Belgium, in ballast, and one cleared from Spain. There entered or cleared from ports of the United Kingdom eleven sail vessels, two small steamships, both in ballast. This does not include the four ships of the American Line.

The North German Lloyd line carried last year more cargo than all of our ships together engaged in the foreign trade.

How can this be otherwise than humiliating and mortifying to the last degree to any intelligent American citizen? It is not only humiliating, but may be exceedingly dangerous to our prosperity. Suppose Europe should be embroiled in war; that England and Germany, our carriers, should enter upon a conflict at arms; who would carry our exports of farm, factory and mine products? If carried, who would pay the enormous war premiums? If exportations were seriously crippled, what would become of our home industries and the working men who conduct them? Are we, rich and prosperous, to submit to such humiliating and dangerous conditions? There are some Americans utterly devoid of patriotic impulse, who travel the world over and, without regret, never see the Stars and Stripes in a foreign port. Certainly practical benefits ought to appeal even to them. They say, why not employ foreign ships to carry, and foreign agencies to find markets for, our surplus products, if they will do it so cheaply? Do they suppose that such agencies will have the slightest interest in extending our trade? What would they think of the merchant who employed the commercial traveler of his rival house to sell his goods? All other nations recognize as a fact that carriers of their own are a necessity to the prosperity of their commerce, and expend generously their money to this end; and not one of them depends so largely for prosperity upon the extension of its markets as do we.

In 1896 our exports amounted, in round numbers, to $882,000,000; in 1891 to $1,487,000,000. In 1896 we exported of manufactures $228,000,000; in 1891, $412,000,000. If this enormous surplus of products can find no market abroad, then stagnation at home, capital without profit, working men without wages. This surplus will increase from year to year, and the necessity for foreign markets will increase, too. Can any one fail to see that ships of our own, commanded by American officers, intelligent, active and interested, will be of great aid? That terminal facilities, distributing agencies in every foreign port, offices, store houses, all the necessary equipment for trade, and all of our own, would be of immense advantage?

There must be a remedy for this mortifying and dangerous condition, and it is the duty of Congress to find it at the earliest day possible in the interest of our people. The first and an imperious necessity is the establishment of regular lines of reasonably fast steamships, especially from the Pacific coast east, and from the Atlantic to South America; for here is the promise of our greatest commercial expansion. Such lines build up a trade, carry mails, establish the necessary facilities abroad, carry as freight our products in concentrated forms, our fresh meats of all kinds, our fruits, our perishable products, and their ships serve as auxiliaries to the navy in time of war.

In my opinion, the result of long continued and careful consideration, certainly inspired by no selfish purpose, never having a dollar interest in ships—possibly by my Americanism somewhat intense—the only way to restore us to our legitimate position on the sea is to pay, directly from the treasury, annually, so much money as shall equalize the conditions between our ships and those of our competitors, whether they be slow or fast, regular or irregular, sail or steam.

"Ironquill," a Product of the Pie Belt

By PHIL. EASTMAN

"I am the child of fate.
What need it matter me
Where I shall buried be!
Death cometh soon or late,
Whether on land or sea;
What may it matter me!

"Work for the right and just,
With an intrepid trust;
Then it need matter thee
Naught, if thou buried be
Either on land or strand,
Either 'neath soil or sea."
—Ironquill

"I AM the child of fate;"—The lines of the poet-lawyer, Eugene F. Ware of Topeka, Kansas, who has just been appointed commissioner of pensions at Washington, express what seems to be the very story of his career. To be sure his "work for the right and just" has been a great factor, but in the life of the man it seems to have been fortune or fate, as it may be called at will, that has followed him unbidden.

Opportunities have presented themselves disguised and masked and he has grasped them whether he would or no. He has been soldier, harness maker, ranchman, poet, lawyer, editor, politician and philanthropist in turn. He is now one of the small coterie of passive politicians in Kansas whom President Roosevelt has repeatedly turned to for advice.

It was through the medium of poetry, and not of politics, that Theodore Roosevelt and "Gene" Ware became acquainted. Before Governor Roosevelt of New York had made any political trips to the West as a campaigner, he read from a volume entitled "Some of the Rhymes of Ironquill." He was struck with the worth of the poetry. He became interested in the writer and expressed a desire to meet him.

When he made his first speaking tour of the West he met Ironquill at Topeka while a ten minute stop was being made. That was but the beginning of a friendship, and the choice of the Kansan for the responsible position at Washington has been made, so it seems, from personal reasons alone, for Mr. Ware was not an aspirant to the place and the politicians did not intercede in his behalf. He received it through fate.

Eugene Fitch Ware has led an interesting life since he was born at 22 Talcott street, Hartford, Conn., May 29, 1841. His parents moved to Iowa while he was but a lad. He lived at Burlington when Fort Sumpter was fired upon. Before the sun had set that day young Ware had enlisted in the First Iowa Volunteers. Afterward he served in the Fourth and Seventh Iowa Cavalry and was mustered out of service in June, 1866, as a captain.

The spirit of war has ever been with him. He believes in it. His creed is expressed in his short poem, "The Soldier's Religion," as follows:

"The Stars and Stripes have stood by me
In hours of darkest peril;
I worship them as good enough
For me in hours of need.
I know that they will live beyond
All present forms of creed,
Because all present forms of creed
Are sere and drear and sterile."

He was aid-de-camp to General Grenville M. Dodge, one of General Sher-

man's corps commanders. He tells of that in his poem "Neutralia":

"Well, we whacked 'em at Atlanta—we whaled 'em, we flailed 'em,
Then we raced 'em down through Georgia, till they didn't know what ailed 'em;
And we sang and marched a-fighting, and we fit and sang a-marching,
And we left a belt of charcoal through a country scathed and parching."

In 1867 Ware moved to Fort Scott, Kansas, and took up a section of land in Cherokee county. He lived on his land long enough to secure a patent for it. While there he studied law. There fate showed itself again. Ware had a friend who was a justice of the peace. This friend knew less about law than the average justice. The few cases he had to decide he took under advisement and consulted Ware about them before making his decision. In order to give better advice Ware studied law, and then, simply as a matter of course, was admitted to the bar. He is now a lawyer in Topeka and has lately spent much time in Washington as the leading attorney for his state in the suit of Kansas against Colorado over the water rights to the Arkansas river, one of the largest cases before the United States supreme court.

Ware is a harness maker by trade. He stitched traces and halter straps in Fort Scott. Another friend of his there was a printer, one of the pioneer kind, with less type than it would take to fill a sunbonnet. He was ambitious, however, and to advertise his business he started a small paper. He allowed Ware some space to use in advertising his harness shop. To make his advertisements more attractive Ware wrote them in rhyme. He succeeded so well that the editor asked him to contribute a longer poem and the result was "Neutralia." He signed it "Ironquill."

Then Ware started the Fort Scott Monitor, and like other editors, drifted into politics. He served in the Kansas senate for six years and then aspired to be a congressman, but he failed to secure the nomination.

Ware has always been a Republican in politics. In 1898, when there was a struggle in Kansas between the Populists and the Republicans, Ironquill issued an ultimatum: it was to the effect that if the Populist party won he would say goodbye to Kansas and move to Connecticut. His threat was never taken seriously, except perhaps by the author, who had several thousand copies printed and circulated. He used figures to prove his assertion that Populism would be a curse.

The Republicans won. Ironquill stayed in Kansas. Another time he made a speech which stirred up the people. In making a high school address he stated that a war was necessary every twenty-five years to keep alive the spirit of patriotism and valor and the love for the Stars and Stripes. He was flooded with a wave of criticism. He was meek. He made no answer, except when asked once why he made the statement, to remark at his noonday lunch, "I didn't know it was loaded."

And, by the way, Ironquill's noonday lunch is simple. He came from the great American pie belt and his lunch generally consists of a mug of milk and a piece of pie. The piece of pie is really half a pie, and to suit his wishes it is served him in the pan in which it was baked. Ware, with his pie pan and his milk, is a familiar figure in the row of lawyers and politicians who perch on stools together at the same restaurant counter each day.

As a poet, Ironquill is independent. The rules he follows are his rules, but his verses are musical. So musical that they have gone through ten editions in this country and three in England.

Ware has been successful as a soldier, as an editor, as a poet and as a politician. His success has been financial and otherwise. Before he moved to Topeka in 1893 he gave to Fort Scott the Ware library, valued at $10,000. Then he and his wife took a trip to Europe. He is a man who is ever working in the present and the future—not the past. His poem "The Now," from which the following verse is taken, expresses his ideas:

"Away with the flimsy idea that life with a past is attended;
There's Now—only Now, and no Past—there's never a past; it has ended.
Away with its obsolete story, and all of its yesterday sorrow;
There's only today, almost gone, and in front of today stands tomorrow."

TOPEKA, KAN.

"Ironquill's" Great Poem, "The Organ Grinder"

I'M ignorant of music, but still, in spite of that,
I always drop a quarter in an organ grinder's hat.
I welcome on the pavement that old, familiar noise,
Around which gaily gather all the little girls and boys;
While solemn, sad and hungry stands, a-turning at the crank,
A nobleman from Europe, of attenuated rank.

The nobleman looks sad, but gives with organistic glee,
A ballad of old Ireland, the jewel of the sea—
"The most distracted country that we have ever seen;
They're hangin' men and women there, for wearin' of the green—
For wearin' of the green, for wearin' of the green;
They're hangin' men and women for the wearin' of the green."

And when I think of those who went a-marching off with me,
Who claimed a home in Ireland, the jewel of the sea;
My comrades and my messmates, none braver or more true;
Holding aloft the Stars and Stripes, a-wearing of the blue.
Alas! far down in Dixie their many graves are seen;
Beneath the grassy hillocks they are wearing of the green.

Immortal little island! No other land or clime
Has placed more deathless heroes in the Pantheon of time.

Anon the noble Roman brings his music to a halt;
There seems an indication of a neighboring revolt.
He takes a change of venue of about a dozen feet,
And enfilades the windows that are fronting on the street.
Around him whirl the girls and boys, with animated glee.
Once more he grinds; I recognize "Der Deutscher Companie."

"Der Deutscher Companie ish der beshtest companie—"
The music bears me backward to the year of '63.
I saw a German regiment step out from our brigade;
It marched across a meadow where a hundred cannon played;
Its bugles hurled defiance as it skirmished up a slope
Amid a fire that gave no man the promise of a hope.

They fell like wheat; they came not back; at night no bugles played—
There was no German regiment attached to our brigade.

The world has seen thy valor, O land of song and vine!
Since Hermann plucked the eagles from the ramparts of the Rhine.
Down valor's lustrous collonade is seen the marble throng—
Thy warriors and thy scholars, O land of vine and song.

About this time the nobleman is asked to take a rest;
The fires of indignation light his Romulistic breast.
He stops the crank; he gazes up defiantly, yet mute,
While from the second story there proceeds an ancient boot.
With steady gaze he watches it, and, like a man of nerve,
He accurately calculates its hyperbolic curve.
He dodges it; he marches on; but soon this man of Rome
Begins again to turn his crank,—"Johnny comes marching home."

"When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah! hurrah!—
The women will sing, the men will shout,
The boys and girls will all turn out;
We'll all be gay when Johnny comes marching home."

And then I think of those again who went with me to war—
They knew where they were going, and what they went there for;
They felt that there was little left of present or of past,
Of hope, of home, of future, if the die were wrongly cast.
Fires smouldered at the firesides when the Nation called, "To arms!"
My comrades left the forests, the founderies, the farms;
They fought the Nation's battles, on the land and on the sea—
Alas! alas! no millionaire to war went off with me.

The merit of the country marched and filled the Union ranks—
The money of the country marched, and filled the English banks.
At last, when all was over, and Johnny ceased to roam—
He came with bugles playing; the specie sneaked back home.

O, outcast organ grinder, thy simple ballads start
The frenzy of the cyclones through the highlands of my heart.
Some sneer thy ragged music, because to them there comes
No bawling of the bugles, no raving of the drums.
They hear no "boots and saddles" sounding in the midnight chill;
They hear no angry cannon thunder up the rocky hill;
They hear no canteens rattle; they see no muskets shine,
As ranks sweep by in double-quick to brace the skirmish line.

Go play thy simple music, O friendless sport of fate.
The ballads of the people are the bulwarks of the state.

The bugles that hang dreaming now, like bats upon the wall,
Remember well those choruses that rose above the call;
And in unconscious musings, those battered bugles see
The glories of the future in the centuries to be.

The Natural Food Conservatory

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THE NATURAL FOOD CONSERVATORY, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

ALL from a kernel of wheat—the complete and composite essence of natural life and health.

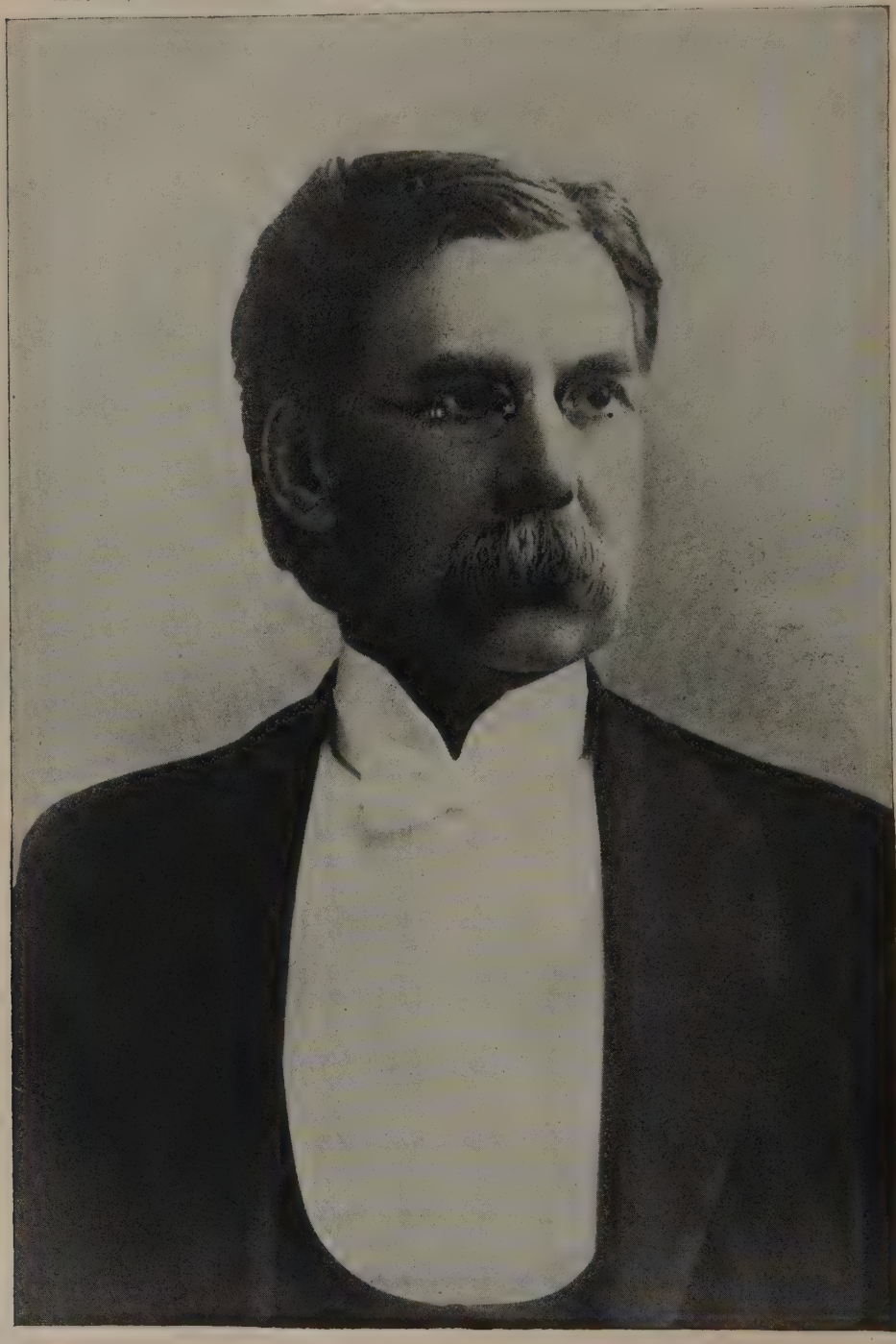
With the echoed roar of the world famed Niagara in my ears, I stood upon the roof of the "Castle of Light," and looked far out upon the twinkling of myriads of electric lights fed by the waters of Niagara, representing the greatest single concentration of power known in history. Within the circle of the horizon, not long ago, gleamed the radiance of the Rainbow City—the phantom illumination of the Pan-American Exposition. There were within the eye's sweep scores of factories, but in all that orbit of industry, there seemed to be one star of supreme splendor.

In very appearance it suggested a conservation of the best of life; it suggested a world compelling idea upon the great question of the age—and future ages—for it was the beacon light of basic fabric food—the material that goes to make up the brawn and brain of the present and future. No one can ever look upon the Natural Food Conservatory on the banks of the Niagara without being impressed, not merely from a commercial view point, but with the subtlest psychological phases of life which it reveals.

Appropriately and most fittingly located on the banks of the river rushing swiftly by to the great falls, the Conservatory was created on the scale of Niagara's

HENRY D. PERKY, FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY, MANUFACTURER OF THE FAMOUS SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT

In the article that follows, Mr. Chapple tells the story of the inception and development of the idea that germinated in a $2.000,000 Natural Food Conservatory at Niagara Falls, N. Y., and the creation of a great national industry.



scope. The world's attention gravitates toward such an institution, because the undertaking involves a great universal problem, that of food—simple, natural food—the kernel of wheat shredded and prepared to meet the requirements of human kind.

THE FOYER, NATURAL FOOD CONSERVATORY

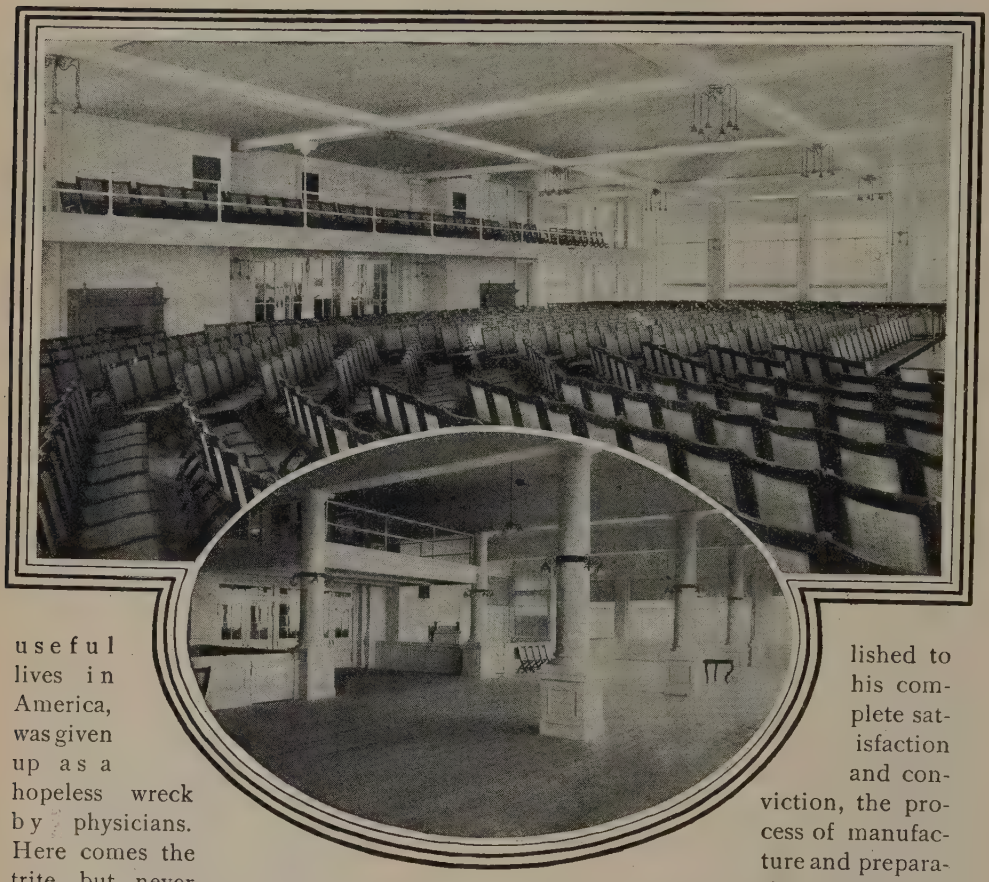
In a sweeping survey of the industrial phases of our national life, reflecting the spirit of the times, to me no other institution is more impressive. In itself it teaches a lesson that lingers and creates a wholesome, healthful interest in the real food of Nature that never satiates. How much such an institution means to the very sinew of American life, no statistician can ever compute. There is a breadth in it all that partakes of the scope of the present day American spirit, and as the shredded wheat, crisp and wholesome, goes forth, I could not help thinking of the manna of old that fed the multitudes, for here, indeed, was a conservatory of food, conserving the best of human energies, muscle and brain, and yet, with all of its present unparalleled capacity of hundreds of thousands every twenty-four hours, the total product is not yet sufficient to supply more than a small per cent, of the people of this country alone.

Mere figures are entirely inadequate to convey comprehension of the magnitude of this plant, and much less to anticipate the future demands that will be made upon it, as people come to know what shredded wheat really is—or better still—to understand the simple rudiments and philosophy of natural living.

The United States has won its place as a world power because of such captains of industry as are interested in this enterprise. They possessed a world-view—a world-breadth—in other words, a single clear commercial conception that the world is round and can be encircled with great industrial products, even as Magellan circumnavigated the globe with his squadron.

Not many years ago a man past the meridian of life, broken down from the same causes that have abbreviated many useful lives in America, was given up as a hopeless wreck by physicians. Here comes the trite but never varying expression, "Necessity is the mother of invention."

AUDITORIUM AND DINING ROOM, NATURAL FOOD CONSERVATORY



To me the Latin word, *invenire* (to come by chance) has a profound significance. Just as the clouds were darkest, Henry D. Perky solved a problem for human kind in a struggle for his own life. He took the germ of an idea, simple enough to be startling—natural food—a complete wholesome kernel of wheat, analyzed the proposition first by the ordinary conceptions of common sense, confirmed by laboratory experiments, that the elements of the human body are blended in natural proportions in a kernel of wheat. This fact established to his complete satisfaction and conviction, the process of manufacture and preparation was simplified in the same appropriate manner. The history of his life from that time reads like a romance. Enthused in his work, his subconscious as well as his conscious energies were concentrated upon crystalizing what is to-day realized in the "Castle of Light" on the banks of Niagara, and future historians will look with more interest upon this event than upon musty memories of Lundy's Lane, for this involves a world-embracing innovation in the problem of saving lives, in building up men for the real battles

for life, health and the pursuit of happiness in its highest and truest sense.

Americans admire men who conquer. The Natural Food Conservatory is a conquest which belongs to the world. It represents the concrete and specific value of the life of Henry D. Perky to the human race. The millions spent for drugs would soon be saved if people would only observe the rules of simple living, and, more important, if they would use the natural and simple foods which a wise Creator provided in the kernel of wheat, with nothing added to, and nothing taken away from the one universally accepted synonym of all time for the "Staff of Life."

Now to the story. I first remember meeting a very busy man at Worcester, Mass. A modest plant it was—scrupulously neat—and a very busy atmosphere permeated the premises. There was something compelling and infectious in his earnestness. The shredded wheat hosts were growing, and the demand rose with a rush as the people came to know about and used the toothsome product. Economical, to be sure, in the first cost, but economical in a broader sense in its guarantee of healthfulness, strength and vigor.

Then one thing that impressed me in the man, as I saw him carefully systematizing the work before him, was his keen, practical way of observing things that others had in some way overlooked. In a short time he had me a convert to his ideas, which evolve with a compelling, logical consistency. One point he made concerning the necessity of using all the wheat in food, was in preserving teeth, and giving the teeth the supply of phosphates in the wheat food, instead of eliminating this prime essential as in wheat flour.

The dire results of doughnuts and pastry with a touch of "shortening" have been obviated in shredded wheat, as prepared in multifarious ways, and all tempting and toothsome in new dishes, quite as delicious as the dangerous mixtures of flour and lubricants.

Following out his ideas to a logical conclusion, he purchased an old, picturesque, castle turreted "ladies' seminary," erected in Worcester as far back as 1840, and turned it into a school of Domestic Science with a curriculum that includes everything the words imply.

In the dawn of his prosperity here he provided a place for the use of his entire income. In less than forty-five days one of the original ladies' seminaries of New England for "higher education" was converted into an institution for the "highest education" of women that carries out the genuine ideal of higher education in providing instruction along the lines of home making.

Over fifty women study ways and methods of teaching domestic science and a glance at the list indicates somewhat the scope of the work—cookery, chemistry of food, marketing, house economics, sanitation, physical culture, elocution, sewing, pedagogy and psychology. The building with its old traditions inspires interest during the course and the graduating classes, representing almost every state of the Union, leave the twin-turreted, picturesque old building on the hill with ambition and enthusiasm in their chosen work, mingled with feelings of regret at quitting a place where clustered so many pleasant associations, but inspired with a fixed purpose to continue the work for which they have been fitted. The addresses by Mr. Perky before the classes are indeed a text book on the subject of domestic science, broadened far beyond the use of any single cereal, but giving withal a sure foundation and fixed scientific basis to work upon in the various uses and abuses of the kernel of wheat as a basis for natural food.

The "Oread," a magazine published by the Institute, contains contributions

from Mr. Perky and members of the faculty which make the collected numbers a veritable encyclopedia on the subject of foods in all ages and in all nations, that is not equalled in scope and timely suggestions and thoughtful purpose. It contains matter that might well be utilized in text books in public schools. Comprehensively stated and practically illustrated within this far famed food, the teachings and influence of Oread are something far beyond the expression of mere didactic purposes.

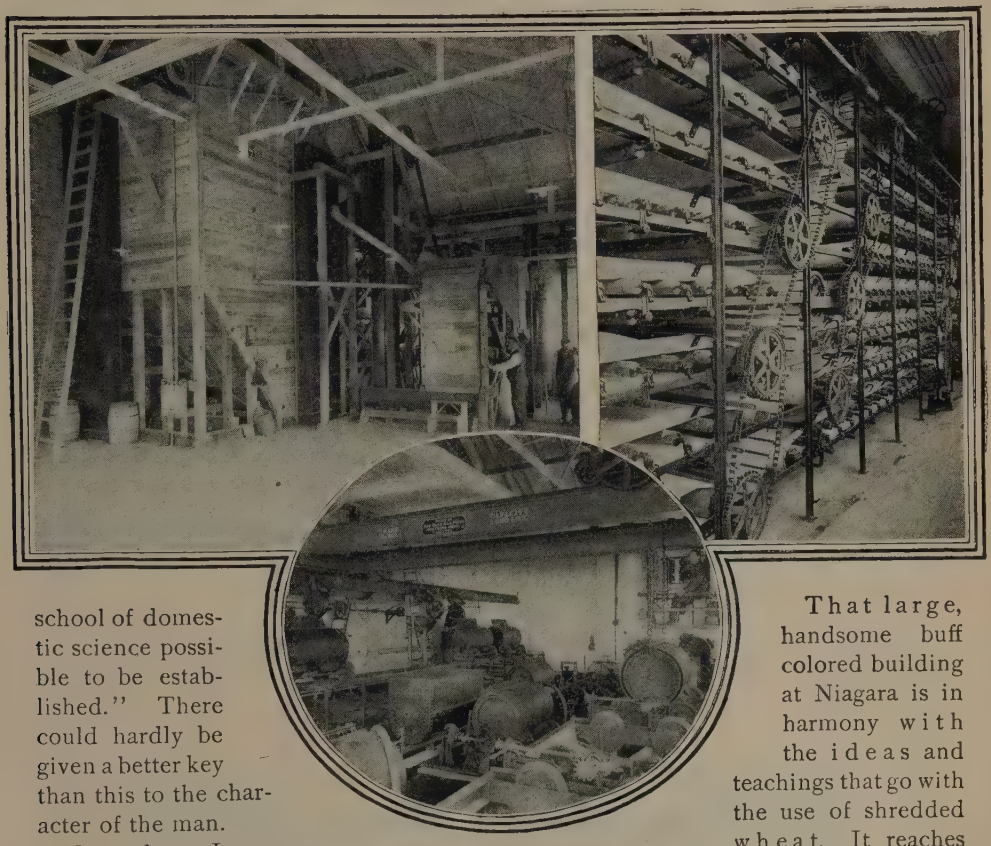
In the large laboratory which occupies a complete floor in one of the circular turrets, with windows at all points of the compass, there was nothing lacking for the most thorough research. On the floor below, viewed from a gallery, the visitors look upon the busy young ladies in cap and apron who are solving the most important, and altogether the most vital questions of life. The dormitory throughout has a suggestion of home comfort, and the large fireplace in the parlor and the thoroughly domesticated atmosphere throughout the institute suggest a big family, rather than an institute. In the kitchen laboratory of Mrs. Higbee, the principal, are constantly evolved new dishes and new ideas of domestic science, which in itself carries the enthusiasm of anticipation and progress. In the spacious dining room a monster Aeolian furnishes music fitting for any and all occasions. At one end of the dining room is a stage, which is utilized on various occasions for lectures or theatricals; this is also utilized as the dining place for the faculty. Mr. Perky has made his home at the institute and has given his time, money, and energy to emphasizing ideas which are, after all, the highest ideals of life, the building up of homes without drudgery and enslavement to the irksome duties of housekeeping.

Mr. Perky's ambition is not limited to the measure of success which he has

ELECTRIC KITCHEN AND RAILWAY LUNCH SERVICE, NATURAL FOOD CONSERVATORY

achieved in this institution. He says: "It is my ambition from my own personal earnings to found the greatest school of domestic science possible to be established." There could hardly be given a better key than this to the character of the man.

CLEANING CURING AND COOKING ROOMS, NATURAL FOOD CONSERVATORY



Never have I enjoyed a more pleasant day than the hours at the Oread Institute, where a revelation is made of the possibilities of domestic science. From this point have radiated influences that are world-wide in reach. The demonstration of what proper food really is and what it really means here becomes a fascinating, practical fact, instead of a theory.

After a visit at the Oread Institute, it is plain to see the expression of the same personality and the same absorbing purpose in the "Castle of Light," or Natural Food Conservatory at Niagara Falls. In this great conservatory there is a scope to meet a demand increasing as certainly in response to the increasing study of domestic science: the basic natural law of cause and effect.

That large, handsome buff colored building at Niagara is in harmony with the ideas and teachings that go with the use of shredded wheat. It reaches forth in itself as a compelling invitation to the world to use food that brings the greatest possibilities to life, and is in itself an enduring monument of an epoch making idea. It is a centre toward which the thousands of visitors at Niagara gravitate, and after an inspection of the Natural Food Conservatory a life impression remains of the ideas which it represents and which involve even more than the solitary principle of natural food.

The pleasant memories connected with a visit to the Natural Food Conservatory make a distinct red letter day in the history of the National Magazine. The

first annual National Magazine convention met at the Pan-American Exposition during the latter days of August, 1901. Included in the itinerary of the outing was a visit to Niagara Falls. And it is not an exaggeration to say that the most vivid recollections of every one of those delegates, representing nearly every state in the Union, is associated with the visit to the Natural Food Conservatory. The party inspected the building, then approaching completion.

Now, there are buildings and buildings —this is an age of sky scraping and acre covering buildings; but here was a building that stood as a commanding index for an idea—for a movement of international importance. It is more than commercial, because its influence carries with it the power of drawing out the best there is in home life.

The Natural Food Conservatory—the home of Shredded Wheat—containing three thousand tons of steel, three hundred miles of electric wiring, four million bricks and with five and one half acres of floor space, can scarcely be comprehended in type. The eight hundred and forty-four windows, doubled paned to keep out all dust, for cleanliness is the watchword in the making of Shredded Wheat; the twenty thousand pounds of putty—all these indicate what the "Castle of Light" means, for there are more windows than wall space, and the sunlight that gives growth to the kernel of wheat is a prominent factor in the making of Shredded Wheat. As our delegation passed within the main entrance there was an interest awakened akin to that of entering an institution of learning. For here indeed was a university of right living. All the little details that go to make up the comforts to visitors were anticipated and provided.

The great round glass chandelier in the corridor, composed of 24,000 crystals, was an indication of the world view of the projectors. Here nearly two million dollars have been invested for an equipment not equalled in the world. On the floor above are the general offices of the company, which are a model of simplicity and practical utility. On the next floor is the large convention hall with a seating capacity of over one thousand. An

SHREDDER AND EVAPORATOR, NATIONAL FOOD CONSERVATORY

ideal hall magnificently lighted day and night, without a pillar or post to mar perfect visual or acoustic properties, which is tendered free to the large number of national organizations that have found in Niagara an ideal place for annual conventions.

No hotel dining room in America equals that provided in the Natural Food Conservatory — a great airy room commanding a sweeping view of the Niagara river just above the American and Canadian Falls. And here every employe will come, a guest of the company, at the noon hour lunch. The scene is intensely interesting. The practical demonstration of Shredded Wheat is given here in such a way that it is a revelation to many to see the various dishes that can be prepared from it.

SECTION OF ELABORATE LAVATORIES, NATURAL FOOD CONSERVATORY

The roof garden in summer time is like a glimpse into fairy land. The music and the laughter of happy youth hang like a halo over the "Castle of Light." The view from the roof garden is quite as awe inspiring as a visit to the Falls.

There is an air of open-hearted hospitality about this institution that is refreshing in contrast with the picketed, barred and secretive work of other institutions. Here every process of manufacture is revealed to the visitor as an open book with a frankness that is fascinating. When the perfect and carefully selected wheat from the Genesee valley is brought from the wheat fields to the cleaning room, no hands touch the grain as Nature left it, and the insistent guard against impurities of any kind is rigidly maintained. All chaff and dust are removed in the cleaning room on the sixth floor, by forcing air through the wheat as it comes from the conveyor. A steady, never ebbing tide of wheat flows into the building precisely in proportion as the shipments are made. Every particle is thoroughly cleaned; even electricity is used to see that no metallic substance creeps in.

The eastern, central and western wings of the Conservatory are supplied with these purified and tested kernels of wheat where each grain is thoroughly washed and cooked. This does not in the slightest degree affect the chemical or natural ingredients of the wheat. After being cooked the wheat is thoroughly aired. Still retaining its perfect shape, the thoroughly prepared wheat berry is taken to one of the floors below where it is shredded. The thread-like wheat shreds are automatically cut into biscuit form and again cooked in the eight large Ferris wheel ovens, and the product is finished automatically in another oven of a lower degree of heat, without being so much as touched by the human hand. The process is a fascinating evolution of food direct from

the field ready to be set upon the table.

In the main visitors' gallery there are miniature trolley cars in front of the workers reveals a spirit of content and enthusiastic and intelligent effort that is inspiring. And yet with all of these

OREAD INSTITUTE, MR. PERKY'S SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE

lunch tables, and an order is given and the food delivered on one of the little cars — all accomplished by electricity. This is one of the many innovations that add greatly to the visitors' interest.

The ventilation and temperature of the building are regulated and kept uniform in summer by taking in fresh air that has first been refrigerated and distributing it equally. The air is actually washed before it goes through the cooling pipes. In winter this process is reversed and the air is heated by the coil of pipes. Gigantic fans in the basement change the air in the entire building every fifteen minutes, so the fresh air of the wheat fields is maintained up to the point where the Shredded Wheat boxes are packed for distribution and sent out to the railroad cars from whence it is taken to all parts of the world.

The marble bath rooms, the plumbing, and the appointments throughout the building for the employees are more palatial than in many hotels of the country and a glance at these busy advanced, generous and liberal advantages, there is no attempt to change sociological conditions. The very simplest natural law is observed and the personality of Henry D. Perky and his associates is a practical business-like demonstration of the old-fashioned, but never ceasing virtues of the golden rule.

The influence of the Natural Food Conservatory does not cease with the erection of a handsome building. The old Porter estate has developed the highest art in landscape gardening; and now the company has started in to help make Niagara one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Cash prizes are to be awarded for the best results in landscape gardening, to any resident of the city. Seed is furnished by the company free if desired. The notable feature has been the movement in beautifying school yards and thoroughly interesting the children, who are given free seeds for the work. The only condition—characteristic of the maker—is that part of the flowers be given to the Memorial Hospital.

This public spirit is further emphatic of the altruistic and yet intensely practical plan of operations, and the Natural Food Conservatory will long remain a power and influence in the simple gospel of Nature and Nature's handiwork.

The impulse to bring in a personal matter in reference to the National Magazine in connection with the Natural Food Conservatory cannot be resisted. After a day of sight seeing and pleasure, the delegates of the National Magazine were gathered about the banquet board, and there a spread and demonstration was made of the various uses and dishes which could be made of Shredded Wheat. Infinite variety, yes, but that spread dimmed the lustre of Delmonico's or Sherry's and the tributes paid to the natural food — Shredded Wheat — by those delegates were indeed notable. Timid housewives who had never before spoken at a banquet, arose and made eloquent and convincing talks concerning the natural food. That occasion was a memorable one, and if all the visitors at Niagara Falls go away with similar impressions there is no possibility of forecasting the consumption of this food in this country. When once used, Shredded Wheat has as permanent a place in the family larder as the flour bin. And it is not too much to predict that its use among all the people will become quite general.

The Natural Food Conservatory is an epoch making phase of our national industrial development. Coincident with the construction of the Conservatory was the full development of harnessed electric power at Niagara. The factory at Worcester was established just six years ago, at the time when the first turbine wheel at Niagara revolved. The Worcester factory is still running, taxed to its fullest capacity and now it does not require an acute observer to see that even with the new Conservatory casting its millions of loaves on the markets of the world, the capacity will soon have to be

THE CHILDREN WHO ARE LEARNING HOW TO MAKE HOMES BEAUTIFUL, THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY'S GARDEN COMPETITION. THE CONSERVATORY BUILDINGS ARE IN THE BACKGROUND

further increased. The new Shredded Wheat products, for which machinery is ready to operate, will create an unprecedented demand, as it provides shredded wheat in a popular form which is as wholesome as it is tempting.

This is the age of men who do things. Henry D. Perky is a doer and it seems as if he were inspired by the philosophic conclusions of William Penn when he wrote:

"It were happy if we studied nature more in natural things; and acted according to nature, whose rules are few, plain and reasonable," coinciding with Lord Bacon's axiom that "Nature is commanded by obeying her," and Emerson's notable addenda, "Nature is sensitive, elevating and refining."

No less forceful is Mr. Perky's maxim, "Naturally organized foods make possible natural conditions; there is no other way."

In a busy career which necessitates traveling nights and working at a tremendous pace during the days, Henry D. Perky is always found thoroughly true to his great ideals. It was my good fortune to meet him one night on a sleeping car. In the drawing room amid the roar of the train he was practicing on his violin, and taking real solace in music. He had only begun to play a few months before and was already quite proficient, practically demonstrating what can be accomplished when there is concentrated purpose, for few persons as busy as he is with a multitude of duties, would think of beginning to learn the violin at the age of fifty-eight. The tremendous energies of the man find a relaxation in music that further has the hand mark of the purposes that are a corollary of Shredded Wheat.

Other eras have had their poets, philosophers and historians. In these times it is the work of such men as Henry D. Perky that gives industrial achievement the highest and best touch for the concrete betterment and uplifting of the race.

Born on an Ohio farm, sleeping beneath the rough hewn rafters, the youth dreamed dreams, and with the rugged self reliance of the farm lad he entered the lists and became a self educated man. As a lawyer he broke down in health and in that battle the concentrated experiences of a lifetime converged toward the exploitation of an idea as well as an ideal. The magic of success was his reward, and the dreams are being realized. The great "Castle of Light" at Niagara is indeed a monument to his life work; it is in deed and in fact a conservatory, for within those glass walls has blossomed in full fruition the kernel of ideas implanted in the farmer lad who was close to Nature, in all her works of wonderment. After all is said and done, in science, art and literature, "Back to Nature" is the magic slogan that brings the surest success.

The transplanted plant at Niagara has kept close to its most appropriate environment and teaching, and the growing influence of the Natural Food Conservatory and its products carries with it the fragrance of the buoyant and best hopes as well as the loftiest purposes of life.

Modern Advertising—By the Aid of Electricity

AND now the clouds of night are harnessed; and he who runs may read the very light that shows him where his pathway trends.

In no country under the sun has the subject of advertising been so assiduously studied as in the United States; and nowhere else has the science of publicity been given so much prominence as in that quarter of the Western continent which, bounded on the north by the Dominion of Canada, is elsewhere only restricted by the waves of the oceans washing its shores. From east to west, from north to south, this tremendous area is one gigantic advertising appeal to its inhabitants to buy, Buy, BUY—to embrace with open arms the thousand-and-one things necessary for comfort and necessity, and to remember that this or that article of commodity is the *sine qua non* of human existence, and "that other" is antiquated and *passe*, and should not for a single moment be considered. The one-time personal persuasion of dealer to customer—which, from the very nature of things, limited business, has been supplanted by the

very many conveniences for exploiting and multiplying solicitations and transacting tremendous propositions at long range. Take the telephone, for instance, which is the broadening and expansion of the human voice—giving it the power to extend its range over hundreds of miles of intervening space, as one example of modern methods of suggestion, of advertising, of telling pertinent stories and offering opportunities of emergency and competition.

The telephone is one form of advertising electrical factorship, but its use is, necessarily, limited, for the true element of advertising is lacking—insistence, without which the broadest suggestion is weakened by lack of the power for promptly following up. True advertising means the constant reminder, the never-let-up principle of perseverance until the goal is reached. Modern advertising has provided the means for accentuating original importunity, in various ways, by the use of the public press, bold wall displays, the perverting of the natural landscape into a purveyor of commercial wares, the use of street cars and salient features of architecture, etc., *ad infinitum*—all effective in their particular fields, and, taken in conjunction, almost irresistible; yet the triumph of electricity dwarfs them all—changes darkness into light, and without disfiguring its environment, or palling on the senses, commandingly tells a story in letters of fire and mystery, and serves as an object lesson no man can resist—a medium which compels attention and retention.

That word "retention" covers the advantage electricity has over all its contemporaries, for its very composition, light, cannot be hidden, and is almost a part of the Divine intelligence which pervades all nature. The use of electrical displays for advertising purposes has changed the entire complexion of advertising, from the very conspicuousness of it: the bold and super-brilliant inscriptions as emanating from an electrical sign dominate everything. Even imposing buildings are cast into shadow, and the broad streets teeming with the passing populace become mere lanes leading up to some salient feature which is all aglow with forceful energy—the electrical advertising sign. The writer is provoked to this enthusiasm by the recent establishment, in Boston, of a startlingly eloquent example of what electricity is capable of in judicious hands. Standing, of an evening, at the corner of Washington and Summer streets, a brilliant glare of light in intermittent flashes aroused my curiosity. On looking for the cause, I observed, away down on Summer street, an inviting and beckoning invitation in the sky to "BUY AND READ THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE." Just as I had conceived that it might be a miracle, the wording changed like a flash, and "WHITE HOUSE COFFEE, THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY" was engrafted on my memory in words of fire. As soon as I gathered my wits together, still another change to "BOND, OF BOSTON, WILL SELL YOU SPACE," and "BOND, of BOSTON, 16 CENTRAL ST." following immediately, I became aware that I was being talked to, solicited, willy nilly, to buy the very things I could consistently use, and was being offered certain advertising suggestions I could not well forget. Truly, it was a great thing, this attention-compelling sign which had almost the power of speech, and which impressed me more than any advertising overtures ever made to me. I watched that sign for more than an hour, and found that thirty or so consecutive inscriptions were displayed every short while, and every one of them are running through my mind as I pen this article, as indelibly fixed as though committed to memory. This is, indeed, modern advertising — only possible

through the kindly aid of electricity; and I suppose the thousands that daily use Summer street as a thoroughfare on their way to the Union station are or will be as deeply impressed. Since this first experience of mine I have taken the pains to learn that this particular sign is called the "Monarch Advertising Sign," and is the first to be erected by the Electrical Advertising Company of Worcester, Mass., and the No. 1 of many similar signs to be erected as fast as advertisers learn to appreciate their advertising value. The uniform size of the signs to be erected in all the large advertising centres is heroic—something like 47 by 10 feet; and I learn that Bond, of Boston, 16 Central street, whose name has been thrust upon me by the circumstance of my first introduction to this wonderful sign, has control of all space to be offered for exploiting any good thing the large manufacturers of the United States may wish placed on perpetual record. I might add that each of these mammoth signs is to be illuminated by 1,200 electric lamps—giving an effulgence only to be equalled by the sunlight, and dwarfing to candle light capacity any previous attempts to harness electricity for advertising purposes.

The illustration at the head of this article has been specially made to convey quite an accurate idea of the optical effect of the electric display in question. The extreme brilliancy of the lighting entirely eliminates any suggestion of the contour of the sign itself—the words appearing against a dark background as though created by the elements, and having a character quite unusual and impressive. Quite the largest electrical sign ever erected, it is entirely automatic and positive in its operation; and the smoothness and continuity of its exposures stamp it as a mechanical wonder of exceeding cleverness—without a single contemporary to share its manifest honors.

Certainly the acme has been reached in publicity—for it will be evident to the thinking mind that the stopping point must be somewhere in this vicinity—that there must be a limit to the range of human possibilities, else the whole scheme of the universe must be changed.

Meanwhile, and pending a convulsion of nature, it would seem to be good advice to look this electrical sign matter up—examine its possibilities—utilize it if practicable—take advantage of the otherwise wasted darkness to permit your solicitation to include the night time, and, as our friend Mr. "Cascarets" has it, "work while you sleep."

SOUTH STREET, FROM THE POSTOFFICE, PITTSFIELD, MASS

Pittsfield, Gem City of the Berkshires

By MAJOR G. ARTHUR TAPPAN

"THE Gem City" is the title most appropriately applied to Pittsfield, the county seat of Berkshire county, Mass. Pittsfield is situated in the centre of the county and is the chief city of the Berkshire Hills, a region famous the world over for its magnificent scenic beauty and charm. These hills have been aptly termed "The Alps of America." The various ranges present an endless succession of views of the grandest description, lakes dot the fertile valleys, there is charm everywhere one turns. Nature has indeed been lavish in her gifts and man has supplemented her works with generous hand. Almost from the first settlement in this section, the Berkshire Hills have been famous for their beauty and the years have added steadily to their fame and popularity.

The city of Pittsfield has a population of something like 25,000 and is a busy, prosperous place. Its location is ideal and it combines with rare natural beauty the conveniences of a modern municipality. The city lies in a natural amphitheatre, being surrounded on all sides by the mountain ranges which make up the Berkshire Hills. Through the valley runs the Housatonic river and within the circle of the hills are several lakes. To the north of the city proper lies Pontoosuc lake, one of the most popular outing places in the county. The trolley lines reach this resort, where is located the home of the Pittsfield Boat Club.

To the west of the city is located Onota lake, as lovely a sheet of water as can be found in the state. Onota is not yet reached by the trolley, but a line is

projected which will make it easy of access and it will eventually share the public favor with Pontoosuc. Finer opportunity for fishing and for aquatic sports of all kinds could not be desired, and the lakes constiute one of Pittsfield's chief charms.

Pittsfield is a city of broad streets, shaded by splendid old elms and maples and lined with fine residences. The streets are well kept and the residents vie with each other in making their places attractive. The business streets are lined with substantial blocks, many of them of modern and tasteful design and construction. The city is supplied with the finest water, which comes from Lake Ashley on Washington Mountain, nine miles to the east; it has a comprehensive modern system of sewerage and its streets are lighted by an excellent electric light system. It maintains a capable fire department and, in fact, is in all ways a thoroughly up-to-date municipality. Its people are well-to-do and cultured, its public library is fully up to the demand of an intelligent constituency, its churches are well supported, its schools are of the best. The city has several fine hotels, principal among them being the Wendall, a new, thoroughly fire proof structure, elegantly furnished and excellently managed.

Pittsfield has been the home, at various times, of many prominent literary characters, among them being Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Hawthorne and Hermann Melville. On East street stands the house in which Longfellow wrote "The Clock on the Stair." Many people of wealth have made their homes here and the resident streets and adjacent country are dotted with their handsome residences. There are numerous fine drives and walks about the city and every possible facility for the enjoyment of life in the open air.

Pittsfield is now the centre of a great trolley system. The Pittsfield Electric Street Railway company has lines running to Dalton and Hinsdale and also to Cheshire, where connection is made with the Hoosac Valley company, whose system runs to Adams, North Adams and Williamstown. The Berkshire Street

NORTH STREET, FROM THE POSTOFFICE, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

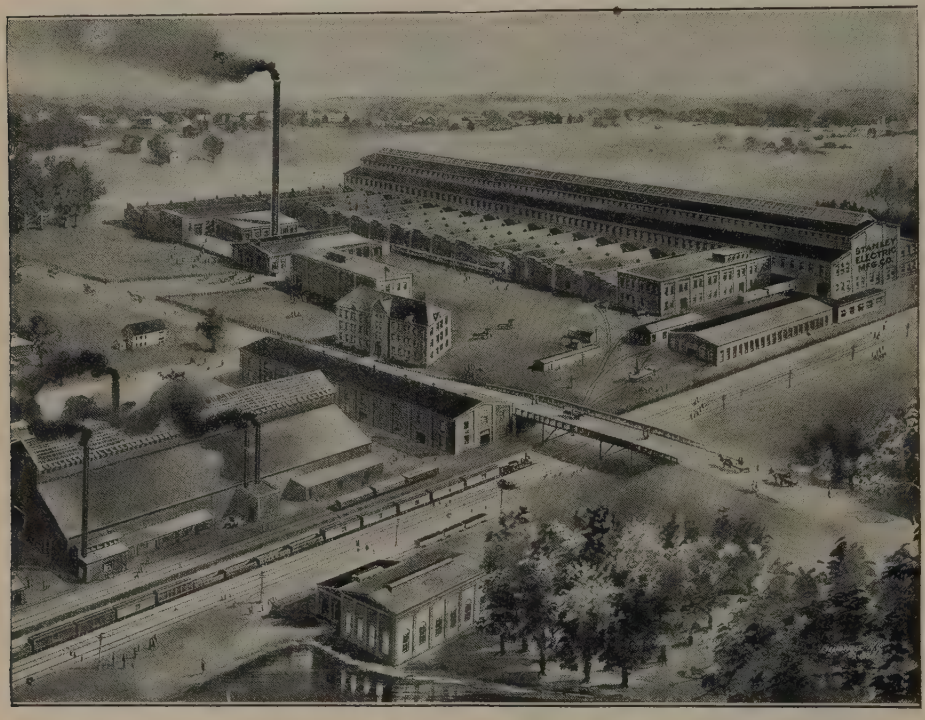
Railway company is just opening its lines which will extend entirely through the county from Williamstown to the Connecticut state line, touching North Adams, Adams, Cheshire, Berkshire, Pittsfield, Lenox, Lee, Stockbridge, Great Barrington and Sheffield. Both companies have lines extending about the city and the service is first class.

The city is located on the main line of the Boston and Albany road and is the terminus of the Berkshire Division of the New York, New Haven and Hartford road, thus enjoying the best of railroad facilities. This has been a factor not only in making Pittsfield a popular summer resort, but also in building it up industrially. The manufacturing industries, while numerous and varied, are yet entirely unobtrusive and in no way lessen the charm of the city as a delightful resort during the summer months. The mills are all located on the outskirts of the city, each forming the centre of a thrifty suburb easily accessible by trolley lines.

The main industry of the city is the Stanley Electric Manufacturing company, which, from a small beginning some ten years ago, has grown to rival the General Electric Company and the Westinghouse concern. The company has an immense plant in the eastern part of the city and its products are making Pittsfield famous all over this hemisphere. In this respect, it is rivalled by the Eaton-Hurlburt Paper Company, a large manufacturer of fine papers for society correspondence. The trade mark of this concern carries the words, "Made in Berkshire" and thus the name Berkshire is made known the country over.

The products of the city's industries are diversified, including woolen goods,

WORKS OF THE STANLEY ELECTRIC MANUFACTURING COMPANY, PITTSFIELD, MASS.



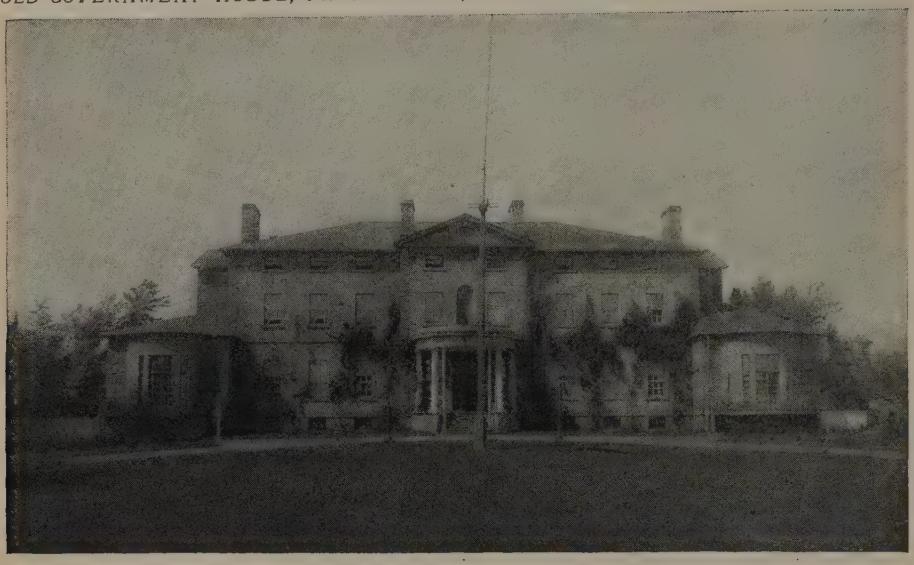
BERKSHIRE ATHENAEUM, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

underwear, tacks, shoes, electrical appliances of various kinds, men's clothing, paper mill machinery and various other articles. There are several large wood working establishments in the city and every industry is busy and successful.

At Dalton, a charming town six miles away and connected with Pittsfield by the trolley, is the home of Governor W. Murray Crane and also that of his brother, Hon. Zenas Crane. They are manufacturers of stationery and bond papers and proprietors of the Government mill, so called, where the distinctive papers used by the national government, are manufactured. Here also are located the large mills of the Byron Weston Paper Company, which manufactures ledger paper, known the world over as being of the very highest standard.

RESIDENCE OF HON. ZENAS CRANE, DALTON, NEAR PITTSFIELD, MASS.

OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FREDERICTON, N. B., CANADA



Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

IN the nicknames which somehow fix themselves upon cities as upon persons, there is usually a significance worth enquiring into. We have the "Queen City," the "Royal City," the "Limestone City," the "Ambitious City," the "Windy City" and many more, thus lightly and effectively labeled. And when folks, not so fortunate as to call themselves her sons, dubbed Fredericton the "Celestial City," a true and merited tribute was mingled with the jeer. A little envy, a little malice, and much admiration, combined to suggest the sobriquet. But the citizens accepted the term as one preeminently apt; and now a Fredericton anywhere will answer to the name "Celestial" as modestly and promptly as a St. John man will respond to the call for a corkscrew.

With every attraction to allure the summer traveler, Fredericton has not yet been really discovered by the Tourist, and is therefore still unhackneyed. She has beauty within herself, and in her environment. She has the best of modern comforts within her hotels. She has rich delights to offer the sportsman, the canoeist, the artist. She has a clear sky and a tonic climate. And she is easily accessible, but because she has sat long aloof, Narcissus-like, admiring her own image in her splendid threshold water, and too loftily indifferent to proclaim her merits to the world, travel has gone blindly past her gates.

Fredericton lies on a point of deep soiled intervale, eighty-four miles above the mouth of the River St. John. About her the great river draws a broad and gleaming crescent. Behind her rises a

rampart of wooded hills. Opposite to her wharves flow in two lovely tributary streams, the Nashwaak and the Nashwaaksis, offering ceasless enticement to the lovers of birch and paddle. And into the Nashwaak itself, just above the bridge that spans its mouth, empties a lilied, slow winding, greenly shadowed brook, dear to those who go canoeing just two in a canoe. This is fitly known as "Lovers' Creek." The main river, half a mile in width before the city, and so deep as to admit commodious steamers and deeply laden schooners to the wharves, is propitious to picnic parties. It has no violent currents to demoralize the inexperienced boatman. It is not subject to squalls and its banks and islands offer many a green retreat. A little above the city the river is thickly sown with islands, level and grassy, and holding out the most tempting of invitations to all who would go camping.

Fredericton is a city of marked individuality; intellectually and socially she wields an influence out of all proportion to her size. Some explanation of this is perhaps to be found in the fact that few cities of her size possess so many of the things that make for distinction. It is just the case of so much leaven in a little measure of meal. She is the provincial capital; the Cathedral city of the diocese; the military centre of the province; the seat of the supreme judiciary, of the provincial University, of the Normal school.

The favourite residence portion of the city is that known as "down town" within clear call of the Cathedral bells. Here are most of the handsome houses and the well kept grounds. Below the Cathedral, where the street runs close to the water's edge, where the bank is lined with willows, where rafts tie up at night along the shore, and where the houses

VIEW ON NASHWAAKSIS, OPPOSITE FREDERICTON, N. B., CANADA

all look out across the river, there stands a dwelling which should be dear to many American hearts. The author of "Daddy Darwin's Dovecote," "Lob-Lie-by-the-Fire," and "The Story of a Short Life," wins no more loving admiration than that of her American readers. This plain brown house with the bow windows and the river view, is full of memories of Juliena Horatia Ewing, who lived here while her husband, who was a major in an English regiment, was stationed at Fredericton.

Of a very different interest to visitors is the memory of another sojourner at Fredericton; it is a lurid light that keeps bright the name of Benedict Arnold, great general and great traitor. A few hundred yards below Mrs. Ewing's home is the field where once stood Arnold's house. Close by runs a narrow creek, at whose mouth he built small vessels for the river trade.

The sportsman, whether he follow rod or gun, will find Fredericton an excellent centre from which to work. For the great salmon waters of the Tobique or the Miramichi, expeditions may best be organized at Fredericton, where competent guides are available. Trout waters well stocked and not over fished, lie about in all directions, at distances varying from ten to ten times as many miles; for the whole country is a network of water courses. Most of these waters are easily accessible by rail; for railways run out of Fredericton in all the directions which the sportsman is likely to take. For those who care for small brook trout and plenty of them, there are pleasant drives to the Gornish, or to the Tay, or Hanson's Mill Stream; to Burpee's or to Noonan's Brook; or up the Nashwaaksis; with every chance of a well filled basket. Most of these waters are broad and open, with good

CHURCH STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B., CANADA

room to throw a fly. By going further afield, and indulging in a few days of canoeing and camping, one goes to the exciting way of hunting this superb animal.

When a place is worth visiting, there

A PICTURESQUE CORNER OF FREDERICTON, N. B., CANADA

famous trout waters of the Tobique, the Squatooks, Green River, or the innumerable branches of the great Miramichi system.

In the neighborhood of Fredericton there are a few good cock and snipe covers; and partridges, in favourable years, are abundant. The most alluring game, however, is the red deer, now becoming numerous in the New Brunswick forests. Go a little deeper into the wild heart of the woods, and bears, lynxes, wildcats, will be discovered by the experienced guide. And in the high plateaus of the Northern section of the province one may with every success follow the chase of our noblest game, the stately and dangerous moose. During the moonlit nights of October is the time for "moose calling," which is the most

is satisfaction in finding that it is not hard to get at. Even Boston is not far from the "Celestial City," as some would have us suppose. One may take the Eastern Express from Boston in the morning and reach Fredericton at a seasonable hour in the evening. The evening train from Boston or the evening train from Montreal, lands one in Fredericton at a good hour for lunch. From St. John there are several trains each day; there are trains also from Woodstock and St. Stephen. Besides the service of the Canadian Pacific Railway from all the points mentioned, there are two trains a day over the Canada Eastern, which runs through the Nashwaak and Miramichi valleys, and connects Fredericton with the Intercolonial at New Castle. This is a route whose

possibilities have not yet been sufficiently unfolded to the Tourist and the Sportsman. It offers delightful facilities for attractive round trips. But there is one round trip which is an imperious necessity for all who visit Fredericton. If you come to Fredericton by rail, leave by the river boat. It is better to come by rail and go by boat, than to come by boat and go by rail, because it is, as a rule, pleasanter traveling with the current than against it. But no one can be said to have properly seen Fredericton who

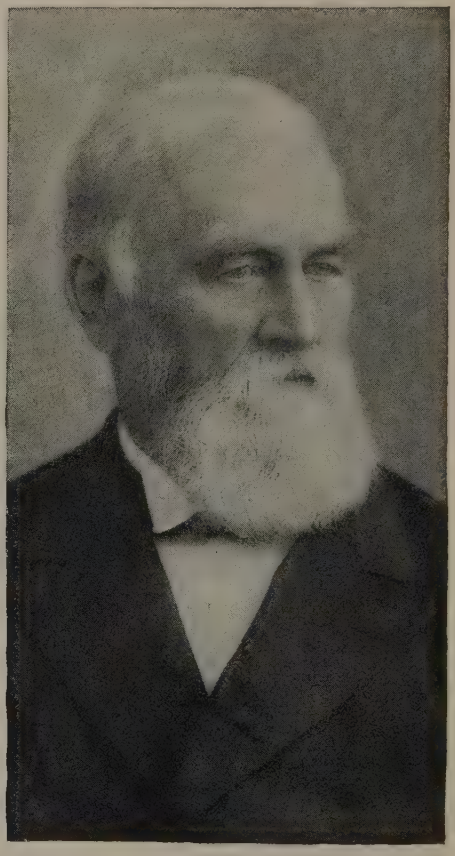
HONORABLE LEMUEL J. TWEEDIE, K. C., PREMIER OF NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA. REPRESENTING NEW BRUNSWICK AT THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII.

has not "done" the eighty-four miles of exquisite and varied river scenery outstretched between the city and the sea.

In conclusion: for any information concerning New Brunswick the reader

MR. ALEXANDER GIBSON OF MARYSVILLE, NEAR FREDERICTON, N. B., CANADA

Mr. Gibson is president of the Alex. Gibson Railway and Manufacturing Company, largest lumber and cotton manufacturer in Eastern Canada and owning and operating the Canada Eastern Railway, 130 miles, running through Central New Brunswick.



is introduced to the Tourist Association of Fredericton, N. B., a body which merits the reputation so justly earned, as the friend of the sportsman and the tourist. Its obliging officials are always ready and willing to befriend, inform or assist the visitor.

The Founder of Accident Insurance

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THAT modest blue sign at the railway ticket office, "The Travelers Insurance Company," always possesses a great fascination for me, partly because I, too, carry insurance in that company, and the development of a great business always interests me; but even more because that sign brings back to remembrance the personal associations and friendship it was my privilege to enjoy for many years with that very remarkable man, James G. Batterson, founder of the business of insurance against accidents and the president of the company of that sign.

There is nothing that is so fascinating to me, as to trace the source of the great industrial, agricultural, educational, commerical and economical movements, which, blended together, make up the fabric of a great nation, such as our own beloved country. The varying phases of all our national progress seem to centre, after all, in personalities; and there is an inspiration in coming into direct personal contact with men of large affairs.

Yesterday, as I saw that sign, it occurred to me that some time the readers of the National might like to know something about the man who founded and built up the business of accident insurance in its broad significance.

Seated at a long table in the second story of a modest buff brick building in Hartford, it was my good fortune, not many years ago, to meet James G. Batterson, granite worker, scholar and critic. With long grey beard, and kindly blue eye, glancing over the top of his spectacles, perched on the tip of his nose, he was a picture of life in full fruition. There was something full statured and striking about this man, suggestive of the idea of strength and power that Michael Angelo wrought in his works.

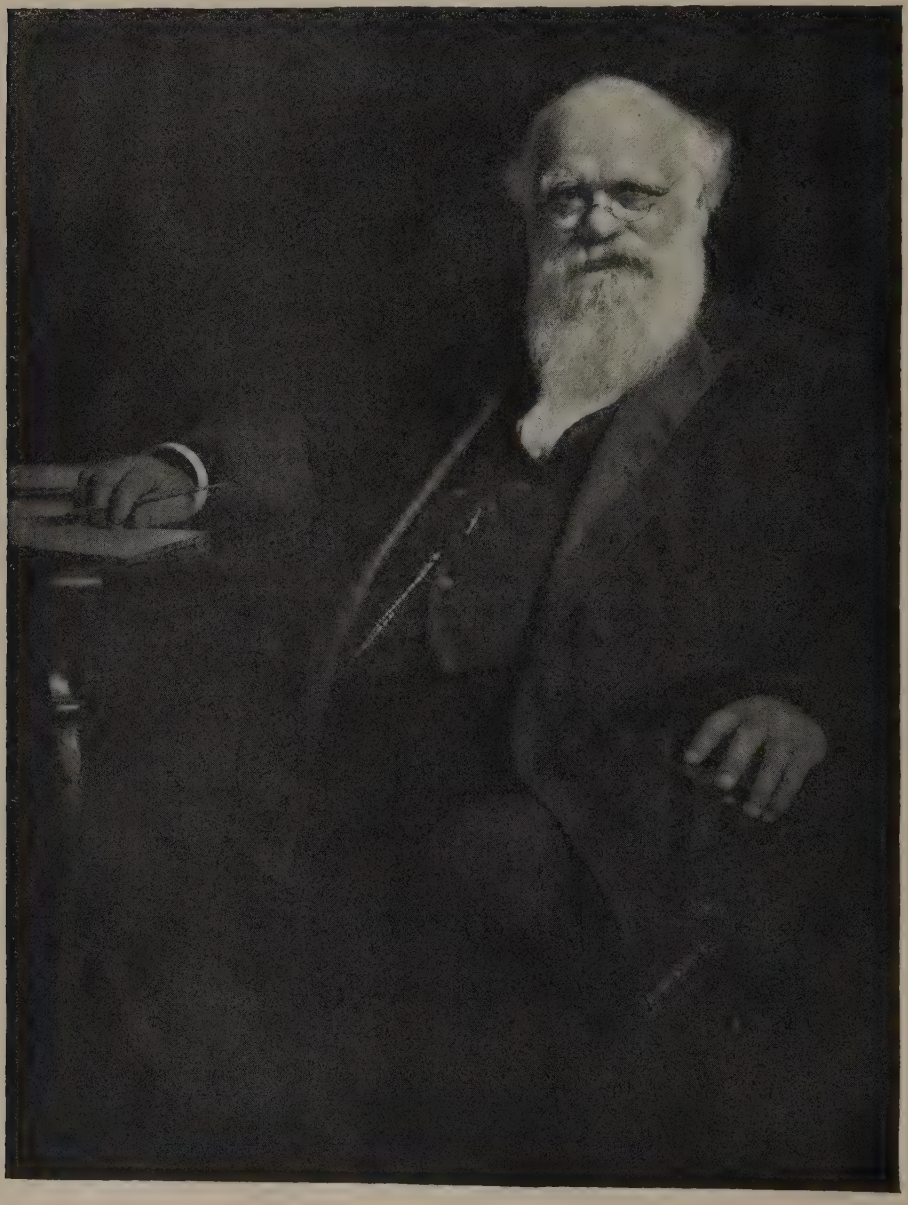
Mr. James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railway, once told me that the value of a corporation's paper was chiefly the men in its control; the vital element of personality can never be obliterated in the most studiedly impersonal corporate existence, and it is not an idle curiosity that creates an interest among the people, to know about the personages in charge of great enterprises.

In that autumn afternoon's conversation with James G. Batterson I gleaned a romance of intense human interest. It was not life insurance that he talked about, but the great, broad questions of life. A sage, a philosopher, a scholar, and a thorough student of human nature and human affairs, he had, in 1863, conceived the idea of a new form of insurance which should cover all manner of accidents. He had won his way in the world as a worker in granite and marble, and as a scholar. Unable to enter college, he achieved by his own efforts a thorough classical and scientific education. Geology and art he applied to his granite business; he invented a lathe for turning and polishing marble and granite columns; he built up the greatest granite works in the country; he spoke Greek and Latin as well as De Quincy, and was thoroughly grounded in Italian and Spanish; and he applied this knowledge in an effective, practical manner. As an Egyptologist he had few equals, and had studied the engineering feats of Egypt in company with the great

English engineer, Brunnel. His keen interest in literary matters did not abate as he approached the sunset of life at fourscore. In the Civil War he was right hand man of Governor Buckingham of Connecticut, chairman of the war committee, and a friend of Abraham Lincoln.

The story of the founding of The Travelers is interesting and in many respects romantic. While traveling in England, Mr. Batterson one day saw and

THE LATE JAMES G. BATTERSON, FOUNDER OF THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY, AND FATHER OF ACCIDENT INSURANCE IN AMERICA



SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, PRESIDENT OF THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD

purchased a railroad accident policy insuring against death and iniury while traveling from Liverpool to Leamington. The idea immediately impressed him as being capable of a great development, and that it was as feasible against all accidents as against accidents of travel only. After consulting several insurance authorities in England, all of whom, with the exception of Walford, the author of the splendid but uncompleted Encyclopedia of Insurance, doubted the success of such an undertaking, he returned home fully determined to make the venture of this new form of insurance.

There was derision and doubt when he chartered the Company in 1863, and issued the first policy to Colonel James Bolter, (for the sum of two cents) for $5,000, to remain in force while the initial policy holder walked from the postoffice to his home. A bitter contest was made against his company in the New York legislature, and an effort to prohibit it from doing any business in that state, but he had the right idea and triumphed. There were many severe tests and heavy losses, but The Travelers stood the strain. The idea comprehending accidents of all kinds proved to be right—it was universal. Later the Company added Life insurance, and later still Employers Liability insurance, a form of insurance which had been successfully organized in England. In fact, the company adapted itself to all conditions and environments, minimized the cost of insurance, kept a close record of all phases of passing events, and crystalized insurance into a veritable science in its exactness. There is a public confidence in a Travelers policy that is not surpassed in the possession of a government bond. Over 376,000 accidents claims paid since 1863, is a record equalled by no similar corporation in the history of the world, and it is results that count. In the distribution of nearly fifty million of dollars to policy holders since its establishment in 1864, who can compute the actual benefit to bereft families, and the influence on the lives of children left fatherless and reared with the help and protection of the inheritance of an accident policy?

Such, in brief, was the history of the founding of The Travelers Insurance, the famous pioneer company of accident insurance well known today in every civilized land as the great leader and authority in the science of insurance against accidents. Year by year from the older countries there have come young men to learn at the source the science and mathematics of accident insurance, and the latest scholar has taken it to Denmark to found there an accident company on the lines of The Travelers of Hartford. Other companies have come into the field and the business of accident insurance has become a unit in that great trinity of insurance—Life, Fire and Accident. The great company, however, founded by the late James G. Batterson, remains the leader and head of accident insurance not only in this country but in the world.

The enormous growth of The Travelers Insurance has been, from the date of its birth, as stated earlier, coequal with railroad development and the expansion of travel. Every individual in the United States is traveling further and faster every year. This is simply a matter of cold statistics: indicating that, as the column increases, the precautions are greater, and no precaution in traveling or in professional, business, or industrial occupations, is quite complete without an accident insurance policy.

VIEW OF THE CITY OF ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE, FROM THE SEA FRONT, AS IT WAS BEFORE MONT PELEE'S WRATH LAID IT IN RUINS Photo by John Welch

Destruction of St. Pierre, Martinique

Rivers of Lava now Cooling and Hardening Above the Bodies of Slain Thousands in Streets where Josephine, Napoleon's Empress, and Madame de Maintenon of Glorious Memory, Played as Little Girls. Pursued by Flaming Torrents, Pelted by White Hot Rocks and Suffocated by Blinding, Burning Dust Clouds, Other Thousands Rushed into the Sea to Drown. The Whole World Opens Its Purse to Feed, Shelter and Nurse the 50,000 Homeless Survivors of the Catastrophe.

By ARTHUR McILROY

ON the morning of Saturday, May 3, early risers in the city of St. Pierre, Martinique, felt little nervous tremors run through the solid earth beneath their feet. The sky was overcast, the air was pregnant with foreboding. Fathers went off to their work with a vague apprehension in their minds. Mothers drew their children close, as if to ward off an unknown peril. The idle minded, the thoughtless, the pursuers of pleasure, jested with uneasy minds, scanning the sky.

In the harbor a score of ships were loading and unloading. As the day advanced, and the darkness increased, the officials in the government house asked themselves what it meant. Was Mont Pelee, silent since 1851, meditating mischief? Whence came the haze that darkened the sun? Was it a forerunner of disaster? Was St. Pierre to suffer from the seismic convulsion that had just swept through Guatamala, 2,000 miles due west, leveling villages, and slaying hundreds? Was the sea, beating against the thin shell of rock which separated its cold waters from the volcanic furnaces of Mont Pelee, breaking through that shell? If this should happen, would not the mountain, like a huge white hot boiler suddenly filled with cold water, explode, hurling its contents down upon

the city? The fear of what was to follow grew upon those best informed. A warning was given to the people, and not a few of the richest, the most cautious, either retired to the country, at a safe distance from the old volcano, or took boat for other islands. The great majority of the 25,000 inhabitants of St. Pierre remained, going about their usual duties and pleasures. Late in the afternoon of that day an eruption of molten lava poured down one side of the mountain, overflowing and destroying a great factory that stood in its path, and slaying dozens of workmen. Panic spread through the city. Next day the haze was deeper. Some declared the city was doomed, but few believed them. Most believed the flow would never reach the city. Mont Pelee would spout a day or two, and having relieved his pressure, would subside. There was no possibility of anything worse than what had already taken place.

On the afternoon of Wednesday the 7th a commission appointed by the governor declared there was no peril for St. Pierre. But shortly before eight o'clock, on the morning of Thursday the 8th, the eyes of the city, strained through the murky darkness toward the mountain, saw its whole top leap against the sky, shattered into mighty fragments; saw flames and vast dust clouds rise high in air, and heard the roar of their approaching doom.

Within less than two minutes all were frantically seeking refuge from a fiery hail, while down the steep sides of the mountain, through the handsome villas on the terraces, flaming rivers of lava rushed toward them. The despairing city huddled upon the horseshoe curve of the beach, fronted by the sea and

STREET SCENE IN ST. PIERRE BEFORE THE DISASTER Photo by John Welch

backed by precipitous heights, read destruction in that appalling spectacle.

Ensued then such scenes as, once seen or read, are never to be forgotten. Scenes of god-like heroism, of splendid self sacrifice, of mad cowardice and

WOMEN OF MARTINIQUE CARRYING FREIGHT ABOARD VESSELS AT ST. PIERRE

These female stevedores were as strong and tireless as the men who worked beside them. Photo by John Welch

cruelty--all the traits of humanity exaggerated by the present menace of fearful death. Shouting, sobbing, cursing, praying, trampling each other down like stampeded cattle, forgetting ties of blood and affection, men, women and children in a frenzied mob, the people of St. Pierre fled with but a single thought--to reach shelter, either on sea or in the hills. Thousands ran down to the beach, stricken as they ran by the shower of white hot rocks, scorched by the fiery dust that blinded and strangled them, falling never to rise, while those who escaped this bombardment from the heavens did but find an easier death by drowning in the sea. Here and there one met death calmly, smiling. Mothers, seeing that they must die, sheltered their babes beneath their own bodies, even as did the women of Pompeii in like extremity, 1,800 years ago. Brave men, daring all to help those feebler than themselves, quit life gloriously. Houses swiftly burned and were buried; their inmates found tombs where they had sought shelter. The vast blind darkness that hovered over the city was lighted dimly now and again by the flaming of wrecked buildings.

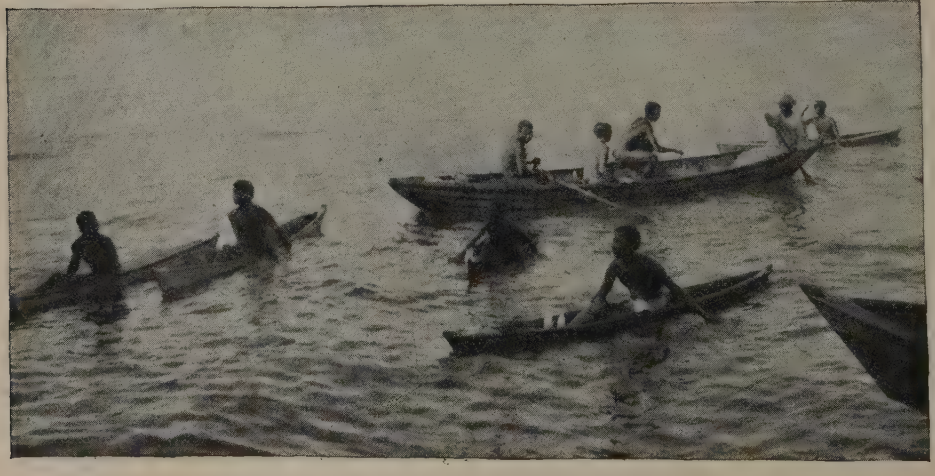
The men on the ships worked with desperate energy to hoist anchors and get away. They were fighting two enemies—the red, consuming rain and the mighty convulsions of the troubled sea. Only one crew succeeded—that of the steamer Roddam, and it was little better than a wreck when it crawled out of the zone of death, its captain fearfully burned and a score of its men missing. The weaker hearted—and perhaps even the more stoical, remembering that every man has to die some time, and can die but once, abandoned the unequal struggle, and leaped into the sea. Soon the roadstead was dotted with floating bodies, grimly visible through the blanket of red volcanic dust that hid the face of the waters.

Looking landward, the men of the Roddam saw only the pall and the occasional flaring streaks of lurid light. St. Pierre, laughing, loving, light hearted St. Pierre, city of tropic color and tropic passions, had become a vast cemetery, through whose highways lava rivers, hissing snake like, wound and twisted, covering from sight the fearful work of the hail of rocks and the suffocating dust clouds.

On the other side of the mountains, other towns suffered a like fate. No one knows, no one will ever know, the total of the lives blotted out by Mont Pelee. Early hasty estimates place the number as high as 30,000. Fifty thousand lack food and shelter. And as this is written, the cable brings news of volcanic disturbances in the islands of St. Vincent and Dominica. It is feared similar terrible disasters have befallen the people of these islands. Cable dispatches, as yet unverified, say that the loss of life in St. Vincent is only less than in Martinique: that the whole of the 100 odd square miles of the smaller island are laid waste and 5,000 lives lost. St. Vincent is a British colony. Its capital, Kingston, lies at one end of the island, the volcano Soufriere at the other.

NATIVE MEN AND BOYS OF MARTINIQUE ENGAGED IN WATER SPORTS

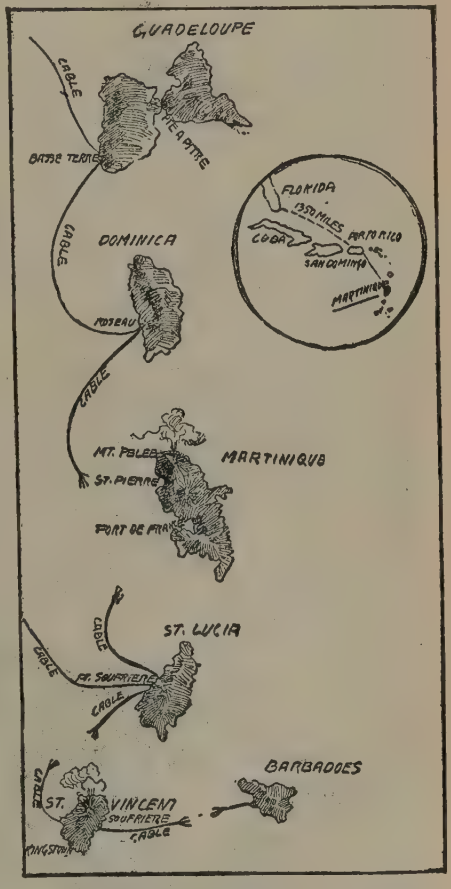
Photo by John Welch



St. Pierre, stricken and perhaps never to be rebuilt, has a niche in history. The city was founded by the French in 1635. They brought negro slaves there. These mingled with the native indians, producing a race superior, in intelligence and hardihood, to either negro or indian. Slavery irked them. They revolted time and again. In 1848 the hated institution was abolished. Four times in its history St. Pierre was taken from the French by the British. Each time, by later treaty, the place was restored to its original masters. St. Pierre was often present in Napoleon's dreams of a French empire in the West. It was to be his sea fortress. It is now a French colony. She who was later to be Napoleon's empress—Josephine, beautiful, cold and false, —was born here. So, too, that Madame de Maintenon whose fame is forever. The streets where, as little girls, these two played, are now choked with lava, cooling, hardening, above the bodies of hundreds of other little girls for whom fate planned a less glorious destiny.

MARTINIQUE'S POSITION ON THE MAP

A sketch of the string of islands including the lesser Antilles, showing the location of Martinique and its cities of St. Pierre and Fort de France with relation to St. Vincent, where the other eruption occurred, St. Lucia, Dominica, Guadeloupe, Barbadoes, Cuba, Hayti and Florida. From the Boston Post



The island of Martinique, one of a group of volcanic isles in the Carribean, is forty-three miles long, nineteen miles wide and contains 380 square miles of territory. Its total population before the disaster was about 200,000. The white population of St. Pierre was 1,000. Nearly all of these, including the French governor and the American consul, Thomas T. Prentiss of Melrose, Mass., with his family, are among the dead.

The need of help—of food and clothing, of medical supplies, and of the thousand offices of friendly charity, will be pressing, and there cannot be a doubt that the people of the United States will do all their duty and more. The American Congress appropriated $200,000 and the President has promptly applied it. European rulers and peoples have given money and sympathy. Funds are collecting in all the great cities of Europe and America. The dead are being cremated, the living helped to food, shelter and new hope.

Public Library

MONT PELEE IN ERUPTION, ST. PIERRE IN THE FOREGROUND

This view of the volcanic outburst that destroyed St. Pierre and, as this is written, menaces Fort de France and other towns at the further end of the island of Martinique, was sketched for the National from descriptions given by eye witnesses, and from a hitherto unpublished photograph of the stricken city and adjacent region. The volcano is still—May 16—active, and the people of Fort de France fear their homes may be buried as deep as those of ill-fated St. Pierre. Thousands of country and village folk from all over Martinique have hurried into Fort de France for refuge, and it is there that the relief expeditions have landed their supplies. The first vessel bearing supplies to the survivors was the Dixie, a United States navy supply ship, which sailed from New York, Wednesday, May 14, with 900,000 rations and large quantities of clothing, medicines, etc. Other vessels are on the way or loading with supplies, and the voluntary funds opened by the President's direction in all the large cities are swelling rapidly. The general treasurer of the fund is Cornelius N. Bliss of New York City. Contributions may be sent to him. The property loss at St. Pierre alone is estimated at $30,000,000, and the other losses throughout Martinique and St. Vincent will bring the total close to $60,000,000.

THE FIRST STATUE OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY ERECTED IN THE UNITED STATES

This statue, the creation of the famous sculptor Charles Niehaus of New York, was presented to the city of Muskegon by Charles H. Hackley, and was unveiled in the presence of fifty thousand people on Memorial Day.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVI. JULY, 1902 No 4.

FOR real gallery interest, the senate debate on the Philippine question has been the attraction of the month at Washington. It looked as if it would have a good run, after Senator Lodge as chairman had opened the firing in a fervid and effectual appeal to support the American army. No matter what the political, ethical or partisan variances as to policy may be, the very nature of this people is to stand by its soldiers in the field fighting under the flag. There may be many wrong things to right, but it is not a very easy task to make effective onslaught on the boys who are having to face bullets and bolos in the Philippine jungles.

The debate has brought out the younger senators on both sides. Senators Carmack, Beveridge, Dolliver and Patterson, have had wordy duels and the occasion has done much to develope the latest forensic talent of the senate. Senator Carmack has a sharp, caustic way of speech, and his arms rise in sweeping gestures that are impressive. Senator Beveridge shakes his locks and throws spirit into his rapid firing vocabulary. Senator Patterson is at times quiet and keen in his sharp grasp of evidence. Senator Dolliver bursts forth into an occasional bit of eloquence, and has a way of baiting his opponents into saying little things that they take back. Senators Spooner and Allison and Hoar, Pettus and Cockrell, and the older men generally, are good listeners. Senator Tillman's outbursts on the Southern race problem are becoming monotonous even in the ears of his southern colleagues, who rebuke him rather pointedly by retiring from the senate chamber while he is speaking, to peer through the doors of the corridor and cloak room, and then to appear when he has finished. And the way Senator Pettus glances above and below his spectacles indicates his frame of mind. Over means "look out," under means a jolly mood. If this feverish debate continues during the hot weather, with a consequent increase of muggy temper, the Record will make interesting campaign reading and Senator Wetmore may startle his fellows with something forcible in the way of a four hour speech.

A CLOSE range view of many of the prominent men in Washington is fascinating. Especially is this true if one can make the observation with no other object except to meet and know the man. So many impressions of our public men of all parties are given with a flavor of "something wanted" or else because of a partisan promise or to gratify a sensational appetite, that the usual conclusions are very apt to become

distorted—sometimes in vaulting praise, sometimes in rancorous denunciation. I confess my vanity feathers have often been ruffled in trying to approach public men—but the bigger they are the more considerate they seem. It is pathetic sometimes to note the faces of some of the strange watchers and waiters at senatorial doors, and the political fate of some public men has been decided more by the way they touch this vital stratum of vanity in human nature than by any position taken upon public measures—and the erring is done both ways. One senator's committee room door is always open and the noisy crowd within proceed to assume to own the senator.

SECRETARY MOODY—SNAPSHOT BY CLINEDINST

The Navy department has given way to the War department as the center of public interest. Hardly had the naval feud closed, before the old quarrel between Lieutenant General Miles and the War department was renewed. Secretary Root's army reorganization bill, designed to legislate Miles out of office, was killed by Miles' nine old friends and and foes in arms now members of the senate committee on military affairs, and it was thought there might be an end of the squabbling. General Miles always has trouble on hand, but whether 'tis his genius or his luck no man can say.

Now I always was interested in Senator T. C. Platt, who holds and controls so masterfully the predominant organization in the great Empire state. His life spans an interesting epoch in American affairs, and his success, it must be conceded, is without a parallel in the history of American politics. In my early efforts to meet the undisputed master of the New York organization it was easy to discover the bitter enmity that has been arrayed against him. He is diffident to the extreme in the early stages of an acquaintance. A mental duel, an intensive, searching analysis of his men—not necessarily prejudiced or suspicious, but cool and deliberate, to a man who thinks well of his own individual importance. Here you have a fundamental reason for his success. He selects the right men. He understands human nature and is a sage at seventy. Well, I was prejudiced too—but pretty soon there was a curl of the lip, and quite a suspicion of a smile. Somehow I began to get a glimpse of the man. He talks little, but listens intently. His eyes may not reveal, yet he absorbs every word, inflection and expression and weighs and digests facts, situations and individuals; while others would be absorbed in making an impression on others, he takes the impression of the other first, and once he does speak, once he does make a promise, it is a bond.

CAPTAIN SAMUEL McKEEVER, U. S. A., (retired) who passed away at his home in Somerville, Mass., in May, was in command of the patrol of the city of Washington the night Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. On that day, April 14, 1865, the officer whose duty it was to command the city patrol was excused from duty because of illness, and Captain McKeever, volunteering for the duty, was chosen. The city was fairly alive with civilians and soldiers of the Union army, all filled with the most joyous emotions. Lee had surrendered. The war was over. That evening President Lincoln and his family visited Ford's theatre to see Laura Keene and her company in "Our American Cousin." Captain McKeever and his patrol, having made their rounds, were returning to their quarters, when, between Twelfth and Fourteenth streets, in the vicinity of Ford's theatre, they were met by a messenger of the theatre patrol on the run, who had been sent to notify Captain McKeever that President Lincoln had been shot. It was a striking coincidence that Captain McKeever should receive the dreadful tidings in front of the Kirkwood house, where Vice President Johnson was staying.

Starting his patrol on the double quick, Captain McKeever was soon at the scene of the tragedy, and, after clearing the street in front of the theatre, he assisted in conveying the unconscious form of the beloved Lincoln across the street to the Peterson house, about which he posted a strong guard.

The first member of the cabinet to enter the house where the fallen leader lay unconscious, with his life slowly ebbing away, was Secretary of War Stanton, who after listening to Captain McKeever's report approved of his plans and placed under the captain's orders the President's cavalry guard of sixty men, Lieutenant Jamason commanding.

The next forenoon, the President having passed away shortly after seven o'clock, the body was escorted by Captain McKeever's command of cavalry and reserves to the executive mansion.

The theatre patrol on the night of the assassination was in command of Lieutenant Bolton, and it is a singular fact that Captain McKeever never saw him after that eventful evening.

THE LATE CAPTAIN SAMUEL MC KEEVER, U. S. A., CHIEF OF THE WASHINGTON PATROL ON THE NIGHT PRESIDENT LINCOLN WAS SHOT, AND WHO DIED RECENTLY AT HIS HOME IN SOMERVILLE, MASS

On the death of President Lincoln the duties of the presidency devolved on Vice President Johnson, who took the oath of office and established his headquarters at the residence of Representative Samuel Hooper of Massachusetts, where he remained until Mrs. Lincoln departed

from the White House six weeks later.

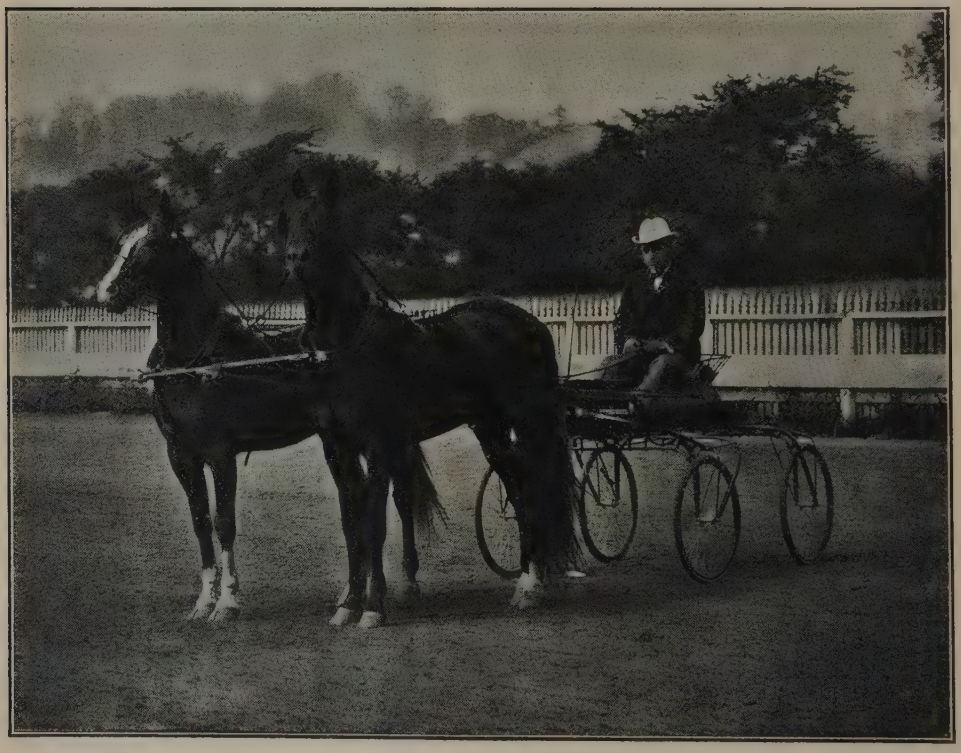
Captain McKeever was detailed, with his company, to do guard duty about the house of Representative Hooper while President Johnson remained there, and went to the White House with him, continuing to do guard duty there until the close of his term and the inauguration of President Grant.

This company of reserves under the command of Captain McKeever was the only military force which President Johnson had at his command. Secretary Stanton kept his department, with its archives well guarded, a regiment of reserves being marched into the building every night during the time he and President Johnson were at odds. Soon after President Grant was inaugurated he dispensed with the military guard about the White House and none has been stationed there since.

After these four years of service in Washington, Captain McKeever joined his regiment in Atlanta, Ga., and for six years he was in the South assisting in carrying out the reconstruction policy of the administration. He was next ordered to Idaho, and for twelve years he was engaged in keeping the Nez Perces and other Indian tribes on their reservations. He then spent two years on recruiting service in the East and was then ordered to Fort Omaha, where he remained one year until he was retired, May 27, 1889. Captain McKeever was little inclined to discuss his experiences, except with old friends.

ATTORNEY GENERAL KNOX BEHIND HIS TROTTERS

The Attorney General, though closely engaged in prosecuting the suits against the Beef combine and the Great Northern railway merger, finds time now and again to enjoy a spin behind his horses—as handsome a pair as can be found in the capital.

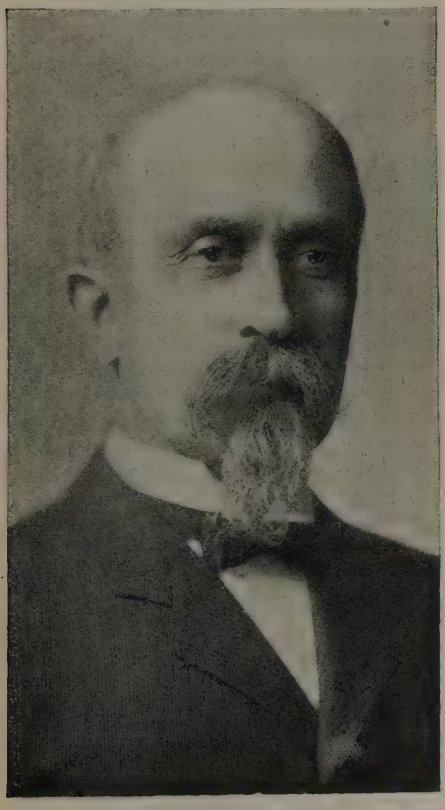


THE first step in the line of improving the city of Washington according to the magnificent plans of the Park Commission was taken when Senator Fairbanks of Indiana, chairman of the committee on public buildings and grounds, reported, by the unanimous vote of his committee, his bill for the new Executive, State and Justice building.

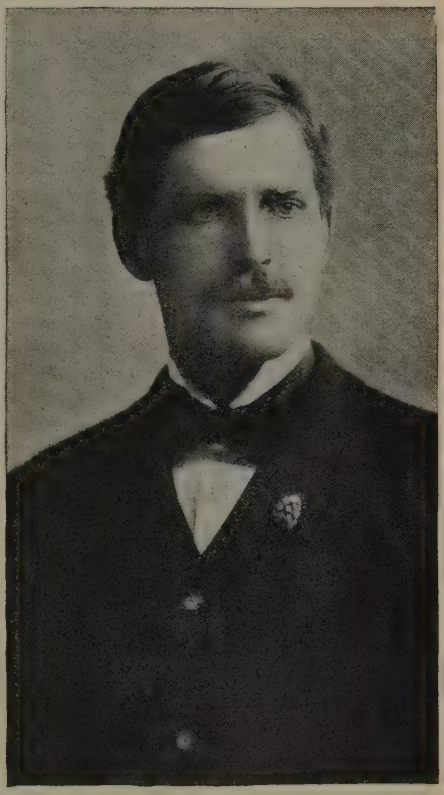
The plan of this building as conceived by George B. Post, the New York architect, appears elsewhere in this issue. It is of classic design and according to the official estimates will cost about $7,000,000. The bill, as reported, contemplates

CONGRESSMAN BEN F. CALDWELL OF ILLINOIS

Ten of the Illinois congressmen were born in that state. Ben Franklin Caldwell is one of the ten. The other twelve were born all the way from Boston—Boutell, to North Carolina—Cannon. Caldwell lives on the farm to which his parents took him in 1853, when he was five years old. This farm is nine miles from Springfield, the state capital, and two miles from the village of Chatham. Mr. Caldwell began politics as county supervisor, lost his first race for Congress, won his second, in 1898, and his third, in 1900. He is president of the Caldwell National bank of Chatham.



JAMES A. GARFIELD, SON OF THE LATE PRESIDENT GARFIELD, WHO HAS LATELY ACCEPTED APPOINTMENT TO THE UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION



accomodations for the President and his clerks, or the executive clerks alone, in that section of the building fronting Pennsylvania avenue and diagonally across from the White House. The idea was to have the White House connected with the new executive offices by a tunnel, which would be illuminated continuously by electricity. The centre section of the building was to accommodate the State department and the section fronting on H street to afford quarters for the Department of Justice.

When the bill was reported the arrangement was understood to be in accordance with the President's wishes,

A PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE PROPOSED NEW EXECUTIVE, STATE AND JUSTICE BUILDING, DESIGNED BY GEORGE B. POST AS A PART OF THE PLAN OF THE PARK COMMISSION TO BEAUTIFY THE NATIONAL CAPITAL AND PROVIDE BETTER ACCOMMODATIONS FOR THE DEPARTMENTS. THE BUILDING IS TO FRONT ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE AND TO BE ONE OF A GROUP OF NOBLE STRUCTURES SURROUNDING LAFAYETTE PARK, JUST OPPOSITE THE WHITE HOUSE

but Mr. Roosevelt has made some suggestions since for extending the White House which may result in an abandonment of the plan of providing offices for the executive clerks in the new building authorized by Senator Fairbank's bill. But this change of plan will not result in abandonment of the proposed building. Mr. Post's plans were drawn originally for a department of state and department of justice only. The idea of placing these two departments in one building was generally approved by the official authorities, since they are more closely allied than any other two. If the state department abandons the present War, State and Navy building, as is now proposed, that great building will be turned over to the war and navy departments alone and be known henceforth as the War Office.

JUDGE WM. H. TAFT, GOVERNOR GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINES

Judge Taft came home recently to submit to a surgical operation, and recovered sufficient strength to warrant him in returning to his post at Manila, though against the wishes of his intimate friends, who fear the climate and his arduous duties out there will be fatal to him in his somewhat enfeebled condition. He strongly urges the duty of the United States to stand by the Philippines until there is every assurance of law and order there, under whatever administration may finally be perfected.

The plans of the Park Commission contemplate surrounding the beautiful Lafayette park, just opposite the White House, with a group of public buildings. The new building would occupy all of block 167 (the site of the old Corcoran Gallery of Art), extending the entire length of Lafayette park on the West. The only marked resistance shown to Senator Fairbank's bill comes from the owners of historic houses located on block 167. These homes have in some instances been in one family for four generations. A protest has been filed by the Lees, Blairs, Beales and others against taking the land, but in view of the fact that if the Park Commission's

plan is carried out the site must be used, the protest has been given little consideration. For years these protesting families blocked the plans for rebuilding the Corcoran Gallery of Art building. Finally, the trustees sought a site elsewhere. The only house on the block which has a national historic interest is the Commodore Decatur house; the interest in the others is purely a family one. It is said that Senator Hale of Maine has consented to champion the cause of the property owners and will resist Senator Fairbank's bill on the floor of the Senate.

IN selecting Mr. Edwin Warfield as President General, the Society of Sons of the American Revolution selected a man who by nature and birth is eminently qualified for the position. His whole bearing is indicative of that courtesy for which the typical Southern gentleman has always been noted.

Mr. Warfield comes from old Colonial stock. His family was one of the first to

LADIES OF THE ADMINISTRATION CIRCLE, AT A WHITE HOUSE LAWN PARTY

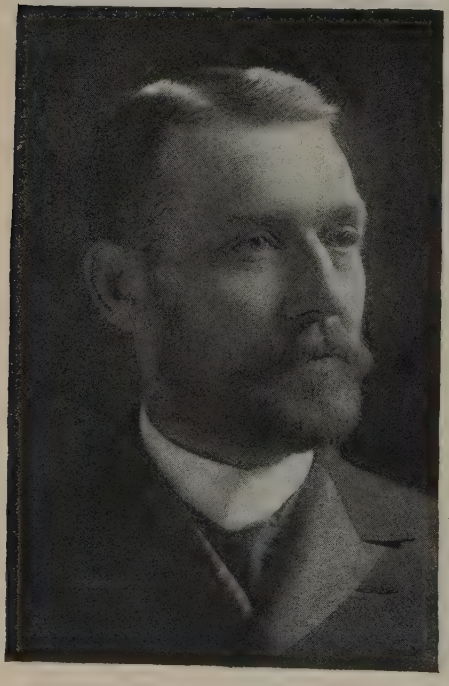
settle in Maryland. He was born in the house which he at present occupies as his country home. This house stands upon ground that was never owned by any one but Indians and the Warfields, and was granted by patent to the Warfields in 1766. "Oakdale," is the name of the estate, and the sketch is that of Mr. Warfield's home as it stands at present. That portion of it between the large pillars on the porch is the original house as it was built several generations

A GLIMPSE OF MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, CHARMINGLY GOWNED AND GRACIOUS, AT A WHITE HOUSE LAWN PARTY

ago. This home is in the hills of Howard County, one of the most picturesque spots in Maryland. It is about thirty miles from Baltimore, and contains 800 acres of land. Mr. Warfield also owns the home of his paternal ancestors, "Walnut Grove." This home of Mr. Warfield's is furnished in Colonial style and is replete with family mementoes of bygone days. There is probably no gentleman in Maryland who has a larger or better collection of relics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than Mr. Warfield. Mr. Warfield's great-grandfather, Benjamin Warfield, was commissioned captain of the Elk Ridge Militia in 1778. His mother's father, Colonel Gassaway Watkins, was a distinguished Revolutionary soldier, who served seven years and nine months in the "Old Maryland Line." After the war he lived the life of a planter at "Walnut Grove," Maryland, but responded a second time to the call of his country during the War of 1812. He was then made colonel and assigned to command at Annapolis. He was at the time of his death, July 14, 1840, president of the Maryland Society of the Cincinnati, and the last surviving officer of the "Maryland Line," "the bayonets of the Revolutionary army."

CONGRESSMAN PHANOR BREAZEALE OF LOUISIANA

Louisiana believes in the encouragement of home talent. She courteously chose one Alabaman, Mr. McEnery, to represent her in the Senate, jointly with Mr. Foster, a native son, but all her congressmen are her own children. Mr. Breazeale dwelt on a plantation and attended a private school until his fourteenth year. He acquired urbanity in a dry goods store, knowledge of law in a law office, of human nature in a newspaper office, and obtained his reward when his people sent him to the Fifty-Sixth, and later to the Fifty-Seventh Congress.



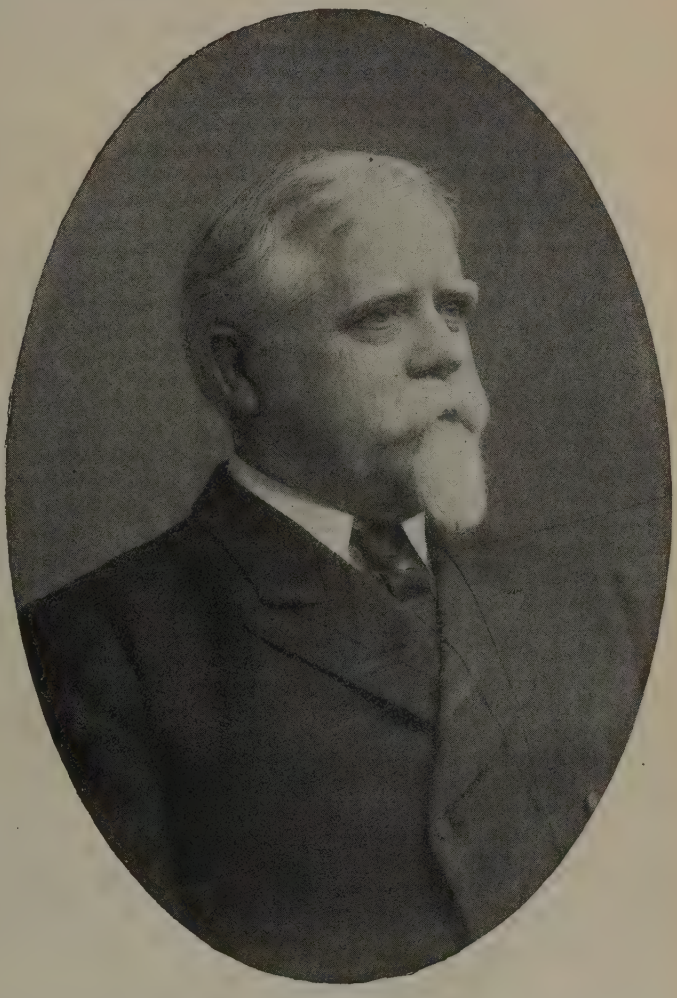
CONGRESSMAN EDMOND SPENCER BLACKBURN OF NORTH CAROLINA

North Carolina has one senator—Pritchard, and one congressman—Pou, who claim other nativity than her own. The second senator and the other eight congressmen are North Carolina born. Mr. Blackburn is one of the handsomest men on the floor of the House. He is, of course, a lawyer, and experimented in state politics before he came to Washington. He was speaker pro tempore of the North Carolina House, and is a trustee of the University of North Carolina. Oddly enough, his leading opponent in the race for Congress was a Prohibitionist, and there was less than 3,000 margin for the winner in a total vote of nearly 38,000.

In the North the advance from the farm to positions of great responsibility has become almost an old story, but in the South it has not been so frequent. It can be truthfully said, however, in Mr. Warfield's case it was but a step from the farm lad to one of the most prominent financiers south of the Mason and Dixon Line. He began at the age of eighteen, taught a country school, studied law and was admitted to the bar. He held successively the offices of registrar of wills of Howard County, state senator, 1881 and 1883, and president of the senate. In 1886 he was appointed surveyor of the port of Baltimore, which position he held until May, 1890, when he organized the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland, of which he is still president. This company was the pioneer surety company of the South and is today the largest and strongest company of its kind in existence. Its cash assets amount to nearly $6,000,000, and it has in its employ as officers, clerks, agents, clerks to agents, and lawyers, over 6,000 people. Mr. Warfield is also a director of many other financial institutions in Baltimore.

Notwithstanding the close attention he has been compelled to give to his business, Mr. Warfield has found time to take an interest in public affairs. He was a delegate-at-large to the last national Democratic convention, and he is now prominently mentioned for the nomination for governor of Maryland.

EDWIN WARFIELD OF MARYLAND, PRESIDENT GENERAL OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION



WHILE the selection of Robert J. Wynne as first assistant postmaster general has given universal satisfaction in Washington, still it has caused some questioning as to the manner in which

the President's attention was first directed toward that very able young man, and has resulted in making public a somewhat curious story, told by Crittenden Marriott of Washington.

It will be remembered that there was a good deal of discussion some two years ago as to who should be nominated for the second place on the Republican ticket. It was conceded that Governor Roosevelt could have the post if he wanted it, but it was understood that he positively did not want it and would not have it under any circumstances. So positive was he in his refusal that nearly all the papers that had been urging him for the place gave up their efforts and turned to other statesmen. Mr. Wynne, however, as Washington correspondent of the New York Press, had been writing Roosevelt stuff for months and declined to stop doing so. He said quite openly that he was committed to the prophecy that Roosevelt would be nominated, that he might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb if his prophecy mill turned out to be working wrong. So, undeterred by the defection of the correspondents who had joined with him at first, he kept hammering away, sending daily letters to his paper demonstrating that Mr. Roosevelt was the only hope of the Republican party and must be nominated.

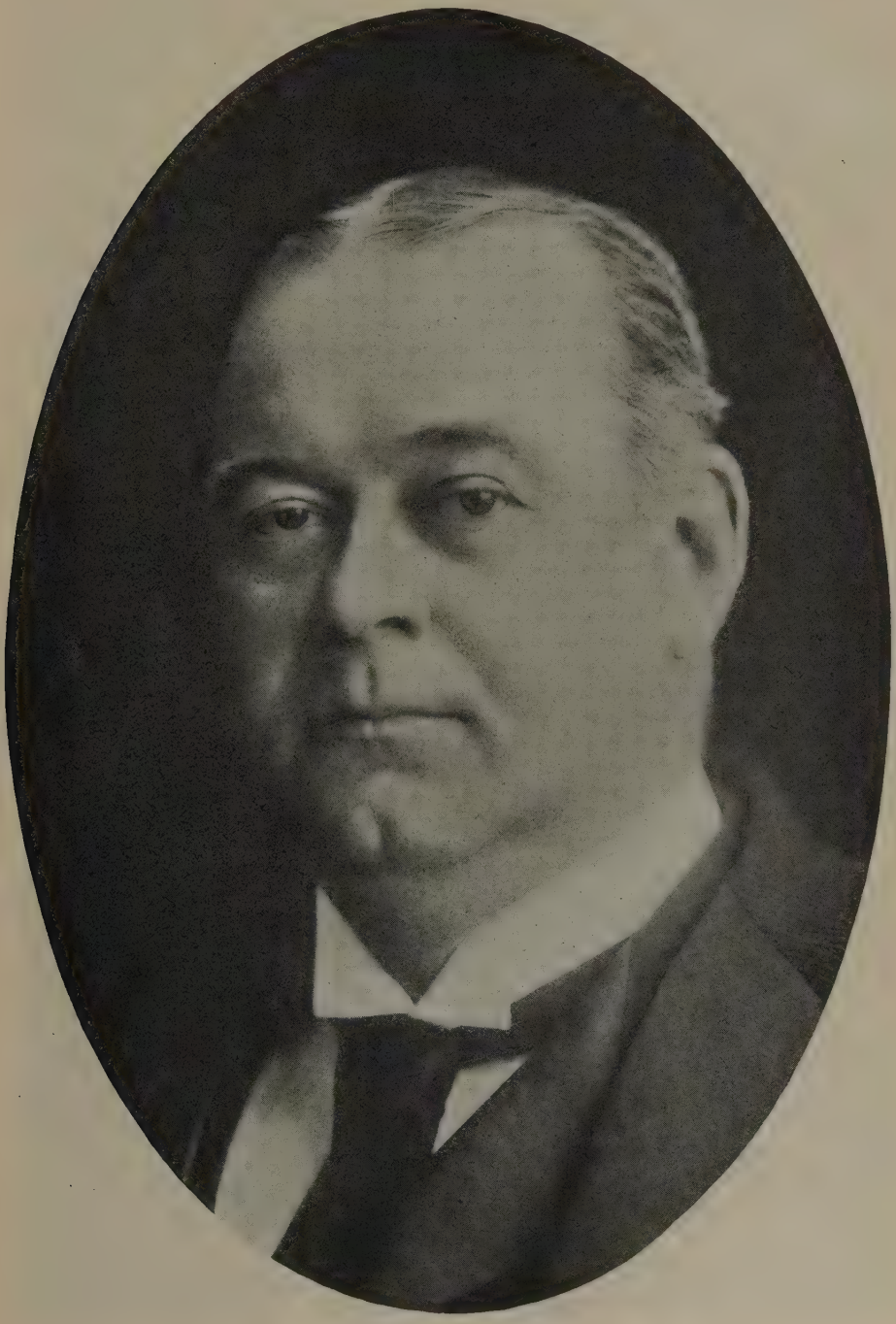
Finally Mr. Roosevelt's attention was attracted to this, and he made an opportunity to see Mr. Wynne. "Look here, Wynne," he said, "I wish you would stop this thing. The first thing I know you'll have me nominated against my will."

"That's what I hope to do," replied Wynne.

"OAKDALE," THE HOME OF THE ANCESTORS OF EDWIN WARFIELD, AND THE SUMMER HOME OF THAT GENTLEMAN, IN THE HILLS OF HOWARD COUNTY, MARYLAND

SENATOR GEORGE PEABODY WETMORE OF RHODE ISLAND

Rhode Island is small on the map, but large in the Senate, where Senator Aldrich is serving his third term and Senat r Wetmore his second. Mr. Wetmore was born in London, during a visit of his parents to that city, on August 2, 1846. He took an A. B. at Yale, graduated in law from Columbia, was presidential elector in 1880 and 1884, governor two terms, from 1855 to 1897, and was elected to the Senate, succeeding Nathan F. Dixon, in 1894. He was reelected in 1900. He is a trustee of the Peabody Museum at Yale, and of the Peabody education fund.



"But I don't want the place; I'm not fitted for it; and I won't have it," persisted Mr. Roosevelt.

"Nevertheless the party needs you. There is no one else in the country who is so available, and I am going to continue to urge you until somebody else is named."

The world knows the result. Doubtless Mr. Roosevelt considered later that a man who could stick to his point as Mr. Wynne had stuck to it in this case, would be a good man for a post like the Assistant Postmaster Generalship, in which a good deal of backbone is required.

AFTER the rush of the social season was over, there were a few blank spaces on senatorial and congressional calendars. From New Year's until Ash Wednesday, there was a rush of receptions and dinners and engagements that was bewildering. The House and Senate calendars were not watched with any more concern than the little vest pocket note book which listed the evening engagements. It was certainly an interesting phase of public life to see staid senators scrutinizing these little books during a session of the Senate. The happy faculty of keeping on with work at the desk, during the stirring debate, is indeed an accomplishment. As one looks down upon the Senate floor it has the appearance of an arena. The green blazed carpet, and the engrossed care which some give to these desk matters; others to the newspaper or document in hand; others in the pose of a languid listener. The mannerisms and habits of senators are soon fixed, and easily identified.

ONE of the most fascinating documents issued by the federal government is the daily advance sheet of consular reports, sent out by the state department. It has done much to improve the consular service, and kept it in close touch with the home government. The articles have a degree of official vernacular, but

NAVAL CADETS PRESENTING ARMS AT THE FUNERAL OF ADMIRAL SAMPSON
Photograph by the Illustrated Press Association.

SENATOR JOSEPH WELDEN BAILEY OF TEXAS

If Texas were north, instead of south of the Mason and Dixon line, Senator Bailey would almost certainly be the presidential nominee of his party in 1904. He is its natural leader in congress. He was born the third year of the Civil war, in Copiah county, Mississippi, was admitted to the bar at 20, served as presidential elector at 21, removed to Texas at 22, and was very shortly elected to congress. He served five terms in that body, was his party's nominee for speaker of the fifty-fifth congress, and entered the senate in 1901, at the age of 38 years. He says he realizes that no southerner can be elected president during his lifetime.

make very interesting reading. They reflect the spirit of the times, in laying particular stress upon commercial and industrial opportunities for alert American enterprise. The situation in Bangkok, Siam, suggests the need of an American business house there, and the consul reports the why and wherefore, and insists the city must have an American business house, run on the American plan, with American representatives on the ground; he also notes the wonderful recent development of electricity for lighting and street car purposes in

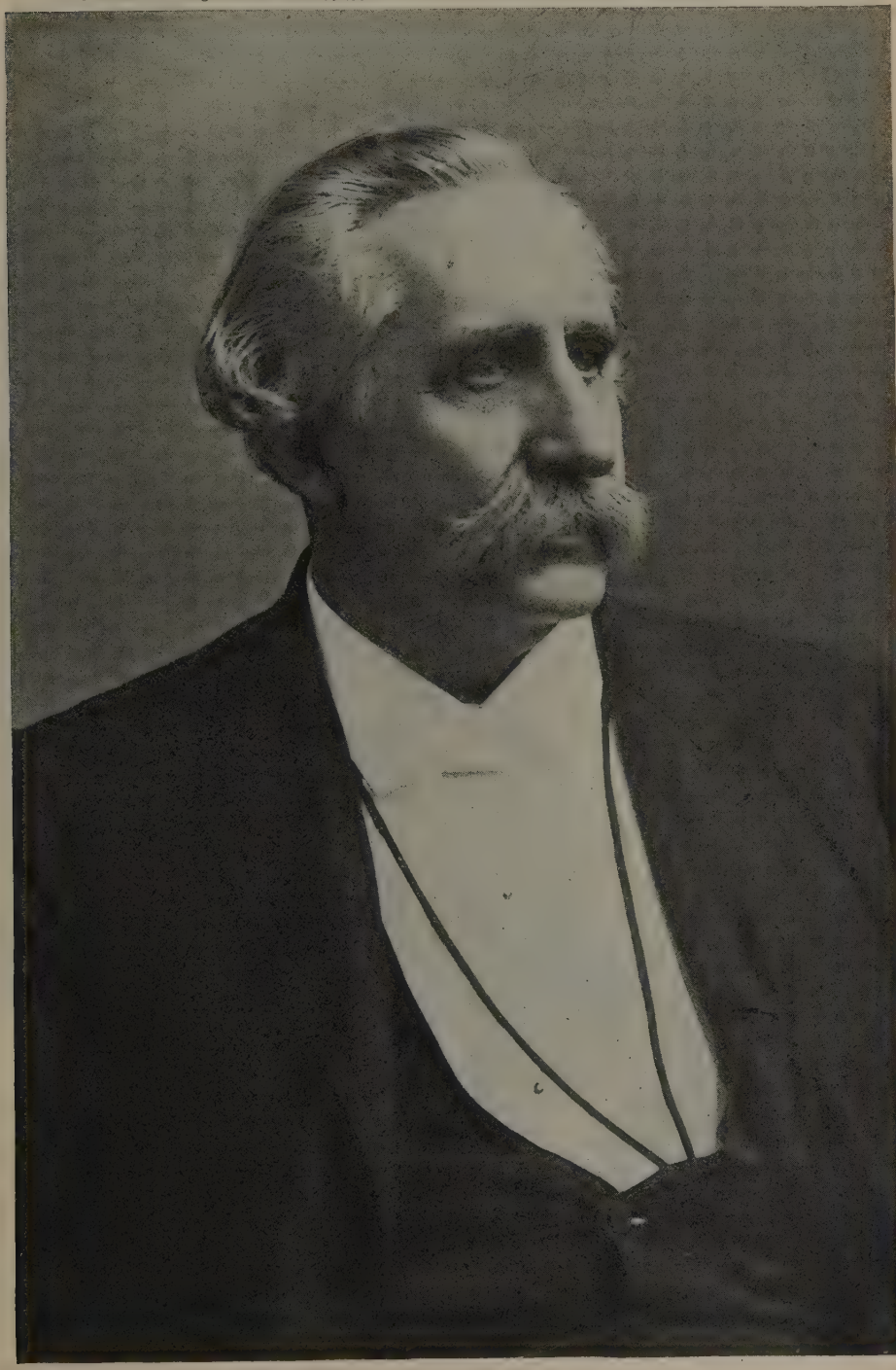
MISS ETHEL SIGSBEE, DAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN SIGSBEE, U. S N.

Miss Sigsbee became the bride, on June 11, of Robert Toombs Small, son of Rev. Sam Small of Atlanta. She is a grand daughter of General H. H. Lockwood, a graduate of West Point, who was appointed the first superintendent of the Annapolis Naval Academy, and is the only daughter of the commander of the Maine. Mr. Small is engaged in newspaper work in Washington.

Photo by Clinedinst.

SENATOR WILLIAM B. BATE OF TENNESSEE.

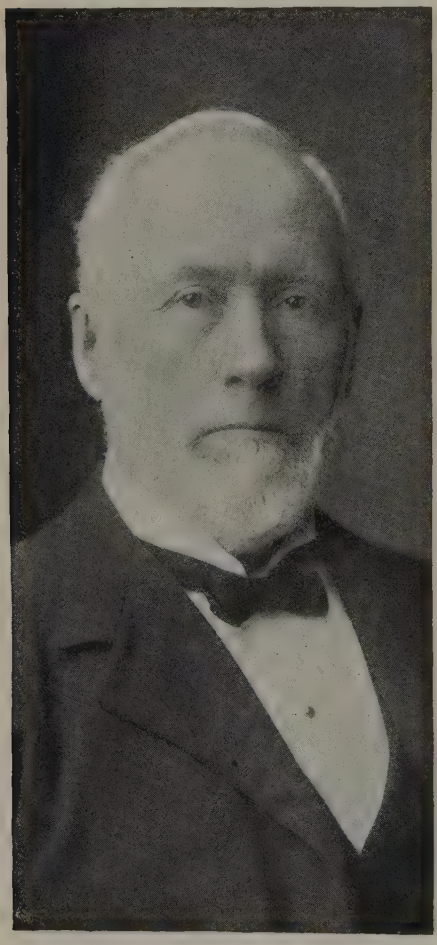
In appearance a typical gentleman of the old southern school, Senator Bate has a record to correspond. He received an academic education, clerked on a steamboat between Nashville and New Orleans, served through the Mexican war as a private, became a lawyer, attorney general, presidential elector in two campaigns, governor, national committeeman, and three times senator. His military genius was proved by his rise from the ranks to be a major general in the Confederate army. He surrendered with the Army of the Tennessee in 1865, but has never since been obliged to strike his colors.



Bangkok. Here is a suggestion concerning Panama hats, another on hammocks and a hint of a new industry; a paragraph on the forests of Russia. The new French tariff regulations and Mexican money fluctuations are reported upon. The sheet contains advices from United States consuls in all parts of the world, giving an idea of the scope of their daily work, which is far from being merely perfunctory. Secretary Hay and Assistant Secretaries Hill, Adee, and Pierce, are each in touch with the shifting scenes of the world's commercial affairs. The story of the expansion of American commerce during the past decade reads like a romance and the future may see even greater development.

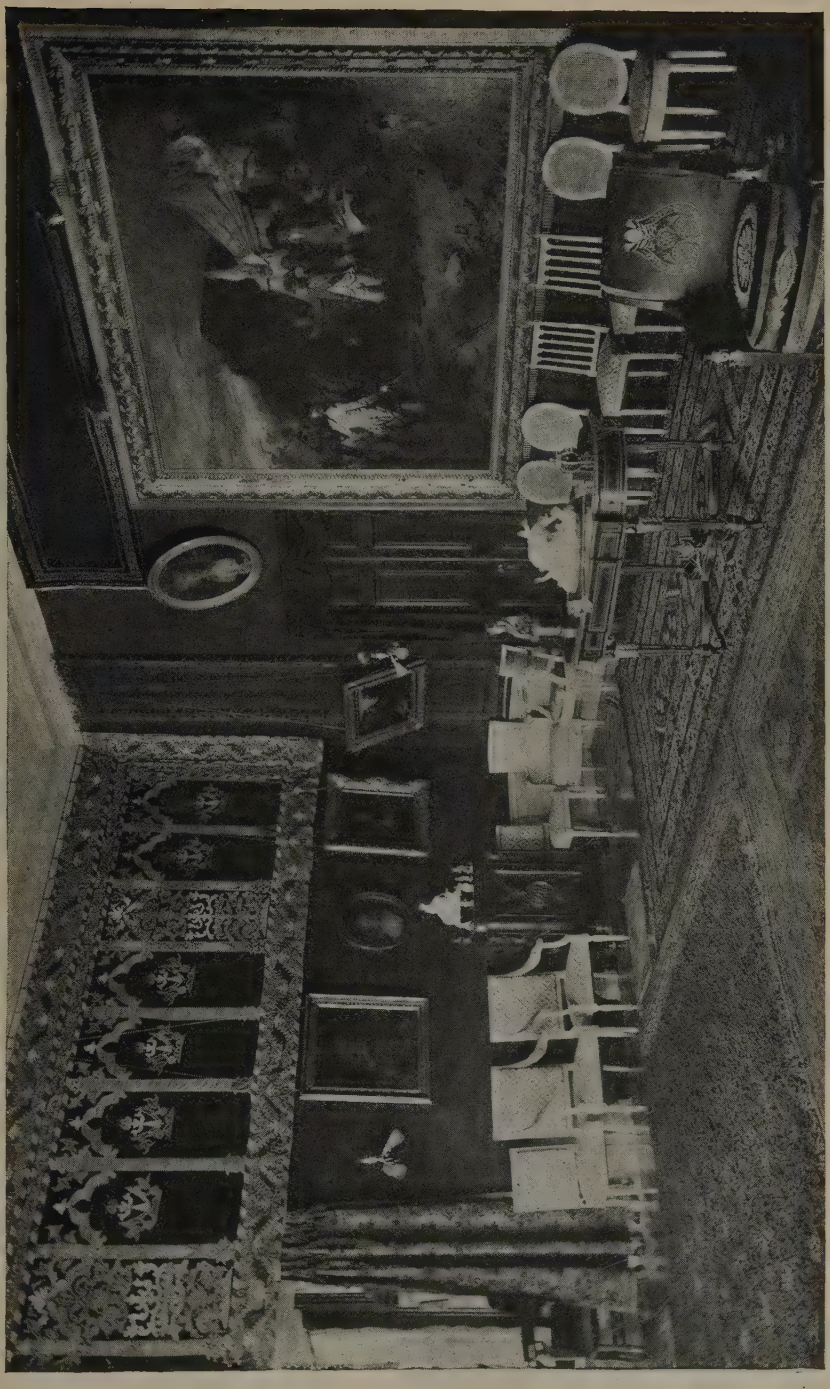
CONGRESSMAN AMOS L. ALLEN OF MAINE

Both of Maine's senators and all of her four congressmen are native sons of that state. In addition, the Pine Tree state has two other senators—Perkins of California and Gibson of Montana, and three representatives—Roberts of Massachusetts, Fletcher of Minnesota, and Alexander of New York—in Congress. Mr. Allen graduated from Bowdoin College and studied law at the Columbian Law School in Washington, D. C. He was private secretary to Speaker Reed when the latter decided to go to New York City and get rich practicing law, and succeeded him.



CONGRESSMAN JACOB HENRY BROMWELL OF OHIO

Ohio, as you may have guessed, lets few offices fall into the hands of any but native sons. Both her senators are native born, and of her twenty-one congressmen only four—Shattuc, Grosvenor, Skiles and Boidler—were born in other states. Bromwell is a son of Cincinnati, taught in the high schools there for seven years, graduated from the Cincinnati Law College in 1870, and has served in four Congresses.



A PARLOR OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON, THE SCENE OF BRILLIANT SOCIAL FUNCTIONS DURING THE RECENT VISIT OF THE ROCHAMBEAU MONUMENT COMMISSION

Photo by Clinedinst

NIEHAUS' STATUE OF McKINLEY, PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF MUSKEGON, MICH., BY CHARLES H. HACKLEY, AND UNVEILED MEMORIAL DAY

The First McKinley Statue

Unveiled in the Presence of Fifty Thousand People on Memorial Day, at Muskegon, Michigan. Created by the Sculptor Niehaus and Presented to the City of Muskegon by the Philanthropist Charles H. Hackley.

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

"Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war."

WILLIAM McKINLEY, the martyr president, in the hour of his country's necessity, was one of its bravest defenders. In later years, when the high office to which he had been called and the demands of humanity again put the sword into his hand and made him the supreme authority, he again proved his ability as a warrior and a strategist; but William McKinley was preeminently a peaceful citizen of the United States

and a statesman. None took up the sword more willingly in defence of country or in aid of the oppressed; none laid it down more gladly when its victory had been won and its purpose accomplished.

This being his nature, it is particularly appropriate that the first statue erected in the United States to his beloved memory should bear the above striking sentence, taken from the speech he delivered at the Buffalo exposition on the eve of his assassination. The words epitomized the sentiments of this soldier statesman to whom the glow of furnace fires was a grander sight than the flash of murderous cannon, and the hum of industry sweeter music than the rattle of the timbrels of war. So the words of counsel and prophecy have been graven deep in the gray granite plinth of his first completed memorial.

The first statue of William McKinley erected in the country which he loved and served so well was unveiled in the presence of nearly 50,000 people Memorial day in the city of Muskegon, Michigan. It was a gift to this favored city from the hand of the millionaire philanthropist, Charles H. Hackley, whose admiration for the late president was deep. It is interesting to know that the commission for the statue was given within six weeks after the world had been shocked at the news of the President's death.

The sculptor is Charles Henry Niehaus, a native of Cincinnati, Ohio, now resident in New York, who had unusual opportunities for the creation of the statue. When Mr. McKinley's campaign for reelection to the presidency was inaugurated, the Ohio Society of New York determined upon a banquet in his honor and elaborate preparations were made months in advance of the event. One of the features was to be an heroic bust of the President as the leading decoration. Sculptor Niehaus was dispatched to Washington and there the President sat to him and an extremely valuable set of photographs and facial measurements was secured. The idea of a huge bust was abandoned because of limited time, but the sculptor prepared a half figure of the President.

After the assassination, Mr. Niehaus sent a photograph of this half figure to Charles H. Hackley, the Muskegon philanthropist, who had been his patron as the purchaser of statues of Lincoln and Farragut for Hackley Square in this city. The idea of the statue at once suggested itself and Mr. Hackley gave Mr. Niehaus the commission, at the

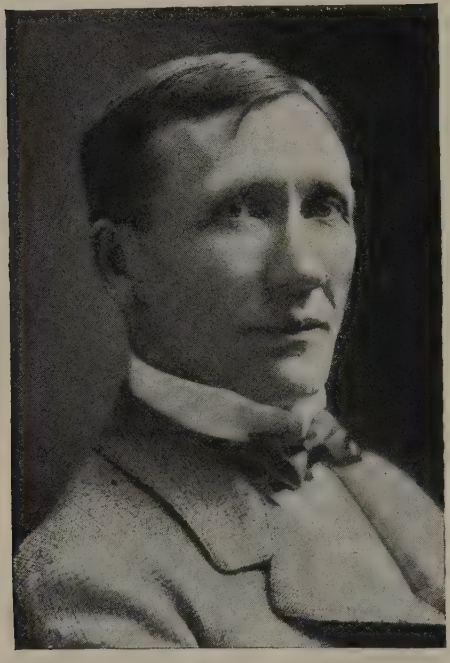
CHARLES H. HACKLEY, OF MUSKEGON, MICH.

What Senator Stout is to Menomonie, Wisconsin, as a public benefactor, that also is Mr. Hackley to the city of Muskegon. Each of these men feels an obligation to benefit the city where his fortune was made, and each has given, not only with liberality, but with discrimination.

same time announcing to the public schools of Muskegon that he would make them a gift of the bronze when completed.

The dedication of the statue on Memorial day was the culmination of this incident. It was an important day for the Michigan city when it enjoyed the honor of being the first city in the land thus to honor the late President. The town was thronged with 25,000 visitors. In recognition of the national character of the event, the federal gov-

C. H. NIEHAUS, SCULPTOR OF THE MC KINLEY STATUE AT MUSKEGON, AND OF MANY OTHER NOTABLE PIECES



ernment sent a battalion of troops from Fort Sheridan, Ill., and the United States revenue cutters Fessenden and Morrill to participate in the exercises.

There were present Governor Aaron T. Bliss and staff, Brigadier General Charles L. Boynton and staff, sculptor Niehaus and many other distinguished visitors. The full second regiment, Michigan National Guard, Grand Army posts from about the state, many bodies of Knights Templar, and the Uniform Rank of the Knights of Pythias—in all three thousand men—participated in the parade and were reviewed by the governor.

A peculiar coincidence was the fact that Mayor Theo. D. Morgan was president of the day and the vocal music was supplied by a Welsh chorus of native Welshmen. William McKinley was known as the father of the American tin plate industry and the champion of "American tin." Mayor Morgan's father erected the first tin plate mill built in the United States, and the chorus which sang at these memorial exercises was made up of skilled workmen brought to this country from Wales by the development of this industry, and who now are valued American citizens.

The address of the day was by Clarence W. Sessions, of Muskegon, who declared McKinley "a manly man, walking uprightly before God and his fellow men; an American citizen, typifying all that patriotism and love of country have ever signified; a loving husband, as tender and true as ever courteous knight to chosen lady when chivalry was in flower; a brave soldier, valiant in battle, prudent in preparation, esteemed as a comrade and honored as a commander; a peerless leader, never daunted by defeat nor spoiled by success; a polished diplomatist, adroit, honest and skillful, winning and holding the confidence of princes, sovereigns and rulers everywhere; a most distinguished and far sighted statesman, wise beyond his day and generation, and gifted with a breadth of mind, a strength of thought, a keenness of vision, a clearness of judgment and a capacity for work, that, together, produced a marvelous power of accomplishment; and a more than thrice-illustrious president, fortunate in environment, favored by opportunity, conservative in action, yet effective in execution.

and privileged beyond all others to set in place the keystone of Columbia's triumphal arch which shall still endure when time unveils eternity."

The statue was unveiled by four daughters of Civil and Spanish-American war veterans and, as the great flag in which it was enwrapped fell away and the features appeared, it was greeted by the cheers of the congregated thousands. On the pedestal appear the words:

1844
McKINLEY
1901

At the top of the pedestal forty-five stars, one for each state in the Union, form a border about it. The statue is seven feet and three inches high and weighs 1,100 pounds. On the plinth appear the words quoted at the beginning of this article.

The McKinley statue is only one of many benefactions to the city of Muskegon by Charles H. Hackley. He has given his city over a million dollars' worth of public buildings, parks and statuary. His most conspicuous gifts are: Hackley Public Library and endowment, $230,000; Hackley Square, monuments and endowment, $110,000; Hackley Manual Training School and endowments, $600,000; statue of Phil Kearney, $5,000; statue of William McKinley, $12,000; endowment of the Home for the Friendless, $25,000; Mercy Hospital and endowments, $150,000; total $1,132,000.

MUSKEGON, Mich.

THE McKINLEY FAMILY LOT IN WESTLAWN CEMETERY, CANTON

Photo by Courtney, Canton

An Island Republic for the Filipinos

Dr. MacQueen Suggests the Formation of Three Co-ordinate States Under a Central Republican Government, the Tagalos, the Visayans and the Morros Each to Form a State, and the National Capital to be Located at Manila.

By PETER MAC QUEEN, M. A.

IT is often asked, What kind of government do the Filipinos want? It seems to me they have had a very distinct idea of a form of government suitable for themselves, and it is because we have given no attention to this that the great troubles of the archipelago have happened.

Dr. Jose Rizal was really the founder of the Filipino ideal of nationalism. He was a very sane young Malay, an oculist in Manila, and was executed by the Spaniards in 1897. His thought was a government for his race modeled on the plans of the French and American republics. It is pathetic that Rizal, in the flag he suggested, had stars and bars after the manner of the United States flag. He had an emblem whose colors were red, white and blue. On the field there were three stars to signify the three great divisions of the Island Empire, the Tagalogs of the North, the Visayans of the Centre, and the Morros of the South. Rizal was a poet and a historian and knew his people well. He saw that all the group of islands were inhabited by Malays more or less homogeneous. To weld these into a strong republic was his aim.

More Than 5,000,000 in Revolt

Professor Dean Worcester made a very pernicious analysis of the Filipinos when he told us there were nearly ninety different tribes of them. There are, indeed, many little clans among the hills, but eighty-seven of these tribes do not number half a million, whereas the three great Malay divisions number nearly seven millions. President Schurman reported to President McKinley that of ninety tribes only two were in revolt against our government under Aguinaldo; but he neglected to state what he afterward admitted in his speech at Young's Hotel, Boston, that the two tribes who were with Aguinaldo numbered over five millions, and were welded to white heat in the burning fires of nascent nationalism; whereas the tribes not opposed to us knew nothing of either the Spaniards or the Americans.

Three Natural States

It was because of these misrepresentations, intentional or otherwise, of Dean Worcester, Professor Schurman and others in whom the nation trusted, that our people went into the war against

Aguinaldo. President Schurman has been the first to acknowledge his mistake, and now sees that the genius of the Filipinos was and is toward a republic of their own, with a central congress at Manila. There would be in this republic three states, Tagalia, Visaya and Morrania. The state capital of the Tagals would be in Luzon, that of the Visayans would be in Cebu or Iloilo, and that of the Morros would be in Sulu or at Zamboanga in the island of Mindanao. The national capital would be Manila. When I asked Senor Lopez whether, in case the United States granted the Filipinos a republic like Cuba, they would be willing to cede to us Manila for a coaling station, he replied that they would be willing to pay us any reasonable indemnity, including coaling stations, but that Manila was really the heart and core of the whole Filipino nation.

America's Duty, Meantime

I am inclined to think that we should now go on and form civil governments in the various barrios of the Philippines, establish a school system on the basis of the American school, but train native teachers. After a lapse of years we can most surely entrust these governments into the hands of the Filipino people. The Filipinos will probably always have a prejudice against America. But we could maintain a jurisdiction over the territory like that exercised by England over part of Borneo. The best and only way to procure anything like peace in the Philippines is for our government to promise them some definite scheme of joint government. Free trade ought to be absolute between America and the Islands, because they suffer terribly from the taking away of the trade of Spain, and from the lack of any reciprocal trade from our country. Take the one item of condensed milk, so necessary in warm countries where milk will not keep. In a few months after we took the islands the price of condensed milk went up from thirteen cents under the Spaniards to fifty cents under the Americans. It was the same on many of the necessities of life.

No Profit in Conquest

Perhaps Cuba and the Philippines may in the future wish to come into the American federation. It would be for us to say at that time whether such union was desirable or not. But it seems to me as plain as an axiom in mathematics that we cannot probably get any union with the former colonies of Spain unless we do two things: First, let them have absolute freedom to form the government they want; secondly, treat them fairly in the matter of trade, reciprocity, and tariffs. In the Philippines our great mistakes have been, first, ignorance of actual conditions and of the ideals of the natives; secondly, want of tact and definiteness, or any diplomatic care for the feelings of the brown men. We have sinned like Cæsar, and like Cæsar we have grievously answered for our sins.

An Andrew Carnegie Needed

That the Morros of the South feel themselves an integral part of the Malay

Republic is seen in the fact that from the start they repudiated the idea of annexation to the United States, and in the more recent occurrences in Mindanao and the Sulu Archipelago. We shall never get a candid report from these people as long as we pay men $10,000 a year to report. Men want to hold on to their jobs. An army does not disband of itself. If we could stop the war in the Philippines dozens of officers would not have a chance for promotion in years. This is saying nothing against the bravery and patriotism of these officers. If I were an army officer I would advocate the war whether or no. If I were governor of the islands at $10,000 a year (or less) I would want to retain the islands till doomsday. A man like Mr. Carnegie, without salary, would be the best governor for the archipelago.

Fit for Self Government

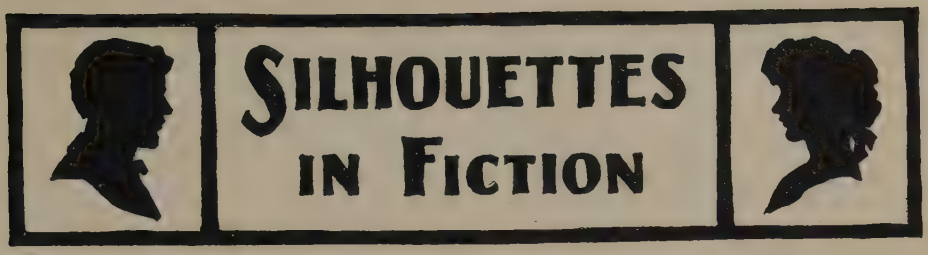
If the Filipinos are not given civil government of their own, and if cruelties and corruptions are coming up periodically, the people of the United States will grow tired of the expense and trouble, and a change of parties (which may not be desirable) will be hurried. Of one thing I am certain: we can never make anything out of these swarthy folk until we have gained their confidence. A civil government is much to be preferred to a military one. When once schools have been established and a civil government in which the natives have a fair representation, we may win the confidence of our brave foes. And then it will be seen that they are quite fit for self government. Give them a good constitution to read instead of bloody graves to grieve over. Let Aguinaldo be heard; let Mabini; let Lopez. Truth cannot hurt any one. Try the Cuban plan. We have won all praise for that. Cuba may or may not succeed. With her we have kept tryst with sacred honor. Do the same thing in the Philippines. Say that there shall be no more "kill and burn" orders; tell these men that the "water cure" is abolished by the constitution of the United States. Form republics of the Malays according to their racial instincts. Help them to build a government of their own. Then leave them alone and treat them squarely. No men are known to be unfit for self government until they have been allowed to try to govern themselves.

How Sleep the Brave

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall press a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

William Collins



The Sacrament of Penance

FATHER HENRY was weary. It was more the effort of curbing his memory today than any physical cause. For hours the missionary had been listening to the sins of penitents, who revealed with horrible frankness details of their evil doing. It had been the day appointed for the hearing of women's confessions. He had given advice to women who hated, women who loved, women who stole, women who drank, women who gossiped, and women who confessed with trembling lips that they had forgotten their morning prayers three times! It was the common herd of sinners, and his eyes never lifted themselves from their fixed gaze upon the floor. There was a little lull and the priest threw back his head with a peculiar gesture, which showed something of a pride that the world of sinners never knew. He caught his breath as the odor of a flowering clematis was wafted through the open window above the confessional. What memories, what fancies came to him on the invisible wings of that exquisite sweetness. Regrets, memories of country lanes, of whispering leaves, of moonlight madness, of tender sobbing love, of soft lips——! Suddenly the priest crossed himself, praying through clenched teeth.

The latticed door of the confessional opened and a woman entered. By the subtle perfume, by the faintly rustling garments, by the white hands upon the screen between himself and the sinner, Father Henry knew her to be an unusual supplicant for forgiveness.

"Bless me, father, for I have sinned. I confess to Almighty God, and to you my father, that I have sinned, through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault." She rattled off the prayers perfunctorily, the priest listening to the whispers with unseeing eyes.

Her confession was not different from that of several women to whom the missionary had given advice that day. Late for mass, talked about her neighbors, angry, extravagant, distracted at church and disobedient.

But when she had finished and the priest was about to give her absolution, she broke in upon him with a torrent of quick, impetuous words. At the sound of her voice, hoarse though it was with emotion, the missionary lifted his head. Why would he think of that today, and now of all times? What if a girl with a voice that throbbed with the same note of tenderness had broken his heart once upon a time? That was long ago. He had been a mere boy. And she had been good, and had lived high in the eyes of the world in later years. The poor blessed her name, though they knew her not. The rich courted her, and he had builded a shrine to her memory in his own white soul. His eyes rested

upon the bowed head before him with a patient wonder.

"Listen, father, I must tell you. I'm afraid to go, O so afraid, and I have no one. I always told everything before I went on a journey, and I can't go with him unless I tell you. If I be killed, then I shall be prepared. You must give me absolution, though. You must—"

"My child," said the priest, kindly, "you have not told me your sins. What is it? Are you married? Have you quarreled with your husband?"

"Yes, father, but it is not a quarrel. I could stand that. It is this horrible coldness. An indifference to me that drives me mad. We live apart under the same roof. He looks me over approvingly when he takes me out before the world, and it looks on and thinks he loves me. Last night I ran into his room and asked him to unloosen a pin that held together my dress in the back. I was so tired, father, and I wanted him to love me, to adore me as he had done before. I stood smiling at him, and his cold gaze dropped to the floor. I went to him, father, I, who am proud, and asked him to take out the pin for me. He unbent, and O, the beautiful, hungry look in his eyes when he leaned towards me. My hands went up to meet about his neck, for, father, that was my pet trick in the old days. But that awful night! He caught my hands in a grip of iron, and turned me about till I faced his stern eyes. 'Madame, this is too much,' he said, and led me to the door. 'Do you wish me to ring for Jane? She will attend to your dress.'"

"But, my child, you wander," interrupted the priest. "Why did he do that? Was there no reason? What has caused this trouble? How long has it existed? Tell me these things."

"It has been this way a year now. I always talked about my boy sweetheart to him, just to worry him about something. You see I was poor and he rich when he married me. He gave all, and I nothing. He knew none of my girlhood friends, and it always amused me to trouble him about them. And there was one, a boy, whom I did love in those days, whose name was ever on my lips. We had a miniature painted together when we were children. It was a lovely little thing, and I wore it at times. My maid had put it in my gown last night."

"But surely," said Father Henry, "that would not make him so angry. Is there not some other cause? Have you encouraged any other man, married though you are?" The missionary's voice was stern.

The bowed head bent lower, and the answer came stifled with sobs.

"Yes, father."

"Why? Tell me why, child."

"I—O, it is all so complicated, and you can't understand—"

"Yes, my daughter, I can understand, if you will tell me all."

"I was away last year, and during my stay met a man, who had all the charms and failings necessary to turn any woman's head. I was too much in love with my husband for him to harm me, but my evasion only served to inflame his infatuation. He was a hunting animal, first and last. I expected my husband to spend part of his vacation with me, but he pleaded business cares in all his letters. Then came little hints from people in town. At last a direct appeal from a friend to come home. My husband was attracting attention to himself by his absurd devotion to a widow, known to me by sight only. I am the most jealous creature on earth. I went crazy with grief, and threw discretion to the winds. I encouraged my new lover, and all but disgraced myself in the eyes of the hotel gossips—"

"Were you guilty?" The monk's voice came like polished steel.

And fast came the answer, "No, father. The man knows if the others

do not. My husband came up at the end of two weeks. I knew he was coming, and I prepared for him. I drove my new friend to the train, I was arrayed in my most becoming gown, and I welcomed my husband with a cool little nod instead of blushes and demure eyes. I asked him sweetly if he would go up with us or wait on the coach. He waited, with scorn in his eyes, till I had driven away and then he bought a ticket for home. Somebody told him that I had met my boy sweetheart again, and he jumped at conclusions."

"This man, was he the old time friend?"

"No, father. *He* is a missionary, poor saint. Why, I haven't seen him since he became a monk, and—"

Father Henry's face was drawn and wan, and his eyes had a hunted look as he raised his head and looked upon the woman kneeling before him. He made a sound as if to speak, and the sinner lifted her bowed head. As his eyes devoured her face, his stiff lips moved in prayer. In dumb agony the priest prayed for strength while the very pillars of his existence rolled and crashed in tumbled ruins about him. This was his dream of womanly purity and saintliness, this his ideal of all goodness upon earth, here upon her knees, confessing to what? —A second and the priest was again the patient, gentle father, quietly waiting for the end.

"Tell me of your friend's sins. You have forgotten them in your trouble, have you not?" came from his quiet lips.

"No, father, if it be a sin. I am tired of this loveless life. I want to be taken care of. I am weary, O, so weary of loving. I want to be adored, to be thought of, to be some one's life, some one's very soul. My husband despises me. This man that I told you of came to me yesterday. I had not seen him for months. My husband thinks he is my old sweetheart and—"

"Can you not let him be in peace, child? Have you not made trouble enough without dragging him into your life again? Pray tell me your sins." Father Henry's voice was a-quiver with a restless pain.

"But that is why he is so unreasonable. He can't understand, and he won't let me explain. I am going away with my lover. That will hurt him. His honor is the only emotion his cold heart knows. He will not hug it so closely after his wife has fled with another man. But I was afraid to go without coming to confession. I might be killed if he caught us. I know his moods. That is all, father." She shivered as she spoke, and waited for the priest's blessing.

He spoke with the intensity of the broken, uplifted. "My daughter, you are young, you are brave, and may be beautiful. You have all the things of this world except one. That you cast away. You met your husband's faults with ones so much worse, since you are a woman, that they appear crimes. Did you draw his soul up to your height by your purity and saintliness? Have you been on the right path? Child, you *must* not go with this man. You even have not the excuse of loving him. If I mistake you not, your pride has already caused more suffering in this world than you, in your short life, can atone for. Promise me that you will not go with this man." The immeasurable tenderness in the chiding voice filled the woman with a silent terror, and she wept with convulsive sobs.

"You still love your husband?"

"As much as I hate him," she flashed through her tears.

Father Henry let the mask of cynicism fall for a second, while the ghost of a smile hung about his mouth.

"You cannot hate and ask forgiveness at the same time. Will you promise me that you will go back to him? Will you do what I tell you? Your happiness is

all I wish, believe me. The gentle Saviour, crushed and broken on the Cross, will he not move you to pity for yourself? Will you do what I ask you?"

She raised her head, proudly, and said, "Yes, father, everything."

"Then I shall give you absolution, and for your penance, you will go to your husband, and on your bended knees, you shall ask forgiveness. You shall tell him everything, tonight—your deception, your despair, your love, but of this man and his designs, think no more. If your husband spurn you, come to me at this time tomorrow." The Latin prayer for absolution, a whispered "God bless you," and he was alone.

At the same time the next day, Father Henry sat waiting for sinners, while Father Ambrose preached. The odor of violets came to him through the latticed door, and his eyes fell upon his penitent of the day before seated near the confessional. But she was not alone. She whispered something to her companion, and his eyes flamed down upon her rose flushed face, with such glorified understanding that Father Henry dropped his head, and sighed most deeply.

But that night he preached a divine sermon on "The Sacrament of Penance," and she who had been his mate in the springtime of his life listened to the golden words, her eyes passing in wonder from the priest's face to fall beneath the adoration of her husband's gaze.

CONNELLSVILLE, Pa. *Catherine Coll*

Her Vulnerable Spot

MRS. POTTSEY stood on the topmost round of the ladder of fame erected by the people of Shultisville. She had been placed in her exalted position by the male portion of the community, as a shining example of what a woman should be, and used by it as a prod to the energies of the reluctantly admiring and secretly envious female inhabitants. The concensus of opinion was expressed by Deacon Wilson when he said:

"She's the best worker fur ten miles 'round, and 'es got *git up* enough fur two wimmin!"

From this it may readily be gathered that the villagers' standard of excellence in a woman was not beauty nor intellectual gifts, but ability to *work*.

Mrs. Pottsey's capacity in this direction was a never ending source of conversation among the women, and the fact of its being a common occurence in the life of this remarkable piece of femininity to buy calico for a dress one morning and wear the finished garment on the day following, was something of which to brag to less favored communities. And the work upon it was done entirely by hand, for sewing machines were not considered a necessary article of furniture, and were looked upon as a luxury to be indulged in only by the very rich, although they were sometimes acquired by the very lazy.

Mrs. Pottsey's crowning achievement was the trousers of the late Mr. Pottsey. During the lifetime of her husband, she had purchased the material for a pair of pantaloons one morning, and that gentleman had donned those same garments in the afternoon as a fitting—or, possible, non-fitting—tribute to his office as pall bearer during the obsequies of a neighbor.

Whether these strenuous exertions on the part of his spouse had so wearied Mr. Pottsey that he was glad to seek a place where work is unknown, it is impossible to say. He had been a pale, meek, little man, lacking in the energy which the woman, beside whom he had been obliged to spend his life, possessed in such superabundance—and she was not at all backward in showing her contempt for those whose endowments were not equal to her own. This, no doubt, wore

on him to an extent that rendered him perfectly willing to exchange the realities of the world he was leaving for the promises of the world to come. The inscription on his tombstone was characteristic of his relation in life, for even in death he was not allowed to assert himself, but was laid to rest as "Washington, beloved husband of Zenobia Pottsey."

There was no suggestion of meekness about Mrs. Pottsey. She was tall and rather thin, with snapping black eyes and smooth black hair, showing no thread of white. Very courageous, indeed, would be the hair to dare unfurl a white banner in her head. Its death would be sudden and ignominious. Common report provided her with a sharp tongue, but this detriment, in the minds of her male acquaintances, was more than balanced by the material advantages she could confer on a possible successor to the late Mr. Pottsey. Naturally, a woman who split her own wood, milked her own cow, and did other things commonly supposed to be be man's work, had many admirers.

As Lemuel Jones — called "Lazy Jones" by his friends, in playful allusion to his well known dislike for manual labor—expressed it to a select coterie of his cronies: "You would not have to do a thing but jest set down and take it easy; she'd do the hustling. A woman that'll climb a ladder and paint her own house is the woman for me."

When Mr. Jones one afternoon interrupted Mrs. Pottsey's strenuous processes by knocking at the door, she was engaged in putting the finishing touches to a "color scheme" in her best room. The predominating shade was a sort of bluish red. In this little community the color was not dignified with a name, but was simply called "aniline dye." It was quite a fad in the village, and everybody who had any claim to distinction possessed something dyed to this particular hue. Mrs. Pottsey had imparted the startling tint to several objects in the room. The ribbons which held back the Nottingham lace curtains showed their acquaintance with the dye pot. The chenille cover of the small table, on which lay the family bible, took on the same apoplectic glow.

Mrs. Pottsey was engaged in putting the finishing touches to the room, by going over a stripe of dirty white in the breadths of rag carpet, with a paint brush and a tomato can full of the dye. The knock at the door caused her to pause, and upon her invitation "Lazy Jones" entered. He had long been endeavoring to broach the subject of a life partnership to Mrs. Pottsey, but, when her sharp eyes were looking at him, he felt as if his soul, with its mixed motives, was laid bare before her, and his courage oozed out.

She pointed now to her handiwork and said, "Ain't this room beautiful?"

"Yes, Mis' Pottsey, yes; it's d——, ah em,—'hem—it's very beautiful. I never see anything that suited me better."

And, indeed, he had not, for he inwardly pictured himself reposing on the lounge with a pillow under his head and a pipe in his mouth.

"You're a master hand at fixin' up things, Mis' Pottsey; you know how to make a body comfortable, don't you?"

"My powers of mind is sech," answered Mrs. Pottsey, "that when I likes people I can make 'em comfortable, and when I don't like 'em, I can make 'em purty oncomfortable."

Mr. Jones did not know whether to regard this as encouragement or discouragement.

"Would you—er—could you—er—" doubt here assailed him—"lend me your hoe?" he lamely concluded.

Walking home, he resolved as a last resort, to trust his fate to a written missive. He was not "handy," to use a local phrase, with the pen, and composi-

tion presented unknown horrors to him, but something must be done.

When he was gone, Mrs. Pottsey smiled grimly. "No sech truck ez him don't take *me* in!" she remarked.

A few days later, Mrs. Pottsey was preparing to can some plums. She was seated on the back porch with a bushel basket of plums on one side and a large jar on the other. On her lap was a pan filled with the fruit. Deacon Slattery leaned against a support to the porch and chewed a straw meditatively.

"Well, you got a job before ye ef you're goin' to peel all them plums," he at last observed.

"'Twon't take me long," she responded; "they're wild plums and they taste kind of puckery if they ain't peeled."

Judging by the constant stream of peeled plums leaving her hand for the jar, it was evident the process would not occupy her for a great length of time.

"Mighty big lot of plums fer one woman to eat," he ventured.

"I am that fond of plums I could eat 'em every day in the year!" she answered.

Deacon Slattery rubbed his chin thoughtfully and decided to take another tack. He was wise, even beyond his years, which were many, so he said, after gazing at her thoughtfully for a few moments:

"You are a powerful good lookin' woman, Zenobia."

"Oh, pshaw, now, Deacon, sech an old woman as me!" but he noticed a little flush stealing over her sallow cheek.

Well satisfied with his progress, he went on.

"I declar', on my honor, when you come walkin' in church Sunday all rigged out, I thought you was the handsomest woman there!" — oh shameless Deacon!—"and I never see a woman 'at could turn out work like you kin. As I says to Jim Wilson t'other day, sez I, 'I don't know where you can p'int out a woman as young lookin' for her age as Mis' Pottsey.' I get kinder lonesome at times an' I've often thought I'd like some smart, good lookin' woman flyin' round the house, fryin' my potatoes an' bakin' my pancakes fer me," the Deacon went on, with a sad note in his voice.—

"Why don't you git somebody then?" asked Mrs. Pottsey.

Here was distinct encouragement.

"Well, now, I kinder thought maybe you was tired livin' alone, too," said the Deacon.

"Seein' it's you that asks me, maybe I be," said Mrs. Pottsey.

The Deacon, as he walked home, smiled gently to himself. "Human natur' is human natur'!" he said softly.

MILWAUKEE, WIS. *Lavon C. Cheney.*

Toil and the Designer of Things

A GRAY mist scudded in front of the patch of blue sky that all afternoon had been peering between the tall buildings into the studio window, and carried away most of the light with it.

The Boy was glad of this, for his faith in himself was about gone. He gathered up his brushes, throwing a few curses at the weather as he did so in a bravado sort of fashion. He was determined not to be a fool this time and seek unsatisfactory sympathy from people who could not understand. Instead he would go down to the "Vesuvio" and allow its liquid flame to consume his mood.

"Better be drunk than foolish," he said to the Girl as he started for the door. "I'm tired of this breathless pursuit of the Ideal. After all, if I did overtake her, I don't suppose she'd be worth while. This torture of self denial, of looking forever over the roof in vain desire for the things that may never be, while the hot blood of youth in your veins commands you to drink deep of the things that are, is insanity. To the

devil with work and the dreams of doing."

"It is discouraging, isn't it?" said the Girl. "I felt that way myself until you spoke. I looked at your work this afternoon and envied you."

"Envied me? Don't laugh at a fellow because you've happened to find the way to success. Suppose you do manage to paint good canvases and win plaudits. Ten million people have had the same little reward for the same mighty struggle. Already the wear and worry is showing on you. In ten years youth will be gone from you and all you'll have for it will be the memory of heart's blood painted into canvas for trivial 'mention,' and tragic realization of your limitations. The wise man is he who refuses to do what he is able to do; our ability always seems so much greater to us until we put it to the test. Never give yourself a chance. That's the only way to escape heart break."

The Girl was fragile in the gray light. She stood at the window looking into the twilight that fell in hopelessness among the crowding walls of unsightly buildings. The Boy took a step toward the door. Then the Girl turned.

"I wish you would not talk like that," she said. "It hurts. Have I ever said I expected to do great things? You know I haven't. I was mean today and half envied you for your gift. But I don't want to envy anybody. I try not to think of future or fame, for it is thinking of self glory that brings pain and disappointment. I try to do my work as best I can because it is my work and because I must do it. I know it is delightful to win success. We can't help feeling that our effort has won approval. But I don't work for success. I put my heart into my pictures because I have to, and if by so doing I can soften, if only for an instant, some other heart; bring a look of wistfulness into a careless eye; waken a longing in a dreamless soul, I have the greatest of rewards. Work for work's sake demands no sacrifice. On the contrary, it leads our feet into the ways where perfect happiness may be gathered.

"I know how weak I am and how discouraged I grow even yet. But discouragement never lingers long. All I need do is remind myself that I am not an isolated toiler wearing out my own destiny in unsympathetic solitude, but one of many who are working to carry to completion the wonderful plan of the great Designer of things beautiful.

"There are no failures. Your discouragement helps me to catch the shadows my portion of the picture needs today; my rebellion shows you the glorious light of patience and sympathy your brush must depict."

"It's easy to talk hopefully when you're already in the sunlight of success," replied the Boy as he grasped the door knob. "I'm tired of the shadows and am determined to get out of them. I'll enjoy myself in idleness for awhile. I'll be on hand to help hang the Picture Beautiful when it is finished. I'm done with brushes."

The Girl laid her hand lightly on the Boy's shoulder. "What great work you are going to do," she said. "Some of the wonderful touches in the picture have been reserved for you. You are not 'tired of the pursuit of the Ideal.' You are only impatient that your hand has not yet the wonderful skill your soul demands of it. Be patient; there's not only Time but Eternity for our work."

They stepped into the corridor and paused in silence. From a room opposite some divine melody drifted to them. The Boy was glad of the darkness, for his eyes were wet. He grasped the Girl's hand.

"I thank you," he said. "I guess I was only impatient."

Leavenworth MacNab

San Francisco, Cal.

A Sparrow Roost

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

AN early December twilight was settling over Boston, a thick foggy murk that soaked down full of smoke and smell and chill. The streets were oozy with a wet snow which had fallen through the afternoon and been trodden into mud; and draughty with an east wind, that would have passed unnoticed across the open fields, but which drew up these narrow flues and sent a shiver down one's back in spite of coats. It was half past five. The stores were closing, their clerks everywhere eddying into the noisy streams of wheels and hoofs still pouring up and down. The traffic tide had turned, but not yet ebbed away.

And this was evening! the coming night! I moved along with the crowd, homesick for the wideness and quiet of the country, for the soughing of the pines, the distant bang of a barn door, the night cry of guineas from some neighboring farm, when in the hurry and din I caught the cry of bird voices, and looking found that I had stumbled upon a bird roost—at the very heart of the city! I was in front of King's Chapel burying ground, whose half dozen leafless trees were alive with noisy sparrows.

The crowd swept on. I halted behind a waste barrel by the iron fence and forgot the soughing pines and clacking guineas.

Bird roosts of this size are no common find. I remember a huge fireplace chimney that stood near my home, into which a cloud of swallows used to swarm for a few nights preceding the fall migration; I lived some years close to the pines at the head of Cubby Hollow, where great flocks of crows slept nightly throughout the winter; but these, beside now and again a temporary resting place, a mere caravansary along the route of the migrants, were all I had happened upon. Here was another, bordering a city street, overhanging the street, with a blazing electric light to get into bed by!

Protected by the barrel from the jostle on the sidewalk, I waited by the ancient graveyard until the electric lights grew bright, until every fussing sparrow was quiet, until I could see only little gray balls and blurs in the trees through the misty drizzle that came down with the night. Then I turned toward my own snug roost, five flights up, next the roof, and just a block away, as the sparrows fly, from this roost of theirs. I was glad to have them so near me.

The windows of my roost look out over roofs of slate, painted tin and tarry pebbles, into a chimney fenced plot of sky. Occasionally, during the winter, a herring gull from the harbor swims into this bit of smoky blue; frequently a pigeon, sometimes a flock, sails past; and in the summer dusk, after the swallows quit it, a city haunting night hawk climbs out of the forest of chimney pots, up, up above the smoke for his booming roofward swoop. But winter and summer, save along through June, the sparrows, as evening falls, cut across the sky field on their way to the roost in the old burial ground. There go two, there two score in a whirling, scudding flurry, like a swift blown bunch of autumn leaves. For more than an hour they keep passing—till the dusk is turning to darkness, till they are all tucked away in bed.

One would scarcely recognize the birds as they sweep past in these flurries; their flight is so unlike their usual scuttle as they get out of one's way along the street. They are lumpish and short winged; they labor and lumber off with a sidewise twist to their bodies, that reminds one of a rheumatic old dog upon the trot. What suggestion of grace or swiftness about them upon the ground? Watch them in their evening flight, however. It is a revelation. They rise above the houses and shoot across my sky like a charge of canister. I can almost hear them whiz. Down by the cemetery I have seen them dash into view high up in the slit of sky, dive for the trees, dart zigzag like a madly plunging kite, and hurl themselves, as soft as breaths among the branches.

This is going to bed with a vengeance. I never saw any other birds get to roost with such velocity. It is characteristic, however; the sparrow never does anything by halves. The hurry is not caused by any mite of anxiety or fear, rather from pure excess of spirit; for after rearing three broods during the summer, he has such a superabundance of vim that a winter of foraging and fighting is welcome exercise. The strenuous life is his kind of life. When the day's hunt is over and he turns back to his bed, why not race it out with his neighbors? And so they come — chasing, dodging, tagging neck and neck, all spurting to finish first at the roost.

We may not love him; but he has constitution and snap. And these things do count.

One April morning, the 6th, I went down to the roost at three o'clock. The sparrows were sleeping soundly. It was yet night. Had the dawn been reaching up above the dark walls that shut the east away from the high tree tops, the garish street light would have kept it dim. The trees were silent and stirless, as quiet as the graves beneath them—more quiet, in fact; for there issued from a grated hole among the tombs the sound of an anvil, deep down and muffled, but unmistakably ringing, as if Governor Winthrop were forging chains in his vault. Then came a rush, a deadened roar, and an emanation of dank gaseous breath, such as the dead alone breath.

It was only the passing of a tool car in the "subway" underneath the cemetery, and the hammering of a workman at a forge in a niche of the tunnel. But it was grewsome and unearthly in the night-quiet, rising out of the tombs.

The sparrows did not mind the sound. May be it ascended as a pleasant murmur to them and shaped their dreams, as dream stuff drifts to their sweet voiced cousins in the meadows with the lap and lave of the streams. A carriage rolled by. The clank of hoofs disturbed none of them. Some one slammed the door of an apothecary shop across the street, and hurried off. Not a sparrow stirred.

I was trying to see whether the birds slept with their heads beneath their wings. Apparently they did, for I could not make out a head, though some of the sleepers hung over the street within ten feet of the lamp post. But they were all above the light with only their breasts out of the shadows, and to be certain I must make a bird move. Finding that the noises were not likely to arouse them, I threw a stick against one of the loaded limbs. There were heads then, plenty of them, and every one, evidently, had been turned back and buried in the warm wing coverts.

My stick hit very near the toes of one of the sparrows, and he flew. There was a twitter, then a stir all over the tree; but nothing further happening, they tucked in their heads again and went back to bed.

I waited. At four o'clock they still slept. The moon had swung out from behind the high buildings and now hung just above the slender spire of Park street

church, looking down into the deep, narrow street gulch; a cat picked her way among the graves, sprang noiselessly to the top of a flat tomb beneath the sparrows, and watched with me. The creature brought the wilderness with her. After all, this was not so far removed from the woods. In the empty street, beneath the silent, shuttered walls, with something still of the mystery of the night winds in the bare trees, the scene, for an instant, was touched with the spell of the dark and the untamed.

After a swift warming walk of fifteen minutes I returned to the roost. There were signs of waking now: a flutter here, a twitter there, then quiet again, with no general movement until half past four, when the city lights were shut off. Then, instantly, from a dozen branches sounded loud, clear chirps, and every sparrow opened his eyes. The incandescent bulbs about the border of the roost, were moon and stars to them, lights in the firmament of their heaven to divide the night from the day. When they blazed forth, it was evening—bedtime; when they went out, it was morning—the time to wake up.

The softness of dusk, how unknown to these city dwellers! and the fresh sweet beauty of the dawn!

Morning must have begun to break along near four o'clock; for the cold gray across the sky was already passing into pearl. The country birds had been up half an hour, I am sure. However, the old cemetery was wide enough awake now. There was chirping everywhere. It grew louder and more general every moment, till shortly, the six thousand voices, and more, were raised in the cheerful din—the matin, if you please, for as yet only a few of the birds were fighting.

But the fight spread. It is the English sparrow's way of waking up; his way of whetting his appetite for breakfast; his way of digesting his dinner; his way of settling his supper—his normal waking way.

To the clatter of voices was added the flutter of wings; for the birds had begun to shift perches, and to exchange slaps as well as to call names—the movement setting toward the tree tops. None of the sparrows had left the roost. The storm of chatter increased and the buzz of wings quickened into a steady whirr, the noise holding its own with that of the ice wagons pounding past. The birds were filling the topmost branches, a gathering of the clans, evidently, for the day's start. The clock in Scollay square station pointed to five minutes to five, and just before the hour struck, two birds launched out and spun away.

The exodus had commenced. The rest of Boston was not stirring yet. It was still early; hardly a flush of warmth had washed the pearl; but the sparrows had many matters to attend to before all the milkmen and bakers got abroad: they must take their morning dust bath, for one thing, in the worn places between the cobble stones, before the street sprinkler began its sloppy rounds.

There was a constant whirl out of the tree tops now. Occasionally a bird flew off alone, but most of them left in small flocks, just as I should see them return in the evening. Doubtless the members of these flocks were the birds belonging to certain neighborhoods, those that nested and fed about certain squares, large door yards and leafy courts.

The birds that left singly went away, as a rule, over the roofs toward the denser business sections of the city, while the bands, as I had noticed them come in at night, took the opposite course, toward Cambridge and Charlestown. Not more than one in a hundred flew south across the city.

Of course there are sparrows all over Boston. There is no street too narrow, too noisy, too dank with the smell of leather for them. They seem as numer-

ous where the rush of drays is thickest, as in the open, breathing places where the fountains play. They are in every quarter, yet those to the east and south of the old burial ground do not belong to the roost. Perhaps they have graveyards of their own in their sections, though I have been unable to find them. So far as I know this is the only roost in or about Boston. And this is the stranger since so few of the total number of the Boston sparrows sleep here. A careful estimate showed me that there could not have been more than six or seven thousand in the roost. One would almost say there were as many millions in Boston. And where do these millions sleep? For the most part, each one alone behind his signboard or shutter near his local feeding grounds.

Now, why should the sparrows of the roost prefer King's Chapel burial ground to the Old Granary, a stone's throw up the street? I passed the Old Granary yard on my way to the roost and found the trees empty. I searched the limbs with my glass, there was not a sparrow to be seen. Still the granary is the less exposed of the two. It may not formerly have been so; but at present high sheltering walls bend about the trees like a well. Years ago, perhaps, when the sparrows began to roost in the trees at King's Chapel, the Old Granary elms were more open to the winds, and now force of habit and example keep the birds returning to the first lodge.

Back they come, no matter what the weather. There are a thousand cosy corners into which a sparrow might creep on a stormy night, where even the winds that know their way through Boston streets could not search him out. But the instinct to do as he always has done is as strong in the sparrow, in spite of his love for pioneering, as it is in the rest of us. He was brought here to roost as soon as he could fly, when the leaves were on and the nights delicious. If the leaves go and the nights change, what of that? Here he began, here he will continue to sleep. Let it rain, blow, snow; let the sleet, like a slimy serpent, creep up the trunk and wrap around the twigs; still he will hold on. Many a night I have seen them sleeping through a driving winter rain, their breasts to the storm, their tails hanging straight down, shedding every drop. If a gale is blowing, and it is cold, they get to the leeward of the tree, as close to the trunk as possible, and anchor fast, every bill pointing into the wind, every feather reefed, every tail lying out on the flat of the storm.

As I watched the bands starting from the tree tops of the roost I wondered if they really crossed the river into Cambridge and Charlestown. A few mornings later I was again up early, hastening down to the West Boston bridge to see if I could discover them going over. As I started out I saw bunches moving toward the river with a free and easy flight, but whether I reached the bridge too late, or whether they scattered and went over singly, I do not know. Only now and then a bird crossed, and he seemed to come from along the shore rather than from above the house tops.

I concluded that the birds of the roost were strictly Bostonians. One evening, however, about a week later, as I was upon this bridge coming from Cambridge, a flock of sparrows whizzed past me, dipped over the rail to the water, swung up above the wall of houses and disappeared toward the roost. They were on their way from Cambridge, from the classic elms of Harvard campus, who knows, to the elms of the ancient burial ground. It was five that morning when the first sparrow left the roost. By half past five the trees were empty, except for the few birds whose hunting ground included the cemetery. By this time the city, too, had yawned, and rubbed its eyes, and tumbled out of bed.

An Army Woman's Voyage to Manilla

Harriet Osgood Clendenin Tells National Readers How Our English Cousins at Malta Cheered the Red, White and Blue—An Entertaining Journal of the Incidents of a Journey into the East via Suez.

By HARRIET OSGOOD CLENDENIN

THAT the United States, or America, as they speak of her in foreign countries—as if they thought there were but one America and the United States were its prophet—is surely, but not slowly, taking her place as a world power, no one who has had any chance to judge can doubt.

When the United States army transport Crook sailed from New York December 5, 1901, pier 13, East River, swarmed with cheering people; some of us sentimental ones brushed away more than one furtive tear, thinking how soon the ship and the gallant men on her would be forgotten. We thought that cheering would be our last, little fancying an American ship would be cheered in foreign ports. But then we hardly realized our own importance, certainly the 800 men of the Twenty-Seventh Infantry and Eleventh Cavalry who were on board did not.

Perhaps we expected some civilities from our friendly English cousins en route, because our coaling station would be an English port and our ships had passed this way before. But no one had any idea how cordially we would be greeted by representatives of other nations.

At Gibraltar we lay for a short twenty-four hours. Time enough, however, for our soldiers — such of them as were allowed ashore—to be hand in glove with the British before we sailed again. There are almost 7,000 British troops at Gibraltar, for old England believes heartily in the theory of preparing in peace for times of war. In the huge rock over three miles of concealed galleries and tunnels have been cut out from the solid granite. No one except the commanding officer ever knows the whole extent of these concealed defences, and he is seldom changed. The war office evidently believes the safest defense against treachery is to make it almost impossible. To some of the galleries and tunnels visitors properly accredited and permitted can go with soldier guides. So, all day long the dripping, cave like passages rang with the sound of American voices — Americans escorted by red coated soldiers. "America" was the open sesame to all but the holy of holies, or rather the places where none but the English commanding general could go.

To see the civil prison (once a Moorish castle and still the most picturesque eyrie on the stone mountain called Gibralter) permission has to be asked for days in advance. There is almost as much red tape to be gone through with for visitors to get inside its gates as for the offending peon, once in, to get out again. But the Americans went, in parties and singly, deferentially and charmingly guided by the elderly English warden. No one had expected any social recognition, because the time was so short there at Gibraltar, but in spite

of that, General White, the English commanding officer (of recent South African fame) entertained at luncheon our colonel and two or three other officers.

But if Gibraltar was too short a stop for social functions, that could not be said of Malta, the Crook's next stopping place. We had not been anchored in the beautiful harbor more than half an hour before officers from the thirty English ships of war and the land forces, also, began coming up our companion ladder. Invitations crowded in, too, for Christmas festivities were in full swing. That very afternoon our people turned out for the races at the Polo Club grounds, and rather rudely, I think, beat the Englishmen on their own ground in the way of betting. But the Britishers are true sportsmen and seemed to like the Yankees all the better for it. Our officers came home to a man ahead of the game. Was it another form of hospitality? Then there were amateur theatricals at the Theatre Royale in Valetta (better known as Malta) to which again the Americans were invited. Miss Grout, a pretty young girl from Boston and daughter of the American consul, took part. The rest in the play were English. Miss Grout's acting was not more remarkable than the ordinary run of amateur work, but the applause created by her appearance with a bouquet of roses tied with red, white and blue ribbons was tumultuous. The flowers were sent by the American officers, but it was the English who applauded them.

During the five days of our stay at Malta gaiety and good fellowship reigned supreme. One night the American consul gave a dinner followed by a reception for the Yankees, another day was an informal reception at the beautiful villa of Mr. Henry Clapp, an American resident of Malta. Then there was a dinner at the governor general's palace, given by Sir Francis Grenfel, governor of Malta. Covers were laid for forty-five, among which were included a number of our Americans. Somehow there was a touch of home in the little owl pepper bottles on the table, and the parrot half hidden behind folds of damask at one of the great windows. The same evening Lord Charles Beresford gave a dinner on board the British flagship. Every one from those dinners and other smaller, but perhaps not less jolly ones, went on to the Christmas ball at the Malta Union Club.

To unaccustomed eyes the scene at the ball was an unusually brilliant one, though Washington, with its brilliantly clothed ambassadors, nearly equals it sometimes. I believe every man present was in uniform, even to a Gordon Highlander in the most adorable of kilts.

The American girls certainly took the palm for charm, beauty and grace—so acknowledged by even a British mamma in my hearing. And if the mother of two homely daughters with Princess of Wales "fringes" could commend our girls, certainly the men would.

Last of the large affairs was a reception on the Crook to the British army and Navy officers. It was from three to six in the afternoon, but midnight did not see the last of the jovial guests off the ship. The Americans had formed a reception committee and subscribed liberally for entertainment. It would be hard to say which of the Anglo-Saxon nations came off victor in the friendly rivalry of the consumption of refreshments, but most said the Americans did, in one sense at least.

But these were the larger affairs. Countless smaller ones were going on all the time — little luncheons, constant calls, stag parties, launch trips in the harbor. Then the English soldiers and sailors came a-visiting on our ship, bringing their own amusement in the form of a minstrel show. Again 100 of our men went to one of the near by British cruisers to dinner, and the non-commisssioned officers and their wives were asked ashore

to dances at the various paddocks. Certainly the gala time was not for the officers alone.

Last of all came the sad part of it. The American ship was searched for English stowaways by their own officers. Shamefaced Tommy Atkinses were dragged out of coal bunkers, sometimes clothed in American blue loaned by our own men. They will be tried as deserters, but it was not altogether that which made our men look so disconsolate. They regretted their prospective messmates, for the Englishmen were trying to go along to enlist in the American army after reaching Manila. Thirty-five in all were caught. It took all the afternoon. At last we were ready to sail, three hours after the announced starting time. For a long time the wharves along shore, the upper and lower Baracca, and the rails of cruisers had swarmed with soldiers and jackies waiting to see us off. The number had increased as the time went by, instead of dwindling. Our own people in New York had been less enthusiastic.

Then, just after the color of a Mediterranean sunset had faded behind the old historic walls of the Crusader city, our bells rang to go ahead. Slowly we glided out among the star like lights of the harbor as from the British flagship the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" floated out to us. It was beautiful enough to fill the eyes with tears, if the hoarse hurrahs from hundreds of British throats had not been more beautiful. Then our men, nearly a thousand strong, broke into "God Save the King," and wild cheer on cheer came from land and ship.

So we floated out, signal lights from shore flashing good by and "God bless you," and our own people singing "America" and "Auld Lang Syne" until star lit Malta was a gray cloud blur on a gray sea.

At Alexandria, Port Said, Ishmalia and Suez, the stops were so short that we hardly had time for more than a consular visit and passing cheers from English, French and German ships, but we could not help wondering if these would have been so hearty before the Spanish war. Government recognition is not all of it, and can hardly in its formality be so true a gauge of the rate of advancement as the social and popular one.

The English are our brothers. We are heart and mind and shoulder and shoulder of the same persons. Another British-American war (were such a thing likely) would be civil war, fraticide. So, perhaps, in one sense, our reception at Aden in Arabia by the Italian ships coaling there was more of a surprise and a compliment than the English welcome had been. Scarce twenty-four hours were spent at Aden, but they were long enough to prove the cordial relations possible between an Anglo-Saxon and a Latin race.

First, the official visits were made and returned and then across the narrow water way between their flagship and our own transport came the strains of music. Their band was truly a magnificent one, for every one in Italy, from prince to poorest vagabond, is musical.

Two of our officers were sent to thank the Admiral for this courtesy in giving the serenade concert. They promptly returned with an invitation for the Americans to go aboard the ship. It was ten in the evening and we were none of us dressed for a reception, but the Italians were so hearty and cordial that most of us accepted at once. First there was music—and champagne—in the ward room, in which our people distinguished themselves. The daughter of General Davis, who was formerly governor general of Porto Rico, and Mrs. Capron, niece of General Humphrey, both sang to the enthusiasm of the music loving Italians. Then all went on deck and the band played for dancing

until after one o'clock. Tea, cakes and liqueurs were served during the jolly informal dances.

The next afternoon the Italians were our guests and they brought their band with them, as the band which should have gone with our battalion of the Eleventh Cavalry was sent to the Philippines via San Francisco. We were coaling, so the decks were black and awful, but American women and Italian officers in immaculate white did not seem to mind. The guests stayed until our sailing hour came, though our Scotch whiskey and soda could hardly have been an attraction. Perhaps it was expressed in the remark of an ardent Italian the night before. He looked around the ward room, charmed, almost hilarious, and turned to me with: "Zere hav nevair been so many lufly ladies in zis room before, nevair—beautiful, lufly ladies!"

As we steamed out from under Aden's frowning purple mountains of rocks, the "Star Spangled Banner" and "America" rang out from the station ships and "vivas" and hurrahs mingled. And I wondered a little whether the enthusiasm was for the "beautiful, lufly ladies" or for Miss America, who has made her debut as a world power.

MANILA, Philippine Islands.

A Song of Content

HOW many million stars must shine
Which only God can see!—
Yet in the sky His hand has hung
Ten thousand stars for *me!*

How many blossoms bloom and fade
Which only God can know!—
Yet here's my field of buttercups,
And here my daisies blow.

How many wing paths through the blue
Lure swallows up and down—
Yet here's my little garden walk,
And yon's the road to town!

How many a treacherous voice has wooed
Unhappy feet to roam—
Yet God has taught my willing ear
The sounds of *love* and *home!*

How many lips have kiss'd and clung
Since Eve was Adam's bride!—
But God has given me you, dear girl,
And I am satisfied!

Frederic Lawrence Knowles

A Golden Day

By CARA HOWARD CRANDON

ONE fine summer morning, out under the shade of a wide spreading tree, two disconsolate little girls sat and looked down the dusty road that led into Slowtown. As they sat there on a large stone by the way side one could not wish for a prettier sight.

They looked like two sturdy little flowers, for the summer sun had browned their round, sweet faces and soft, dark curls lay in clusters on their foreheads. The chubbier of the two was the first to speak. "O dear me," she sighed, "I do wish we could go."

"But you know," answered her sister, "little girls must have lots of money to go to fairs, and time, too, but I should think there was plenty of time, 'cause we've been just waiting 'round the whole morning. But that's what Mamma said; she was sorry, but she hadn't any time or money either."

"I s'pose fairs are lovely," the small speaker continued, with a little sigh, "for I know there's heaps of pretty things to see, and real ice cream, and candy to eat, and dolls, and O, everything else, just lovely."

On this pleasant morning they had been told by their mother, who worked so faithfully to keep her little ones sweet and happy, that they might walk as far as that particular rock and tree, pick some flowers and perhaps a few berries, and go home again to help Mamma as much as such little hands could help. But posies had no charm for them that day. A few had been gathered, but they lay in a withered heap in a sun bonnet.

To tell the truth, it was no wonder that

this little pair were excited over the really most important event of the year in Slowtown. Such wonderful stories had reached their eager ears concerning the great and mysterious fair about which every one in the village was talking. Just then a wagon filled to overflowing with merry children came jogging along through the sunshine and dust, all so gay and pretty, and bound for the great centre of interest, as any one could see.

The sight was too much for the already dejected little ones on the rock. Their bright eyes filled with tears, and one small maid sobbed out: "They're going to the fair and will have a lovely time; if we only had a 'goozey' ball I wouldn't mind staying here half so much; goozey balls last so long and are so lemony and sweet."

"Like enough we can each buy one when we get home," answered her sister cheerfully. She had put her chubby little arm around her twin's neck and said in her most engaging way: "We don't care a single bit for fairs; let's come along now, and I'll give you my piece of red pencil."

Just at this interesting moment the twins looked up and beheld a small, strange girl looking at them with a great deal of attention.

"What is your name, little girl?" she said. "And yours, you other little girl? Are you crying? No? I thought you couldn't be."

The twins, thus addressed, wiped their damp eyes and blinked in astonishment at the sudden appearance of such a vision of loveliness. But in spite of surprise the chubby one managed to answer: "My name is Helen Eliza Baker." "And mine," piped the timid owner, "is Eliza Helen Baker. We're the Baker twins," she added.

"Why, you both have the very same name, almost. It's just as funny as it can be. And you're really, truly twins, too? Have you always been twins? I'm not twins, for I have only one big brother, Stanley, who goes to college; he's half-back at football and is just perfectly splendid, and my name is Rosamond." She gave a little gasp to get her breath after this piece of information, and then continued:

"Every one says Rosamond is certainly the right name for me. I suppose it's because my cheeks are so pink, just like roses, Stanley says."

As she spoke she pushed back her hat, which was more like the work of fairy fingers than anything else, and had tiny rose buds just peeping from beneath frills of the crispiest lace, in the most bewitching manner. Her short, fluffy gown was made of muslin, with the dearest of pink roses, like the memory of an old fashioned garden, clambering all over it, as if to suggest the name of its little owner once more.

And her feet were encased in shoes so slender and shiny that Eliza Helen, who dearly loved dainty things, gave one look at them and then drew in her little, stout, stubby laced boots, as if to get them out of sight as much as possible. Rosamond's sash fluttered like a silken banner as she twirled and hopped about, for no one ever knew of her staying in one place more than a second at a time, any more than a humming bird would have done. "O," she exclaimed, "*Voila la petite Bebe*," pointing to Eliza's doll, which in the excitement of the moment had been thrown aside. Then, as she saw their puzzled looks, she said: "O, that is French; don't you speak French, mignonette? Marie has to talk to me hours and hours every day. I suppose she's hunting for me now, for I'm going to the fair with her this morning. Is this your very best doll?" she asked, taking up rather curiously the pride of Eliza Helen's heart, the thing that without words had given comfort in so many childish griefs and troubles.

"My best doll is put away, for Grand-

mamma bought it for me in Paris, and I only got it a week ago, and I might spoil it, Marie says, if I played with it in the country, but I wish I could, for it has real hair, so I can curl it, and all its clothes were made in Paris and its hat too, and my Grandmamma wouldn't like me to break; it she would be very much distressed, I'm sure, for you know Paris is a long ways off."

Eliza Helen reached over and took back the dear dolly, dressed in its little faded calico gown that didn't come from Paris, and cuddled her closely, as if to assure the darling that dolls bought in stupid Slowtown were just as much loved as finer ones by their sweet little mothers.

Eliza Helen was beginning to think her sister was far too quiet. Although very quiet herself, she always expected her sister to speak up and to be a credit to the name of Baker. But for once Helen Eliza was as nearly awed into silence as she ever could be, for here was a girl actually talking to her who without the shadow of a doubt had been aboard that mysterious "Flying Whitewings" that sped through a corner of the town every day; owned a wonderful doll and could speak a strange language, yet was as talkative and agreeable as any ordinary playmate. No wonder that she drew a long breath and addressed the little stranger with caution.

"How old are you?" she said at last.

"O, dear me, I'm seven," answered Rosamond promptly. "I was six last summer, but it's ever so much nicer to be older. How old are you, you dear little twin girls?" smiling sweetly at her friends.

Helen Eliza, in order to keep truth on her side, was compelled to say that she was only six, but she added, sitting up straighter:

"I should think you would be older than we are, for you must have been born first. Seven years is lots more than six; three hundred and sixty-five and a quarter days more. I learned all about that in my school."

"There," exclaimed Rosamond, twirling around for the tenth time and glancing down the road in much the same way a bird would have done, "It's just as I thought; here they come, and I suppose I must go and leave you two sweet, cunning little girls, just when I'm getting acquainted, for I know I was going to love you so much!" She caught hold of Helen Eliza as she spoke and gave her a hearty squeeze, and her new found friend returned the embrace with sweet cordiality, for she was a loving little soul herself. The carriage which had been approaching rapidly now stopped near.

"Well, Miss Rosebud," said the fine looking young man who had the reins, "I've had a great chase after you. Does your ladyship intend to fly to town, or don't you want to go to the fair after all? Marie was getting wild about you, until I took the contract to find you and take you along in the right direction, and so she isn't coming at all. Come, hop in, Rosy," he said, holding out his hand.

"Yes, I'll hop in," answered Rosamond, "for I'm just longing to see the fair, but I want these darling little girls to hop in too. Won't you come to the fair with us? O, do, please," she begged earnestly. "We'll take you home again, won't we, Brother?"

"Cert, little sis," answered her brother, "now hop in."

Would they go to the fair? O what bliss. Helen Eliza fairly lost her breath at the delicious idea, and then they did just what any children would have done: they "hopped in," and in no time were settled in the comfortable carriage and had started off in the sunshine.

Eliza Helen thought she must be dreaming. She shut her bright eyes and then opened them again, only to see the horses prancing along the lovely green lane and to hear the sweet music of the jingling harness.

Rosamond began to talk again, or perhaps she hadn't stopped at all, and was chattering to her brother all about her new friends. "They are so sweet," she said, "and they're twins, and they're both named the same name, and O, we'll have a beautiful time, and now do tell Stanley your names."

They told their names over again, wonderingly, for no one in Slowtown ever had thought them of any particular interest, and did not notice that Stanley's smile broadened to a grin. He suggested airily, however, that very likely the small persons in question were named for some one, or ancestors, perhaps.

"Yes, we are," answered Helen Eliza in surprise, "Miss Helen Huntly was good to mother and Miss Eliza Huntly gave her something, gruel, I s'pose, so mother named us both for each of 'em."

Stanley chuckled audibly, and then said: "Well, it's a brilliant idea, and I wonder no one ever thought of it before; you've got considerable name to live up to, but I'll tell you one thing," he continued, peeping under the sunbonnets, "the Baker twins are booked for the best time they ever had in their lives; that's straight," and Rosamond laughed aloud, for what Stanley said usually came to pass, she had found by experience.

Very soon they reached the town and the town hall, where the fair in aid of the First Church of Slowtown, under the auspices of the Ladies' Sewing Circle, and assisted by numerous summer visitors, was holding high carnival. Several half grown boys were engaged in hanging around the entrance, not having sufficient courage to go in and view the festivities, even after reaching the door, and they looked with astonishment to see the little Baker twins arriving in so much state.

Helen Eliza managed to whisper to her sister, pointing to Stanley, that "he looked all right, even if his poor back was half gone." "Hush, hush," cautioned Eliza Helen, "he may hear you, and it's just a dreadful thing, that's all. But Rosamond is the most beautifulest girl I ever saw."

The children beamed with happiness as they entered the hall, which was gaily decorated with flags and streamers and crowded with tables loaded with articles both desirable and otherwise.

Stanley kept his word and made everything delightful, not only for the small persons under his care, but for a good many others beside. It was astonishing how much his pockets could hold, and how many queer articles he found he couldn't possibly get along without, for tables which were not popular suddenly found themselves doing a rushing business. No wonder that he was beamed upon by pretty maid and portly matron alike, for he seemed to enjoy buying as much as they did the selling.

How he would have enjoyed the remarks of the Baker twins on the condition of his stalwart back, and how he would have shouted if he had known that their shy, sweet glances were not unmixed with pity for him.

The pleasures came almost too fast to the astonished twins: first a grab of the grab box, from which Helen Eliza drew the dearest gray elephant with green eyes, and Eliza Helen a Chinese fish in many colored skin, and Rosamond a pin cushion that looked like an over ripe tomato. But when they were seated at a small table and a plate of the pinkest of pink strawberry ice cream was placed before each child, and the twins had tasted enough to appreciate the fact that it was icy cold and that they actually were eating real frozen ice cream, Eliza Helen's amazement gave way, and giving her twin's hand a tremendous squeeze under the table, she whispered: "Like enough we'll get all frozen up inside." But her sister calmly answered that she "'spected to, but didn't care a bit."

After the cream had disppeared, and

a second helping too, they played beautiful games with the very same little children they had seen go by in the wagon. Eliza was very timid, of course, but bless her heart, how that lively little Helen Eliza did enjoy it all. She laughed, and she clapped her hands, and she skipped, and she danced, until one would have thought that her plump little legs would have given out from sheer weariness. Some of the ladies who were watching the fun declared that it was worth coming a long way to see a child enjoy herself so hugely. It really was wonderful what a charming hostess Rosamond made. If she always had been in the habit of acting as chaperone for small girls she couldn't possibly have made more of a delightful success of her effort in that line.

When they were all out of breath with the games, Rosamond, who seemed to be more and more fascinated by her little guests, showed them still other joys, ideas of which never had entered their little uneventful lives. Gorgeously colored lemonade, pink pop corn, a wonderful Punch and Judy, who made one long to laugh and cry at the same moment, candy of all kinds, a regular Fourth of July balloon whistle which squealed as no other whistle ever squealed before, and O, how all three laughed with delight when they discovered a little sign on which was printed: "Kittens cry for it," and saw tiny, plump paper bags containing the freshest catnip, which no cat or kitten in its right mind could forget after once having sniffed it.

"O," said Helen Eliza, "we must take some home to Tilly!" "And to Tilly's kittens," added Eliza Helen, who always thought of the weaker one, holding that position herself.

Miss Tabby Ann Smith and her dear friend and neighbor, Miss Harriet Bishop, both devoted members of the First Church, had just stepped into the hall, to gaze with their own eyes at the festive scenes. They were enjoying themselves in a stiffly austere manner, but they shook their heads at hearing Rosamond order two bags of the fragrant catnip.

"I declare," said Tabby Ann, "if there ain't the Baker twins; well, I'm glad they're enjoying themselves, for Mis' Baker is most wore to a thread working for the little creatures, but she calc'lates to keep 'em as tidy and nice as two new pins, even if they haven't no Pa to do for 'em.

"I'm free to admit, she continued, smiling at the bright, happy children before her, "that they're as likely a looking pair o' twins as you'll find in these parts. It does seem, though, like flying in the face of Providence to pay out good money for catnip when any one knows that by stepping 'round to the right place you can get all you want for the picking."

Miss Harriet nodded her head approvingly, as she always did when Tabby Ann held forth, until her little side curls shook and the lavender flowers in her best bonnet waved, while she murmured primly: "Let them have as can; as for me, I never could."

It was past twelve o'clock now, and the hall was full. There was no doubt that the fair was a grand success, when suddenly above the hum of so many merry, laughing voices, a dinner bell was heard to ring, louder and louder. O, what could it mean? Every one stopped talking and drew near to the quaint old man who was using considerable strength to make so much noise.

The twins stopped eating marshmellows out of a shining tin box, to listen. And now old Uncle Eph began to call in his queer old wheezing tones:

"Lost, Lost; the Baker twins are lost, and their Ma's a-looking for 'em; O, have you seen the Baker twins?"

Every one was laughing now at the

strange, bent old man and his funny mission. Just then the twins, who had been listening with wide open eyes, understood what he said, and they pressed forward to get nearer to him in the crowd, their little arms full of precious packages, their faces beaming with happiness, while Helen Eliza exclaimed in the most delighted voice: "O, Uncle Eph, but we're found now, and we're having a lovely time."

And it was Uncle Eph who departed homeward, and not the sought for twins, for after a little talk with Stanley, Uncle Eph, for some reason or other, considered it a privilege to carry the message back to Mrs. Baker that the children were safe and sound.

"The twins are having a complete time," he announced; "Yes," he added, "more'n a complete time, for that city young man and his little sister are just the most whole hearted kind of folks I ever set eyes on, sure's I'm alive."

And when at last the good-byes had been said, at the little home gate, somewhat later in the day, it was the ending only of the first of many happy, merry times enjoyed by the three children that summer. O, what a beautiful day it had been. The rosy enchantment of childhood had fallen upon them so delightfully that each swiftly passing moment had been touched with its glory. Not even a very wise one possibly could have told which was the happier that night—the sweet little maids who had blossomed like flowers by the way side, or the golden hearted Rose who had made the day so bright.

Independence Day

NO jot of manhood's mighty will
Dies from our race away,
And Lexington and Bunker Hill
Are echoed down today.

Still far and wide, from sea to sea,
While fast the years roll on,
We keep this anniversary
As in the days long gone.

We think of them, the patriot bands,
Who first our flag unfurled
Where now a proud republic stands,
Guard of the Western world.

The ages of the past are dead,
Their unjust ways outworn;
And o'er the world the light has spread
Of Freedom's risen morn.

Eugene C. Dolson

ONE OF ANNA HELD'S FENCING GIRLS

Phases of American Affairs

Miss Held and the Duchess

A VERY familiar figure that still holds its own in the windows of picture dealers in the large eastern cities, even after the end of the theatrical season, is that of a young woman neatly clad in a black fencing costume, the sombre tone of skirt, gloves, sleeves and stockings relieved by a snowy white blouse ornamented with a single heart. Whether or not the real heart beating underneath is equally single may have been a troublous problem to extreme youth of all ages; for the wearer of the black and white fencing suit is invariably "one of Anna Held's fencing girls," and a member, therefore, of what was billed last season as the "handsomest chorus in the world."

Now it is one thing for the management of a star to advertise a particularly handsome chorus and quite another for the chorus to materialize, as it did in this case, in a group of unusually pretty young women. But Miss Anna Held has her own theory of doing whatever she has to do "bettair and bettair," and her play of last winter, "The Little Duchess," was not only one of the most successful performances of the eastern season, but deserved succcess by the care with which the management, consciously or unconsciously, carried out the spirit of the star's theory. Even so, the serious critic may say that a performance of this kind is not worthy the dignity of thoughtful discussion; it is rather the rule to bemoan the fact that the general public,

after a day's work elsewhere, is likely to prefer a theatrical dessert to dramatic roast beef in the evening. But in either case the theatre is first, last and forever a place of amusement. If Shakespere had written the book of "The Little Duchess," or any similar effervesence, the difference between that performance and Hamlet would be one of kind rather than degree of merit. In other words, the lighter theatrical vein is not wholly to be dismissed with a learned sniff at the taste of the play going public—a sniff in fashion, even when Cervantes was writing Don Quixote; and a merely amusing trifle, put together by Shakespere, would have been as good in one way as Hamlet is in another, and probably more popular. Unfortunately we have no Shakespere to write our vaudeville, whether in fifteen minute acts or in two and a half hour's combinations of them. But we can at least look at what we have, and our knowledge of the

ANNA HELD

Photo by Chickering

theatre is certainly not much damaged by examining, without too much criticism, the kind of a performance that amuses and interests a good proportion of metropolitan humanity. Miss Anna Held and "The Little Duchess" come naturally to hand as an excellent example of that which is intended to please without too great a demand upon the thinking apparatus, the more so as the star has become definitely Americanized in her plans for the future, although during the summer she expects to play the serious part of "Du Barry" in the original French version and a Paris theatre.

"The Little Duchess" is not for those who seek intellectual amusement — or enjoyment, whichever way you care to put it—in the theatre. It is a piece frankly constructed for those who wish to laugh, to see pretty faces, more or less displayed figures, beautiful dresses, charming scenery and graceful or eccentric dancing; to hear songs, sentimental, humorously descriptive or topical; in short, to get rid of an evening. All of which may not be dignified, but is essentially human and nothing whatever to be ashamed of unless one has wasted eight hours of the preceding twelve. And it does these things distinctly better than most other productions of the same kind, from the initial choice of the young women who make up the chorus to the engagement of such a comedian as Mr. Franz Ebert, who has been himself a star in that famous company of diminutive people, the Lilliputians, to play the very minor part of a gendarme. During the few moments that he is on the stage, Mr. Ebert naturally raises this part to one of stellar proportions, and the

ANNA HELD (1) AS CLAIR DE BRION, AN ACTRESS WHO HAS APARTMENTS IN PARIS, (2) WHO WEARS THE BATHING SUIT OF A DUCHESS AT OSTEND AND LATER THE GARB OF A PARIS GAMIN WHO SINGS AND DANCES IN A FENCING ACADEMY

worldly manner in which the small and convivial gendarme he impersonates tosses aside the cork of a champagne bottle almost as big as himself is more than a diversion to the spectator; it is a study in the art of refined acting. This is one detail among many.

But, you say, what of the star? The question leads a bit into Miss Held's theory of life in general as applied to art in particular; namely, to give everybody else a chance. "I try to make everybody happy. I do not tell them my troubles. I do not know what it is to be a star. I try to do what I have to do as well as I can. It is my nature. If I see something on the floor that doesn't belong there I do not step over it. No. I pick it up." The management of "The Little Duchess" seems to have adopted the theory and for that reason everybody in the cast has an opportunity. The

CHORUS GIRLS IN LONG SKIRTS

Photos by Chickering

nominal star, whether on the beach at Ostend, in the apartments of Clair de Brion at Paris, or in the fencing academy of Maurice, with the twinkling lights of the Seine bridges showing through the big windows and the remarkably trim fencing girls as a more immediate background, is the most important part of the production without attempting to be the whole of it. In short, neatness, grace, charm and the good natured personality of its leading woman were the secrets of its success.

Add to these qualities sincere hard work in private and, on the stage, a certain bravado and a certain spice of whimsical naughtiness and you have Miss Anna Held herself,—the Parisian spirit noticably modified by some years of acquaintance with the American notion of propriety. And let us be frank. This American notion of propriety admits of much that is crudely coarse and disgusting and which Miss Held's Parisian cultivation will have naught to do with. Therefore, the combination is a good thing for the American public.

Ralph Bergengren

BOSTON.

Tent Life for Health

IN contrast to the lot of those, who, exiled from home in search of health, are dependent on the tender mercies of boarding house or hotel, is our happy experience of housekeeping in gipsy fashion during four years' wandering. The freedom of life, the comforts of the home table, and the joy of home companionship have been priceless.

For success in such an undertaking, there must be a home maker—versatile, cheery, untiring. One meets many of these comrades of the exile—dear people all—a sister, a wife, a husband, a mother. Mine was a "little mother."

It was a physician's order that sent us from our Minnesota home to Phoenix, Arizona, where we spent one winter. Then followed two years at Tucson and a year in Idaho, from which state I now write.

The Phoenix winter was spent in adjusting ourselves to a new world, and not with entire success, since we did not realize the local influence of irrigation upon climate. We chose a little house in a bewitching old garden, with rose and cypress hedges, an orchard, palm trees, pampas grass and other features that gave us beautiful photographs to send to Eastern friends; but the situation was too damp for health, and the

CAMP NEAR ORACLE, ARIZONA

dews were heavy and chilly, and neutralized to some degree the benefit of the dry climate.

Phoenix has left a thousand pleasant pictures on my mind, and I question the need of our seeking a better winter climate than that. It would have been wiser, had we gone to the desert on the edge of the city, where we could have built a tent house, following the example of a neighbor, and lived happily. Our friends spent several winters under their canvas roof.

Nearly all invalids find the Arizona summers debilitating in spite of the local tradition that the heat is the great specific for recovery. The residents make summer journeys to the coast, to the Grand Canyon, to Flag Staff, in the pine belt of northern Arizona, or to the old home in the East. We took our summer outing at La Jolla, Cal., by the sea, using a

tiny furnished house there, enjoying the sea but glad to return to the dry air of the desert.

We chose Tucson in preference to Phoenix because its climate is little influenced by irrigation. It is also more favorable to health on account of its altitude—2,675 feet above sea level—twice the altitude of Phoenix. Tucson is an old adobe town, compactly built, dusty and ill smelling. This unsanitary condition decided us to go out to the mesa between the city and the Territorial University, where we built for $150, on leased ground, a two roomed cottage twelve feet by twenty-six, calling it "The Ark." We paid $4 per month for water and ground rent, but as we sold the house after two winter's use for two-thirds of its cost, our rent was nominal. Our home was nothing more than a wooden tent, but the redwood walls lent themselves to decoration, and the sliding cottage windows — which the carpenter thought were fit only for a wood shed— were, with a long shelf above, our especial delight. Cots, piled with pillows, masqueraded as couches, and floor borders painted and waxed, with denim centerpiece, suited this dusty country.

In the south-west, where there is no cheap servant class, light housekeeping is common. With fuel expensive, and heat in the house oppressive, the baker's cart with its supplies of brown and white bread, baked beans, hominy and pastry, is a feature of daily life. The "delicatessen" stores also offer a bewildering array of appetizing dainties. Such other foods as the invalid needs—milk, cream, eggs and steak—involve but little labor in preparation. In a climate where chrysanthemums linger until violets bud, green vegetables are marketed by the Chinamen all winter. The shrill call "Vegetably!" is the first salute of the early morning. The matchless beauty of an Arizona morning alone can compensate for that lost half hour of sleep. Green peas, asparagus and strawberries appear in the early spring and continue in perfection for months. Everything is brought to the door. The butcher boy, the order boy from the grocery, and the milk man, all follow in turn. It is a novel experience to barter with the Mexican for "lani" (wood), as they go by with creaking carts laden with the mesquite; or one may buy for fifty cents a load already cut and split, and strapped to the back of a burro. A procession of these patient creatures passes into town each evening from across the desert.

TENT HOUSE OF PHOENIX NEIGHBORS

ON THE BEACH AT LA JOLLA, CAL.

The changing temperatures of day and night are a constant surprise to a newcomer. In winter, after an almost tropical day, the night seems suddenly and bitterly cold, but the morning dawns in dazzling light, and by nine o'clock fires die out, windows and doors are flung

wide open, and until sundown the sun warms the house.

No where have we lost caste by our simple way of living. Westerners are big hearted. They have not forgotten their own pioneer days, and sympathy is

THE ARK, TUCSON, ARIZONA

Photograph by Jessie A. Pratt

strong. Health for some member of the family has been the underlying motive that has brought to these desert cities nearly all of their educated white population. There is something about the wideness of the desert outlook of which the very spirit of a man partakes. There is a calmness about a well ordered life under these smiling skies that one thinks will remain his should he ever return to the turmoil of a busy life. And if there were not promise of many days, it would be sweet to have learned how satisfying are the simple, elemental things of life. But whether one does or does not turn philosopher as he dreams in the sunshine under these skies, he may have the keen pleasure of fitting his old hobbies to a new country. Let him be a botanist, a bird student, a camera fiend, a collector, a student of Spanish or a story writer, and no briefest outing will be commonplace.

Encouraged by our house building venture, several invalids bought lots in our neighborhood, building little cottages in the rear; and afterward, health improving, erected each a pretty modern house in front. Indeed, Tucson is rapidly becoming a modern city, and the mesa across which we looked unhindered toward the mountains, is already dotted with pretty homes.

We remained in our little cabin that first year until July 15th. This was a month too long. The thermometer in our coolest room registered 113 degrees day after day. The dryness of the air, however, relieved the oppressive effect of the heat, since it caused rapid evaporation. Water can be kept refreshingly cold in the hottest weather in the porous water jars which the Mexicans use. We preferred, as more sanitary, a water pitcher with a wet cloth pinned about it and set in our open air cupboard. Weary of heat, we made up a camp outfit—tent, cots, folding table, camp chairs and bedding—and went by stage to Oracle, forty-five miles north, a village in the foothills of the Santa Catalina mountains, whose beauty, seen from our cabin home on the mesa, had always allured us. There, at an altitude of 4,500 feet, we found a temperature at least ten degrees cooler than that we had left, and in the shade

found comfort. Such shade! Great live oaks, tiny leaved, wide spreading, gnarled; alive with birds, where the desert was silent; green when all else was brown; good to dream under and to look upon. Walks into the hilly pastures revealed in wide outlooks a country of great diversity and beauty. It was a relief here to drop all cares of housekeeping and take our meals at a hotel near by. We had, however, our own tent home under the live oaks in a secluded little valley. At night we slept on cots outside our tent door under the stars and awoke with the birds to watch the changing lights and shadows. Corot never painted a more beautiful scene. We did not escape harmless encounters with other summer residents. Two tarantulas, a centipede, and a black diamond rattler became the prize trophies of the collector.

We remained at Oracle until October, returning then to spend a second winter in Tucson. Personal reasons now decided us to go north for the summer to visit and perhaps find a permanent home in Idaho. The national weather bureau reports for Boise an annual rain fall of about sixteen inches—hardly more than Tucson receives. Indeed, the country about Boise, with its long lines of cottonwoods following the canals, its orchards, its cattle knee deep in alfalfa, reminded us always of Phoenix. We profited by our experience and left the irrigated land, and sought the "desert primeval," taking with us our old tent and followed by our faithful collie Roy. We found, twenty miles north of Boise, a beautiful valley ranch, watered by a trout stream and lovely as an emerald in the golden hills. There, at an altitude of 3,500 feet, we spent three happy months. Our breakfast was cooked on a sheet iron camp stove, set up outside of the tent. Our other meals were taken at the ranch house, where we met harvesters, miners

CAMP CONTENT, GARNET, IDAHO Photograph by Jessie A. Pratt

and cattle men—transient guests, whose talk helped much to an understanding of the new West. We feasted on brook trout the first month and on sweet corn the next; tomatoes in perfection followed, and apples, for which Idaho is becoming famous.

We found the summer here even drier than in Arizona, no rain falling for three months. The heat was intense for several hours at midday, but the nights were refreshing. As there is some dew on account of local irrigation, we slept within the tent, but with door and window open; conditions were almost perfect for health.

What could Idaho give us for a winter climate? Again we studied weather bureau reports, consulted with old timers, and at last decided to try Garnet, a little hamlet tucked deep down between the bluffs of the Snake river. Protected thus from the cold winds, it has a climate of its own. Our journey was by rail to Mountain Home, and thence twenty miles by stage across the sage brush desert. At Garnet we fully realized our dream of a tent house. Hitherto our twelve by fourteen tent had been stretched on the ground and was inconveniently low at the sides. We made a strong frame work of pine to hold the tent in shape and put down a jointed floor, and lifted the tent above wooden wainscoting; while a cottage window and a canvas covered screen door gave additional light and air. We lightened our work here by preparing only two meals at home, and taking dinner at a ranch house near us.

We have given the tent house a thorough trial, for, as this is written, winter is already past. Last year it was not colder here than thirteen degrees above zero; this winter the mercury dropped twice to five degrees below zero. It would not be fair to say that we were comfortable, but by keeping a jolly fire going we came through the severe weather without harm. The winter for the most

CARTWRIGHT'S RANCH, NEAR BOISE, IDAHO Photograph by Jessie A. Pratt

part was mild and bright, and short, for peaches blossomed in March. In rainy days our tent roof is damp. This could have been avoided by adjusting the fly on a separate ridge pole and allowing it to extend beyond the eaves of the tent.

The scenery here is weird and strange, with a sort of rugged beauty. The deep green river rushes with swift current between the steep black lava bluffs. Here and there a stretch of fertile land widens the valley, watered by living springs. This, too, is a desert country, with rainfall so slight that crops will not mature without irrigation. Here, as in Arizona, the lizard, the horned toad and the sage brush are at home. The boys trap wild cats on the hillside near us, and the coyote's wild cry is often echoed from the opposite cliffs. It is lonely indeed; but we get the restfulness of the sunny days and the long quiet nights; and we find our pleasure in the closer intimacy of home life, in letters to and from our friends, in our books, and in the papers that the tri-weekly mail brings us from the busy world without.

All the while we realize that the days we are spending here look forward to our resuming life at home. The gain in health has been steady, notwithstanding the exposure and changes incident to our tent life, so that we are ready to accept as true the statement now often made, that climate is not so much the specific for lung trouble as fresh air; and if it is our fortune to return to Minnesota, it will be to continue, so far as each season permits, the habit of outdoor life.

Jessie A. Pratt

GARNET, Idaho

John H. Kirby of Texas

JOHN H. KIRBY of Houston, a native of Woodville, has come to be in many respects the most considerable figure of that extraordinary society holding the boards of Texas today. He is probably the greatest lumberman in the world, for

MARCELLUS E. FOSTER, EDITOR IN CHIEF OF THE HOUSTON CHRONICLE

Mr. Foster was managing editor of the Houston Post, and the youngest man holding such a position in the United States when, a little over a year ago, the Chronicle Company was organized. He was elected its president and editor in chief, and has made the Chronicle one of the best evening papers in America. He is an ally of Mr. Kirby in the development of Texas, and is, moreover, a good example of the sort of young men produced by the new order in that state.

the mills owned outright by the Kirby Lumber Company, of which he is the head, have an annual capacity of 350,000,000 feet of lumber. To employ the graphic expedient of the illustrative statistician, this product of the Kirby Mills is sufficient, if occasion arises, to girdle Earth at the equator with a sidewalk one inch thick and two feet eight inches wide. His career has been dazzling; his

position, the pioneer of vast financial operations in Texas, attained against difficulties less than two years ago pronounced insurmountable, eminently difficult; and that he should maintain it against the attacks of an opposition jealous, suspicious and ulterior, a very miracle of alertness and dexterity. He has brought into the state of Texas forty millions of dollars from the Lombardian coffers of the East. His plans, simple and unequivocal in proportion to their grandeur, are as colossal, impressive and substantial as the pyramids: a thirty million dollar corporation, the Houston Oil Company, purchases a million acres of land underlaid with oil sands and covered with splendid yellow pine forests; a ten million dollar corporation, the Kirby Lumber Company, purchases, in perpetuity, the timber rights to these million acres. Over these vast areas, the systems of modern forestry are enforced; the scientific preserver of forests goes hand in hand with the wood chopper; the forest becomes a garden of huge vegetables yielding its Titan crops at regular intervals. I am convinced that upon the thoughtfully planned and carefully executed projects of John H. Kirby will hinge that modification of effete and sentimental statutes so essential to the unhampered progress of the new Texas. I have the privilege of knowing him somewhat more than casually. He has the face, manner, bearing, figure, of the man who thinks rapidly, accurately, and executes vigorously — at once the designer and the craftsman. Tall and somewhat athletically built, he gives the impression of a high degree of muscular and nervous force, under ready control. His face is round, ingenuous, almost boyish, his features oddly regular and pleasing, his eye, blue bright, and sanguine, with sparks both of fun and sagacity. His voice, defective at times through a nasal tendency easily correctible, has the soft, foggy quality which I have found inseparable from men who readily inspire confidence. His smile is ready, sympathetic, engaging; his manner and movements in business, brisk and determinate, in repose languid and indolent; his vices, rather poor cigars—of which, with mistaken generosity, he keeps an open box upon his desk—and stories of a reminiscent or illustrative nature utilized with astonishing dexterity to gain time for thought or side track an issue. To go below these superficies, is to come upon qualities which explain the man's extraordinary success; sincerity, sound judgment, constancy of purpose; above all a whole hearted honesty, irradiated in all the genial warmth, attention and self effacement of the gentleman. He has a pleasing *naivete* of manner, an informality of bearing, which is completely disarming. Few men are on terms of ceremony of artificiality with him after a single interview. It is a quality of many men of unusual force, this contempt of form. Kirby's offices in Houston are as busy and methodical as a hive but as breezy and unconventional as a prairie "round up." After listening intently (a faculty which he possesses to an unusual degree) and analyzing rapidly, consisely, exhaustively, some unusually complex details, he said to me, laughing: "Glad you've got along so far, old man. That's the kernel. Aldridge will give you the list of plants and equipments"; and just so unconventionally was concluded an important deal to which both sides had been giving months of attention. And then he reached over to an appalling monument of papers and handed me a long typewritten sheet of figures and tabulations, while he sat back and ground off the end of one of his deadly cigars. "My first statement," he said, and there was the exuberant enthusiasm of a school boy in the tone of his voice and lighting of his face. "Rather good for three months, don't you think, considering,

JOHN H. KIRBY OF HOUSTON, TEXAS

too, the extraordinary expenses incident to organization and the establishment of system?" and he gave me the percentage.

Make mine enemies welcome for they are the couriers of success, is something of the philosophy of this hardy and efficient Texan. He has enjoyed no immunity from the covert attacks of the envious and the splenetic, the stinking army of disparagers, backbiters and knockers whose pestilent effluvia gives notice that a man is going up the hill. But, in this happy old world, there is commonly a friend for every foe, howbeit they are not always so obvious; and, at the moment when things were blackest, when the courts were filled with cunningly devised attacks upon the great institution Kirby's genius and devotion had founded, when every manner of diabolical contrivance was brought to bear which spite, envy and petty prejudice could devise, at that moment, the hefty men from every point and corner of the Lone Star came trooping down to Houston, and they gave Kirby a rousing banquet which everybody in the state who amounted to anything attended, and they whooped and cheered and toasted till there was no mistake about what they meant. That rugged old square tower, Colonel R. M. Johnston of the Houston Post, champion of Texas, Texans and Texas progress, was the life and mover of this banquet, and its spirit went out in no uncertain terms, the hearty, unanimous, rough and-ready Western cheer-word, with just the suspicion of a danger ring in it, "Go it, old man. We're with you!" After that they quieted down. *Henry Rightor*

NEW ORLEANS

General Edward S. Bragg, a Fighting American

IN appointing Gen. Edward Stuyvesant Bragg, the leader of the famous "Iron Brigade" of the Army of the Potomac, to be the first consul general of the United States to the new republic of Cuba, President Roosevelt has selected a man whose character and picturesqueness are not altogether unlike his own.

Whether as soldier or civilian, General Bragg's public record is one to command respect and inspire pride. His old army comrades are devoted to him and no appointment could have been made from Wisconsin that would have given more satisfaction.

General Bragg's military career began with his commission as captain of Company E, Sixth Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, May 5, 1861. He served until October 8, 1865, when he was mustered out as a brigadier general, having participated in all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, except those of the Peninsula, Gettysburg and Five Forks. The brigade that he commanded suffered the greatest losses known to the statistics of war. The disaster to the Light Brigade at Balaklava was small in comparison.

In civil life General Bragg first attracted national attention when, as a Democratic member of the House of Representatives, in 1878, with Samuel J. Randall in the speaker's chair, he attacked, in a way that would have been ineffective from a Republican, the then numerous rebel war claims. His speech ended the efforts to recover for such losses. He served three terms in Congress, from 1877 to 1883. He was a delegate to the Charleston convention in 1860, as a Douglas Democrat. In 1868 he was a delegate to the Soldiers' and Sailors' convention that nominated Horatio Seymour for the presidency. In 1884, as chairman of the Wisconsin delegation to the convention that nominated Grover Cleveland to the presidency, he was the author of that famous phrase: "We love him for the enemies he has made." In the fall of 1885 President Cleveland appointed General Bragg

minister to Mexico, and he represented this country there for four years with dignity and acceptability. In 1896, as one of the delegates at large from Wisconsin to the Demoratic national convention, and again chairman of the delegation, he opposed Bryanism sturdily, supported by eighteen of the

GENERAL EDWARD S. BRAGG, UNITED STATES CONSUL GENERAL AT HAVANA

twenty-four delegates representing the state. Later he was one of the twenty-three men who met in Chicago, July 2, and took the preliminary steps that resulted in the Indianapolis Gold Democraic Convention, to which Mr. McKinley owed his election. General Bragg was a candidate for the presidential nomination before that convention but local conditions in Illinois, gave the nomination to General John M. Palmer, of that state. General Bragg took the stump in Wisconsin and that state gave McKinley more than 102,000 plurality, the largest, in proportion to total vote cast, given in any state west of the Hudson river. In 1900 he supported McKinley, as a Democrat who would not consent to the defilement of Democracy with Populistic doctrines.

General Bragg is a native of Unadilla, Otsego County, New York, educated at Hobart College, and a lawyer by profession. He settled in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, in 1850, two years after the state was admitted, and has always, since, been a prominent figure. He passed his seventy-third birthday Feb. 23 last, and has been almost constantly in attendance at court, as an active practitioner, since that day. General Bragg's wife, who is a Southern woman, was Miss Cordelia Coleman, when they were married, January 2, 1855. They have had four children born to them, a son and three daughters. Two of the daughters are living. One is the wife of an officer in the navy, the other, whose handsome home is on New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., is the wife of Major Scriven of the United States Signal Corps, who commanded the signal corps that kept open the only line of communication between Tien Tsin and the front, during the advance on Pekin.

MILWAUKEE, WIS. *Ellis B. Usher*

For My Soul's Feast and Sacrament

AGAINST the darkness of my room
I saw thy face appear and bloom,
A granted vision of delight
Unto the night.
Thine eyelids full and fervent, white
As bride-rose petal, drooping, swept
A silken fringe of lashes, dark
As shadows cast upon the snow
Upon the marvel of thy cheek
Where bloomed no rose their shade below.
But as the glimpse of some deep pool,
Rock-bound and clear, that shineth cool
From out its shade-environment,
The wonder of thy shining eyes
Gave gleam and glow of love's replies
To one who should with passion seek.
As honeyed sweetness often slips
From heart of rose but newly born
And opened with the blush of morn,
Thro' carven chalice of thy lips
Thy breath stirred with its faint perfume
My chamber's gloom.
The parted streams of thy soft hair
Embraced thy brows so maiden-fair,
Caressed thy cheeks and downward crept,
A shadow trail enspun with gold,
And clung and curled about thy feet
In dusky fold.
Unto the sounds of night afar,
Past guarded door and window-bar,
My heart kept time with fervent beat
And all my soul cried "Hark! Oh hark!"
Unto the angel vision sent
For my soul's feast and sacrament.

Julia Neely Finch

Note and Comment

By FRANK PUTNAM

POOR LITTLE MARY MAC LANE

FROM Butte, which is commonly mute,
Comes a cry of ecstatical pain;
From Butte—God preserve us!—from Butte,
Given over to guzzling and gain.
Like the sobbing night winds that dispute
In a minor that saddens the rain;—
Like a heart-break blown into a flute,
Is the story of Mary MacLane.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Born to be loved and slain;—
Poor little Mary,—out of the dark,
And into the dark again.

She loves and repels—tis' her sex;
She desires, and fears her desire;
Like a nymph she coquettishly flecks
Her eyeballs with amorous fire;
She calls on the Devil to fly
To her succor, but calls him in vain:—
He is busy with those who defy
His wishes.—*Poor* Mary MacLane!

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
(Give her your love, not blame)
Poor little Mary, pawn of the Fates
In a truly mysterious game.

From Boston, the prude by the sea,
To Butte, is a million of miles,
In the matter of rye vs. tea
And the standards of ethical styles;
But the prude by the Puritan sea,
In spite of her centuried skein,
Has woven no music for me
Like the sorrow of Mary MacLane

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Beating against your bars,—
You should have been born in the earth's grey morn,
When Venus was conquering Mars.

But now, O ye Gods! and in Butte!
Was ever such vile trick played
On a spirit lit with a Sapphic fire
And housed in a winsome maid?
'Tis a tale for the after years,
To be read with a tender sigh
By maids who scan through a mist of tears
The same old baffling sky.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Born to be loved and slain;—
Poor little Mary,— out of the dark,
And into the dark again.

—

THE AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF MARY MAC LANE"

Miss MacLane's book has evoked opinions that differ. It reminds the romantic Martin Murray of the "sad bad mad glad Villon". Mr. Arthor McIlroy, a stiff Scot, thinks the authoress "ought to be spanked." Yet another eminent authority believes "there is no Mary MacLane."

A valued friend of the National takes this magazine bitterly to task for "advocating the ship subsidy bill," and for opposing the adoption of the Nicaraguan canal route. Not guilty. Mr. Chapple believes in the propriety of ship subsidies. But he has not advocated them in the National. The pages of this magazine have been, are, and will be open to the foes as well as to the friends of this and every other measure of large national importance, provided that they say something new and say it briefly. The National does not father — often does not share the views of its several contributors (including this present writer). It does agree with its contributors who oppose the adoption of the Nicaraguan canal route. It believes the shortest, cheapest, safest, and in every way best possible route for a trans-isthmian canal is the San Blas-Darien route, described in the May number of this magazine. It believes the country could better afford to wait twenty-five years for a canal, rather than put the people's money into the long, crooked, costly, earthquake-menaced, lock-ridden Nicaraguan route, which by its excessive tolls would be impassable to sailing ships, and so to the great bulk of sea-going freight. *For this reason*, the advocates of the Nicaraguan route are urging just exactly what the trans-continental railroads most desire.

—

Writing in the May number, in a spirit of whimsicalty, I ventured the assertion —absurd on its face—that the greatest four living Americans are John Pierpont Morgan, Mark Hanna, Theodore Roosevelt and Andrew Carnegie. To my surprise, a good many people took the joke seriously. Our really great men are Mark Twain, Thomas A. Edison, George Frisbie Hoar and John Smith. The many-sided author and humanitarian, the inventor, the last of our great states-

EASTERN ENTRANCE TO THE BERKSHIRE HILLS, RUSSELL, MASS., ON THE BOSTON & ALBANY RAILWAY

men now in public life, and the typical toiler. And I believe that John Smith, who feeds all the rest, is the biggest man of the lot.

IN THE HEART OF THE BERKSHIRE HILLS, CHESTER, MASS., ON THE BOSTON & ALBANY RAILWAY

—

If you have not read Twain's "Defense of General Funston," in the May North American Review, you have a new sensation coming.

—

Poultney Bigelow, whose article on "Bermuda and the Boers," in the June National, has been widely copied, is expected to contribute to the August National a sketch of the coronation of King Edward. We hope to have, in later numbers, studies by Mr. Bigelow of the principal European cabinets, especially in their relation to the United States.

—

Judge Christian Kohlsaat, of the United States court at Chicago, has decided that the drama "Cyrano de Beragerac" cannot hereafter be presented in the United States except by arrangement with Samuel Eberly Gross of Chicago. The decision was given in an action brought by Mr. Gross against Richard Mansfield and A. M. Palmer, actor and manager, who presented the play in this country, and who voluntarily paid royalties thereon to Edmond Rostand of Paris, France, the author of the play. How, it may be asked, does it happen that Mr. Gross, a Chicago real estate merchant—and a millionaire of course—is judicially given control of this great drama which the world has understood was written by Edmond Rostand? Here's mystery!

—

Many years ago—say fifteen or twenty, since we don't remember the exact number—Mr. Gross was a youth with ambition to become a dramatic poet. He had his hour of inspiration; its fruit was a play entitled, "The Merchant Prince of Cornville." Poetry robs the purse to pay the spirit. Mr. Gross hesitated—and a poet was lost to the world, in

order that we might have another millionaire. Perhaps he was in love, and needed money; maybe he wished to become an alderman, or mayor, or something else of that sort. We are permitted to speculate upon the subject, since he has become a figure of historic interest in literature. He caused his play to be given a single presentation in London, necessary to obtain a copyright on it there. He also had it copyrighted in this country. But managers did not besiege him; no one, indeed, asked leave to stage his play. So, with what sinking of the heart only a poet can say, our author laid his piece away, and turned to trade.

—

Years passed. The young dramatic poet occupied a large suite of offices in the Masonic Temple, in Chicago. Sundry and divers suburban towns and subdivisions of that city bore his name in varying modifications, as Gross Park, Grossdale, Gross Point, and the like of that. He wore iron gray whiskers trimmed to a point. His home was a palace, his carriage—but why enumerate? He was a Pillar of Society. At peace with the world, I dare say, except it might be in certain moments, late at night, in his library, when he possibly wondered if he had done well to sacrifice his dream for this material splendor. Came then, one day, tidings of a wonderful new play, by a Frenchman, Rostand. The play was "Cyrano." Critics declared it a masterpiece; they said its author had revived the best traditions of the stage: Hugo had a successor. Presently Mansfield staged "Cyrano." Chicago's fashionable world went to admire it. In one of the boxes, it is to be supposed, sat Mr. and Mrs. Gross. Nothing more natural, for the first night of a great new play. As he looked and listened, let us imagine, Mr. Gross' wonder grew.

"Why," I hear him say in accents shortened by amazement, "that's *my* play!"

And his wife saying:

"Do you really believe it is?"

And Mr. Gross replying:

OLD COLONIAL BY-PATH, PALMER, MASS., ON THE BOSTON & ALBANY RAILWAY

"I'm sure of it!"

"And Rostand has stolen your drama?"

"Exactly."

"Then claim your own, if it takes every dollar we have!"

Any man on earth would fight for his rights with backing like that. Wasn't it magnificent? Did you ever hear of anything like it?

—

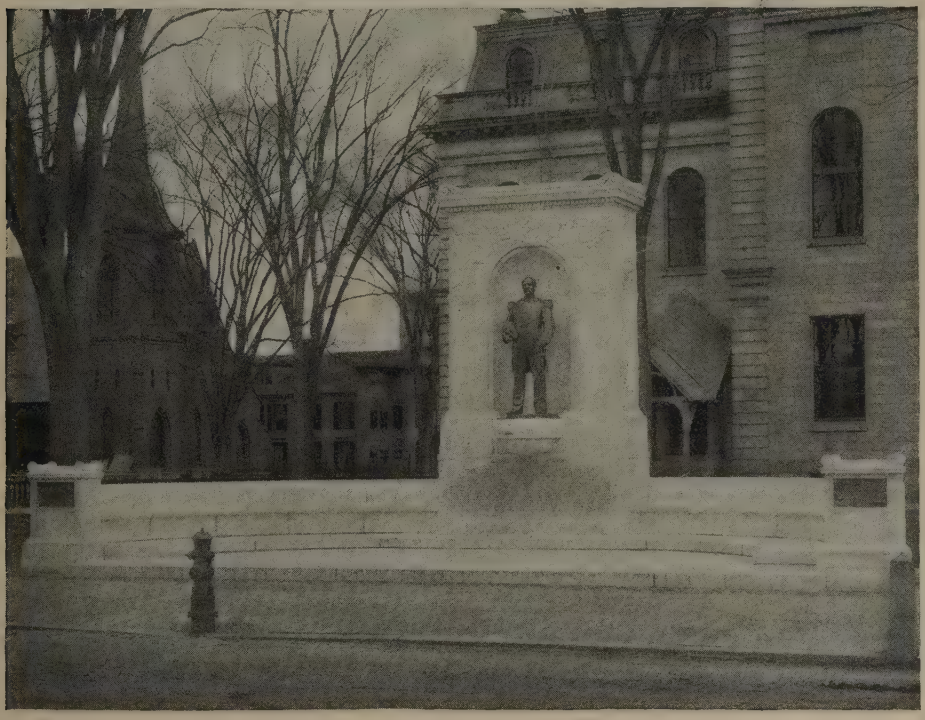
Then Mr. Gross began his campaign by doing three or four foolish things, and a wise thing. First, he employed local critics to read both plays and to give him their opinion on the probability that "Cyrano" had been plagiarized from "The Merchant Prince." And of course the critics all laughed at the millionaire's pretensions—and took his fee. How *could* anything good in letters come out of Chicago? The thing was absurd.

—

Mr. Gross had not aimed high enough: what he needed was the aid of a scholar who should possess the soul of a poet and the pertinacity of a fighting lawyer. This man he found in the person of John McGovern. McGovern gave three years to the work. He kept agents busy in London, Paris, New York. But chiefly he relied on his own powers to detect the theft. Unmoved, as Mr. Gross was unmoved, by ridicule or opposition, Mr. McGovern slowly but certainly traversed the whole of the disputed field. He proved that Rostand *did* possess a copy of Gross' play, and he proved that Rostand *did* steal, not one nor a dozen but

MONUMENT RECENTLY ERECTED IN MEMORY OF COMMODORE GEORGE HAMILTON PERKINS, U. S. N., AT CONCORD, N. H.

Commodore Perkins was a brave and brilliant officer of the United States navy during the Civil war; he performed especially meritorious services at the capture of New Orleans and the battle of Mobile Bay. The monument is the gift of his daughter to his native town.



hundreds of ideas, lines, scenes — in short, that it was not a case of unconscious assimilation, nor of adaptation with absent-minded failure to give due credit, but a plain and simple case of grand larceny. Writing from his home, 416 South Wood street, Chicago, May 28, Mr. McGovern says: "You may say that you were the very first scholar to give me hope that I was right when, in 1899, I began the dim search after Rostand. You recollect I was then gathering the *atmosphere* of *the dawn* in both

Whetstone.

There you go again, trying to throw star-dust in your benefactor's eyes. Oh, why did I make you editor of my Cornville Eagle?

Bluegrass.

Because your Eagle was asleep, and I was the only one who could wake him up and make him soar into a higher circulation. He looked like a whipped buzzard that had dulled his talons upon old newspapers; but I put new life into him; and now that I have made you the proprietor *of a newspaper* which is a

THE SORT OF THING THAT CHINA IS DOING AWAY WITH

A recent imperial edict recognizes the evil of foot binding, long practiced by Chinese women, especially those of the wealthier classes, and urges that the custom be abandoned. The dwarfing effect of these foot bindings is shown by the contrast between the Chinese footwear and the leather shoe worn by an American woman—and it was an unusually small shoe, by the way. Not a few of the wealthy Chinese women in the coast cities, having abandoned foot bindings, are taking up the corset. Thus does the glorious work of civilization make headway in the far East.

dramas. At last, of course, I harvested 1,200 literal parallels, but it was not easy sledding at the start. I clearly recall my joy that your artistic sense as well as mine caught the essential presence in Rostand of the opening poem of Gross. They may say Gross could not write, but if you will show me a more glorious boast in our language than the one I mark here, I'd like to see it."

The boast of which Mr. McGovern speaks is italicised in this following excerpt from "The Merchant Prince:"

household word, *and which will be in every scholar's library at the close of human learning*, you scoff at me. Such is glory in a commercial age! Columbus may discover, but the merchant Americus gives his name to two continents.

—

The court's decision satisfies Mr. Gross. Having spent $30,000 in defence of his rights, he accepts a verdict for $1 and costs. He wanted vindication. He has it. It is incredible that he will exercise his legal right to interfere to prevent the presentation of "Cyrano" in

MISS LOTTIE LINTHICUM, LEADING WOMAN OF THE BALDWIN STOCK COMPANY, NEW ORLEANS

America. He may fairly demand however, that when it is again so presented the play bills shall bear this additional title line:

Adapted from "The Merchant Prince of Cornville," by Samuel Eberly Gross.

—

Meantime, if Mr. Gross desires to force Rostand to pay for what he stole, he must sue the Frenchman in Paris. He will hardly do this. It is unnecessary. He has obtained what he wanted.

—

It is a duplication of the case of Shakespeare and the elder dramatists from whom he filched plots and situations. Some scholars of this day prefer the original plays above Shakespeare's. So it will be in this instance. As for me, I am glad Rostand stole the Gross play and transmuted it. He gave me three golden hours. Henry Lee was the interpreter. Henry Lee, an infinitely greater than Mansfield in "Cyrano."

MISS ANNE HOBSON, OF ALABAMA

Miss Hobson is a sister of Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, and a very charming and gifted woman. A favorite in the best Southern society, as well as in the social world of Washington and New York city. She is a musician and the author of several entertaining sketches published in the magazines. On the occasion of the latest annual reunion of Confederate veterans Miss Hobson was sponsor for the Alabama division.

A PRETTY LITTLE SOUTHERNER, A DAUGHTER OF SAVANNAH, GA.

—

My friend Leveque of New Orleans contributes this passing estimate of a singularly gifted actress, whose portrait adorns the cover of the July National:

"Miss Lotta Linthicum is a pronounced favorite in New Orleans. She has been playing the leading woman parts in Baldwin's stock company in New Orleans during the season of 1901-02 now drawing to a close. The organization, presenting a range of plays from 'As You Like It' and 'Romeo and Juliet' to 'Ten Nights in a Barroom' and 'The Sea of Ice,' enjoys a vast and democratic clientelle, recalling the old days of stock in the famous and ancient queen city of the southland. Miss Linthicum has the quaint distinction of being uniformly even in all the

multitude of varying roles she has presented. She was a surprisingly good Juliet, human and sweet and lovable, and as dainty and picturesque and plausible a Rosalind as one might desire to see. From these lofty idealities she glides with surprising ease to the veriest trash of lurid and impossible melodrama. She is in short an eminently efficient leading woman. Her popularity is pronounced and absolutely deserved."

—

When the Pope was informed of the conclusion of the Anglo-Boer war, he said: "I hope to close my eyes on world-wide peace."

—

Paul Kruger said: "My God! It can't be possible!"

—

King Edward said—but no one appears to remember what he said. What he probably thought was: "Now let the coronation proceed."

—

What Kitchener said was, as usual, not for publication.

—

Buller muttered something under his breath.

—

The lion certainly did eat the ground hog. But his whiskers are full of bristles.

—

Now let us have peace in the Philippines.

—

When the United States government shall buy the coal fields of America, and operate them in the name of all the people, there will be no more strikes. Miners will be paid living wages for fair hours of work. Coal consumers will escape the regular annual gouge. Boys who now are forced into the mines before either body or mind is fit for the task, to eke out with their pitiful wages the meager earnings of their fathers, will then be kept in school to learn the lessons of useful citizenship.

Thanks to John Marshall, the father of the American Constitution, and by the same token the father of American Socialism, as Mr. George Wilson of

GOVERNOR DURBIN OF INDIANA

A good business man, who announces that he means to have every dollar of his state's debt liquidated before his term of office closes. He is fond of a jest, a good story teller and a better listener, but strictly a business governor all the time.

Photograph by the C. & C. Co., Chicago

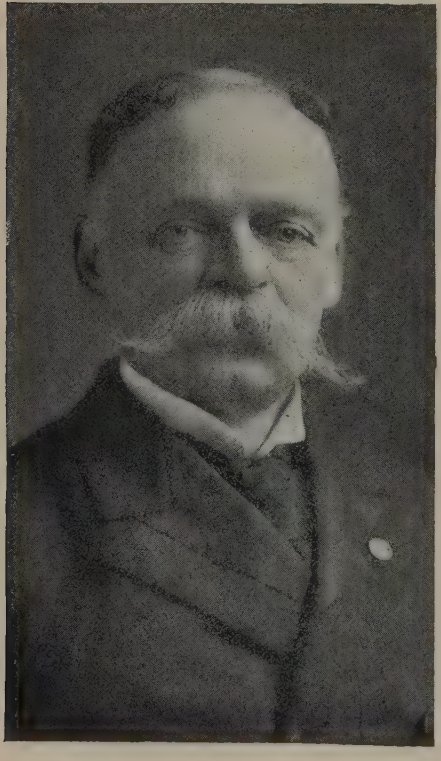
Lexington, Missouri, reminds me, the federal government has indisputable power to take over the mines. It has several thousand times the amount of wealth needed for the transaction. When will it acquire the common sense?

—

Once there was a very large fish in a pool. There were many very small fishes in the pool. One of the small fellows was strong and voracious. He siezed all the food he could get his jaws on, and drove weaker companions aside. Naturally he grew rapidly, outstripping his companions, who feared and hated him, but, did not know enough to unite and slay him. Finally he reached such proportions that he thought he could safely challenge the king of the pool.

J. EDWARD ADDICKS, A UNIQUE CITIZEN

Delaware is the only state in the Union that is not represented in the United States Senate. Mr. Addicks, Philadelphian born, resident in Wilmington, gas magnate and fighter, stands in the way. He cannot elect himself, but he can prevent the election of any other man—and does.



FLORENCE BROOKS WHITEHOUSE, AUTHOR OF "THE GOD OF THINGS"

Mrs. Whitehouse has written one of the really readable novels of the season. The scene is in Egypt, in the shadow of the pyramids, but the people of the book are intensely modern. The story is dramatic, the action swift. The theme is love—and fate.

"When I get a little bit larger," he said, "I'll tackle you."

"But I think I won't let you get any larger," said the big fish.

"I'd like to know how you are going to stop me," said the bully. "You can't very well reverse natural law."

"I think I'll stop your growth by swallowing you," said the big fish. And he did — quite in conformity with natural law.

—

This story has no application to our trust problem. None whatever.

—

H. I. Cleveland contributes this paragraph on Marshall Field's latest business enterprise:

"Marshall Field has completed a second monument to his business name and honor in the magnificent retail establishment just opened at State and

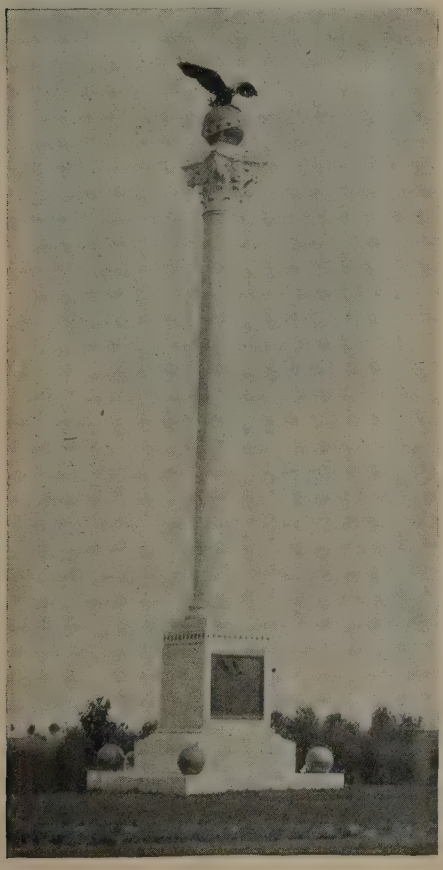
Randolph streets, Chicago. Mr. Field is not and never has been a notoriety seeker. He belongs to the old school of gentlemen, of which the late Potter Palmer was a shining example, and which Marvin Hughitt and L. Z. Leiter so ably represent—the school of doing and silence. But if Mr. Field is averse to publicity, his two buildings in Chicago —the new bank and office building Clark and Adams, and the new retail store, compel admiration every time the public eye is turned upon them. Their massiveness, the effective use of granite enclosure and light space, the absence of tawdry decoration, the overpowering simplicity of design, are refreshing to eyes made weary with the architectural freaks that disfigure not alone Chicago's

MARSHALL FIELD'S NEW STORE, STATE AND RANDOLPH STREETS, CHICAGO

but other cities' streets. Mr. Field's new dry goods establishment easily takes position as the first of its kind in the world. In New York, London, Paris, or elsewhere there is no such store either in its floor area, ground area or volume of business. Mr. Field has easily become the first merchant of the world. The prestige and good will passed to him and L. Z. Leiter in 1863 by Potter Palmer has enhanced a thousand fold. When in the middle days of the civil war failing health compelled Mr. Palmer temporarily to seek residence elsewhere, he was the foremost dry goods merchant in the West, the wealthiest man of Chicago, and the creator of the dry goods selling methods of today. He led the Claflins, the Bon Marche, and all the eastern establishments of those days in making innovations that are now customs. Marshall Field at that time was a young business man of energy and wit, but comparatively unknown. So was L. Z. Leiter. Mr. Palmer took both young men, gave them command of his capital, of his established business, and of his name and bade them succeed. He literally gave them an asset-account of incalculable value to beginners with-

PHILIPPINE WAR SHAFT AT ARLINGTON

This monument, forty feet high and one of the handsomest in the national cemetery at Washington, was unveiled May 21. The President made the address of dedication. Major General Brooks had charge of the ceremonies. The monument commemorates American soldiers who have fallen in the Philippines.



out capital and they in no wise betrayed his judgment or confidence in them. What Potter Palmer builded they carried on until Mr. Leiter retired from the mercantile world and left Mr. Field to complete the work. The hurrying throng of State street, the millions of the city, may not realize the fact, but it is true, that the new twelve-story emporium is not a mere milestone for Trade—it is a twentieth century shaft to three remarkable lives—Palmer, Leiter, Field—not the least of which is Mr. Field's."

—

Mr. Cleveland adds:

"The death of Potter Palmer, by the way, leaves in the hands of his widow, Bertha Honore Palmer, and her two sons, an estate conservatively valued at $20,000,000. The bulk of this is in improved real estate. Chicago as a corporation is not yet a century, old so that big family estates have hardly yet begun to play the part in the financial and social affairs of the city that they do in New York and Boston. The Pullman estate and that of the McCormicks are, of course, two notable Chicago properties that are rapidly increasing in value. Mrs. Potter Palmer is well qualified to take on the management of such an estate. The Palmer estate with the kind of management it will probably have should be worth $60,000,000 in twenty-five years from today.

"The property is located in regions where the next great advance in Chicago real estate will be most strongly felt. Potter Palmer stated a year ago that his income from his properties was $1,000 a day. This should double, even triple, in the next quarter of a century."

MRS. OSBORN DEIGNAN, *nee* HUNTOON

When Deignan, young and blushing with his new honors, came home to his native town for the first time, after the exploit at Santiago, the girls of the village saluted him a la Hobson. It is said Miss Huntoon won his heart there and then.

OSBORN DEIGNAN, WARRANT OFFICER, U. S. N.

Mr. Deignan, who was one of the little band of heroes that sank the Merrimac in Santiago harbor, has lately taken to wife a beautiful young daughter of Iowa, Miss Maud Huntoon.

?

Supposed Soliloquy of An Idealistic Baconian

on Seeing a Statue to Bacon as the Real Shakespeare

"The star of Shakespeare pales, but brighter far
Burns through the dusk he leaves an ampler star."

At last let fall the mask from Bacon's face,
Reveal the Soul which Shakespeare's name concealed!
To England's Morning Star his proper place
In Fame's vast sky the world at last must yield:
All hopes, all fears, all passions grand or ill
Great Bacon proved and pictured for all time;
Each mood and movement of the human will
His hand preserved in poetry sublime.
Hamlet and Juliet loved far less than He;
In this great soul the hate and grief of Lear
Were met and mastered; marble purity:—
Lucrece, Cordelia, Desdemona, here
Were born and nourished; then to us be shame
If we still keep from Bacon's name the fame.

Frederick S. Ryman

An Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatic Poet, W. Shakespeare

What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones,
The labor of an age in piléd stones?
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What needst thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a lifelong monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavoring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchered in such tomb dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

John Milton

How Maggie Got Her Dancing Shoes

By WILLARD DILLMAN

HUMBOLDT was not always the smart and bustling little town that it now appears. During the first few years of its existence it was, to use the words of the prophet Jeremiah, a desolation and an astonishment and a curse. But that was before the fertile hill country to the south and west had been settled with thrifty home seekers from the states further east, and while straggling herds of cattle roamed over wide areas of the flats that are now sown with wheat.

It was of this early period that McGinnis fell to relating. McGinnis was wheat buyer for the Wide Western Cereal Company. His days were passed amid the dust and smoke of his towering elevator, but many of his evenings were spent in the office of the Humboldt Mail.

It was after ten o'clock, and my work was as nearly completed as the work of a country editor ever is. With heavy eyes I added the closing sentence to a leader, and closed my desk with a bang, hoping that McGinnis would go. To my extreme discomfort, however, I saw that he sat in a fit of abstraction, and with a vacant stare kept tossing little chunks of my precious coal into the stove. I fidgeted about in an agony of torment, I made a great to-do of putting on my overshoes, I opened my desk and banged it shut again, but his reverie would not be broken.

"McGinnis!" I exclaimed at last, unable longer to endure his outrageous waste, "if that were your coal, you wouldn't be so deuced liberal with it."

"Hivens aloive, child!" he exclaimed, starting up, "I did not think pha I wor up to. I so there thinkin' av the early days, long before yiz iver strook the burg."

I removed my arctics and drew near the stove, for I recognized from former experience that it was hopeless to resist.

"An' loively days thim wor, I can tell ye, wid not a soul but the two av us in the town of Humboldt. Two av us there wor, sor, me an' Pete Schroeder, the station agint, an' both av us arroivin' here simultashus, wid our dispositions clane spoilt beforehand. For we'd both been rejuced from hoigher pesitions, an' we'd been sint here like Nepoleon on St. Helanyee to sarve out our pinalties. I had been buyin' in a good town siven stations down the line, but a thing got hould av me that's played hob wid so manny av me race, an' that's whiskey. So the comp'ny sint me to a town where they wor no saloons—ner, bedad, nothin' else. An' poor Schroeder—he was a Dootchman, as ye moight anticipate be the sound av his name—he'd been rejuced from the town av Tailholt fer favorin' a little indepindent flat house in the matter av impties. Railroads an' wheat comp'nies is screwed togither closter thin the Simace twins, ye must know that, bein' in the business av enlight'nin' the masses.

"So there we wor, stroikin' the town the same day from op'site ways, an' both unbeknownst te the ither. 'Phat fool av a Dootchman moight that be?' siz I te meself, as I sees him at the ither end av the daypo platform. 'Phat fool av an Irishman's that?' siz he—he tould me aftherwords—as he spied me at the ither ind av the platform.

"He was a tall, melancholious sort av

a chap, wid the complexion av a tallee candle. 'Phat's your name?' siz he in his hollow voist, and I tould him. 'An' yours?' siz I, an' he tould me. 'Phat in the name av hoigh hiven are ye doin' in this stinkin' rat hole?' siz he, and I expounded. 'An' moight I propeerly demand the same from you,' siz I, and he did so. An' thin we walked te the ind av the platform an' stood lookin' about the impty plains, wid here an' there a shanty er a dugout. Rank desolation it was, on ivery hand.

"'Well, Pete,' siz I, 'an' phat do yiz think av ut?' He took out his knife an' set down on the platform an' cut the day, the month an' the year deep inte the plank — I showed ye thim marks wance, it'll be twilve year come nix Siptimber—an' he siz, 'This day an' date we strook the town av Humboldt. Whin in the name av the good God will we iver git out av ut?'

"Well, on the first few months av our sojarrne, I do not need te dwell, as the preacher siz. I spadily recovered from me discomforture, an' got board wid a farmer half a moile from town. But poor Schroeder was not so aisily riconciled. Indade, he was loike Rachael the apostile, foriver wapin' an' lamintin', an' would not be comforted. An' phat made him the wrathiest was whin he seen me troyin' te have a good toime in the midst av me banishmint.

"'Whoy don't ye git out amongst 'em, Schroeder?' siz I. 'Sure there bees whoite folks livin' in these parts yit besoides us. Come wid me te the dance at Larsons's tonight,' siz I, an' I'll interjuce ye inte the chicest society av the plains.'

"'Oh phat do I care fer yer bloody haythen,' siz he, 'whin me hairt loys borried in the lovely town av Tailholt. In the lovely town of Tailholt where *she* is,' siz he. 'Phat do you know about society annyways, ye black scutt av the bogs?' siz he.

"'It's tin te wan I can hould up me hid in anny society yiz iver shoined in, ye keg av stale sauerkraut,' siz I, an' off goes I to the dance.

"Well, the nixt spring, three more inhabitants took up their risidence in the town av Humboldt, givin' us a total population av five. Two av thim noo citizens was Gust Peterson, the storekeeper, an' his wife, an' the ither was Maggie Conley, the school tacher. Not that the town av Humboldt yit boasted av an ediface wherein the arts av larnin' moight be promulgated. But a little white schoolhouse had been built clost to where this town was goin' te be, long before the town was drimpt av. An' so it was in this little buildin'—which certain also av our own poits has roightly tarmed the foortriss av our liberties—that Maggie spint her days; but mind ye, she boarded wid Peterson's family, which same lived in the upstairs over his store.

"Well, Maggie was Irish like meself, an' this moight in some missure account fer her diviltry. For Maggie was a little bewitchin', excroociatin' divil, if iver there was wan. Houly mother, I can see her now, wid thim big round eyes an' that puckered smoile. Tantalizin' the men was her chafe plissure, an' the little wizard knowed her onresistable charms, an' used um widout scroople.

"'The moon looks beautiful tonight, does ut not, Miss Conley?' siz I, blubberin' swain that I was.

"'Do you think you could climb up an' git ut for me, Mr. McGinnis?' siz she, wid that sarcastical, puckerin smoile av hers, an' I slunked away kickin' mesilf.

"But such remarks did not rejuce me desire to talk to her ivery chance I got, ner to thry if haply I moight go walkin' wid her, an' the loike. An' the quarest thing about that dyspeptical Schroeder was that the houly minute he sot eyes on Maggie Conley, he instantashusly forgot his gorl phat he'd lift behind in the

lovely town av Tailholt. An' though he thried hard enough to hide his infatooation from me, yit he kipt it ill consaled. An' so ye can aisily persave that wid me attachmint for her an opin sacrit, an' Schroeder wid his clandistine worship av her, a sort av a coolness soon growed up betune us. An' addin' the startling sarcumstance that we both slipt in the selfsame bed in the upstairs av the daypo, ye can aisily parsave the imbarrissmint av the sitooation.

"So wan night there was a dance at a farmer's house a few miles from town, an' I stud in two minds whether to ask for the tacher's company. An' whoile I sot on the daypo platform debatin' wid meself, I behilt her ridin' home from school on her boicycle. An' while she was makin' the grade av the railroad crossin' Schroeder up an' rushes down the track to intercipt her. Now, I knowed well enough phat he mint, wid his bloomin' impartininee, so I goes afther him, wid a shwifter ixcilleration av me ligs. You're coortin' danger whin you thry te soopersade an Irishman at his own game.

"Well, Maggie shtopped when she sane the brace av us comin' down the thrack, an' stud waitin' to resave us. I arrove a few paces behind Schroeder, an' I heerd him deliver his concludin' wards. He'd asked her to go te the dance.

"'An' cravin' yer condecinsion, I would implore that same aboundin' plissure, Miss Conley, siz I.

"'Whoy, here I am, besaged wid sooters,' siz she, an' such loikely gintlemin, too. But Mary in heaven,' siz she, thryin' te look disprit ill graved about somethin', 'how can I presint meself at a dance whin I haven't a dacint pair av shoes te me feet? Do you know av anny gintleman I moight send wid te the town av Cross Forks?' siz she.

"'I'll go a-parpose. Phat size?' siz I.

"'Let me go,' siz Schroeder. 'Phat size?'

"'Number three—or two and a half, maybees, if I wor there to thry thim on. I have ut!' siz she, slappin' the little hand bag she corried at her belt, 'I'll go wid the coortier which goes to Cross Forks and retorns forst wid a pair av ball shoes, number three.'

"I shot a look at Schroeder, an' I rid grim resolootion on the face av him. He made for the hand car, which stud about twinty rods down the thrack, the siction men cuttin' weed hard by. I made afther him. He give the car a bastely shove, jumped aboard, and bore hould av the handles. I made the lape by the skin av me tathe, and away we shpunned. Nivertheliss I shtole a look backwards, an' the two siction men shtarin' afther us wid amazemint wrote on their features.

"Well, we hove down the road toward Cross Forks at a treminjus spade. But amidst the mad play av the handles I did some hard thinkin' in me soul. 'This may do for the down thrip,' siz I to meself, but I'll nade to cast about me for some shwifter manes av locomotion on me retorn. For what will it profit me av I arroive back in Humboldt simultashus wid this mad crature?'

"Howiverbeit, we clanked over the switches av Cross Forks in an oncridible brafe time, havin' come fourteen mile. Thin the mad pair av us rushed up the strate inte a shoe store.

"'Give me a pair av number threes!' siz Schroeder.

"I'll take the same, an' the best yiz have in the house!' siz I te the ither clerk.

"Schroeder got his forst, howiver, an' he throws down his dirty silver on the counter an' shtroides out. 'Frind av yours?' siz the clerk, amazed like. 'Niver sane him before in me loife!' siz I, grabbin' me shoes an' hikin' afther him. But whin I come past the daypo I sane Schroeder wid his car way beyant the siction house, togither wid three thramps

phat he d picked up to ride wid him.

"'Oh, this bees indade the ayvil luck!' siz I, sore cast down at the sight. Shtill, bein' always possessed av a good wind, I shtarted afther um, hot fut. Howiver, I soon parsaved that I was losin' visibly on the knaves, and me hairt sunked inte me boots wid hoomiliation.

"Now, I shud ixpound te yiz—though well enough ye know ut yerself—that a foine wagon road runs parallil wid the thrack from here te Cross Forks. Well, down this road I looked in the momint av me dejection. An' phat shud I see comin' but a shtrange yout' on a tandim, the forst that iver I had sane. I immejitly shtroded down an' confronted him.

"'Be you the sheriff?' siz he, wid a woild look av befroight in his eye.

"'I may be,' siz I. 'Tell me, phat are ye doin' wid that shtrange two-sated monsther?'

"'I shtole ut,' siz the lad, an' I'm makin' wid all spade for the hills beyant Humboldt. But oh, it's the sweatin' job to prepil the thing alone, an' ye look loike ye wor in sore nade av haste. Can ye roide?'

"'I niver beshtrode the baste in me loife,' siz I.

"'An' yit ye look loike a man that wud take to ut aisy. Mount on behind, an' thry to kape balanced, an' I'll do the steerin'.'

"I was strook wid a grand impoolse to grab this lad be the nick an' lade him back te Cross Forks. But thin I had another impoolse that knocked this wan clane out av the ring. For I looked up the thrack, an' I sane the top av Schroeder's hat bobbin' up an' down behint a hill full two mile away.

"'Far be ut from Michael McGinnis, in gineral, to aid or abit a thafe,' siz I, 'but this case is trooly ixciptional. Stiddy, ye onaisy brute!' siz I, an' I swong inte the sate.

"First plunge, we rammed inte a teligram pole an' shtopped. Nixt we dived inte the dape ditch besoide the thrack, an' got bad shpilt. 'I hope there's nothin' hurted on the machine,' siz I, disintanglin' meself an' woipin' the sand out av me eyes. 'We'll see as we prosade,' siz the yout', draggin' the baste onct more onte the road. Nixt toime it was a dape rut I forced him inte wid me infarnal overbalancin', an' off we wint, my face plowin' square inte a hiil av red ants.

"'I'll shtick te ye this toime or die,' siz I, beshtroiden' the baste for the fourt' an' last toime. For I've larned since phat I did not comprehind thin in regards te the roidin' av boicycles, and that is, if ye can onct parsuade yirsilf that ye're the boss av the thing, an' kape up the dissimoolation, ye're ginerly all safe and sound. An' indade I was much amazed to see how aisy we could shpin along, loike burds av the hivens.

"'Can ye not use yer muscle?' siz the yout'. 'It's far too slow we're movin'.'

"Well, I could. For be this toime thim ants had got well down inside me short, an' wor busyin' thimselves wid borryin' inte the flesh av me, so they was by way av bein' a great stimoolation to me ligs. On we swipt, the tilegram poles shlippin' past in rich profoosion. Directly arroiven' on high land, we spied Schroeder and his bloody pirates not three mile ahid. The next sight we had av the foogatives we wor aisy widin a moile av thim. Thin at last, wid wan grand swoop, as I moight say, we hove down upon thim an' sailed past. Schroeder kitched wan sight av me, an' dropped the handle loike he'd sane his father's ghost.

"'Maggie Conley is mine for the nonce,' siz I, employin' classic language in the hoight av me joy. Thin me hairt sunked agin, for I heerd the whistle av a thrain behint us. I shtole a look te the rear, and behilt Schroeder an' his haythens tuggin' at the car, but they could not histe ut over the rails. 'Stiddy

behint there!' siz the yout', sthrugglin' wid the handle bars, or ye'll have us inte the ditch agin, and I saw the thrain — she was a freight — had shtopped widin an' ace av the car, which had got some ways hooked under the rails. Phat doos whoite livered station agints an' thramps know about the manipoolation av handcars, which from toime immemortal has been the spicial ward av siction men? Another look, an' the fireman was helpin' thim heave the car off the thrack.

"On we spid, howiver, an' nixt we heerd thim two short toots av the whistle which manes, 'All roight, go ahead!' Me cooriosity would not be abated till I shtole wan more look te the rear to see phat had become av me onlucky rival. Death av the saints! He was nowhere to be sane! Thin av the suddint a horrible rayalization av the trut' come over me sowl. They had took Schroeder aboard wid um! Oh whoy had I not thought av that dire possibility before? For av coorse the thrain men knowed Schroeder as well as I did, meetin' him constant at the daypo.

"Oh phat shall I do?' siz I, in me sore distriss. We wor now, be an approximated guess, wan moile an' a half from town, whoilst the thrain was scarce wan moile te the rear av us. 'Spade on, lad,' siz I to the thafe ahid av me, we've got to make Humboldt ahid av that thrain or I'm lost.

"'I'm willin',' siz the bhoy, 'and indade we'll thry, but dear uncle do yiz thry to stiddy yer infarnal vaccilatin'. Sure me arrums is clane give out wid thryin' to hould her upright,' siz he.

"The onwelcome prospict av defate, aided be the ontirin' industhry av thim ants inside me short, shpurred me on, an' I put fort' me most noble ifforts. Consequint, for the forst three-quarthers av a moile the thrain scarce gained upon us. But thin, houly mother! I commince te feel her creepin' onte us from behint. Crawlin' closter an' closter.

"Now you know as well as I do that a quarther av a moile east av here there bees a long an' froightful stape dissint, thin a narree bridge spannin' the shtrame an' thin a sharp turn te the roight. Well, as we arrove at the apix av this hill, an behilt the sharp down grade wid the crook av deshtruction at the fut av ut, the bhoy siz, 'Save us uncle! We'll sure have te walk a piece down here,' and he throyed te slacken up. 'We will not,' siz I. 'We'll prosade straight forward.' 'But look at the sharp bind beyant the bridge! Murther, it makes me dizzy!' schrames the yout.' We'll prosade sthraight forward,' I repeated, for I behilt, as ut wor, the black shmoke av the ingine thrailin' behind us. The yout' hild his breath hard, an' said no word, an' silent we dashed over the brink av the declavity.

"A woman lives on the idge av that hill, an' she often hauls me a load av wheat. Wan toime whin she had got unloaded she siz: 'Mr. McGinnis, was ut you or yer ghost that I behilt roide down that woild dissint beside me house onct?' 'It was no ither but mesilf, ma'am,' siz I. 'Mr. McGinnis,' she reployed solemn loike, 'I've lived in that gully twinty year, I've sane manny hundhers av vayhicles come down that hill, an' well have I observed their various modes av dissint, but niver before ner since have I behilt loive man attimpt the shootin' av ut wid a boicycle. Ye must be made av more thin flish an' bone.'

"But to prosade. As I hesitated, we dashed without a sound over the idge, like birds av the air. But whin we got fair shtarted down, wid the spade increasin' at a geomatical rusho, sure ut was thin I commince te feel the ripples av cowld fear crawl round me shtommick and up me back. 'Oh I wisht I had not done ut!' siz I, for indade it seemed the wheels scarce touched the ground, whoilst me ligs spunned round like toy windmills in a gale. Down an' down we whirruled

through space—oh hivens! I feel the martal fear av ut on me yit!—the wind whistlin' louder about me ears, the roar av the thrain resadin' away te the rear, an' the narree bridge liftin' itself shwiftly towards us. At last we shtrook ut, an' wid wan bound we wor acrost. I heerd the bhoy grind his tathe togither as we come te the sharp bind. But they say drunk men an' fools is presarved wid a spicial providince. Howiver we spunned round that square curve wid whole nicks I shall not attimpt to illocidate, but we did, as that same wumman will attist. Thin the ixtr'ordinary momintim av the baste corried us up the little hill this side the crick wid a single bound. As we bobbed above the idge, we sane the town av Humboldt a quarther av a moile away, wid a gintle adown-hill slope.

"'Make that town ahid av the thrain or I'll deliver yiz up te the sheriff!' siz I, te the sweatin' yout', an' we put in our best licks on the home stritch. 'You may shteer across the thrack and up to Peterson's shtore,' siz I. 'Sure we doorst not attimpt to cross the thrack ahid av the thrain,' siz the bhoy. 'Indade she bees now upon us.' 'We doorst that same,' siz I, and we made it not six fut ahid av the cowkitcher.

"We halted besoide the shtore, whilst the thrain slid past the daypo wid all brakes set. 'Now make for the hills,' siz I te the pantin' yout', 'an' may the Lord have mercy on yer sowl, for ye've been the good frind to me this day.' Thin up stairs I rushed, an' delivered me little darlints av shoes, which all this toime, I shud ixplain, I had wore tied round me nick. The onresponsible little vixen was froightened at phat she had done, but whin she sane me aloive an' well, an' larnt that Schroeder was shtill unkilt, her face loighted up wid a puckerin' shmoile an' she siz, 'But Mr. McGinnis, ye do look tough, past all spakin'.' "

"You escorted Miss Conley to the ball?"

"That I did, sor, an' manny toimes an' often. But I'll tell ye no more this night, for it's toime all Christians wor snorin'."

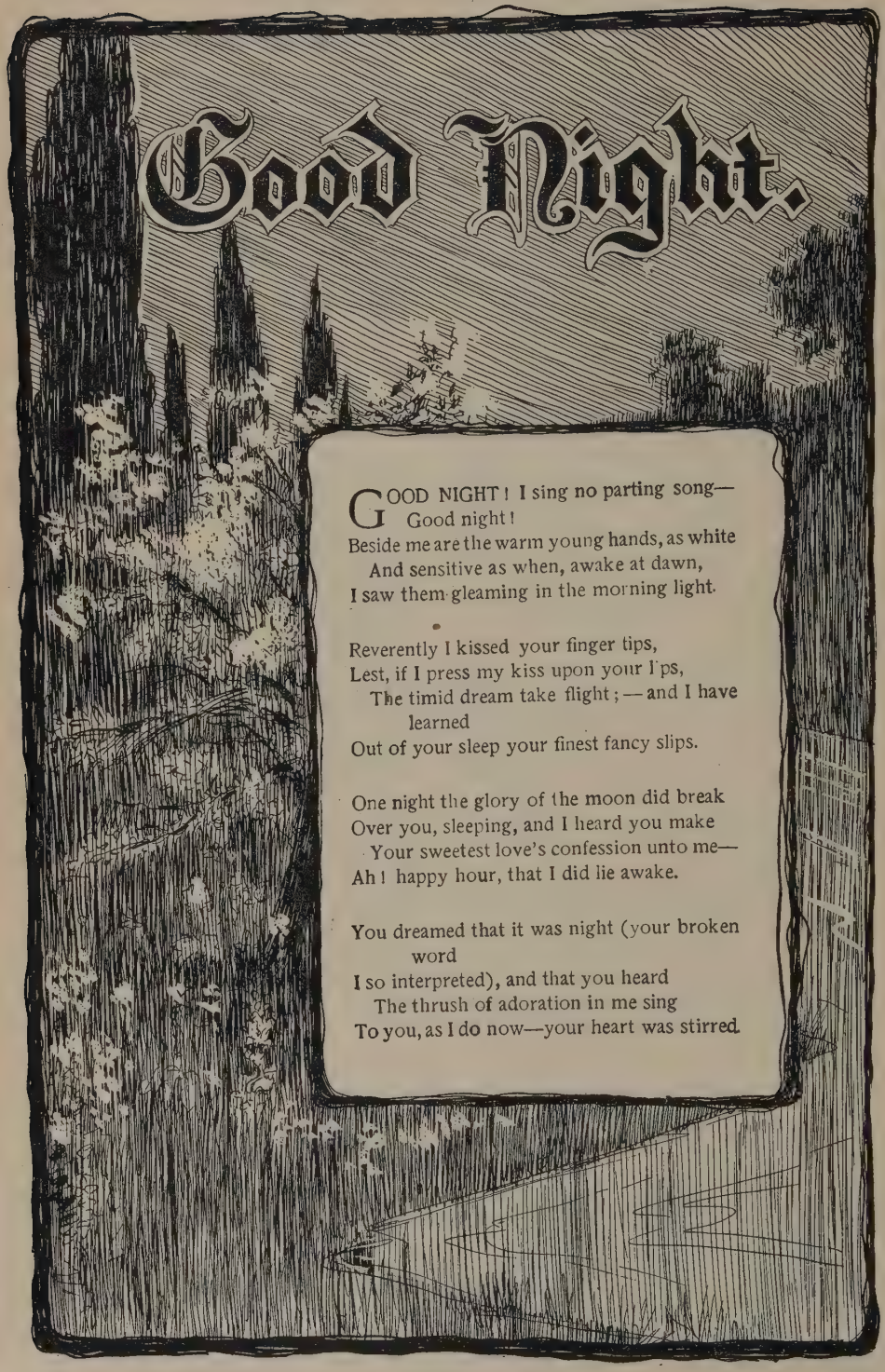
He knocked the ashes from his pipe, and buttoned his coat against the winter cold. Then he halted, with his hand on the latch.

"So ye sot there transfixed, as ut wor, watchin' me cast thim coals inte the shtove! Faith, I see ut all now, an' well I know jist how ye filt. For whin I was a pedler, I wance shtopped all night at the house av a wumman. An' whin I started in the marnin', I tould her te take somethin' oute me pack to pay fer me lodgin'. She waded in', takin' out this an' that, till I shtood near disthracted, watchin' me pack shrink tegither before me eyes. 'I don't know but I be takin' too much,' siz she. 'Oh, go on, hilp yersilf,' siz I, 'I shtole um annyway.' Wid that she tuk the hint.

"Now indade I'll be off. Good night te ye, sor. Praise be, the wind's subsoidin'."

Races Reborn, Refreshed

I CHANT the new empire grander than any before, as in a vision it comes to me,
I chant America the mistress, I chant a greater supremacy,
I chant projected a thousand blooming cities yet in time on these groups of sea islands,
My sail-ships and steam-ships threading the archipelagoes,
My stars and stripes fluttering in the wind,
Commerce opening, the sleep of ages having done its work, races reborn, refreshed,
Lives, works resumed — the object I know not — but the old, the Asiatic renewed as it must be,
Commencing from this day surrounded by the world. *Walt Whitman.*

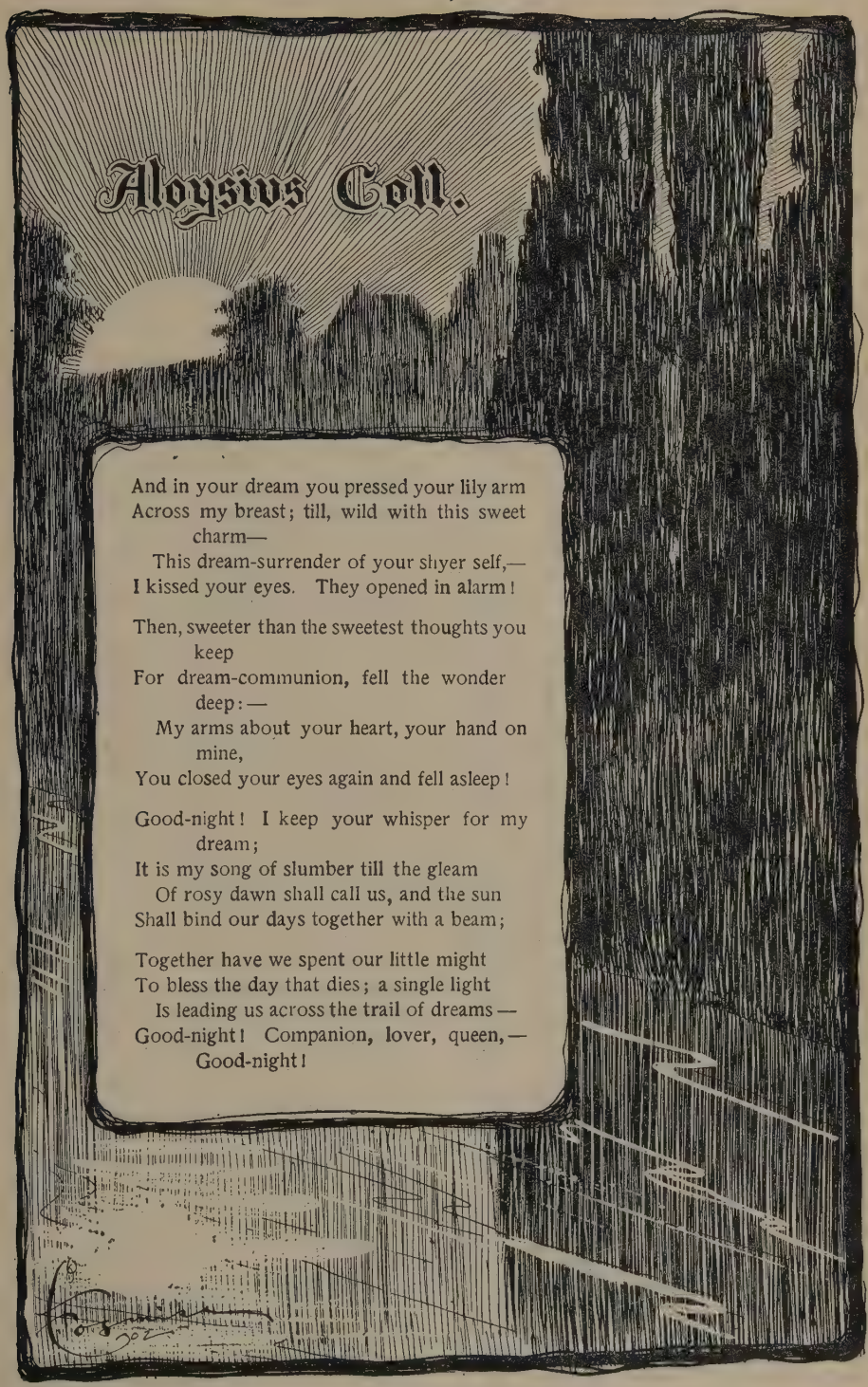


GOOD NIGHT! I sing no parting song—
Good night!
Beside me are the warm young hands, as white
And sensitive as when, awake at dawn,
I saw them gleaming in the morning light.

Reverently I kissed your finger tips,
Lest, if I press my kiss upon your lips,
The timid dream take flight;—and I have learned
Out of your sleep your finest fancy slips.

One night the glory of the moon did break
Over you, sleeping, and I heard you make
Your sweetest love's confession unto me—
Ah! happy hour, that I did lie awake.

You dreamed that it was night (your broken word
I so interpreted), and that you heard
The thrush of adoration in me sing
To you, as I do now—your heart was stirred.



And in your dream you pressed your lily arm
Across my breast; till, wild with this sweet
charm—
This dream-surrender of your shyer self,—
I kissed your eyes. They opened in alarm!

Then, sweeter than the sweetest thoughts you
keep
For dream-communion, fell the wonder
deep:—
My arms about your heart, your hand on
mine,
You closed your eyes again and fell asleep!

Good-night! I keep your whisper for my
dream;
It is my song of slumber till the gleam
Of rosy dawn shall call us, and the sun
Shall bind our days together with a beam;

Together have we spent our little might
To bless the day that dies; a single light
Is leading us across the trail of dreams—
Good-night! Companion, lover, queen,—
Good-night!

Studies of Books and Their Makers

A Guide to Good Writing

"Talks on Writing English," by Arlo Bates. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.30 net.

THE master of English prose is born, and also partly made. About all that can be done in the way of making has been accomplished by Professor Arlo Bates in "Talks on Writing English," the first series of which met with a cordial reception on its appearance several years ago. It is the recently published second series which I have before me.

The book is, first of all, practical; it is easy for a college professor to fall into the academic tone, but the point of view of all of these talks is that of the working student. The very first sentence arouses interest: "What beside pen, paper and ink is needed for composition the student can understand fully only by actual experiment and experience." The reader is reminded that "technique is to be regarded as a means and not an end," yet that a precise knowledge of his tools is as indispensable to an author as to a painter or sculptor. The chief aim of these papers is frankly stated to be that of helping the student understand the mechanics of composition.

The spirit with which the author approaches his task is sane and broad. "The important thing," declares Professor Bates, "is not to exhibit skill in word craft, but to produce an effect, to convey a message, and no man writes well with whom the chief end is not the work rather than the workmanship." And again: "He who desires to write effectively must cultivate the power of writing passionately. . . The aim of the student of the art of composition should be to write so that his reader shall feel heart beat and cheek glow." Nothing could be further from the point of view of the dry-as-dust grammarian.

Yet no one can enter with more painstaking precision than Professor Bates into the detailed analysis of style. All the thousand and one rules which have maddened us in the rhetoric books are here focused. The author's constant endeavor is to simplify, to reduce to a least common denominator, and in this he is singularly successful. His chapters on "Composition and Revision," "Participles and Gerunds," "Particles," "End and Beginning," "Figures," "Point of View," and "Paragraphs," are luminous and fascinating. Not less so are those on "Exposition," "Description" and "Narration." A writer who can put new wine, of whatever brand, into these old bottles, deserves credit, but anybody who can make us read about such prosy matters as "the topic sentence," and "paragraph sequence," and "parallel construction," with the interest which we would give to some engaging story, is a wizard indeed. Is it the charm of style, or the constant play of humor, or the convincing common sense? Well, no matter! We just read and reread and mark passages to be read still again.

The second chapter, "Little Foxes," deals with the minor faults which tend to spoil style. Some of them are the assumption that a title belongs to the text; the needless change of the grammatical subject from clause to clause, and from sentence to sentence; the abuse of the rhetorical question; the use, except in rarest instances, of the historical present; the suppression of subject or predicate; the employment of conventional phrases; the misuse of the second person pronoun, and the employment of

italics for emphasis. Liberal extracts from students' themes illustrate clearly all these pitfalls of style.

A few sentences taken almost at random will prove suggestive: "The simple expedient of dropping half the *ands* in a composition will often improve it amazingly." "The habit of beginning sentences with 'and,' 'but,' or 'for,' is not unlike the oral trick of opening remarks with 'well,' 'say,' or 'now.'" "The power of giving one's self to composition is of enormous importance." "Nothing can take the place of actual and complete rewriting." "A dangling participle is a sort of 'grass widow' of language." "Before a composition can be given form, its end must have been decided." "The beginning should be an appeal to the attention." "The beginning and end of the paragraph will remain the most effective portions, whether the writer wishes it or not." "In history and science literal truth is held of more importance than literary truth." "In all art one of the first laws is the absolute necessity of disregarding the unessential." "For training it is well to try the telling of brief stories entirely in dialogue." "No man can write really well who cannot punctuate well." "In a well wrought paragraph a sentence may generally be made of the beginning and the end, which with tolerable exactness will sum up the thought of the whole." "The general office of literature is to appeal to the sense of beauty and to conciliate man to life." "The general taste for pleasant ending is, after all, not so Philistine or so inartistic as it has sometimes been the fashion to consider it; behind this taste is the sense that it is the prime function of art to uplift, to inspire."

The possible peril in such books as this is always that of making a young writer self conscious, and of checking creative energy. Style loses its natural swing and becomes a walk on a tight rope with every thought concentrated on the danger of falling. Yet a period of deliberate study of his tools and their relations must precede in the case of any author the largest freedom and mastery in their handling. The scribbler will continue to be their slave, but any writer who has force and message will be sure to benefit by the novitiate.

One can commend this handbook with conviction and enthusiasm. If every aspiring writer were compelled to pass an examination on it, editors and teachers would be under a lasting debt of gratitude to the author.

Frederic Lawrence Knowles

Democracy and Social Ethics

"Democracy and Social Ethics," by Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago. The Macmillan Co., N. Y., $1.25.

I KNOW a man who writes a column in one of our great city dailies about social settlements, their work, and things of interest pertaining to them, and a mighty readable and useful column he makes of it. He says he is able to speak understandingly of social settlement matters because he does not live at a social settlement. I think he is right about this. He is far enough away from these things to get a proper focus upon them. The man who is in the thick of the fight knows little as to how the battle is going. He cannot see large results or predict great conclusions. On the other hand he knows much of the enemy, his temper, his methods of attack, his weak points and his strong ones. He has the details impressed on him and though they may be out of focus and jumbled in their juxtaposition, when he can get away from the smoke of conflict and sit down and collate these items of knowledge he has much valuable data for the general, who sits on a hill and watches the battle through a field glass, and with these scattered items may work out answers to the problems of the campaign.

So of Miss Jane Addams. At the Hull House social settlement she is in the thick of democracy, so near that she cannot formulate it as a whole, but she sees the details of it very clearly and presents them to us in her book, "Democracy and Social Ethics," vividly and with force. As she herself says, "No attempt is made to reach a conclusion, nor to offer advice beyond the assumption that the cure for the ills of democracy is more democracy, but the quite unlooked for result of the studies would seem to indicate that while the strain and perplexity of the situation is felt most keenly by the educated and self conscious members of the community, the tentative and actual attempts at adjustment are largely coming through those who are simpler and less analytical."

It is thus that in her chapter on charitable efforts one finds much to interest, sometimes to amuse, in the problems which the charitably inclined meet, and the point of view of the very poor which to the well to do seems often so strange. Miss Addams makes no deductions from these data; the reader must do that, and she leaves him still wondering as to the value of organized charity, and the best forms in which to apply it—that is, its value to the very poor, themselves. Yet from the chapter one seems to be able to deduce one great truth. That is, that whether charity as a fad is or is not of great value to the recipient, there is no doubt of its salutary effect on the donor. Therein, perhaps, lies the answer to the whole problem. The poor, Miss Addams is careful to explain, are charitable by instinct. To give, having nothing, is to them the simplest thing in the world and the examples she cites of their noble generosity one to another are such as to make one sure of the ultimate regeneration of mankind. When the rich, who have become so through lack of generosity on their own part or the part of their ancestors, shall by actual contact with the poor in their daily walks have learned real generosity, there will be no need of charity. One deduces then that organized charity is of great value, perhaps to the recipients, surely to the charity visitor who can be taught real charity only by the noble example of the poor whom she visits. The rich, one learns to shrewdly guess, are rich because they or their ancestors have saved; the poor are so because they or their ancestors have freely given.

Other chapters on filial relations, household adjustment, industrial amelioration, educational methods, and political reform are equally vivid with facts, clear cut in expression, and valuable in that they set one to thinking and endeavoring to work out the problems developed. To one interested in social problems, and who is not so interested?—the book appeals strongly, and it is such that it is liable to be reread with unflagging interest and laid handy for future reference. The nobility of the work which Miss Addams is engaged in, the admiration and respect for her which rich and poor alike seem to have in that great hotbed of democracy and social problems, Chicago, makes this volume of essays from her of peculiar value, largely, perhaps, because in it she does not attempt to map the route to the millennium, but merely shows the signs of the times as seen by one who bravely sets her face toward the country where she believes it lies.

Winthrop Packard

Whaling Tales, by a Whaler

"The Gam, a Group of Whaling Stories," by Captain Charles Henry Roberts of New Bedford. A. J Ochs & Co , Boston

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS once wrote a novel entitled "A Singular Life," the scene being laid among the fisher folk of Gloucester. It was a

pretty interesting book and everybody read it. Everybody liked it too, and though it had some unpleasant characters in it, no one outside of Gloucester thought the less of Gloucester for that. That is, everybody liked it except the Gloucester folk. There the good fishermen waxed very wroth over what they called the misrepresentation of their town, and I doubt if they have fully taken the author back into their good graces yet. Later, Kipling went down there and got material for his "Captains Courageous," and some of the Gloucester men, trawlers and Grand Bankers, are just as sure that Kipling has grossly misrepresented the Gloucester fisherman and that "Captains Courageous" is a good deal of a libel on the business. Down at New Bedford the other day I found men who told me that Bullen himself had confessed to them that the "Cruise of the Cachelot," which has thrilled the hearts of thousands of landsmen with the romance of whaling, was all wrong and that he ought to have consulted the New Bedford whalemen *en masse* and gotten their opinion of it before he so libelled whaling captains. Thus sensitive is the unlettered man as to the light in which the man of letters sees him.

"The Gam," however, is another story. The name is a whaling term and it means a social talk among whalemen. The story is told by an old whaling captain himself, Captain Robbins, who sailed out of New Bedford to "all the seas of this Thy world" on whaling voyages. He tells the story of a whaleman's life, and he tells it well. The story is simple, direct, straightforward and mighty entertaining. One feels that this is no trumped up romance, but a veritable biography; yet it is thrilling enough, and amusing enough, and it has that stamp of genuineness which makes a book of the most value of all. One feels that these things did really happen as they are narrated, and that he has not only an entertaining story but a real presentation of the life of a whaler as he himself saw things.

And a noteworthy part of it, and it is the point which I started in to make, is that the other whalers of New Bedford endorse the book as reliable, and have no fault to find with its description of the whalers' life and ways. The book is well illustrated with some unique pictures and a frontispiece portrait of the Captain himself. I saw him when I was in New Bedford, and found him hale and hearty though eighty years old. The picture is as good a likenesss of him as his story is of the old whaling days, and that is saying a good deal.

Winthrop Packard

Glimpses of Current Fiction

"The Mississippi Bubble," by Emerson Hough. Bowen, Merrill & Co., Indianapolis. $1.50.

Mr. Hough writes a romance around the career of John Law, the creator of the Mississippi Bubble famous in history. He introduces us to Law just when the latter, a young man, has come down to London from his home in Scotland. Law wins the love of two young women, fights a duel, goes to Newgate prison, is allowed to escape through the connivance of his friend the minister of finance, and flies to America with the woman he doesn't love, leaving behind him the woman his heart is really set upon. He has been hoodwinked by the woman who sails with him. He takes her into the far West, beyond the outer line of European adventurers. With a few hardy followers he founds a settlement near the present site of Chicago. Here he is attacked by Iroquois Indians, surrenders, and survives incredible hardships, as does his mistress, during the long march back to central New York, the seat of the Iroquois. Providentially rescued by a French commissioner,

and deserted by his mistress, who finds another man more to her liking, Law goes to France, unfolds great schemes of finance to the Regent, and very shortly becomes the real ruler of the French nation. The story of that most amazing scheme of inflation is here told with dramatic intensity. The novel has a strong, consistent, well developed plot. Its fault is an occasional straining after the hifalutin style of langwidge. All in all, it is one of the strongest and best of recent historical romances.

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"Openings In the Old Trail," by Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.25.

MR. HARTE'S last California stories collected. They have the charm of style that characterized the earlier tales which made him famous. There the resemblance ends. The intensity of the earlier stories is lacking. And Mr. Harte's style is of the sort that does not preserve its perennial freshness; its charm declines with repetition, like slang, or a twice told joke. Time was when a story by Bret Harte had power to make one forget minor lapses: in this volume is it noted that the author twice employs the device of having a child frighten away its elders by placing a rattlesnake in their path. In one story the ingenious youngster wears skirts, in the other, the masculine equivalent. You see, however, that it is the same child in both cases. Coming from a new writer, these stories would excite interest: coming from Mr. Harte, they disappoint.

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"Roman Biznet," by Georgia Wood Pangborn. Houghton, Mifflin & Co , Boston. $1.50.

"Roman Biznet" is decidedly a strong story. Colorful, fluid, spiced with dry humor. A half breed French and Indian child is the central figure. "Two natures war within us" is the text. The boy inherits musical genius, and homicidal tendencies. He finds a patron, an elderly unmarried woman of the old New England type. The scene is the borderland of the Adirondacks. The boy, educated in Europe, returns home to lay the spell of his dual personality upon three women of variant types. Each has a part in the development of his character. He is powerfully influenced, too, by an old physician, the village sage and advisor. Aside from the compelling interest one feels in the fate of the central figure, the book succeeds greatly in its other characters.

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"In the Country God Forgot," by Frances Charles. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

Arizona—its cattle, its rough men, its burning skies and its sand swept plains —is the theme of the strange novel, "In the Country God Forgot," There is remarkable power in some of the chapters; power, also, in the drawing of the characters—the sternly implacable old cattle king; his noble souled son; the latter's wife, "Mees Bax" in the patois of the desert; the sharply contrasting Shorty, stage driver, and Garnet, young millionaire mine owner from New York —all are dramatically vivid. I suppose the novel is faulty as to construction: or it may be a certain swift originality that makes it seem so.

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"The Claybornes," by William Sage. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.50.

Mr. Sage's "The Claybornes" is a Civil war romance. The Claybornes are Virginians. Father and two sons fight for the Confederacy; one son, holding a commission in the United States army, fights for the old flag. We are shown Grant and Sherman in the field; we see the former capturing Vicksburg. Mainly the author follows the fortunes of the Claybornes and their friends and foes. There is an abundance of fighting, plot, intrigue, love making. The hero wins the heroine. Thirty odd years later we find the Claybornes a reunited family, the men now veterans of the Spanish war.

and all well content to bide beneath the one flag. It is all quite as it should be, as you suspected from the first it would be. The story lacks spontaneity in the telling; it is a bit stiff. The lovers are vocally ardent, but the pages do not reflect the fire of their passions. In this chiefly the novel disappoints.

—

"The Seigneur de Beaufoy," by Hamilton Drummond. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $1.50.

Pages torn out of the book of mediæval France. Chapters, somewhat slightly linked, carry forward the story of the man whose name and title give title to the novel. The stout loyalty of the peasantry to their master, the strenuous arrogance and self will of the master, the intrigues of the court reaching out into the rude districts ruled by the seigneurs —these are the substance of the book. Here is fighting in plenty, but the author appears to have forgotten to provide any love making. And what should men fight for, except it be for love? Or what passes for love. Certain chapters are of absorbing interest: the book as a whole, considered as a novel, lacks unity, plot and the inspiration of woman.

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"John Kenadie," by Ripley Saunders. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.50.

A well conceived, firmly wrought story of a man's life, from childhood to marriage, in the rural districts of Arkansas. John Kenadie and his cousin Hugh Latham inherit a feud begun in Kentucky three generations before. They do not know this, nor do they know they are cousins. They grow to manhood, sturdy, handsome men of widely differing types —John a poet as well as a farmer; Hugh inclined, as was his father before him, to drink more than is for his own good. They love the same woman. She loves admiration. Hard times for John and Hugh. Finally they shoot each other down in a pistol duel. Both survive, they declare the feud at an end, Hugh goes away, and John marries the young woman, who now thinks she knows her own mind. Other characters in the novel are scarcely less interesting than John, Hugh, and the apple of discord. Ripley Saunders—a St. Louis man—holds the mirror up to life in this novel.

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"To the End of the Trail," by Frank Lewis Nason. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.50.

Mr. Nason's novel depicts the ruin that came to a sheep rancher when he let himself contract the fever of gold prospecting. He was doing well on his farm. His young wife loved him. He liked his work. They were happy. But the lust for sudden wealth got into his veins. He knew nothing of mining, was strong headed, opinionated, vain, weak willed. The mine salters and their allied swindlers plucked him, as they have plucked thousands like him, and will pluck other thousands. He lost his money, his farm, his home, his sobriety, his wife's respect, his self respect, and finally, we are left to infer, decorated a gallows. As a study of moral disintegration, and an arraignment of the age's curse, the money lust, this book is powerful. Considered as a story, it holds the reader's attention without lagging from first page to last.

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"Buell Hampton," by Willis George Emerson. Forbes & Co., Boston & Chicago. $1.50.

Mr. Emerson's novel has been vastly over praised by his too enthusiastic friends. It is a readable story, if one does not insist too strongly upon due respect to the probabilities; it has a savor of the dime novel beloved in our boyhood, oddly interwoven with advanced economic theories, and some really good scenes of life and nature in southwestern Kansas twenty years ago. Mr. Emerson's description of a prairie fire that menaces the frontier town where the scene of the story is laid is good news-

paper stuff, hardly the magnificent literature his friends—(see the last pages of the volume, that should be blank but are not)—proclaim it. He attempts to tell a love story, but misses, lacking imagination, all the subtler phases of that emotion. Misses them, or lacks power to express them. His characters are talky, and not cleverly talky, most of them. These include cowboys, young women, a female adventuress, a grey whiskered prairie mystic, a town drunkard, a cattle king, a banker, a Chicago physician, and others. Yet, with all its glaring defects, "Buell Hampton" will probably hold your attention from start to finish. It has a quality of crude strength, and a swiftness of action, that excuse many faults of construction. Especial stress is laid upon the point that Mr. Emerson was twelve years writing the book. This, if it means that he will be twelve years writing its successor, is encouraging news.

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"Stephen Holton," by Charles Felton Pidgin. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $1.50.

A cross between a dime novel and a "Little Elsie" Sunday school book. Distinguished by a stiffly stilted style, and a magnificent disregard for correct English. Bears the same relation to a genuine novel that a penny paper does to the Century Magazine. In short, slushmushgush.

—

"Asa Holmes, or at the Crossroads," by Annie Fellows Johnston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.00.

A little journey around the year. The characters of the book are the men and women who figure in any of ten thousand American villages. Asa Holmes is a patriarch. His eighty-five years have given him wisdom and charity, and have spared his cradle gift of sunny humor. He sits at evening with the group in the grocery store, guides their conversation to higher levels, holds and justifies their affection for him, enters beneficently into their lives. Christmas is the theme of the first chapter. Then on through the months, each with its especial great day and its influence upon the villagers supplying material for a chapter. Here are the usual village characters, yet somehow they seem more humanly likeable than usual. I suspect it is because they have not been exaggerated, nor satirised—just understood.

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"Bread and Wine," by Maud Edgerton King. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.50.

The simple and beautiful story of a humble family in the Swiss hills. A father whose stubborn anger causes unhappiness; a mother whose gentle heart bears unaccustomed burdens bravely; a fine, courageous little son who brings peace and happiness back into the distracted home. Gifted with a rare sympathetic insight into the lives of the lowly.

—

"The Diary of a Goose Girl," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, with illustrations by Claude A. Shepperson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.00.

The "Goose Girl" is a fanciful young lady who has veiled a purpose behind a whim. The purpose is to give a certain young man a bit more of beneficial uncertainty before accepting his ardent addresses. The whim is to quit the fashionable English hotel where her party of American travelers are stopping, and go into a little village to court the charms of rusticity. She lodges with a village family, is a spectator of love passages between the daughter of the house and the postman, assists this daughter in caring for the family geese, ducks and chickens, and in time honorably earns her title of Goose Girl. She favors us with much delightful interpretation of goose—and chicken—nature, which, she discovers, is strangely like human nature.

Frank Putnam

AT THE MERCY OF THE SEA ON AN ICY COAST

A Sea Disaster and Its Lesson

Congressman Greene of Massachusetts Tells the Story of the Loss of the Monomoy Life Savers, and Urges on Congress and the People the Necessity for Harbors of Refuge as Well as for More Liberal Treatment of Members of the United States Life Saving Service

By CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM S. GREENE,

Thirteenth District of Massachusetts

AT about 4 o'clock p. m., on the seventeenth day of March, 1902, I was painfully shocked to receive a telegram from the Boston Globe reading as follows:

"Capt. Eldridge and crew, in all seven men, of the Monomoy Life Saving Station, lost their lives off Cape Cod this morning trying to rescue men from a barge. Something ought to be done by the United States government at once for the relief of their families, as pay of life savers is small considering arduous duties. What in your judgment is the best and readiest method? Kindly telegraph answer."

I conferred at once with the leaders of the House of Representatives and Senate and pleaded for immediate consideration. While all admitted that the disaster was appalling, the leaders wanted no undue haste, fearing that a precedent might be established that would be harmful for the future.

While this opinion did not coincide with my view I yielded to their judgment and wired the following reply:

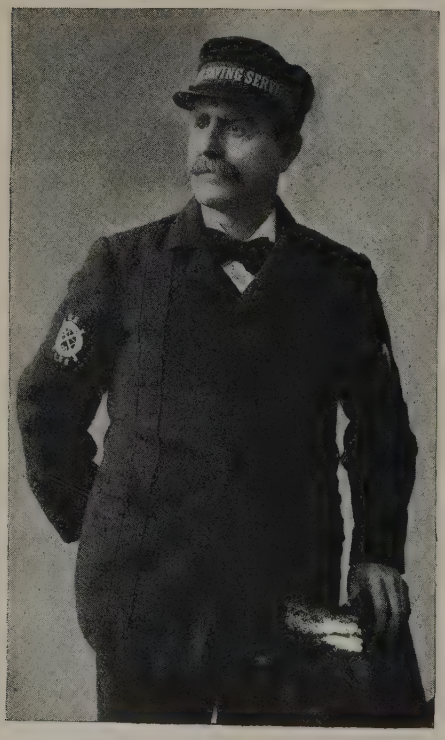
"The news of the loss of life at the Monomoy Station is appalling. Provision is now made by law for two years' pay only to the families of the deceased at the same rate and at the same time as the men would have drawn if living. Will have bill carefully drawn to afford a pension if possible.

Efforts heretofore have been thwarted by opposition to civil pension list. Any bill must be considered by committee and full facts presented before action can be had by the House of Representatives."

Later news conveyed the sad intelligence that in addition to the loss of Captain Eldridge and six members of his crew, five other men whom they had endeavored to rescue from the Barge Wadena, stranded on Shovelful Shoals, had also found watery graves. Their life boat was capsized by the fury of the sea and but one surfman, Seth L. Ellis, was saved, and to the heroism and undaunted courage of Captain Elmer F. Mayo, who was on the barge Fitzpatrick, half a mile distant, his preservation is due.

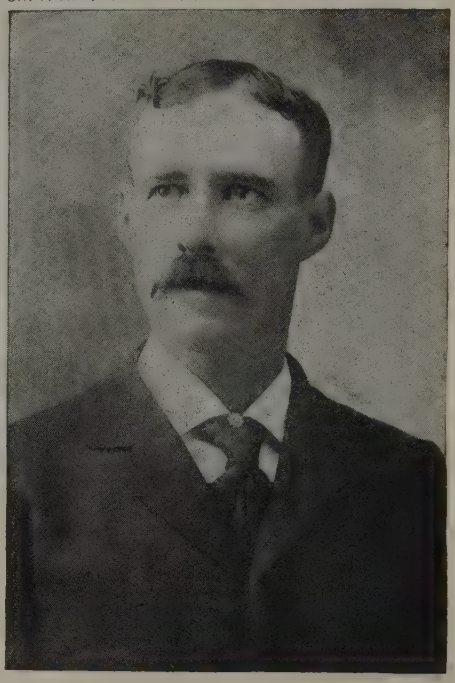
Mayo saw the terrible disaster and the sight of the thirteen men struggling in the waves and surf almost unnerved him. He shoved his boat, a small dory, overboard and jumping into it pulled toward the drowning men, all but four of whom had passed from sight. This dory was

CAPTAIN SETH L. ELLIS



tossed about like a cockle shell as the waves furiously lashed about it, but being guided firmly and surely by the strong

CAPTAIN ELMER F. MAYO



arms and determined courage of Captain Mayo, it finally reached the overturned boat. He was horrified and discouraged as he pressed onward and saw one after another of the imperilled men remaining washed off by the breakers. He grasped Surfman Ellis as he was about to succumb, drew him into the dory and landed him safely on shore. The story of this terrible calamity has been written by abler pens than mine, and I will not undertake to recount it.

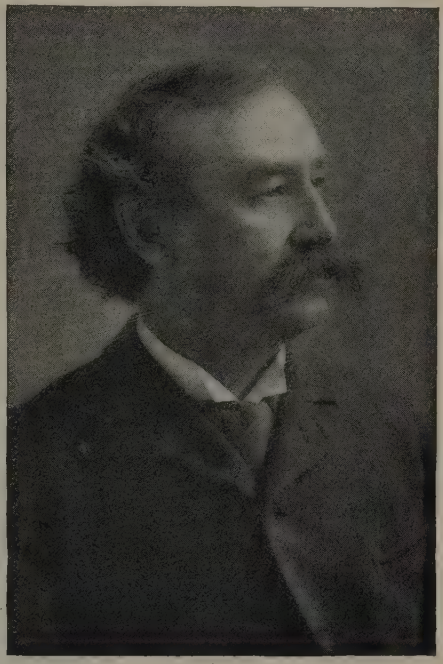
This great calamity aroused the interest of the liberal minded and large hearted people of Boston and vicinity, and they, recognizing the slow process of obtaining substantial relief through the channels of the United States government, hastily contributed more than $40,000 for the relief of the widows and families of the deceased heroes of the

Monomoy Life Saving Station, who surrendered their lives in trying to save the lives of others.

The bill providing for additional compensation for district superintendents of the United States Life Saving Service has been favorably reported to the House of Representatives in concurrence with the Senate. This recognition of the brave men who commenced their career as surfmen and who have been promoted to their responsible stations by reason of meritorious conduct has been secured by the faithful work of my colleague, Congressman Lovering of the committee on interstate and foreign commerce, aided by the agitation growing out of the recent disaster at Monomoy.

The question of pensioning the keepers and surfmen at the Life Saving Service is still pending in this same committee, and I believe that the recent disaster and the many serious ones that have preceded it will have the effect of

SUMNER I. KIMBALL, GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE UNITED STATES LIFE SAVING SERVICE



producing a favorable report from the committee and the enactment of a law at the present session of Congress which will provide a pension to those who are disabled in the Life Saving Service or to the families of those who as truly lay down their lives in their country's service as do those who fight our battles in the ranks of the army and navy.

The work of members of the crews of these life saving stations is perilous in the highest degree. They are employed only ten months during the year, their pay being but sixty-five dollars per month, and they must furnish their own food and clothing and provide a substitute and lose their pay if absent except on account of sickness, for which a physician's certificate must be furnished. In blinding snow and sand storms they patrol the coast and are required to be

WRECK OF THE CATHERINE, WHERE SCHOOL GIRLS HELPED SAVE THE CREW

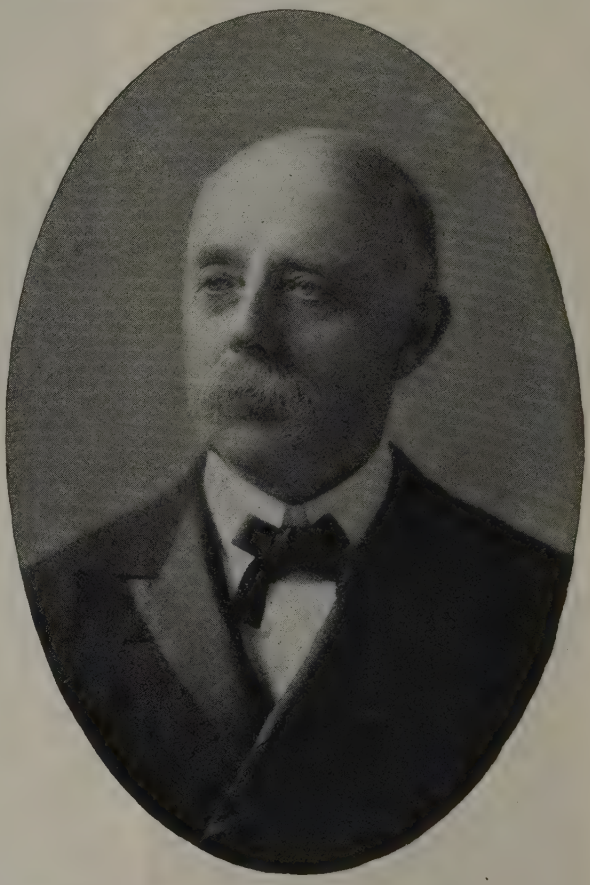
most vigilant when the weather is most severe and the path which they are required to travel becomes most treacherous by reason of the angry waves making inroads upon and changing the character of the coast. Amid such environments they look for the distressed mariners, earnestly listening for the booming gun to apprise them of the disaster which awaits their greatest courage to meet and sometimes the sacrifice of even life itself to overcome.

The terrible distress which these men suffer and the strain to which they are subjected seems altogether beyond human endurance. While many admit for argument's sake that the work of the surfmen is hazardous and severe, they content themselves with the thought that the district superintendents are well paid and not subject to hardships. General Superintendent Kimball, who has been connected with the service from its inception, thus speaks of Captain Benjamin C. Sparrow, superintendent of the district comprising the dangerous coast of Cape Cod:

"He was appointed to this responsible position upon the organization of the district in 1872. He has always resided in East Orleans near the shore, and no wreck has occurred during the thirty years of his incumbency of the position, within a distance which would admit of his reaching the same, that he has not attended. At such times his skill and advice have been of the greatest value and upon some of these occasions he endured the severest hardships; in one instance he nearly lost his eyesight and barely escaped with his life. This was on December 23, 1896. He was informed at 11 o'clock at night that there was a vessel off the coast in distress. A terrific snow storm was raging. He immediately dressed himself and set out for the scene, calling on his way upon several of his neighbors where there were five or six men whose assistance he hoped to obtain. He did not wait for them, however, but proceeded alone through the drifted and blinding snow toward the life saving station, having previously telephoned the keeper of this disaster, and that he was coming to their relief. Upon arriving there at 1 o'clock a. m., he found the crew had gone. He waited some twenty minutes, hoping that the younger men whom he had notified of the disaster would overtake him. But it seems none of them felt the responsibility or deemed it prudent to turn out. He, however, kept on and finally discovered the men of the station at work at the wreck. He assumed charge of the operations of the life saving crew, but soon discovered that all of the vessel's crew had been lost during the storm. He started for home at 4:30 a. m., reaching the Orleans life saving station at 7:15 and his own home at 9:30

CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM STEDMAN GREENE OF MASSACHUSETTS

Mr. Greene is one of the few western men who have come east and and figured in the public life of the older eastern states. He was born in Tazewell county, Illinois, in 1841. When he was three years old his parents moved to Fall River, Mass., and he got his education in that city. He was successively clerk in an insurance office, auctioneer, real estate and insurance agent, councilman and mayor, delegate to the convention that nominated Garfield, postmaster, superintendent of state prisons and congressman. His latest election was won with a vote more than twice as large as the total of the three opposing nominees.



a. m., very much exhausted and his vision so seriously impaired that all objects were dim and indistinct.

"The distance he traveled that night was fourteen miles, not taking into account, as he expressed it, 'the various zigzags to and fro.'"

The investigating officer in reporting the case stated regarding the journey from his home to the wreck:

"It appears almost incredible that he made that journey in the blinding snow alone and unaided, and it can only be accounted for by the fact that he was thoroughly acquainted with every bit of ground he traversed and the wind was behind him. As it was, the journey about used him up, and when I saw him he was still suffering severely from its effect."

Captain Sparrow, although still on duty, has never recovered from the effects of that terrible night's work. His eyesight was almost destroyed and his general health was undermined by the exposure.

Who can talk about refusing additional compensation for work requiring such constant exposure to the terrible storms which encompass Cape Cod and other dangerous points on the coast during every recurring winter season, or can refuse to provide from the abundance of a great nation for the care of heroes like Captain Sparrow (and the life saving service is full of them), in their declining years and for the protection of the wives and children of the officers and men who become maimed in the service or yield up their lives in behalf of their fellowmen?

During the past year Mr. Kimball, the general superintendent of the life saving service, has caused to be constructed an additional life saving station at the southern extremity of Monomoy Point, and the question of the abandonment of the old Monomoy Station had been under consideration. I had, by correspondence and otherwise, endeavored to impress upon the authorities at Washington the importance of the retention of the old station, and was in consultation with General Superintendent Kimball on that subject on the seventeenth day of March *at the very hour of the terrible disaster* which has been briefly recounted in this article.

Surfman Ellis, the only surviving member of the crew of that station, has been appointed keeper of the old station, and a bill prepared by myself was introduced in the Senate by Senator Lodge and has passed by that body and a similar bill which I introduced in the House of Representatives has been favorably reported from the committee on interstate and foreign commerce by Congressman Lovering, a member of that committee, and by means of this legislation the old station will be continued and thus double service will be provided in this most dangerous locality.

All must acknowledge that life saving stations are a necessity of the enlightened civilization which American enterprise and energy call forth. No other country has approached our own in the establishment and maintenance of this beneficent

THE WRECK OF THE SCHOONER FORTUNE

service, which has grown to such magnificent proportions and success under the guiding and skillful hand of General Superintendent Sumner I. Kimball, while a very proper adjunct to that service is the establishment and maintenance of harbors of refuge at the dangerous points on our coast.

Recognizing this fact, I have endeavored since becoming a member of congress to impress upon the river and harbor committee the importance of providing harbors of refuge in Vineyard and Nantucket Sounds and along the dangerous coast off Cape Cod. Being met at first by the opposition, which finds its strongest stay upon the question of expense, and next by having the measure provided for this meritorious object talked to death in the Senate during the last session by Senator Carter of Montana, representing an inland state, I succeeded in obtaining in the river and harbor bill of the present session a

FRONT AND BACK OF UNITED STATES MEDALS GIVEN TO LIFE SAVERS

Congressman Greene, on behalf of the Treasury Department, which has supervision of the life saving service, presented medals to Captains Ellis and Mayo on June 16, at Chatham, Mass. The medals are of solid gold, and each is of the value of $100. Each bears the inscription, "Presented for heroic service in saving life March 17, 1902."

provision calling for a survey of Vineyard and Nantucket sounds and the eastern coast of Cape Cod for the purpose of providing a suitable harbor or harbors of refuge.

The Boston Journal made use of the following language regarding this proposition, which I had advocated upon the floor of the House the day following the Monomoy disaster:

"Congressman Greene has struck while the iron is hot, in bringing before the national house his bill for a harbor of refuge on the east shore of Cape Cod in Pleasant Bay between Orleans and Chatham. We do not know how much expert engineer approval Congressman Greene may have, or just what the veteran master mariners of Cape Cod think of it, but on the face of it, the bill presented by him is certainly one of the most attractive propositions that have ever been introduced in Congress."

At present from Vineyard Haven eastward and northward along the whole coast of Cape Cod to Provincetown, there is no deep harbor available for first class merchantmen. The stretch of sand from Monomoy to Highland Light is the most dangerous of all. There is now no shelter into which a deep draught vessel can run when she gets beyond Nantucket. Fog is almost if not quite as dangerous on the outer shore of Cape Cod as these terrible easterly tempests. When a heavy mist shuts down over the waters, vessels are compelled to anchor where they are. If a harbor of refuge were near at hand with a full equipment of fog signals, it might be possible for careful navigators to creep in and lie securely out of the tideway and out of the path of passing ships.

In the month of November, 1900, I visited Honorable John Kenrick, a former member of the Massachusetts state senate from Orleans, Mass., and we sailed around Pleasant Bay between that town and Chatham, and I became convinced that it would be an excellent location for a harbor of refuge and that the same could be provided with a comparatively small expenditure of money. As a result of that tour of inspection I presented this subject before the committee on rivers and harbors and finally pressed the measure in Congress, so that this beneficent aid to navigation for both the foreign and domestic trade will be thoroughly investigated by a board of engineers to be appointed by the secretary of war. There are other natural harbors lying along Vineyard and Nantucket Sounds, including Nantucket, Edgartown, Hyannis and Vineyard Haven, all of which are to be considered with a view to their improvement as harbors of refuge under the provisions of the river and harbor bill.

I may add that the first light upon our coast that greets the eye of the mariner approaching our country from Europe is Highland or Cape Cod Light, which was improved by the substitution of a powerful flashing light for the fixed white light which had heretofore designated this station. The legislation providing for this improvement had been introduced by myself after a conference with the Boston Chamber of Commerce and the great maritime interests of the country.

The great water highway of commerce between Boston and New York and points north and south, along the entire Atlantic coast, should be safeguarded by every known appliance for the protection of human life and the safety of the vast amount of capital represented in the vessels and cargoes that are constantly passing and repassing along our shores.

I trust that the subjects referred to in this article may be so impressed upon the minds of the readers of this magazine that they will join with myself and my associates in Congress in making effective legislation which shall engraft them into law.

The Apotheosis of the Dandy

By MARTIN MURRAY

THE dandy has received his apotheosis, in Boston, at the beginning of the twentieth century of the Christian era. It has been a long time coming. Others —great geniuses, some of them—have sung the praises of clothes, *per se*, but it has remained for Mr. Joseph Lewis French of Boston to adequately, within the briefest compass, show forth the spirit of dandyism, as embodied in the famous dandies of all times, in a neat little book published by Macullar Parker Company, 400 Washington St., Boston.

"Apollo was the first dandy. Perhaps the final one," says Mr. French. "As to the former proposition, at any rate, there can be no cavil. For a dandy first of all must be beautiful, a peer of masculine grace and perfection. And the Lord of Light has been the model of the ages."

Your true dandy has ever been a man of great spirit, a genius. Run down the list here cited, following Apollo: Alcibiades, Pericles Prince of Tyre, Tiberius, Petronius, Richelieu, the Cardinal Duc de Rohan, Walter Raleigh, Beau Fielding, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Marlborough, Louis XIV, Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chesterfield, Nash, George the Fourth, Colonel Kelly of the Guards, "to whom the world owes the invention of boot-blacking. He lost his life in the attempt to rescue from his burning residence his precious collection of boots." Brummel and D'Orsay lead London in turn, as do "these marvelous literary bucks, Bulwer and Disraeli," last of the Anglican tally.

Of American dandies, but two find record here—Nathaniel Parker Willis—and, would you believe it? — Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who, Colonel Higginson records, returned from a European tour in his twenties, "in spiral-striped trousers," and otherwise attired in so pronounced a fashion that his social intimates were moved to earnest protestations.

Of the more general aspects of the subject Mr. French says: "The clothes-

ALCIBIADES BC 415

wearing dandy is the product of an effete civilization and an unkind climate. Carlyle's definition cannot be considered as final. 'A dandy,' he proclaims, 'is a clothes-wearing man; a man whose trade, office and existence consists in the

wearing of clothes.' This, like the various portraits of Christ, which are simply ideals of their time, is after all only the expression of a period. And the period when 'Sartor Resartus' appeared, was perhaps the most clothes burdened era the world has ever seen. Civilization was just emerging from wigs and small clothes into the ampler glory of striped trousers, plaid velvet waistcoats and 'rings and pins and chains,' which Thackeray described King of Corpus as wearing 'very splendid' at the Cave of Harmony. The stronger sex was just born anew in cloth —cloth masculine, as distinguished from cloth feminine and cloth neuter. The silks and velvets and laces that are the ineffable prerogative of the fair sex had disappeared at a touch with the advent of pantaloons into the abysm of time. Enter the tailor—exit the costumer and the peruke maker. Here was the inspiration of 'Sartor Resartus'—a work of monumental genius which we owe directly to the man who invented trousers. It matters not who he was. 'Sartor Resartus' is his monument — and Carlyle's. Let the philosopher pursue his rhapsodical but exact definition. 'Every faculty of his (the dandy's) soul is consecrated to this one object, the wearing of clothes wisely and well, so that as others dress to live, he lives to dress.''

It is obvious at a glance that, of all the dandies of history, Mr. French's one especial favorite is Alcibiades. Thus:

"As truly as all the world loves a lover, so has all the world admired—adored as to the softer half of it—the dandy from the days of Alcibiades. What so charming in all the lively records of old Plutarch as the particular 'life' of this very particular oiled and curled Athenian exquisite? Who was likewise a shining son of Mars—as other dandies have been.

"Even puritanical old Langhorne's version cannot rob him of a single grace. He is immortal like his prototype Apollo —as all really great dandies are. They mince down the corridors of time, side by side with the world's great conquerors, and heroes, and criminals of lighter mien, but not less absolute and assured bearing.

"To return to substantialities: Alcibiades had a lisp. This is the first one recorded in human annals. As Langhorne: 'He had a lisping in his speech which became him and gave a grace and persuasive turn to his discourse. This lisping was owing to a certain thickness and volume of his tongue, which was larger than that of other men.' Alcibiades seems to have possessed that greatness in small things which is the hall mark of the true exquisite. Witness this incident of his boyhood. When hard pressed in wrestling, to prevent his being thrown he bit the grasping hands of his antagonist, who let go his hold and said,

RALEIGH 1598

'You bite, Alcibiades, like a woman.' 'No,' replied he, 'like a lion!' Again, —listen—Alcibiades had a dog of uncommon size and beauty which cost him seventy minae, and yet his tail, which was his principal ornament, he caused to be cut off. Some of his acquaintances blamed him for acting so strangely and told him that all Athens rung with the story of his foolish treatment of the dog,

at which he laughed and said, "That is the very thing I wished, for I would have the Athenians talk of this, lest they should have something worse to say." There is somehow the ring of true genius in this. That sanity of intelligence that distinguishes the exquisite who is really of the immortals, is apparent in his choice of Socrates for his guide, philosopher and friend.'"

From Alcibiades to N. P. Willis is a long jump and a far jump, yet needs

BRUMMELL 1805

must we take it. The limitations of space forbid further extended quotations from Mr. French's rhapsody. In conclusion he says:

"Of swells in the great sense, however, America has never produced one, as befits a nation whose civilization is so far an inexact copy. Nor has any dandy arisen within fifty years who can live for a moment in the light of the great coxcombs of the past. Dandyism is dead, and the dude, its weak survival, is likewise nearly extinct. But the passion for elegance, the affectation of the exquisite in mode and manner that so fittingly supplement an innate and often outward sense of perfection in face and figure, will live as long as the stars, and can no more be extinguished in the human breast than the light of these luminaries, or than love itself, of which it is often indeed only a minor order of expression."

An odd coincidence, is it not, that in a time when criticism laments the demise of poetry, one finds the laureate of dandyism mourning above the bier of this his theme. It is cheering to observe, that, quite at the end, his spirit rebounds in an impulse of that eternal hope which animates all the adventures and aspirations of mankind. Dandyism is dead. Poetry is dead. That is to say, the expression of these two noble arts is no more worthy the name. But—and here is the fountain of hope—the spirit that created both dandyism and poetry is immortal, and will find new expression in later times.

For one, I am disposed to regard dandyism as a victim of democracy. It was formerly, like scholarship, the prerogative of the few. Democracy has destroyed it by making it common. No one but the rich can afford to dress badly nowaday. Commercialism — another name for democracy of the era—demands much in the way of outward appearances. If the clothes do not indeed make the man, they introduce him, and rank him. They index either his ability, as reflected in his garb, or his lack of the love of beauty, or both.

Mr. French's essay is printed in neat booklet form, with several full page illustrations—portraits of famous dandies—by Macullar Parker Company, 400 Washington Street, Boston. Send them two two cent stamps for a copy.

A NEST OF FACTORIES ON THE CANAL

Grand Rapids, the Furniture City

By A. T. THOITS,

Editor of the Furniture Record

THE good American looks to Paris for his fashions, to Constantinople for his rugs, to New York for his finances, to Grand Rapids, Michigan, for his furniture. There seems nothing incongruous, unnatural or irrational in the first three propositions. They are apparently a legitimate evolution, wholly in consonance with the eternal fitness of things.

But through what condition or combination of conditions has it come about that an insular, provincial, medium sized city, situated in an agricultural state and community, not even located upon a main trunk line, absolutely dominates and arbitrarily dictates the character and kind, the style and design of furniture of the medium and better grades, that fills American homes, from my lady's chamber to the dining room, and all between?

Local advantages? They are not greater than scores of other communities. Contiguity of raw material? It is brought thousands and thousands of miles—from dusky San Domingo, from torrid Honduras, from sun kissed Mexico, from darkest Africa, from the sunny south and the rugged north. First in the field? Boston's supremacy in furniture manufacturing had waxed and waned, Cincinnati had in turn wrested the lead from New York, ere Grand Rapids had foot firmly planted upon the bottom rung. Its magnitude? There are cities both at home and abroad that exceed in capital, number of workmen and value of product.

What, then, has given this city a fame almost world wide, has rendered the words "Grand Rapids" synonymous with furniture?

Exceptional skill and ingenuity in technical detail of construction, cultivated taste in design and superior quality of workmanship. These be some of the causes of Grand Rapids' unquestioned prominence and preeminence in the furniture industry of the world. And the word world is used advisedly. For

almost cotemporaneous with the ending of the war in South Africa, started a solid train load of furniture from this little Michigan city, consigned straight through to Johannesburg.

If the theorist be looking for an illustration of what specializing can accomplish—for a bright and shining example of individuals and of a community concentrating energies toward one interest, until they have gained such high degree of perfection in both quality and quantity that they have distanced all competition and supply and control the markets for their special productions—let him cast eye Grand Rapids-ward.

A CLUSTER OF VIEWS IN GRAND RAPIDS

There are in round numbers two score furniture factories in Grand Rapids. Each establishment maintains its own staff of designers whose duty it is to plan articles of furniture as comfortable, quaint and beautiful as the art of man can compass. The designing is perfect. The execution matches the designing. In carving, cabinet making and finishing there are no craftsmen quite the equal of those developed in Grand Rapids. The carvers in almost any of the factories could produce, were it required, with their deft chisels, the famous carving on the pulpit of St. Gudule's cathedral at Brussels, one of the most wonderful bits of woodwork in the world.

Twice each year—in January and July—is held by these factories what they call an exhibition and sale. That is to say, during these months they arrange for inspection all of the different kinds, styles and finishes of furniture that they purpose to manufacture in the ensuing six months. It is in effect an "opening," corresponding closely to the function so dear to the heart feminine. The best thought, study, art and skill of the designers in the preceding half year is here displayed in the perfection of the finished piece—the unquestioned standard of furniture styles for the succeeding season. Each factory has its individual exhibition room, colossal affairs, veritable exhibitions in themselves, as may be imagined when it is stated that some single factories exhibit over two thousand different pieces and styles of furniture. Combined, there are on view more than twenty-five thousand different, separate and individual articles of furniture ir

the local show rooms. And of these twenty-five thousand, at least one-third are designs entirely new. The others may be modifications and improvements of previous seasons, or staples which remain in demand a number of seasons. Big figures fail to impress with anything like the magnitude they are intended to convey; but some idea of the immensity of this strictly local display can be obtained from the fact that more than four hundred thousand square feet of floor space is utilized in making these exhibitions.

MONROE STREET, FROM CAMPAU STREET

And to these semi-annual "trade sales," "furniture fairs," "advance view of new designs," "expositions,"—as they are variously termed—come the dealers themselves or their accredited buyers, representing without exception all of the leading retail and jobbing furniture establishments of the United States, and the chief cities of Canada, England, Mexico, South America, Australia, South Africa, and the continent. Not always to buy, but to learn the trend of the new fashions,

MICHIGAN SOLDIERS' HOME

to see for themselves the latest efforts of the acknowledged makers. More than one thousand of the great mercantile establishments of the country are thus always represented in this inconspicuous inland city twice in a twelvemonth. Then it is that Grand Rapids puts off its local garments and becomes indeed a cosmopolitan miniature metropolis.

The manufacturers of furniture in other towns and cities of the country have not been backward in appreciating this remarkable condition of affairs. Some twelve or fifteen years ago—perhaps at the suggestion of some enterprising salesman—out of town manufacturers commenced to drop into the Grand Rapids with samples of their finished furniture, perceiving the exceptional chance to secure the eye and ear of the buyers. They have continued to come in steadily increasing numbers until now more than two hundred and fifty factories, comprising practically all the leading lines of the country, now exhibit regularly in Grand Rapids, at the same time that the local factories hold their exhibitions. They occupy almost all of six immense buildings, with a total floor space of nearly seven hundred thousand square feet. They come from every section of the country—from cultured Boston and classic Cambridge, from the eastern

and the western metropoli, from the Empire state and the state of Pennsylvania, from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois,

LADIES' LITERARY CLUB HOUSE

Wisconsin, from the south and the North, from far and near—wherever there is a factory producing furniture for more than local consumption. The action of these outsiders, so called, emphasizes more than mere words the importance of the Grand Rapids trade sales; it indicates that the buyers—all buyers worth cultivating—are at Grand Rapids, and the outside manufacturers are keen to hie themselves to where the buyers can be found in quantities.

Conceive of twenty-five acres of furniture—no two pieces precisely alike—if your imagination be sufficiently elastic, and some idea of the magnitude of these semi-annual affairs may be obtained.

And thus forty factories, by the very excellence of the reputation they have established and maintained, in effect virtually force more than two hundred and fifty other furniture manufacturers to bring their samples to Grand Rapids twice each year.

Is any more impressive statement of the unique position attained and maintained by Grand Rapids possible?

Reference has been made to some of the reasons why Grand Rapids has reached the eminence it occupies in the furniture industry. One of the most potent reasons why it maintains that position is the little red triangle adopted as a trade mark by some seventeen of the largest and best factories in the city. In business, there are associations and associations; associations for the restriction of production; associations for maintaining prices; associations to regulate credits — and there are associations which the not too finical call "trusts." But the Grand Rapids Furniture Association (incorporated) is like unto no other organization of business concerns in existence. It does not concern itself with prices. It is absolutely indifferent to over production. It recks not of credits. It surely partakes not at all of the character of the trust, for it does not claim that it was organized to reduce the cost to the customer. The sole purpose and object of its being is to maintain the character of the output of its factories. The little triangle is the red badge of merit, the cross of the furniture legion of honor. It must not be placed upon any

THE PENINSULAR CLUB

piece of furniture save and unless that particular piece conforms to the standard of absolute perfection in material and workmanship. It must not be used upon inferior goods. That is the chief mission of this organization. Incidently it advertises very extensively the furniture of Grand Rapids, but it does not individualize any member of the association. The firms contend quite as actively for business among themselves as with others not members. It was in part to protect the furniture buying public and themselves that the project was conceived. The name "Grand Rapids" had come to mean so much that many other concerns had made it the greater part of their capital, using it to the manifest detriment of the real Grand Rapids product, and to the distinct loss of the public, who purchased the goods in the confident expectation that they were obtaining the celebrated Grand Rapids furniture. Of course, there was a fair modicum of shrewd business acumen mingled with their sentimental anxiety for the good name of the city and the interests of the consumer. But the members of the association have gone further. To protect the regular furniture dealer throughout the country, the members have agreed not to sell their furniture to any but a regular furniture dealer, and not to the consumer direct. As it is through the legitimate dealer that the manufacturer of furniture must dispose of his output, the means adopted by the association has tended to place the furniture industry upon a firmer basis than ever before.

A TYPICAL BUSINESS BLOCK IN GRAND RAPIDS

What manner of city is it that has thus come to be the arbiter of the furniture fashions of the country — that has rendered furniture—to paraphrase Mark Twain's famous saying regarding the city of Hartford and insurance, "none genuine unless it has the words 'Grand Rapids' blown in the bottle?"

Grand Rapids hovers 'twixt "metropolis" and "city," possessing for some inexplicable reason some advantages not yet attained by the former, together with its full quota of the advantages attaching to a moderate sized American municipality. Picturesquely nestling in the valley of the river from which it takes its name,

A COLLEGE AVENUE RESIDENCE

the city is rated forty-fourth among American cities in size, its population approximating an even hundred thousand. It is a handsome city, with broad and well paved streets, and a wealth of beautiful shade trees. It is not unnatural to expect that a community so famous for the production of household equipment should be a city of homes. That surely is Grand Rapids. With a dwelling house to every four and a half of its total population, it leads every American city in this respect.

ONE OF THE SIX BIG FURNITURE EXPOSITION BUILDINGS

Literature, music and art receive intelligent attention. Indeed, the only building devoted to music in the world erected and managed exclusively by women is an object of admiration to visitors in Grand Rapids. The city is also the home of the oldest literary association of women in the United States.

If the impression has been conveyed that furniture manufacturing is the sole interest of the city, it should be corrected. Of course that is the principal industry, and the magnitude and variety of this product are not easily made clear. In dollars and cents, Grand Rapids contributes about one-seventh of the output of furniture in the United States. But aside from this, Grand Rapids is a place of varied industries, of some commercial importance. Not all of its energies and capital are devoted to furniture making, and it has some pretentions to fame abroad aside from this specialty. One carpet sweeper factory here makes ninety per cent of the world's total, and another makes most of the other ten per cent. Most of the fly paper sold throughout the civilized and a good part of the uncivilized world is manufactured here, and two factories located in and near Grand Rapids make more than half of all the felt boots marketed in the United States and Canada.

CANAL STREET, FROM CAMPAU SQUARE

Gypsum and plaster beds in the limits of the city produce products known everywhere. The lumber interests are large, and while the firms and individuals handling them of necessity have widened their operations until they include all sections where virgin forests yet stand, the home offices yet remain in the city of their incep-

tion. Over one hundred jobbing houses monopolize the trade of a not inconsiderable territory, nearly five hundred

THE ZOO IN JOHN BALL PARK

commercial travelers hailing from local concerns, while not less than half as many more representing houses located elsewhere make their homes here.

Reference has been made to some features possessed by Grand Rapids not yet enjoyed by even larger and more pretentious cities. What think you of a letter box attached to every street car? The advantages, of course, are manifest. A standard United States letter box is attached to each end of each car. Upon signal, the cars stop for posting such mail as will pass into the ordinary box. At a central point collectors empty the boxes and send the mail to the central postoffice. As there are fifty miles of the system, it may be readily understood that a goodly portion of the citizens are enabled from their own residences to start their letters toward their destination almost as quickly as though they had personally mailed them at the post office. Over seven thousand telephones, the largest number per capita of any city in the Union, tell something of the progress of the community. Parks, avenues, streets, public buildings, private residences, as indicated by the views herein, bespeak a community greatly above the average, when mere numbers are considered. Surprisingly modern suburban resorts, and near by watering places, render a sojourn in the furniture city a good way from an infliction, even to the blase representative of the largest metropolitan establishment. For the hotel accommodations are quite as modern as the most finical could desire. As a matter of fact, one hostelry, but just opened, by the by, might be regarded as one of the city's show places. Room for room, there is not a hotel in the country that is finer furnished than this. All of the furniture, it is needless to say, was made in Grand Rapids, a considerable portion to order, and it must have been *con amore*.

Superb new suburban trolley lines connect the city with city and town within a radius of fifty miles, and carry the pleasure seekers to the beaches of the great inland ocean of Lake Michigan,

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS MONUMENT

while the river Grand, itself navigable for craft drawing four or five feet, is in process of being deepened by a paternal

THE CENTRAL HIGH AND GRAMMAR SCHOOLS

government. River steamers now make regular trips to Lake Michigan.

Grand Rapids is situated in the "fruit belt" of Michigan, and annually more than half a million bushels of peaches, not to mention other fruit, are marketed.

This is a pen sketch—a brief and all too inadequate attempt to tell something of the city wherein is planned and executed the fashions in furniture of the great republic. Is it not in keeping with the history of the country that this should be in a community where seventy years ago was a wilderness unbroken? That where, three score years and ten since, there was no evidence of the presence of the hand of man, save in the clusters of Indian wigwams, now are designed and made creations that excel even the antiques they ofttimes reproduce?

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

Canton, Ohio, as an Industrial Center

CANTON, the city that gave McKinley to the country, the city wherein that great statesman sleeps, now that his life is ended, has an interest for all Americans far beyond its beauties, its industries, its gains. Canton is rich, busy, expanding—soon to enter the list of the hundred-thousand cities; its people are alert, enterprising; its institutions reflect these qualities in their builders; but to the American people, Canton will always have a claim apart, and greater, than lies in these things. Hundreds of thousands of strangers have come to Canton as to historic ground. Other hundreds of thousands will make like pilgrimages in years to come. These later comers will find their way through the busy city to Westlawn Cemetery, and on to the mound whereon is to stand the magnificent memorial of the people to William McKinley, the foremost statesman and best beloved leader of his time. Coming to that simple, homely, comfortable cottage where he lived and welcomed so many tens of thousands of his fellow citizens during the great campaign of 1896, and in the years that followed, they will look on it as a shrine, and perhaps will find it filled with mementos of the second martyr president.

It is singularly fitting that circumstances should mark the home city of William McKinley for industrial greatness. Canton, whose foremost citizen was the prophet and builder of American industrial supremacy, is destined to become one of the great industrial centres of America. Rapid as its rise in this direction has already been, its future has the promise of still more significant triumphs. It is the purpose of this article that follows, written by the secretary of the Canton Board of Trade, to tell what Canton has accomplished in this way, and what she hopes to do in the future.

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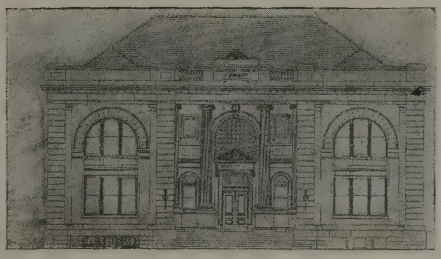
By JOHN E. MONNOT,
Secretary of the Canton Board of Trade.

CANTON, Ohio, is located fifty-eight miles south of Cleveland and one hundred miles west of Pittsburg. It is the county seat of Stark county, which county ranks among the foremost counties in the Union, considering her agricultural resources, mineral deposits and industrial facilities, and is the only county in the state of Ohio which contains three cities.

The population of Canton in 1900 was 32,000, exclusive of the suburbs, and the most conservative estimates place the population now, in 1902, at 45,000.

The growth of Canton during the year 1901, was much the largest in its history. The city grew larger during the past year than during the biggest boom years of its former existence.

THE CANTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



Owing to the great number of large industries recently acquired, and those now under construction, and the great number assured in the near future, the population of Canton will, it is safe to say, reach

70,000 within the next decennial period.

The population within a radius of twenty miles from the center of the city of Canton, is approximately 164,000. There are only four cities in the state of Ohio which surpass this—Cleveland, Cincinnati, Columbus and Toledo. Columbus and Toledo, with their large populations, only exceed the above population by a few thousand inhabitants. Outside of Dayton, there is not another city in Ohio which can come within 30,000 of this population within the same radius.

A Great Manufacturing City

Canton is a great industrial centre. It contains 240 different manufacturing establishments, producing over 5,000 specific articles for the markets of the world. These factories now employ 11,628 workmen, who receive nearly $7,000,000 a year in wages. The new industries in course of construction and

THE STARK COUNTY COURT HOUSE, CANTON

which will be in operation during the present year, and those assured, will employ 2,000 additional workmen.

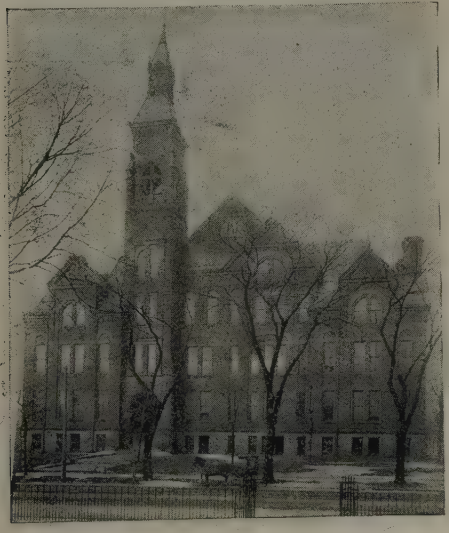
The city has twelve wholesale houses and its retail stores are among the best and most attractive in the state. It is a great centre for commercial travelers, being the home of over four hundred. Its hotels are among the best. Two

THE MC KINLEY HOTEL, NAMED AFTER THE LATE PRESIDENT

more magnificent hotels are now being erected.

The city has nine banks, whose clearings from June 1, 1901, to June 1, 1902, were $21,820,000. The postal receipts

CANTON'S HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

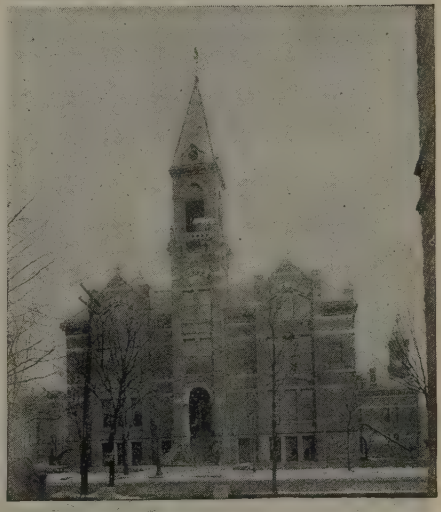


NEW HOTEL NOW BEING ERECTED, NAME NOT YET CHOSEN

from the sale of postage amount to nearly $100,000 and the money order business is $500,000 annually.

The incoming and outgoing freight

CANTON'S CITY HALL



tonnage during the past year was 1,800,000 tons.

A Fine Residence City

Unlike most other manufacturing cities, Canton is also a fine resident city. It has more beautiful homes and streets than any other city in the state. Its

streets are wide, paved and shaded; with flag stone sidewalks, and curbs, bordered by beautiful lawns, and few or no fences. There are some very beautiful parks.

Canton, in its churches, stands the peer of any city in America under 75,000 inhabitants. Some of the most beautiful and expensive structures are located

CANTON AUDITORIUM, WITH A SEATING CAPACITY OF 5,000

This building is to be completed this summer. It is the property of the city and will give Canton one of the largest and best convention and exhibition halls in Ohio.

PUBLIC SQUARE, LOOKING NORTH, SHOWING COURT HOUSE AT LEFT, AND PROMINENT BUSINESS HOUSES

Photograph by Rief

in this city. Its schools are the finest in the country. Its business blocks are in keeping with the public buildings which illustrate this article.

Why Manufacturing Establishments Locate in Canton

Every person over thirty years of age is well aware of the fact that it has not been many years since all of the principal manufacturing establishments in the United States were located in the Eastern states. As the centre of population is gradually growing westward, the New England States are fast losing their prestige in manufacturing. The great manufacturing and industrial belt of the future will be between Pittsburg and Chicago, from east to west, and from Detroit, Michigan and Louisville, Kentucky, from north to south. The reason for this is that all manufacturing establishments desire to be centrally located, on account of freight rates and shipping facilities to all parts of the United States and Canada, and the cheapness of fuel. There is no place in the United States where fuel can be delivered at the door of the manufacturer so cheaply as in Canton. In the years to come, the gradual moving of the manufacturing industries from the east, south and north will locate most of them in the above belt, with Canton as the most desirable point, on account of its great railroad facilities and cheapness of fuel. By reason of the inexhaustible deposits of coal near Canton, our factories have not yet suffered from want of fuel by reason of any strike. Canton has the best and cheapest facilities for shipment to all parts of the United States and Canada.

Canton is on three trunk lines, the main line of the Pennsylvania system,

MARKET SQUARE, LOOKING SOUTH AND SHOWING THE NEW McKINLEY HOTEL IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION. THIS PICTURE WAS AKEN FROM A POINT A SHORT DISTANCE BELOW THE McKINLEY AND DAY HOMES Photograph by Rief

BUSINESS SECTION OF MARKET STREET, THE MAIN THOROUGHFARE OF THE CITY, LOOKING SOUTH
Photograph by Rief

the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Wabash systems; it is also the centre of interurban electric railways. The practical man and capitalist who will visit this city will be quick to appreciate the fact that here are afforded opportunities for safe investments sure to bring speedy returns.

To those about to engage in manufacturing, or those thus engaged and desirous of the best and most assured facilities, and those desiring any further information concerning the city, correspondence is solicited by the Canton Board of Trade.

Invictus

OUT of the night that covers me,
Black as the night from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

I matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

William Ernest Henley

The Public and the Packers

By A CHICAGO MERCHANT

THE case of the government against the packers of Chicago has been in the United States Circuit court of that city this month. The court's decision had not been reached at the time of this writing. The government asked that a permanent injunction be issued against these six big packing firms of the west restraining them from trade combinations pronounced illegal by the Sherman law. A temporary injunction to this effect was granted in May.

Extraordinary interest has been manifested in this case because it is the first great prosecution of an alleged trust attempted by the general government. The rapid rise in the price of beef during the late spring, and the discovery in New York of private papers of the packers tending to show that there had been a trade combination among them, provoked the government's action. At the same time the press of the country was flooded with articles on the beef situation and the packing industry, and with many statements, a number of which were false, as to the character of the provision business.

Nationally, Chicago is the center of the food supply of the country. Internationally, it is the strongest competitor with Russia and Argentine for feeding Europe. Within its confines more corn, wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, eggs, poultry, beef, pork and mutton are handled annually than at any other point in the world. The packing industry had its starting point about 1860 and has grown into an annual volume of business supposed to represent about $500,000,000. The late P. D. Armour was the founder of the industry. In its development the entire process of handling and shipping meat has been revolutionized and the world in many respects has been materially benefited through the discovery of innumerable bye-products.

No other like enterprise approaching the city's packing industry in size exists on earth. As Theodore Dreiser said:

"By its side ship yards and mines and steel plate industries are dwarfed, for it is a trade especially vital to the life of the people, and deals with the thing more important than all else, food. Many arguments have been introduced to show what Chicago has done for this industry, and what this industry has done for Chicago, but the truth is that brains and the growing west made the packing industry, and it would have been just what it is some time or other, Chicago or no."

Hasty critics of packers' alliances with railways, of the rebate system, of pooling of market issues, forget, in their clamor to score a political point that these men have introduced system into the cattle business, that they have given an impetus to cattle breeding, to the proper care of stock, to the rightful treatment of meats after slaughter, for which they should receive far more esteem than any general that ever led troops to the slaughter of his fellow men.

As far back as 1889, P. D. Armour said to a government investigating committee:

"It is only necessary to call attention to the centralization of markets; to the changes in the equipment for the transportation of cattle for long distances; to the refrigerator car system by which fresh beef can be transported for long distances and ripen and improve during transit; to the exportation of cattle, fresh

beef, and beef products to foreign countries, and to the transportation of fresh beef and mutton from Australia across the tropics and the marketing of it in good condition in England, to understand the change that has been necessitated in the manner of marketing cattle and of preparing the products of cattle for consumption as well as in the distribution and sale of the products."

The change referred to is even greater since 1889 than previous to that time, for today more than $200,000,000 of capital is engaged in the Chicago packing business alone with a total annual volume of business approximating half a billion dollars. The careless methods of cattle raising on Western ranches, so conspicuous between 1875 and 1890, have given place to the skilled work of the middle West farmer. The "diversified" farmer has succeeded the "wheat" farmer. Corn is daily approaching final supremacy as a cereal and corn is the stock raisers' backbone.

It has been the vital necessity of the Chicago packers that better cattle, better hogs and sheep, should be raised every year by the farmer and ranger. An army may be fed on "canners," but not the brain and muscle workers of the world. So it has come about each year that through the packers' power live stock shows, stock journals and even the daily press have worked for higher grade stock and necessarily in this for higher prices to the producer.

In this connection it may be well to note that men of the push of the Cudahys, Armours, Morrises, Lyman, of the Hammond concern, and the Swifts, have made a provision point for the world which in magnitude surpasses any other of past history. The wheat, corn, cattle and sheep of the region between the Rockies and the Ohio finds Chicago the easiest and speediest distributing point.

It is something to reflect upon that the daily food supply of three-tenths of England, one-fifth of France, one-quarter of Germany, one-eighth of Spain, one-sixth of Austria, one-seventh of Russia, one-quarter of Scandinavia, one-third of Canada, one-fifth of Mexico, one-quarter of the Philippines, one-fourteenth of China, one-ninth of India, and of the whole United States, is affected, diminished or increased, by the fluctuations of the Chicago market. It is well to understand that the cold storage egg, the refrigerated beef, the canned soup, the cured ham, are not luxuries forced on the market by capitalistic will, but necessities demanded by a world's population hungry at all stages.

This is beside the question whether the packers are guilty or not of the acts charged by the government in its petition for the issuance of an injunction. It is alleged by the government that they have for years accepted rebates from the various railroads; that in a sense they have held up the roads for discriminating rates; that they have destroyed competitive trade; that they have created artificial buying and selling prices for the purposes of enhancing their wealth; that they have added no more to the wealth of the cattle producer of the West than the old competitive conditions would have added; that they have grown enormously wealthy at the public expense until they have come to regard themselves as above the law of the land. How far the government will prove these charges remains to be seen.

When the great packers first began to understand what money there might be in handling and shipping food products for the people, the West was growing fast. Its areas of production were astonishing all observers, and handling and shipping were profitable. Railway lines were reaching out in new directions, here increasing their capacities, there reducing their rates. The shipping on the lakes was changing in character and increasing in tonnage. It

was the time of times for organizing a business enterprise dealing with food, and it was duly organized.

There had been changes which rendered possible the creation of such a food gathering and delivering system, for it was the third year of the war and the demand was great. The old state banking system had passed away and had been replaced by national banks, while the bank notes issued by these, with the legal tender "greenbacks" of the United States, provided a uniform currency, everywhere available, instead of the miscellaneous and often questionable paper which had embarrassed produce purchasers in former times.

The system of exchanges between the East and the West had become greatly simplified. If you add to these conditions a great commercial genius thinking steadily about the best way of gathering, preparing and shipping food products, and watching the whole country by the aid of the telegraph to learn its needs and supply them, you will come to understand why the meat preparing industry of the nation is centralized, and why the Union Stock Yards of Chicago are what they are.

When it is taken into consideration that there are often to be cared for 50,000 hogs, 20,000 cattle and 5,000 sheep all at one time and with a constant stream of railroad traffic, it can be imagined what work and care are necessary. The yards comprise 200 acres. They contain twenty miles of streets, twenty of watering troughs, fifty of feeding troughs, seventy-five of drainage and water pipes, and can daily care for 125,000 hogs, 20,000 cattle and 15,000 sheep. No interest is left unprovided for and no item of expenditure escapes its proper assignment.

The value of the stock yards company plant itself, exclusive of the great packing establishments, is about $5,000,000 and about a thousand employes work for the company. But individual plants within the yards are each worth many million dollars more than this and the number of employes is proportionately greater. In a busy season Armours employ as high as 22,000 individuals and the Swift company as high as 30,000.

The number of cattle packed in the yards in 1865 was 27,172; of hogs, 507,000. In 1901 the total number of cattle, hogs and sheep handled at the yards exceeded 16,000,000, and there was not a country in the world that did not receive some of the product from them. The figures are used merely to show the immensity of the business and to further indicate that a fabric so extensive is not necessarily built upon deep driven piling. It has a structural delicacy to which as much considerate attention is due as to our national bank system, or our iron and steel industry.

In the indiscriminate hue and cry which is too often raised against large financial organizations there is always a high note whose meaning is destruction. The breath of the iconoclast sweeps along side by side with the spirit of the mob. The trust question is vexing every thinking mind in the United States; every honest man wishes it were settled, but so far no one has offered a remedy that gets general approval. So far as the nation has progressed with the problem, it appears certain that centralization, concentration of energy, is a world phase which cannot be checked. It appears to be a natural remedy for the old time diffusion of energy with all its wastefulness, and is equally apparent in all the large lines of commerce.

Individual packers may have done many wrongs; trust leaders and financial geniuses are no more than human, after all is said; but the spirit of the age toward them should be that which seeks to regulate without destroying. These men are primarily the public's servants and have an enormous value to the

nation. They must be well repaid and treated fairly. The great work before the people is to provide for a manner of regulating trusts and combines, fitting them into every day life in a natural manner, and making them wholly beneficial to the world.

Here is a combination of men whose products, taken from millions of producers, go to every nation of the world. You alter the buying price of a quarter of beef in Chicago and its selling price changes in New York, London, Paris, Shanghai—everywhere in the world. You check the export trade of the Chicago packers, prevent it, and it will take Europe and the other nations of the world a decade at least to readjust their system of food supply and provide a new source. Countless thousands of people will be put to suffering and hardship.

The armies of the world, the great laboring masses, rich and poor, draw from this central market daily sustenance by an evenly adjusted system that is so closely figured that it is true that no packer today can offer beef to the public at a profit. *The beef packing industry in itself is run at a loss.* Of course there are bye-products and allied industries which compensate for this loss, but imagine if the six beef packing firms voluntarily quit buying and killing and closed their yards, what the result would be while the world was preparing for a new system in this line?

The great packers are not children, and no one imagines they are building for love. The Armour, Swift, Morris and other packing estates are enormously large. They have millions to command, and are quite capable of caring for themselves, and the only concern the general public can have in their affairs is as to how honestly they deal with the people. At this point the question of governmental or state or municipal regulation of their affairs arises, and until that form and manner of regulation is settled the trust question will not be settled. The regulation must be fair to the one regulated and just to the people regulated for. If it is to be through publicity or public audit or a commission, the manner must be equitable to both parties to the agreement. But once it is found, the side issues of rebates, of interference with legislatures, of artificial markets and the like, will adjust themselves.

In the animal as slaughtered at the Chicago yards there was found some years ago a gland which chemists and bye-product men could not account for. Its presence seemed to be superfluous in the animal. No apparent use for it by man could be found. Efforts were made to utilize it, but these efforts failed. The elder Armour, as the story runs, finally had a number of these glands collected and sent on to a New York chemist with instructions to ascertain if they might be made of value to packers and public. This chemist worked over the glands for a year and then he came to Mr. Armour and he said:

"There is nothing in existence for localizing cocaine once it has been injected into the system. If cocaine is taken into your gums to ease a pain when a tooth is to be pulled that cocaine must pass through your entire system before it can be eliminated. It affects your heart, your respiration, your stomach. Well, this gland can be made into a preparation which will localize the cocaine, keep it in one spot and prevent its entering the blood."

Now the gland is carefully saved and utilized to aid the preservation of the human system. The story is told merely to show that the beef industry, the packing houses, while not ideal institutions, while perhaps all the government claims they are, are not merely an economic factor in civilization but a hygienic, a sanitary, a life factor. The packer offers hides, felt, bone, sugar clarifier, casings, fertilizer, oleomargerine, certain needful

oils, glue, gelatine, horn, every possible bye-product of the animal but the gastric juice of the stomach. That and that alone he does not yet know how to utilize, but he will find a place for it.

In the ordinary life of the individual there is not a product of the packing houses that does not enter somehow. Bread, cake, meats, tobacco, sugar, butter, clothing, all get some basic element back in the abattoir. And if the world had not needed some great central clearing house like the packing establishments they never would have succeeded. All the genius of P. D. Armour, all the push of G. F. Swift, would have been quite useless if a necessity had not existed. You cannot give the world what it does not need. There must be a popular demand before there can be a popular supply.

It is probable the West is not suffering from drouth. It is true there is not a great shortage of cattle. In native cattle, the supply is excellent. The justification for the sharp advance in beef prices must be found elsewhere than in these columns. Railway rebates, blacklisting, boycotting, are subjects for which the government has officials and laws, and if not, should have. The people can provide for that when they awaken to the necessity.

But the beef industry of the United States represented in Chicago, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Sioux City and St. Paul is too great, too world encircling, to be dealt with hastily or on imperfect knowledge. The packers can never grow greater than justice. Let them fail to recognize justice and their ruin is certain. But the plain people, the backbone of the republic, must in turn give justice to the captains of industry, must meet their marvelous undertakings with sanity of thought, speech and action.

In the case of the Chicago packers, it is interesting to study the personalities of the men, to learn who they are, what was their start in life, and so forth. Mr. H. I. Cleveland, a journalist well acquainted with the large figures in the packing industry, paragraphs them in this fashion:

"The foremost personality in the packing business of Chicago at the present time is that of G. F. Swift. Mr. Swift earned his first money in Boston as a clerk, and his estate is now said to have a value of $30,000,000. He is a religious and domestic man, a member of St. James Methodist church and a liberal subscriber to the needs of Methodism. His time is entirely spent either at his home or in his office in the packing district. More than 19,000 people are now in his employ; the volume of business of his company last year reached $180,000,000. His two sons, L. F. Swift and E. F. Swift, are rapidly succeeding him in the business.

"The Cudahys are four Irish giants. They were born in County Kilkenny and arrived in Milwaukee with their parents when infants. They began life with little education and in humble occupation in the pioneer Milwaukee packing house of Armour & Plankinton. The brothers are the pork and lard specialists in the world. John Cudahy has been famous as a grain and provision speculator on the Chicago Board of Trade. In 1892 he built a corner on pork and lard which cost him $3,000,000. He promptly started life anew, paying $1,000,000 of his debts in cash and giving notes for the remainder, due in two years. Every dollar that he owed was paid at that time. Michael, the senior of the brothers, never speculates, but enjoys yachting and has a summer home at Mackinac Island.

"J. Ogden Armour, the head of Armour & Co., is a reserved, self contained man and believed to be fully as good a business manager as was his father. It has often been said that if he had been in control of the Armour business when

the canned beef investigation came, after the Spanish-American war, Armour & Co. would never have been drawn into that unfortunate affair. Mr. Armour attends strictly to business, dislikes publicity, and, so far as outside affairs are concerned, interests himself only with the progress of the noted Armour Institute. The business of Armour & Co. has reached a volume of $200,000,000 a year. P. A. Valentine is the financial manager of the company; A. I. Valentine, his brother, has charge of all the grain and elevator business of the corporation; Arthur Meeker manages the packing department.

"Nelson Morris, the heaviest exporter of cattle of the six big packers, is reputed to be worth $20,000,000. It is told of Mr. Morris that he never wore a dress suit. He was born in Germany and came to Chicago when fifteen years old. He began business life as a watchman in the Chicago stock yards with a salary of $4 a week, but by application made himself an expert judge of cattle and hogs and in time was able to start an independent business of his own.

"The Hammond Company, of which J. P. Lyman is the local manager, does an enormous export business. The company was organized in 1869 by George H. Hammond and began operations in shipping dressed beef to Africa."

My friends the socialists are saying the only remedy for evils that inhere in the new conditions is government ownership. But they have not proved their case. I personally believe the thing to do is to provide a system of government regulation, a system that will prevent violations of the statute laws, and insure the people against unduly large charges for the services rendered by the trusts. This has yet to be tried. The problem is too new to have found its solution. Government regulation, rather than government ownership, is the logical next step. It may, just possibly, become necessary for the government to acquire the railroads, in order to insure equal rates for big and little competitors.

The Poet's Song to His Wife

HOW many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the wingéd wind
When't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours.

Some weight of thought, though loath
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears,—a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;—
All else is flown!

Ah!—With what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden spring!
With tongues all sweet and low
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and time!

Bryan Waller Procter

SUMMER sessions of congress are always interesting. It is the sultry days that try men's souls—I should say tempers. The doors of the senate are thrown open, and there is an air of abandon and democracy not apparent during the steam heat days. The neglige attire has a freedom that is sketchy. Through the open doors of the committee rooms staid senators in shirt sleeves may be seen, writing letters to agricultural constituents, keeping clear of the shoals of protest and petition. There is a listless atmosphere over it all —a few of the habitual spectators take a short nap between times.

Senator Morgan is reading the 147th. chapter of his speech on the Nicaragua canal bill and, grand old patriarch that he is, he is given a most respectful hearing, for if any one person in the senate is thoroughly posted on the subject of inter-oceanic canals, it is Alabama's senior senator. The chief laurels will belong to him, no matter what canal route shall be selected. It was a bit of chivalric gallantry when he was interrupted by Senators Bailey of Texas and Fairbanks of Indiana, to hear them give him full meed of credit as the foremost canal champion. Senator Morgan responded by insisting that he was not the preeminent canal advocate, but that William McKinley was the more ardent and conspicuous and that he desired to see this canal constructed as a monument to one of America's greatest presidents.

Senator Hoar asked permission to introduce a resolution to have some cannons melted into a statue for his home city of Worcester, Mass. It was evident that he had visited home recently and that the constituents were urgent.

"I am glad to be favored with the presence of the senator from Massachusetts during one of my speeches—even if it is only when he has a resolution to offer."

There was a pleasant exchange of badinage between the venerable gentlemen, and Senator Morgan went on with his interminable speech. There was a variation when the clerk was asked to try his six-auctioneer-power voice on a mass of correspondence recounting insurrectionary troubles in Colombia.

"What is the date of those letters?" asked Senator Fairbanks.

"July 16, 1900."

This indicates the keenness with which every move is watched.

Senator Spooner's amendment, substituting the Panama route, met favor. The "Little Giant" from Wisconsin is one of the strong men of the nation, and one of the events of the month was his stirring speech on the Philippines. As a debater, and a keen, quick and decisive thinker,

he has few equals. Senator Fairbanks has been an active leader in the canal discussion, favoring the Panama route as the best business proposition, while Senator Hanna has been getting out the votes for that side.

"We have plenty of good arguments and speeches, but it will not do to have a weakness when it comes to votes."

The Ohio senator made one of his characteristic speeches, driving straight at the bull's-eye on a business basis. The large map on the wall, showing the entire isthmus, spread from floor to gallery rail. With a number of other maps, each showing a cross section of the isthmus, the senate chamber looked more than ever like a college class room. While the air outside was sizzling, the debate was comparatively well refrigerated by the coolness between Senators Tillman and McLaurin.

SENATOR CLARK of Montana is always busy writing letters and he always puts the stamp on the envelope with a dainty little brush, addressing it carefully before he begins writing the letter. Senator Lodge of Massachusetts tears up lots of paper in a reflective way —always sitting sidewise in his desk. Senator Spooner's gaze is leveled straight ahead. Senator Gallinger has ex-Senator Chandler's newspaper as well as his senate seat. Senator Beveridge finds his place on the Democratic side, ready for a skirmish. But during all this, Senator Morgan is delivering a speech that will become historic for its comprehensive treatment of the inter-oceanic canal question. Senator Warren of Wyoming is cooling himself with callers in the marble room, watching the weather ticker for a change. Senator Depew has sailed and there is no one to tell good stories. Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota evidently waits his chance on the bill for the new department of commerce.

Drowsily enough the day's business drags, again suggesting the atmosphere developed in every American school room toward the close of the school year. In the schools the boys are given clearly to understand that it is not impossible for any one of them to become a senator—or even president. How closely knit, after all, is the fabric of our national life is all its varying phases and stages.

IN the house there is the same drowsy air; the activities of the earlier days of the session are tempered somewhat with senatorial deliberation. Summing it all up, the present session of congress has seen much hard work accomplished. National life at Washington partakes more and more every year of the nature of business operations. A sort of complacent commercial communism, perhaps. Indeed, I should not be surprised if the senators and representatives should form a union in these days of consolidation. The "community of interests" has affected the new members. They formed an association among themselves, regardless of party lines. The idea is to mitigate the dullness of their "plebe" year, to make it more sociable, by way of compensation for sitting idle and quiet all day on the floor of the house, or wedged in at the center of a committee table.

ON the day the irrigation bill passed the House, there were several stirring speeches, and irrigation for a time appeared to be the great overshadowing national question. Mr. Mondell of Wyoming made an eloquent presentation of facts concerning the public, contrasting the amounts expended to maintain navigation in certain streams through the river and harbor bill, showing that

the proposition to divert the head waters of these streams for irrigation, so reclaiming vast tracts of land, was more wise than trying to float vessels over muddy bars. In other words, use the rivers' water for navigated irrigation, rather than irrigated navigation.

National irrigation has come to stay, and it will do much for the development of our arid states—our own contiguous territory. The National Magazine, I am pleased to say, has been recognized by the leaders as the chief advocate of the cause among the periodicals, and one was generous enough to assert that the National's irrigation number, in February, with its many strong articles from experts, was largely instrumental in passing the bill. That number of the National, by the way, has been widely discussed in Australia, where the irrigation question is pressing for settlement also.

WASHINGTON correspondents wield the pen for newspapers in nearly every quarter of the globe. Presses in London, Berlin, Honolulu, and Manila, are daily giving forth dispatches from the federal capital about current political events. But it is only recently that they have invaded the Japanese field. Mr. John Callan O'Laughlin, for ten years the representative of the New York Herald in the state, war and navy department and at the legations and embassies, is the first American correspondent of a Japanese newspaper — the Mainichi Shimbunsha, of Osaka.

Mr. O'Laughlin has had a notable career in newspaper work, which promises more, because he is still a young man, being now twenty-nine years old. He has made a special study of the Chinese question and has written a book on the subject of America's relations with China, which will be published at an early day. He had special facilities for gaining information, for "Cal" O'Laughlin counts among his friends every official and attache of the state department from Secretary Hay down. No man in Washington can get more news than he from the foreign diplomats, a difficult field from the newspaper standpoint.

Recently Mr. O'Laughlin was presented with the decoration of the order of Stanislaus from the Czar of Russia, as a token of the esteem in which the Russian ambassador held him. Although regarded here as nothing more than that, the bestowal of the order aroused Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the editor of the New York Herald, who cabled from France that the gift must be returned or his resignation would be expected. "I will give you till next Wednesday to return the gift," cabled Mr. Bennett.

"I will give you till next Wednesday to find a man for my place," was "Cal's" laconic reply. He is now representing several newspapers of the country in similar work, his services being especially desirable. He has written considerably for magazines.

JOHN P. HORNDAY, Washington correspondent of the Indianapolis News, went down to the buried city of St. Pierre on the relief ship Dixie.

The story of the destruction of St. Pierre, he says, must be largely a product of the imagination, for no one escaped to tell it. The first cables from the West Indies related that of a total population of 30,000, one man, a prisoner in the city jail, had come out of the disaster alive, but the American newspaper correspondents who went to the scene of the disaster on the United States cruiser Dixie soon learned that the story was without foundation. True, we have a score or more of survivors from the shipping in the roadstead, but they have only a nebulous impression of what took

place. All they know is that on the fatal morning darkness settled over St. Pierre and the Carribean Sea near the city. So dark was it at 7 o'clock that the Roraima, the last vessel to put in, had great difficulty in picking up the light set to guide ships to the anchorage. Suddenly came a terrific explosion from the mountain — likened by the surviving sailors to the explosion of a hundred pound gun on the deck of a vessel--followed by a cloud of fire. It all took place in less than three minutes. Undoubtedly the concussion from the pent up forces in the mountain, bursting out through a new crater, killed many persons outright, or else they were crushed under falling walls. Such as survived the shock were asphyxiated a minute later. This occurred at ten minutes of 8 o'clock, May 8. Twelve days later the same force that destroyed the 30,000 inhabitants of the city buried them under a flow of volcanic dust from six to ten feet deep.

AMERICAN newspaper correspondents reached the scene of destruction May 21, the day following the second great eruption. By permission of the acting governor (the governor had lost his life in St. Pierre) they visited the buried city. Not many bodies had escaped burial by the flow of volcanic dust. French soldiers were searching for uncovered corpses and such as were found were burned. Only the jagged walls of the buildings projected above the mantle of dust. It was barely possible to pick out the outlines of what had been the streets. The outer walls of the great cathedral in which the feast of the ascension was being celebrated at the moment the volcano hurled death and destruction on the city had tumbled in, burying several hundred worshippers. A slab from the marble door was found by Rev. J. F. McGrail, chaplain of the Dixie, and will be sent by him to the pope. The bank of Martinique, the one large financial institution on the island, had excavated for its treasure and had found the safe intact. No other excavations for valuables had been made. The only bodies that have been taken out are those of Thomas T. Prentiss, the United States consul, and a daughter of the Italian consul at Barbados. Mont Pelee, six miles from the buried city, still threatened to renew the attack. Great columns of steam rose intermittently, formed into umbrella shaped clouds and floated off to sea. From fissures extending down the side of the volcano almost to the limits of the buried city jets of steam were issuing, sometimes to the height of twenty feet.

INHABITANTS of the island who had been out of the range of the volcano's fury were panic stricken. Several thousand had already hastily packed all their earthly belongings and fled to other islands. The eruption of May 20, which scattered dust and stones over Fort de France, the only other city of any consequence on the island, had driven the people of that city almost to despair. When the cloud of steam and dust from the volcano settled down over the city the people rushed to the beach; all the available shore craft put to sea, and hundreds of natives swam a quarter of a mile to the large vessels anchored in the harbor. Captain McLain of the cruiser Cincinnati, related that he could hear from his ship the cries and moans of the distracted people on shore. But no one was injured and the people returned to their homes to await the fatal day, which most of them believed would come sooner or later.

THE United States relief expedition, under the command of Captain Berry of the Dixie, did not find any urgent need

of relief on the island of Martinique. The United States vessels Potomac and Sterling, from Porto Rico, had already unloaded large cargoes of stores, and relief boats had come from several islands of the Windward group. After putting ashore 450,000 rations, the relief expedition proceeded to the island of St. Vincent, where the volcano Souffriere, in eruption one day before Mont Pelee destroyed St. Pierre, had killed 1,600 or 1,700 persons, had horribly burned several hundred more, and had devasted a large section of the island. Fortunately for St. Vincent no city was within reach of the fury of Souffriere, else there would have been loss of life as great as that on Martinique, for the eruption was not less violent. The British colonial government, quick to act, had gathered the injured and homeless from the devastated districts in camps and hospitals at Kingstown and Georgetown. Physicians—volunteers—from Barbados, Grenada and other islands, with the assistance of the local physicians, were caring for the injured. A large population had been made homeless and the supply of stores from the Dixie, amounting to about sixty per cent. of the total dispatched by order of congress, was urgently needed by the refugees.

The Caribs, the aborigines, whom Columbus encountered, inhabited a large area of the district devastated on St. Vincent. "When Souffriere smokes build caves," had been a watchword passed down from generation to generation by the Caribs, and so when the volcano showed signs of activity they did build caves, and hundreds of them escaped with their lives, but with their reservations ruined.

PEOPLE of St. Pierre had ample warning, but were prevailed upon by the colonial authorities and the local newspapers to believe that the danger was not real. As early as April 25, Jules Romain, a guide, visited the volcano and reported down in the city that the crater was filled with a "boiling mass." From May 1 until the day of the awful calamity the volcano was emitting steam and ashes. Three days before the final one the village of Precheur, six miles from St. Pierre, was destroyed by a flow of mud and hot water. But still the wise men of the city said there was no danger. The last issue of Les Colonies, the little French daily of the city, printed at 3 p. m. the day before the eruption, asked in bold type:

"Where can one be safer than in St. Pierre?"

Men and Women of the Month

John Pierpont Morgan has discovered that he has a liver. He may some time discover that other men have livers. This discovery usually sets men to pondering on the life to come. John need feel no uneasiness regarding the future: without flattery and without malice, I have embalmed him in a lyric.

Michael Henry Herbert, British ambassador to the United States, had a Norman gentleman for his first British ancestor, and has an American woman for wife. She is a Wilson, sister of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Reuben Gold Thwaites, of Madison, Wisconsin, foremost living authority on

the history of the Mississippi valley, has edited "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents" in seventy-three volumes.

Joel Chandler Harris, your Uncle Remus, has received the degree of Doctor of Literature from Emory college, Oxford, Georgia. Fortunate Georgia, possessing Joel Chandler Harris in fiction, Frank L. Stanton in poetry and Thomas E. Watson in history.

Thomas E. Watson, aforesaid, declares literature is a pleasanter and more satisfying pursuit than politics.

Ellen Terry has quit Sir Henry Irving's company to join that of Beerbohm Tree. Irving made the natural male mistake of taking Miss Terry at her word when she said she wished him to hire a younger woman to take her roles in certain of their plays.

King Albert of Saxony, field marshal in the German army, is dying. He has made many great gifts to his people, among them the royal domain and forests.

John Burroughs, white haired and serene in "Slabsides," his summer home at West End, New York, quoted the following verse to a company of callers the other day:

> Serene I fold my hands and wait,
> Nor care for wind, nor tide nor sea;
> I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
> For lo! my own shall come to me.

"I wrote that in '62," he said, "when I was young and at a time of gloom and depression. But I have lived to prove it true. My own has come to me."

Mayor Sam Jones of Toledo, Ohio, has been declared, by inference, an imbecile, because he substituted for the usual damphool civil service questions put to applicants for police positions, a set of questions bearing on the ethical fitness of applicants for the places they sought.

Senator Chauncey Depew's plea in favor of the Appalachian park project, and for forest preservation generally, is declared by Senator Frye the most valuable and suggestive speech he has heard at this session of congress.

General Neville Gerald Lyttleton, who remains in charge of the British forces in South Africa, greatly admires the bravery of the Boers, and is disposed to make the new relations as easy for them as possible.

Thomas Alva Edison's new storage battery may eliminate the plug horse, engaged in heavy teaming, but not the speedy driver, the handsomest and wisest creature on four legs.

Herbert Spencer, grandest scholar of the nineteenth century, has given the world his "last word" in a final book of collected essays. In this last book, he expresses the belief that "with the cessation of consciousness at death there ceases to be any knowledge of having existed." And of what becomes of consciousness at death: "We can only infer that at death its elements lapse into the infinite and eternal energy whence they were derived."

General Leonard Wood now knows what is meant by "the gratitude of republics."

Mr. Pompey Stots of Chicago, was arraigned in police court for stealing a pair of trousers. He offered no defense except the following lines:

> I stole dem britches; I's 'knowledged de corn,
> But thought it no crime, sho's you born.
> If de motive am right, dan dar's no sin,—
> I stole dem britches ter be baptized in

Edward F. Younger, who reports the incident in the Atlanta Constitution, says the judge declared it a shame to hide such talent in the Bridewell.

Walter Wellman, correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald in the coal fields of Pennsylvania during the recent great strike, says that strike was a protest against serfdom. Mr. Wellman's characterization of the forces there contending is so shrewd, and so sure to come in handy later, that I will just copy it entire:

> 1. An effort to Americanize the mass of imported labor in the anthracite field — to organize it into unions, to secure for it fairer treatment and better compensation, to enable it through its intelligent cohesiveness to demand and procure the same consideration given native or more highly developed labor in other vocations, to lift the standard of citizenship and of comfort among these people.
>
> 2. An effort on the part of capital to resist this natural progress and to perpetuate the semi-feudal system which has always prevailed in the anthracite region—a system in which the labor was not organized and in which the employers were obdurate masters, and in which the standard of citizenship, of manhood and intelligence was low among the workers and the standard of comfort low in their families.

Senator Stephen Benton Elkins of West Virginia, the only member of the United States Senate who speaks New Mexican Spanish, has anticipated the natural course of things by offering a resolution for the annexation of Cuba to the United States as a state of the Union.

George F. Baer, leader of the railroad and coal interests in the recent coal mine strike, fed hogs on his father's farm in Somerset county, Pa., passed through journalism and the law into railroading and finance, and is rated a genius in both these lines of action.

Rev. T. G. Mosier, pastor of the Watch Tower evangelical church at Mishawaka, Indiana, thought to better the condition of affairs by urging his belief that men should not marry before reaching their thirtieth year, and that women should blush unseen until twenty-five. The men of the parish are not saying much, but the women declare the parson is seven different kinds of a heretic.

Charles J. Osborn deserves to rank with Niagara Falls as one of the great natural wonders of America. He is a newspaper man who has held one job continuously for forty-seven years. After that extraordinary service as local representative of the Associated Press at St. Louis, Mr. Osborn has retired. Another miracle that has to be recorded in this connection is the fact that his employer has kept him on the pay roll as advisory editor. The newspaper as a rule has about as much use for a worn-out employe as a small boy has for a sucked orange.

Senator William E. Mason of Illinois was one of two Republican senators who voted against the Philippine civil government bill. Asked by the Chicago Record-Herald to give his reasons for that vote, he writes two columns, the nub of which is this paragraph:

> You ask the reason for my decision. I answer that because of the teachings of my father and mother I hate slavery, and when we attempt to govern the Filipinos without their consent it is just as much slavery as when England tried to govern the United States without ours.
>
> I will not stop to consider the proposition that we can give the Filipinos better government than they can give themselves, because it is the same proposition that King George made to my fathers who fought in the Revolution. The fathers of the republic said that self government was better than any other government, and after a long life of study upon that question, I find that rule to be fixed as the law of gravitation.

Professor F. P. Fitzgerald—hats off to him—is a scholar and a gentleman. Incidentally, he is the head of the Mitchellville, Iowa, industrial school for girls. Mr. Fitzgerald, having sense and sympathy, has substituted music for muscle in disciplining the girls confided to his care, and has won a degree of obedience never gained by any of his predecessors. He believes girls have souls.

Frank Putnam.

OREAD INSTITUTE, MR. HENRY D. PERKY'S GREAT COLLEGE OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT WORCESTER, MASS.

Oread Institute

THE great bulwark of our national strength today lies in the home makers. From the time of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, down to William McKinley the great men of the nation have declared enthusiastically for the art of home making, home building and the American fireside as the invulnerable fortress of our country's destiny.

The first and most prominent institution for the exclusive and comprehensive study of domestic science is the Oread Institute at Worcester, Mass., established by Henry D. Perky. Some years ago, he purchased the famous, picturesque Oread Castle, which occupies a stately and spacious site in the very heart of the city of Worcester, Mass. Originally established by Eli Thayer, a graduate of Brown University, and a man of national prominence in the fifties and sixties, it enjoys the distinction of being the first college ever established for the higher education of women, having been opened in 1848. The graduates include many prominent women of today, among them Mrs. John D. Rockefeller. It is indeed fitting that this pioneer seat of higher education should in later years have grown to be the great school of domestic science, which is, after all, the *highest* education of women.

The year's course is compact and the requirements for admission include sound health, and maturely sincere interest in the work, with a full course at a high school or its equivalent. The faculty, however, passes on the applications, considering individual merits rather than an arbitrary academic standard. The absolutely necessary requirements are covered in elementary physics, physiology and chemistry, including laboratory work, in inorganic chemistry; arithemetic, geometry and algebra, American and English history, and a good knowledge of speaking and writing the English language. This makes the year at Oread in a way a complete and practical post graduate course, which fits the students thoroughly to be home makers and teachers of domestic science. The attention now given to this branch in schools generally makes the demand for instructors far greater than the supply, and those who escape the net of Cupid always have good positions assured and awaiting them.

The scholarships, board and rooms are furnished absolutely free by Mr. Henry D. Perky, and the attendance is limited to the capacity of the school, about fifty in all. The course is for one year only and the curriculum speaks eloquently of the art of real home making. The list includes cookery, chem-

MR. HENRY D. PERKY AND THE CLASS OF 1902, OREAD INSTITUTE

Photo by Louis Oliver

istry of foods, marketing, house economics, practical housework, laundry, sewing, sanitation, physical training, elocution, English composition, physiology, physics, bacteriology, pedagogy, emergencies, history of foods, feeding of infants and children, and psychology.

In all the long list of college commencements which set New England ablaze in June time, there were none to me of more practical interest than that at the Oread. The stately old trees that stand guard about the famous old castle, never looked more beautiful than in their graduation garb. There were Chinese lanterns swinging from every bough in the gentle breeze. That evening the brilliant moon peeped down through the turrets and towers of old Oread, suggesting a painting of mediaeval times. Floating out from the casements came the soft strains of mandolin and stringed instruments, mingled with the happy voices of young and old greeting the founder and faculty. The rooms were thronged with beauty and gallantry, there to do honor to the graduates representing nearly every state in the Union, who had completed a course, which to the practical world meant much more than Latin-laden sheepskins showing classical prowess. The rooms were filled with evidence of the practical work which an Oread diploma requires. Here were the newest, daintiest and the most substantial viands for the table — preserves, salads and sauces. There the triumphs of practical needlework and sewing.

Intelligently and enthusiastically the graduates entertained the guests with descriptions of their work, that were as fascinating to men as to women, for after all, who does not admire that which makes home brighter and more attractive?

The welcome extended by the young ladies for the class of 1902 was replete with suggestions.

The Oread Institute is most cordially and enthusiastically endorsed by the leading educators, and prominent leaders of progressive ideas in all parts of the country. There was a sincere outburst of enthusiasm when G. Stanley Hall, the distinguished president of Clark University, and one of the best educational authorities in the country, paid an emphatic and superlative tribute to the work accomplished, and to the ideals and purposes of the founder, Mr. Henry D. Perky. Harper's Magazine, the National Magazine and all leading educators and periodicals have heartily endorsed the Oread Institute, which has blazed the path for still greater achievements in American home making. It is distinctively national in its scope and the National Magazine can unhesitatingly aver that no educational institution has a more profoundly important mission. We have secured from Mr. Perky the grant of one scholarship, to be known as the "National" scholarship, representing the nation at large, and no particular state, as in the other cases. This scholarship includes board, room and tuition absolutely free for one year, furnished by Mr. Perky, who supports the school and its noble work out of his private income, and what is more, gives his own personal enthusiasm and energy in the direction of the Institute.

The "National" scholarship will be awarded to one of the young lady subscribers of the National Magazine and there is absolutely no condition except sending your name and application direct to the Oread Institute, mentioning the "National" scholarship. We hope to make this scholarship graduate a staff contributor to the National Magazine, taking charge of a department of domestic science as outlined at Oread Institute next year. The name of the young lady securing the scholarship will be published in our September number. There will be no favoritism in the selection; while of course only one can be chosen for this scholarship, the one best fitted to employ it—you may be the one. All correspondence in reference to the applications for the "National" scholarship should be sent direct to the Oread Institute, Worcester, Mass. Free scholarship application blanks and catalogues may be obtained by addressing the Principal. The application blanks are self explanatory and contain instructions how to proceed. All applications must be on file at Oread Institute on or before August 1, 1902, and the examiners would esteem it a favor, as it would be advantageous to all concerned, if they were sent earlier. Notice of the decision of the examiners will be mailed to all applicants not later than Aug. 10, 1902.

Now, young ladies of America, be prompt. Act at once! Speak for yourself.

Joe Mitchell Chapple

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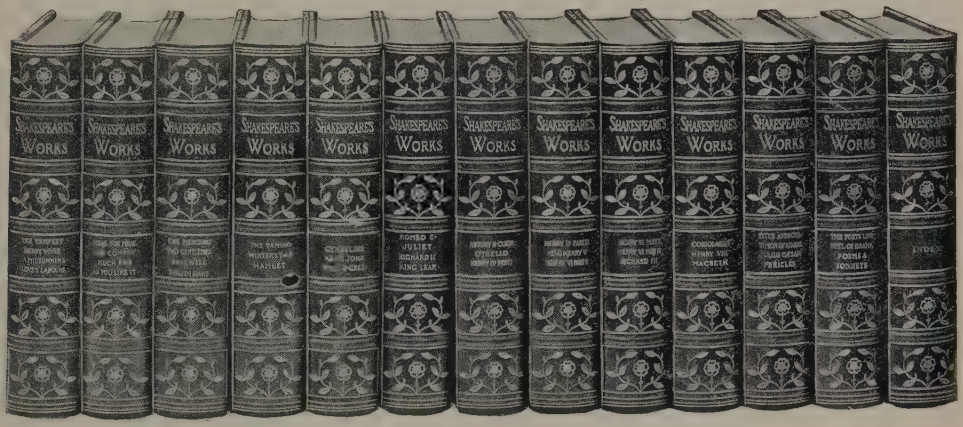
At the close of our heavy spring sale we find that we have on hand sixty-four sets of the International Shakespeare in a slightly marred condition — each set having a few pages slightly soiled or the bindings a little rubbed. *But for all practical purposes these sets are as good as new.* We cannot sell them in justice to ourselves as perfect sets, so we are going to close them out to NATIONAL MAGAZINE readers at about what it cost to make them. Lovers of Shakespeare and those who are collecting a library will see in this announcement an opportunity to secure the best edition of Shakespeare at a bargain. If you ever intend to read Shakespeare or to possess a good edition of his works, now is your chance. The coupon in the lower right-hand corner will bring you a set at our expense, which may be returned if not found satisfactory after examination.



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MISS PERCY HASWELL, WHO WILL TOUR IN "A ROYAL FAMILY"

Photograph by C. M. Gilbert.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THERE is no scene in any play that is more thrilling, sweet tempered and picturesque than the last hours of congress. It is the finale of a great national drama, in which all the principals gather for a farewell salute. The big round clock in the senate and its mate in the house tick in unison to a second and move in harmony as the hour for final adjournment approaches. To witness such a scene always makes me a better American, because here is a reflection and a representation of every phase and every section of American life. It is all a cheery reminder of American good nature. There will be a strenuous debate and acute political plays right up to the last minute, but no matter how high the tide of partisan discussion may run, there is always a hearty spirit of comradery when the goodbyes are spoken and the curtain falls, showing "everybody married and happy."

In the house General Hooker of Mississippi, the one-armed ex-Confederate veteran, leads in singing "Dixie," with Speaker Henderson's right arm on his shoulders, after the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" have died away. The high-pitched voices in the press gallery sing the Doxology as the hands of the clock point to 5:30 p. m. (on Tuesday, July 1, 1902). Then the ceremonies are over, and such a rush to pack up the bundles of papers in the desks! School is out,—the play time has come, and no school boys were ever more exuberant than these staid congressmen.

In the senate there is a closing speech by Senator Spooner in reply to the attacks on the Philippine civil government bill that is the most dramatic incident of the session. He turns on his democratic challengers with tragic fire. No actor ever exhibited such a splendid flash of classic anger as does he, while he lashes his foes with the whip of sarcasm. But it is brief. In a moment a smile crosses the senator's face, and the clouds disappear.

Senator's Frye's remarks as the gavel falls are few but well chosen, and it may be said no presiding officer of the senate was ever closer to the members than the distinguished Maine statesman.

In the President's room at the Capitol there is another interesting end-of-the-session scene. At 3:30 the President and members of the cabinet arrive at the Capitol and hasten directly to the room which is exclusively reserved for the President on these occasions.

There is nothing stiff or formal in the procession as it passes through the corridors. President Roosevelt stops for a glance into the Vice President's room which he occupied for a brief term, and then pokes his head through the glass doors to greet the senators sitting about as staid as Quakers at a watch meeting.

The bills are rushed to the President's room freshly engrossed on parchment. The President takes up a set of fountain pens with which he is to sign various historic bills. Senator Lodge is given the pen with which the Philippine civil government bill was signed and he in turn presents it to Senor Buencamino, the Filipino who has been in Washington for some time, advising with the framers of the Philippine bill. The last bill is soon signed, the last goodbye spoken and the army of members and officials make haste to get away from Washington's mid-summer heat, bound homeward or to the cool resorts for a season of rest and recuperation.

HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY AND HIS DOGS

This athletic son of the former secretary of the navy, and husband of one of the beautiful daughters of the present secretary of state, is an ardent devotee of all forms of out of door sports. Photograph by Bluedinst

What did congress do in the session just closed? Well, here is a partial list of its achievements:

1—The repeal of war taxes amounting to $73,250,000 a year.

2—The enactment of a civil government law for the Philippine Islands.

3—The passage of a bill that orders the construction of a trans-isthmian canal, appropriates $130,000,000 for it, and directs the President to choose between the Panama and Nicaraguan routes, giving preference to the former if he can make suitable arrangements with the United States of Colombia, through whose territory the Panama route runs.

4—The passage of a national irrigation law, providing for the application of the proceeds of sales of public lands to the watering of arid regions.

5—The extension of the Chinese exclusion laws.

6—The establishment of a permanent census office

7—The extension of the charters of national banks for twenty years.

8—The levying of a tax of ten cents a pound on oleomargarine.

GRACE GEORGE AS GILBERTE IN "FROU FROU" Photograph by Marceau

What did congress discuss and leave uncompleted?

These are a few of the more important measures in this classification:

1—The anti-anarchy bill, for the further protection of the President and his prospective successors against assassination.

2—The bill giving statehood to Arizona, Oklahoma and New Mexico.

3—The ship subsidy bill.

4—The bill creating an Appalachian forest reserve.

5—The bill enlarging the duties and powers of the Marine Hospital service.

6—The bill to establish cable service between the United States and its islands in the Pacific.

7—The bill providing for the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people.

8—The bill defining the meaning of conspiracy in injunction cases.

9—The bill creating a cabinet department of commerce.

10—The pure food bill.

Of all these measures, less than half a dozen chiefly occupied the attention of congress during the greater part of the session. The fighting on these bills foreshadowed in a degree the issues of the fall congressional campaign. Foremost among them was the Philippine civil government bill. This measure grants the Filipinos a degree of local self government, subject to final supervision by American officers to be appointed by the President. It treats the Filipino as a minor. It assumes he is in school, learning to be a citizen. He is not permitted to become by naturalization a citizen of the United States, and he is not allowed to exercise the powers of citizenship at home. He is on probation, and the feeling is that his future, in this particular, is in his own hands, to be what he makes it. The President's proclamaton of amnesty has released some six hundred leaders

THE TEMPORARY WHITE HOUSE

The President has lodged the executive offices in the four-story mansion at 22 Jackson place, Washington, for the summer, while workmen are remodeling the interior of the historic mansion in which the Presidents have their official home. Next door to the President's summer offices, General Leonard Wood, late military governor of Cuba, has been domiciled. The President took this course to show how lightly he regards the efforts that have been made to detract from General Wood's splendid achievements while in charge of Cuban affairs. Photograph by Clinedinst

of the Filipino revolutionists from prison, and has assumed that armed resistance to American authority is at an end. If this proves to be indeed the case, there is no reason to doubt that the Filipinos will soon possess all or nearly all of the liberty they crave.

The debate of the sesssion reached its loftiest level in the discussion of the Philippine question. Senator Lodge guided the bill, Senator Spooner was its chief proponent, Senator Hoar its most forcible opponent. Senator Spooner was also preeminent in adjusting the canal question, in getting actual results; it was his plan that was finally adopted. Probably the most important and far-reaching legislation of the session was that embodied in the irrigation law. By the operations of this measure, during the next fifty years, it is believed homes for more than twenty millions of citizens will be redeemed from public lands that at present are arid wastes. If the making of manhood and the building of free and happy homes is the chief business of a republic, then surely this irrigation law is a long step in the right direction.

CONGRESSMAN EDWIN C. BURLEIGH OF MAINE

All of Maine's representatives are native born—sons of the Pine Tree state. This possibly explains the high standard of manhood that always represents Maine in both houses of congress. Mr. Burleigh is fully up to Maine's average. His private enterprises range from timber operating to editing a newspaper. He is the principal owner of the Kennebec Journal of Augusta. He has been state land agent, state treasurer, and governor, and is serving his third term in the house.

CONGRESSMAN SAM BRONSON COOPER OF TEXAS

Mr. Cooper is a native Kentuckian, sah, but got an early start in the Lone Star state, his parents having removed there when the boy was scarcely a year old. He is a lawyer and a politician who appreciates the fine points of the game. What his people think of him may be judged from the fact that in his last election—he is serving his fifth term—he received 33,777 votes, as against 336 given his only opponent, a Socialist.

Disappointment is expressed chiefly for the failure to grant reciprocal trade relations to Cuba. But the President declares that this must and will be done at the next session, and probably it will.

It was some hours after all the clerks at the Agricultural department had left their desks for the day that I found Secretary Wilson still at his work. There was that kindly, direct look over his spectacles, that always bespeaks information giving and taking. Working intensely among a mass of papers and a large bunch of telegrams, there was a youthful elasticity in the way he hurried his business. In one corner of the room was a large drawing of the prospective new agricultural building, which is to grace the Mall. About the room were evidences of the practical purposes of one of the world's greatest agriculturists, for Secretary Wilson is a plain, practical and purse filling farmer. He rates it first a business, next a profession and science and finally an art. The people of Iowa have long known this aggressive spirit of agriculture. The Wilson farm in Tama county, and his pioneer work at the state agricultural college at Ames, were the early evidences of his equipment for the farm portfolio. He is more than a specialist in agriculture; he carries that invaluable ballast of rugged common sense, and-all around information on world affairs that is a universal trait of the best type of American farmers. Over 2,000 scientists are at work directly for the farmer through the agricultural department, doing things and obtaining specific profitable results. If they do not obtain results in one year, they are kept there two, and some have remained as long as four years to obtain the desired end. No other country in the world has undertaken work of this nature upon such a scale. Secretary Wilson certainly has a world view of affairs. When he suggested raising Sumatra tobacco to the farmers of the Connecticut valley, they were receiving twenty cents per pound for their product. A cloth covered cultivation of forty-one acres was the initial experiment under the supervision of the agricultural department. The plants were sheltered with cloth and the winter temperature of Sumatra was obtained. The moisture was retained, and the very atmosphere of the far off island of the East Indies was transferred to the Connecticut valley. The result far surpassed expectation—the product from the same soil heretofore bringing twenty cents per pound was sold by the agricultural department at $1.25 per pound. The department followed the experiment even to the marts of trade.

The ravages of San Jose scale were conquered and the threatened scourge to American fruit trees averted. A representative from the agricultural department toured Japan in search of the lady bugs who live upon and kill the San Jose scale, a very thin scale which comes on the tree, and resembles the bark so closely that it is difficult to detect it before it has begun its deadly vampire work of sucking the juice of the tree. In Japan and lower China he found the lady bug, but also found American shrubbery, which would not furnish the species desired. Nothing daunted by boxers and brigands, he pushed on to Manchuria and northern China, and under the shadow of the historic Chinese wall he found the lady bug he desired—but the problem was not yet solved. When he arrived at San Francisco only sixteen of the thousands of tiny mites he brought back with him were alive. When he arrived at Washington only two of the insects gave any evidence of life. How much depended on these miniature insects' lives no one can compute! The secretary and scientists stood over the cases with the anxiety of bed-side watchers. Finally one lady bug began to show signs of American vitality; then they multiplied like sixty, that is, sixty in a bunch, and it kept the department etymologists busy securing the San Jose scale for the insects to feed on.

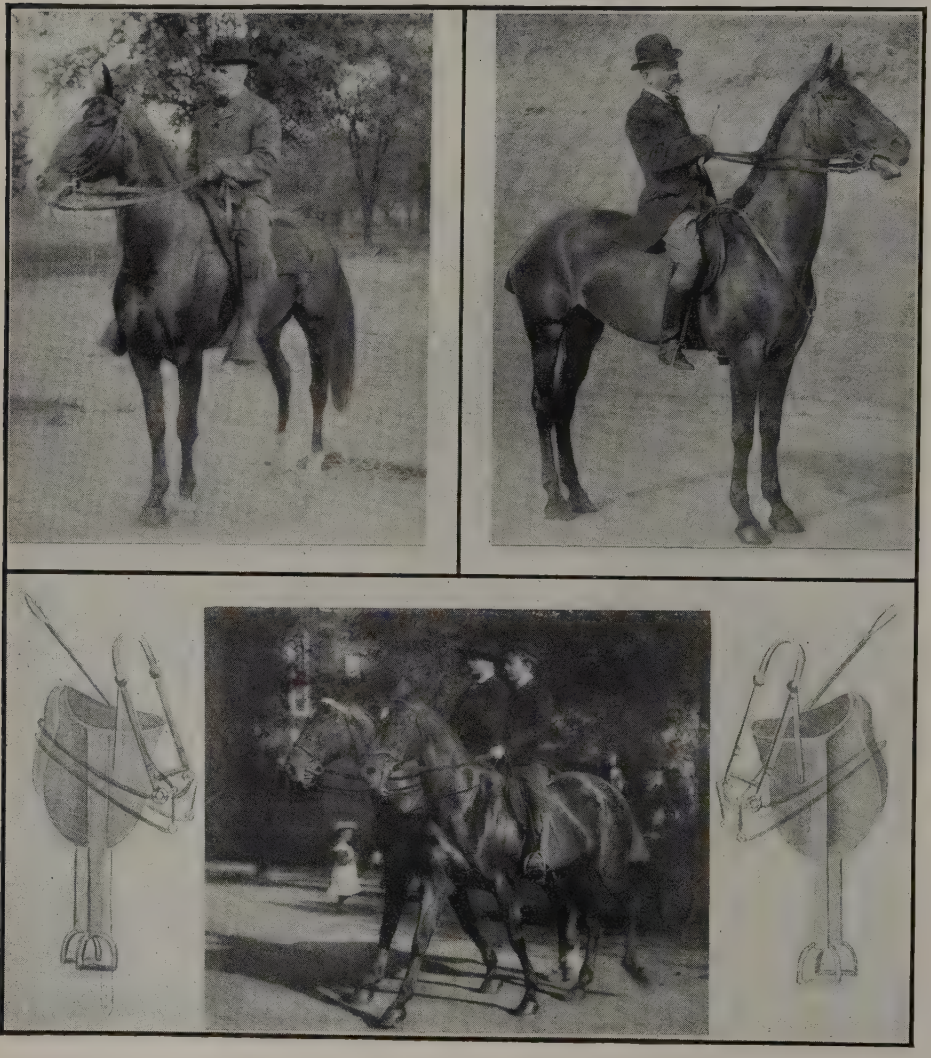
MRS WEBSTER E BROWN, THE WIFE OF REPRESENTATIVE BROWN OF THE NINTH WISCONSIN DISTRICT AND A TYPE OF THE SPLENDID WOMEN WHO COME TO THE CAPITAL FROM THE CENTRAL WEST

All these details are kept keenly in mind by Secretary Wilson. His only recreation is a cabinet meeting, when he gives the members a breath of real rural common sense. No department appears to hold more vital interest for congress. His appropriation was increased a half million dollars, and very few questions asked, for the reason that results are given there. The standing of the agricultural department among various constituencies is to many congressmen a source of political strength, which the shower of seed favors in years past never

THE CHARACTER OF PUBLIC MEN AS REVEALED IN THEIR HORSES' TAILS

Observe that Secretary Shaw of the treasury department, fresh from the grand young state of Iowa, where his influence with the farmers first gave him public work to do, rides a horse whose flowing tail is one of its chief points of beauty. Note, then, the President and his son Theodore, Jr., coming in from a canter on horses whose fly-brushes have been shortened but not what you would term docked—a sort of Rough Rider and mud-dodging expedient. Finally, observe Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, a cross country rider, an equine exquisite in every detail, from his own correct derby to the docked tail of his prancing nag.

Photographs by the Illustrated Press Association.



afforded. Eminent in the history of the department is the active creative work of Secretary James Wilson, who puts on his steel rimmed spectacles and looks over seed specimens and experiments with eyes educated in the broad, open, wind-swept prairies of the West.

Rapid transit in 1826 was a theme of live interest at Washington. Joseph Buchanan of Hopkinson, Kentucky, at that time astonished his fellow citizens of the land of Daniel Boone with an announcement that he had invented a steam engine which he could attach to an aerial machine as a rapid transit propeller. "For," declared Joseph with the historic name, "I could take President John Quincy Adams from Washington to his home in Quincy, Massachusetts,

THE HANDSOME NEW HOME OF THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

in time for his dinner and on the same day get His Excellency back to Washington in season for supper." But the austere Mr. Adams was not sufficiently strenuous to be induced to make such an experiment, and the Kentucky Buchanan lost his one golden opportunity for immortality, for the records of the patent office contain all that is mortal of the experiment, even as the soil of his native Kentucky contains all that is mortal of Joseph.

The rush for patents on wireless telegraphy and kindred devices at this time served to quicken an interest in the subject—when I reached the patent office. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the ambitious Jonathan Groat of Belchertown, Massachusetts, in some way, original or otherwise, caught the inspiration of the ancient semaphore idea of rapid signaling. The annexed advertisement refers to the Boston and Martha's Vineyard line, consisting of twelve telegraphs, and with a tariff rate that, even in these days, would have brought bankruptcy to the enterprise. But the headline, "By Telegraph," in the old 1801 papers, did not awaken popular interest in the scheme, and in a few brief years the undertaking joined the list of the world's failures. Jonathan's undertaking advertisement in the Boston papers read as follows:

BY TELEGRAPH

Information is hereby given to the public that the subscriber has erected a line of Telegraph from Boston to Martha's Vineyard, a distance of ninety miles, and has opened an office for the present under the same roof where the telegraph in Boston stands, viz., 112 Orange Street, and is ready to convey correct intelligence reciprocally through said line. Fees for said intelligence from the Vineyard are rated according to scale of reasonable proportion from two to one hundred dollars. To know more of which please apply as above from 8 to 11 A. M. and from 6 to 8 P. M. *Jonathan Groat.*

Allowing himself precisely twelve minutes for lunch, and partaking of that meal from a tray on his desk, I found Frederick I. Allen, commissioner of patents. An earnest, hard working man, he has pushed forward the schedule vigorously, and the patent office has made a phenomenal record. Mr. Allen has been in office a little over one year, but he has covered several years according to the average pace. It is difficult to realize from a mere array of figures the tremendous increase of business at the patent office. In the low, stuffy corridors I noticed case after case of patent papers filed away temporarily, awaiting adequate vault room. The wonderful expansion of the department of electricity is a significent indication of the drift of the times. Mr. Allen is a slim, earnest looking, comparatively young man, and is making an objective science of his work. For over twenty years he has made a special study of patent law and has been invited to deliver a course of lectures at Columbia University on this subject.

When Stuart Robson, the actor, called on President McKinley last summer, the President told him of the time when he wished to become an actor, and said he wasn't quite sure that he had entirely outgrown the desire, because there still remained to him a fascination for the foot-light realms. Mr. McKinley related an incident of the time when he was a clerk in a hat store in Cincinnati at a few dollars a week, before going to the war. He had occupied a gallery seat witnessing the Shakesperian plays as presented by the great tragedian, Edwin Forrest. The personality of the actor grew upon him.

"Imagine my feelings," he continued, with that kindly twinkle in his eyes, "when Forrest walked into our store one day to make a purchase. I rushed to the front in order to serve him — my ideal hero of the theatre. The sale, however, was made by an older clerk, but I was given the unparalleled privilege of pressing and stretching the hat.

THE STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT OF PRUSSIA WHICH IS SHORTLY TO BE ERECTED IN WASHINGTON

Photograph by Clinedinst

The great actor stood near me observing the work, and I assure you I was deliberate in pressing that hat. The smile of the tragedian, appreciative of the work, was one of the events of my youth." Mr. Robson and the President talked for some time over personal matters and the same degree of interest and attention was given him as those who called for conferences on matters of state, for to William McKinley matters of the state were always and ever matters concerning directly and specifically the interests of the people as individuals.

There are bits of furniture in the state department replete with historical associations. The large desk at which Colonel W. H. Michael, chief clerk of the state department, presides, was formerly used by Secretary Seward. The same old button is there, which touches a bell that, the confederates declared, during the war sent a man to the "Bastille" every time it rang upon orders from the stern Stanton. The desk has the appearance of an apartment in a mail car. It is flanked on all sides with spacious pigeon holes, into which are assorted, with mathematical precision, the red sealed and blue ribboned state department documents. It is certainly an interesting study to watch the great documents come and go—an increasing tide—through the portals of this great desk. There are few officials more enthusiastic and thorough in their work than Colonel Michael. He has written a complete and interesting history of the state department, and has made the first complete collection of portraits of the famous secretaries.

An interesting story is told in connection with procuring a portrait of Robert Smith, one of the sturdy old time secretaries of state. After a great deal of searching a portrait was secured and hung upon the walls with due ceremonies. The throngs passed and gazed admiringly upon the high-collared and dignified portrait. After some time it was discovered that the picture purporting to be the distinguished Robert was not his picture at all, but that of an unknown Smith. It was promptly turned to the wall, and after vigorous search an authenticated picture of the real Robert Smith was discovered.

Lobbying in the old sense seems to be obsolete at Washington. It is now called "representation." Many large corporations have lynx-eyed men at the capital, more to guard against unfavorable legislation than to obtain special favors desired. Nearly all labor organizations have representatives employed in the same way. Here is where labor and capital meet on a common footing; in fact, the representatives of corporations and labor organizations frequently stop at the same hotels to "watch things," and you may depend upon it they watch. As a matter of fact, it is now, as it ever was, largely a struggle for dollars, and Washington is no exception. Especially is this true in the piping times of peace, when there is no foreign foe to combat or war or pestilence to stir up the heroic impulse which I believe always exists in the average American. When that is touched, dollars, party and personal prestige are forgotten; nothing counts against the pure spirit of latent patriotism, which means more to our country's prosperity and future than the gold reserve.

The export trade for the year shows that our country has maintained its absolute leadership as a manufacturing nation with an increase of nearly fifty millions over Great Britain, our nearest rival. With a total reaching $1,069,000,-

000 and over, it indicates that this country is built pretty much on the billion dollar basis all around. The billion dollar congressional appropriation is no longer an appalling political transgression but a necessity to keep pace with the tremendous expansion of our production and industrial interests. Billions have supplanted millions in our national lexicon.

The early days of July about the census office were trying times, when hundreds of employes were given their farewell envelope. What a contrast in the sober expressions of the throngs as they filed out of the building at this time and their expectant buoyancy of two years ago! Come to think about it, there is something of a World's Fair hotel temporariness about the census building,

THE STARS IN THE STAGE VERSION OF "THE CRISIS"

James K. Hackett has scored another artistic success in the dramatized novel, "The Crisis." Associated with him in the stellar honors of the play is an attractive young woman of Boston, Miss Isabel Richards, who takes the part of Eugenie Renault. Next season Mr. Hackett will have two companies on the road in this play.

and the scenes of the dull days of July have the melancholiness of the "close of the Exposition." The fortunate ones who remain go on the classified list. This leaves one appointment for every congressman and he feels sure he will have troubles enough over that one.

The pathetic side of the picture was to see the gay and the sober, the elderly widow and the young girl, the sad man who has seen better days, the boy who has had a taste of Washington life and wants more, say their goodbyes. The groups in the corridors at the Capitol interviewed senators and congressmen, hoping for one ray of appointive sunlight; the sympathetic but powerless legislator backed against the wall with a brow marked with thought. The census department of 1901 was a unique representative body, as the clerks were appointed from every congressional district;

THE WIFE OF THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR: SHE IS AN AMERICAN WOMAN, SISTER OF MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT OF NEW YORK

Photograph by Clinedinst

and somehow I think this injection and intermingling of fresh new blood in this department has had a most wholesome effect on Washington clerical life.

"Well, Nathaniel Hawthorne had to give up a government position and won

HON. MICHAEL HERBERT, WHO SUCCEEDED THE LATE LORD PAUNCEFOTE AS AMBASSADOR OF GREAT BRITAIN TO THE UNITED STATES

Photograph by Clinedinst

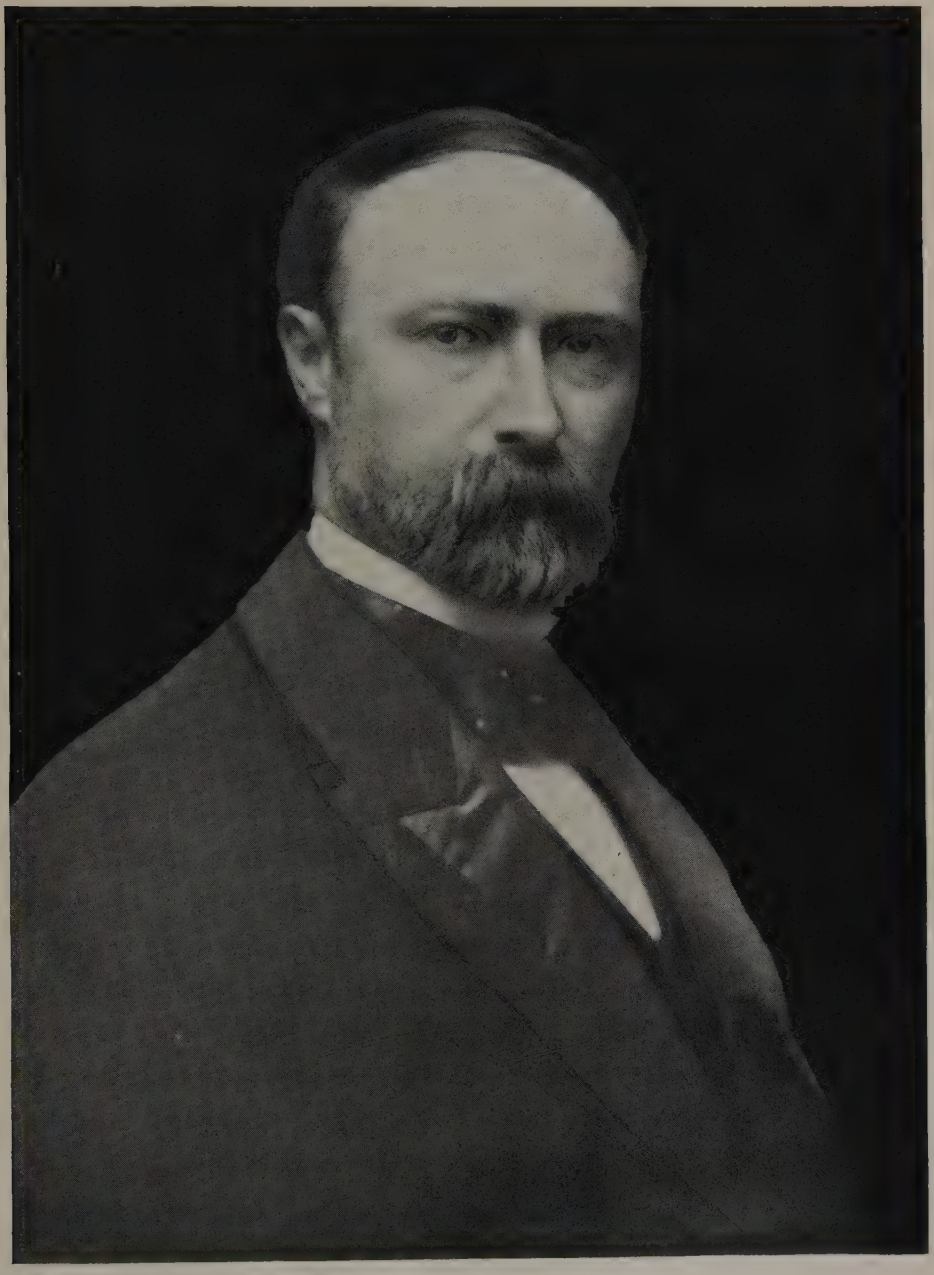
fame as a novelist, and perhaps it will be best to finish my book," remarked one young philosopher, as he gazed solemnly at the last memento of his government service.

"If it were not for my children—I—I" and here a burst of tears from a sad faced little mother.

"Ah well, we'll go back home and try over again," was the consolation of an old village school master to his elderly maiden sister as they walked out. "Our congressman has done his best, and they will be glad to see us back." The superannuated minister insisted there was "another charge open near the old home." And so on the tale runs. Even the heart of a civil service commissioner melted before the flood of emotions that followed the dismissal of the force. As

SENATOR CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS OF INDIANA

The senior senator from the Hoosier state is a native of Ohio, and is not unlikely to realize the natural ambition of every Ohioan, i. e., the Presidency of the United States. He is one of the most powerful members of the senate, a man with a genius for large affairs; not showy, but sane, sure, broad-viewed, solid. He is a lawyer by profession, but his business ability has made him rich in material property, as his tastes have made him rich in the essentials of statesmanship. He was temporary chairman of the Republican national convention of 1896, chairman of the United States high commissioners in conference at Quebec in 1898 on the adjustment of relations wtth Canada, and came into the senate, succeeding the late Daniel W. Voorhees, in 1897.



one young miss pertly remarked on going out of the census office:

"Time was when we counted; now we don't. See?"

The census curtain is drawn for another decade.

When matches were first invented it was the custom to put them up in circular wooden boxes, which consisted of small hollow pieces of pine with a cover and plastered with sand paper on the bottom. It is the rule of the senate stationer never to change anything. The United States senate is the only place in the world where these boxes can be secured, and whenever a senator carries a box with him in his hip pocket its bulging contour suggests a bottle. The oddity of the senatorial match box is legendary, but when the fire of a debate is on, there is no need of additional sulphur. The Marquis of Queensbury rules will be added to the senate regulations next session.

CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM CHARLES ADAMSON OF GEORGIA

Mr. Adamson took the thirty-third degree in political training when he united the practice of law and farming. He was born to the farm and acquired the law. His grandfather fought under General Washington, and Mr. Adamson fought under the flag of the Confederacy. He has long been active in politics and is now serving his third term in the House.

Sitting beside General Edward Serrell in the senate gallery recently, he told me an interesting story of the time he saw Daniel Webster for the first time on the floor of the senate.

"Webster's seat was well down the center to the left of the center aisle, and when he arose there was almost a breathless silence. I must confess I was disappointed in my first impressions because I expected great flights of oratory and only heard a commonplace remark concerning some revenue bill. I then and there declared, boy like, to myself, that my father was a better speaker than the great Webster. He was attired in a long blue swallow tail coat, with plenty of brass buttons, a stiff high collar and spotless white cravat, with a waistcoat of daintiest yellow."

It seems curious to recall how in these days even the plainest civilian attire had the military tone. The senators of those days were as fussy about their attire as brigadier generals. Brass buttons were universal, and there was little attention paid to the comfort of the wearer, as in these modern days of shirt waist and belt, feminine and masculine. That was a militant time—today it is strictly business.

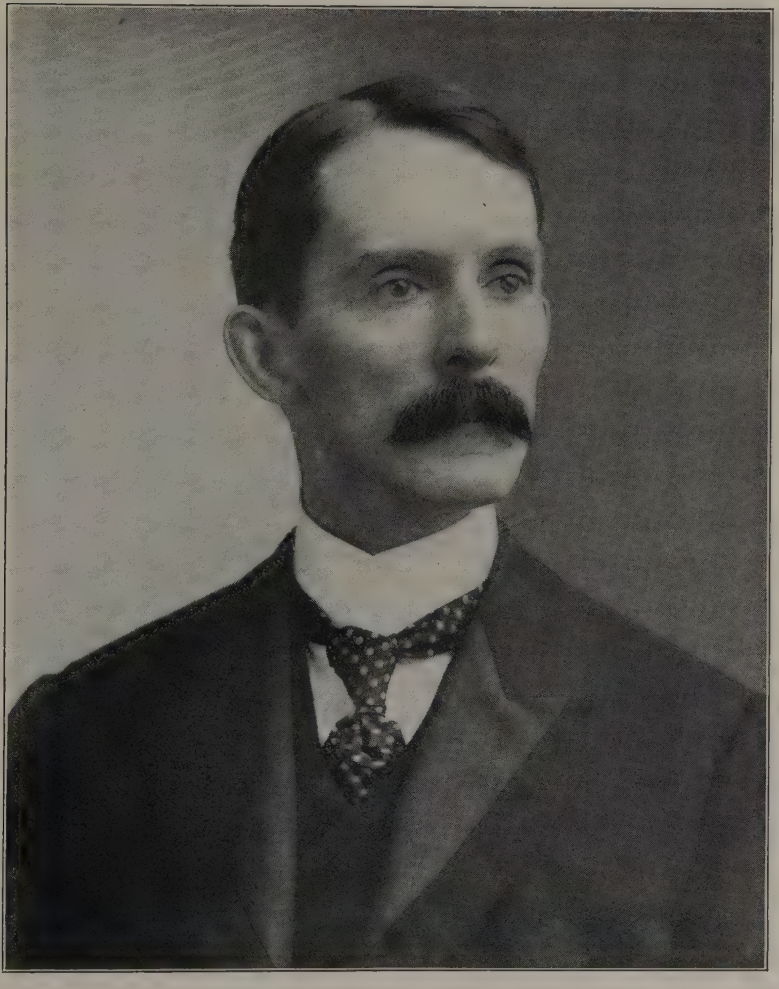
The foreman in charge of Daniel Webster's farm, "Elm Hill," at Frank-

lin, N. H., was a plain and unpretending tiller of the soil, somewhat given to politics; his name was John Taylor. To farmer Taylor, Mr. Webster, while at Washington, was in the habit of writing some very amusing letters, quoting Virgil and other standard classics to his bewildered correspondent in the New Hampshire hills, as authorities to sustain some of the Websterian theories regarding the planting of potatoes, the shearing of sheep, or the raising of hogs. Occasionally the Granite State man, in his replies to these learned epistles, would interject an observation or two of a political nature, on the tariff question or the Northwestern boundary. Mr. Webster closed one of his letters in the words given below, and farmer Taylor afterwards stuck to his shovel and his hoe:

"John Taylor, you are a free man; you possess good principles; you have a

FREDERICK I. ALLEN, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS

Mr. Allen is a native New Yorker, born at Auburn in 1859. He graduated from the Auburn high school, Andover Academy and the Sheffield Scientific school, Yale, and has long practiced patent law in Auburn, which place is still his home.

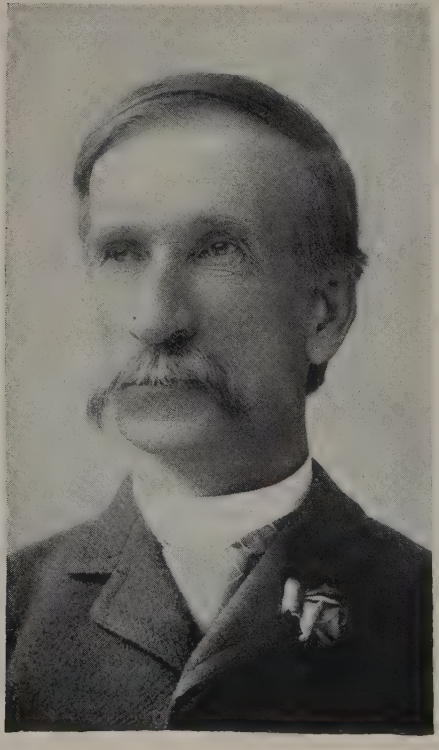


large family to rear and provide for by your labor. Be thankful to the government which does not oppress you, which does not bear you down by excessive taxation. John Taylor, thank God, morning and evening, that you live in such a country! John Taylor, never write me another word on politics!" And Webster gave up his rhapsodies on the art of agriculture.

It was an interesting volume I picked up on the book shelves of the department of justice. Waiting in company with a senator and a half dozen congressmen in the outer room, time hung heavily in the drowsy, muggy air. The volume was the Hawaiian Congressional Record, the official proceedings of both houses at Honolulu. There are only thirteen letters in the Hawaiian language and each paragraph appeared to begin with Una. Later President Dole dropped in and read to us from the volume. The liquid and free use of the letter o and double o has a rolling, rippling gurgle all its own. "'Hooloohoohoohoo loo hoo" was about the way it sounded. These "proceedings" indicate that the Hawaiians appreciate the value of advertising, and have adopted American ideas in many other particulars.

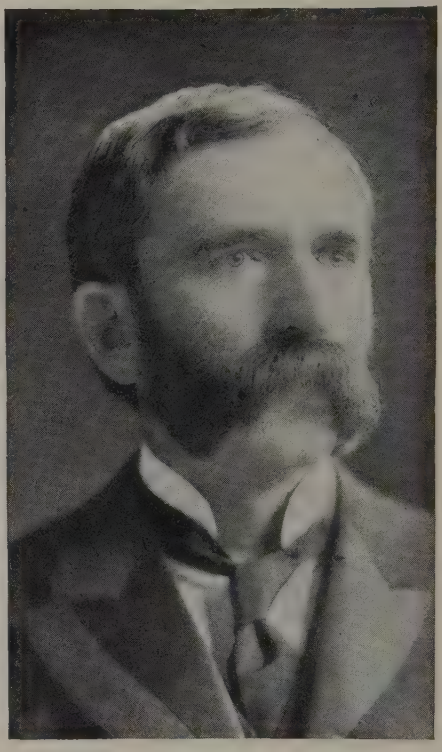
CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM CONNELL OF PENNSYLVANIA

Canada—to be exact, Nova Scotia—gave Mr. Connell to the Republic. The future congressman was born at Cape Breton in 1827. In his youth his parents moved to Pennsylvania. He began by working in the mines as a driver boy at 75 cents a day, used his brains and became one of the largest coal operators in the Wyoming district. His interests are wide spread: in business, politics, the church and charitable work he is active and broad-viewed. He is serving his third term in congress.



CONGRESSMAN JOHN C. BELL OF COLORADO

Mr. Bell is a native of Tennessee, a lawyer and a shrewd politician. He has resided in Colorado since 1874, and has been active in the politics of the state most of the time. For six years he was a judge. He is serving his fifth term in congress.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MRS. LESLIE CARTER Photograph by Sarony

Mrs. Carter, who was formerly a brilliant member of Chicago society, tired of its round of butterfly insipidities, forsook her home for the stage and under the skilled management of David Belasco has become one of the foremost actresses of her generation. This portrait was taken very recently, just before Mrs. Carter sailed for Europe. In the fall, she will open Belasco's Republic theatre, in New York, with her latest success, "Du Barry."

London in the Coronation Period

[EDITOR'S NOTE — The joyous London of June days just prior to the illness of King Edward will be seen to repeat itself in mid-August, when the king will, it is hoped, have sufficiently recovered to proceed with the ceremonies of his coronation. Meantime, it is pertinent to reflect, with Mr. Bigelow, on the significance of the world-wide interest shown in this event.]

By POULTNEY BIGELOW,
Author of "History of the German Struggle for Liberty."

"A FEW more such victories and we are ruined!" exclaimed Napoleon after the battle of Gross Goerschen in the spring of 1813. And well may the every day Londoner echo this with a little paraphrasing—"A few more coronations and we are bankrupt!"

It was on the night of June 2 that I landed in London and my first thought was:

"Who is paying for all this!"

Hurrying to the largest caravanserei in the metropolis, I received a partial answer by finding myself in company with about fifty other fellow citizens who stood in a bunch at the hotel clerk's desk in order to receive the news that not a bed was vacant—not even a bath room could be had.

The next hotel gave me the same answer.

It happened to be the night on which the news of peace in South Africa was first made generally known; and the joy of London burst forth in the usual boisterous manner—alcohol played an important part in the demonstration, and from ten until four in the morning, when I finally found a refuge under the roof of an inebriated lodging house keeper in Marylebone, I formed, at short intervals, one of a dancing and howling population who were seeking for appropriate utterance to sentiments of profound gratitude and patriotism.

The Briton is the most patriotic man I know. The German suffers by comparison—even the Chinaman is left far behind in the matter of devotion to the soil of his ancestors. We make much noise about our flag — indeed I met plenty of Americans traveling abroad with little American flags pinned about their person. Many of these alleged patriots talk with German inflection and have the earmarks of the Children of Israel—they do little to evoke the envy of the people amongst whom they parade themselves. It seems to me some times that the mere fact of our deeming it necessary to place a patriotic label upon ourselves implies something of a doubt in our own mind as to whether our patriotism is genuine. The real American does not need a badge to advertise his nationality.

But I am getting away from the Coronation!

Next day I tried to find the Reform Club in Pall Mall. I hunted along a row of scaffoldings, boardings, ladders and general concomitants of a lumber yard, but could see no building that suggested a club house. True, I was in Pall Mall—the policeman assured me of that—but the whole front of that noble avenue of Venetian palaces was so concealed by coronation preparation that of original architecture little was to be seen. The familiar door keeper finally told me where I was—and once inside, things were as before.

But the transformation of Pall Mall was but a sample of the general metamorphosis afflicting the whole of this World Capital—from Westminster to the Bank — from Piccadilly to the slums across the Thames. London is being

I went into Kew Gardens—the most beautiful sylvan retreat that man ever invented in the neighborhood of a great city, and there on a bench in sight of the old Dutch house where George III. received the news of the loss of his

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, WHERE KING EDWARD HAS BEEN CONFINED DURING HIS RECENT ILLNESS

built over again and in a manner quite as substantial as it used to be in the days of Good Queen Bess. The police of London are paternally rigorous as to the nature of the scaffolding erected and the result is that the balconies which are now being erected along the fronts of the houses facing the procession are equal in most instances to the houses themselves, so far as durability is concerned.

When all these scaffolding arrangements are draped with gaudy streamers, flags and colored lanterns the effect will be fairy like—but in the cold light of preparation they afflict the passer by like the day on which his study is being turned out by a conscientious housekeeper.

Then is the time for disappearing! And I did.

American colonies — I commenced to think for the first time since setting foot on this tight little island.

This coronation promises to surpass in historic importance that of any monarch of modern times. When Napoleon placed the imperial crown upon his head there was much military pomp and a revival of old Spanish court ceremonial —nothing more. His act was a personal one and not a particularly popular one in the world at large; and even amongst his own Frenchmen it was looked upon with faint approval. France had raised him to the highest pinnacle of national favor because she saw in him the embodiment of Liberty linked with stable government. When the man who had boasted of being the First Citizen of the State showed a yearning for a crown—

associated in the public mind with despotism like Russia and Austria—many patriotic heads commenced to shake—that of Napoleon did not do so until too late.

In 1830 Charles X. was crowned at Rheims—the most magnificent affair of its kind on record—and the last of its kind in France. The Revolution of 1848 put an end to Charles X., and since then France has been too busy shuffling cabinets to spare time for more than perfunctory installation, whether they be for crowned heads or presidents.

Frederick William IV. of Prussia was a great admirer of mediæval pomp and his coronation was a memorable event in Prussia—but that melancholy monarch was humiliated by his own Berlin populace in 1848, and died after having been pronounced of unsound mind. The Czar of Russia gets up a coronation that is oriental and barbarous. It is hard to compare anything Russian with what we find west of Poland. But gorgeous or not, no coronation of our time can for a moment vie with the one of Edward VII.

This does not mean that Edward is the greatest king that has ever sat upon a throne—that he is to be ranked as even a great Englishman. His person does not come into consideration — let us regard him merely as a wax work symbol of the English speaking Nation.

What are the boundaries of that nation? There are none on earth!

Wander from Piccadilly to Cornhill and tell me what is the English speaking nation—you will hear as much of the United States as of England—you will find that the ends of the earth call London their home, that Westminster Abbey is a shrine for the people that are rulers of men from New York to California, from Hong Kong to Calcutta, from Cairo to the Cape.

Come with me around the world and note the puny efforts of other nations to stamp their language and their customs on inferior races. Go to the French West Indies, the island that reared the Empress Josephine, the desolate Martinique, and you will learn that while England and America opened their purses in charity when news of the calamity arrived, the mother country treated the catastrophe as of less importance than had an omnibus collided with a tram in Paris! France sought to build a canal at Panama and enthusiastically thought to supply the labor from Martinique and Guadelupe. How many laborers did it ultimately get from the French West Indies? Ask the chief engineer of that great work. He will answer:

"Not a single one!"

Those that did came mainly from the British island of Jamaica.

Come with me to Kiao Chow and I will show you a colony which Germany has founded with the notion of spreading German speech and institutions in the Middle Kingdom. You will see German signs on the street corners, German script in official proclamations, German schools for the instruction of natives and German laws discouraging the use of any language but that of Germany: at the same time you enter the club of the officials and you find that the coolies who wait at the table talk nothing but native pidgin English, and that even the German officer must needs learn English in order to make himself understood in his own China.

Go to South Africa and you will have a similar object lesson—you will find official German colonies where nothing but German is officially patronized. You will find tracts lying waste where Boers would gladly colonize, but they are forbidden to do so because the Berlin officials fear that the language of the Wilhelm strasse may be swamped by that of Paul Kruger.

Go where you will in the far East—in

Africa north and south—in the West Indies—you will find the English language the one that will carry you farthest, not because it is prettier than that of France or more vigorous than that of Bismarck.

unity of the English speaking race. It is not a triumph of England alone that we celebrate. England may or may not be in her decline,—but whatever her vitality as an isolated kingdom, it is not

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, BANKED WITH TEMPORARY "BLEACHERS" THAT WERE PREPARED FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF SPECTATORS OF THE CORONATION PARADE —NOW POSTPONED UNTIL MIDDLE AUGUST

But our tongue today is the only colonizing one that stands for equal justice to all, for local self government, for liberty, law and order combined. It is a language which draws all the world to the territory in which it is spoken: no where in the world are so many Germans congregated outside of their own country as in English speaking territory—no where are they more prosperous—no where do they prove themselves more efficient or loyal citizens.

Herein lies the significance of this coronation, that it symbolizes today the

equal to the combined power of several of her children. If England is today great, it is through the progeny she has reared.

England recognizes this fully. She showed plainly during the Spanish war that she regarded us as one of her family. We, in our turn, understood that the struggle in South Africa was not merely the war of the Transvaal against an English army. It was infinitely more than that. It was a war to determine whether English speech and English liberty were to make progress in Africa

or whether our onward march as a conquering and colonizing race was to be checked by a force of Boers and their would-be allies.

Americans cannot do without England any more than Cubans or Mexicans can divorce themselves from Spain. Blood and who at school are taught an alleged history of the United States which is fifty per cent misleading, which used to make me believe that the Briton sat up nights scratching his head for a scheme by which he could once more enslave us and lock us up on board of prison ships.

THE RIVER THAMES AND THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

is thicker than water, and for my part I can imagine no national calamity greater than having the doors of Westminster Abbey or Stratford closed to American pilgrims. Try for a moment to imagine England in French hands, the home of Shakespeare and Robert Burns used as offices for a French octroi official. We cannot go to this length. We can enjoy poking fun at England—saying things that are rude and coarse—offer now and then to thrash her and annex her—all those are explicable on the part of a people like ourselves who are high spirited It is high time that our school histories were revised on lines more nearly approximating to the truth if not to Christian fellowship.

But to come back to the Coronation!

Edward VII. does not bear close inspection by a committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, but as the monarch of the Confederated Talkers of the Shakespeare Tongue he is unrivaled. Our confederation needs a figure head—not a Theodore Roosevelt. We have now at Windsor a head piece of great tact and infinite capacity for doing

nothing. No choice could be happier.

The flags of Australia, of Canada, of New Zealand, are waving along the Strand along with those of America. Now and then we hear a note of dissatisfaction, of jealousy, of disappointed ambition—we can afford to hear many such—but we have to go out of our way to hear them.

The overwhelming sound that reaches our ears at present is one of rejoicing from every nook and corner of this great world empire—an empire compared to which that of the Caesars and Napoleon Bonaparte appear like the little kingdoms of the old German empire. It is a rejoicing that springs from gratitude for dangers that are past—for a new opening in our history as a race.

MUNICH, JUNE, 1902.

THE BOLD SAILOR

By FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES

HERE is Captain Sail-so-fast,—
She has weathered many a blast;
Some times in her very eyes
Winds have blown the butterflies,
Yet she never fears—not she!—
Voyager o'er the garden sea.
Is she not tremendous bold,—
Dauntless Lady One-year-old!
Two fair ships are hers, you note:—
First the liner, Bathing Boat,
From whose deck she laughing scans
All of Nature's realm and man's;
Blown afar on fancy's gales
O'er the flowers and grass she sails,
Boldly, with Mamma for mate,
Anchors near the garden gate;
Though the waves have filled the hold
What cares Mistress Splash-so-bold?

"First the Liner, Bathing Boat"

Here's the merchant ship which rides
Over maddest ocean tides,
Up and down the waves it rocks,
My! the crew receive such shocks!

Anchor now! the darkening skies
Weight with lead the captain's eyes;
Little lips as wee as those
Bees are proffered by the rose

"Here's the merchant ship which rides over maddest ocean tides"

Hoist the sails and far away
All across the seas of play!
When at last one tires of sport,
Land ahead! we sight our port;

Stretch into a weary yawn;
Now the mate keeps watch till dawn.
In her cabin, sleep shall fold
Dauntless Captain One-year-old!

"In her cabin sleep shall fold dauntless Captain One-year-old"

The Tragedy at Hazelwood

By EDWARD F. YOUNGER

"One-times-one-is-one;
Two-times-one-are-two;
Two-times-two-are-four;
Three-times-two-are-six—"

THE class in arithmetic intoned the table, led by Marcia Griscom, the mathematical prodigy of Hazelwood. Swaying from side to side and wetting her lips before each sentence, in order to make her enunciation clear, Marcia looked down the line of tousled heads and chubby faces with much the same emotion that Falstaff must have experienced when he reviewed his army. Haltingly and about half a bar behind her came the remainder of the class, watching Marcia's lips, for Marcia could not err. Down at the foot of the class, a position he maintained with great tenacity, "Muggsy" Steffins trailed along in the recitation:

"Um-m-m—m-m-m—m-m-m
Tu-u-u—m-u-u—m-u-u—m-u-u
M-e-e-e—m-e-e—m-e-e-m-m-me—"

"Muggsy" had originally been christened "Johnnie," but the "Johnnie" portion of his name was rusty from inaction and disuse. It was like the "best room" in a country house—only used upon rare occasions — to wit, funerals and weddings. Therefore, it was not to be expected that he should immediately respond when the teacher, rapping on her desk with a pencil, said: "Johnny, please stop trying to push your toe down that knot hole and speak up more distinctly. Now, attention, class! Please recite the lesson once more."

Up rose the little voices in an irregular chorus, Marcia Griscom's shrill treble leading and the others sputtering along the line like the firing of a volley by raw recruits, ending with "Muggsy," who tried to put much seriousness into his rotund and rubicund face, as he twisted from one foot to the other and recited:

"Um-m-m—te-m-m—te-m-m-mum
Too-o-o—too-lo—re-loo-loo-o
Mme-me—mme-mee—mme-me-me-me—"

Finally the agony was over and the class straggled back to its several stations, "Muggsy" contriving, with rare generalship, to administer a surreptitious kick upon the shins of Herman Pfeazl, the only German boy in the school, and, by virtue thereof, a rare creature and the legitimate butt of many juvenile pranks.

It was the last recitation of the day. The weather was hot and the long afternoon had dragged alike upon the teacher and the restless youngsters. Outside, somewhere in the vicinity, a nomadic cow, was moving about, for the tinkle of a bell smote gently upon the listless atmosphere. Fleecy clouds chased each

other across the horizon and massed themselves in solid array far away on what seemed to be the edge of the world. To the romantic mind of the young teacher these clouds resembled nothing so much as young girls arriving at a party. Mechanically she fell to naming them as they appeared, hesitatingly, at the edge of the great blue dome, hurried across, some grandly, some in poor order, some with their draperies disarranged, but all finally reaching the other side of the blue vault and taking their places against the wall.

Outside, the droning bees wheeled unevenly on their way like overloaded stevedores, their fuzzy legs bulging with yellow pollen they had garnered from many flowers. Somewhere in the cool, leafy nooks of the trees, hundreds of birds chattered and gossiped over the events of the day. Here and there a military jay hopped about in his faded uniform, giving short, sharp orders. Farther away, perched upon the dead limb of a great white oak, five crows, those official court jesters of the bird kingdom, croaked and jeered and made mock of the little songsters, leering with beady black eyes and preening themselves with undue ostentation as the sun's rays illumined their glossy coats of black.

The lazy breeze was heavily freighted with the perfume of acres and acres of ripening grain. Capricious winds flirted with rosy cheeked apples, skirting banks of gaudy flowers and fluffing the green and white draperies of great garlands of wild cucumber vines, had thrown their loads of fragrance into the general collection and the common carrier of this precious freight now wandered into the little school house, dropping bits of perfume in front of the fidgety youngsters and fanning the pale face of the young teacher. Nature was taking an inventory of her summer's work. Even from the soil there arose a sweet smell, the subtle odor of buried treasure, only awaiting the planting of a seed, that it urge it to send aloft a stem, upon which it could clamber out into the world and burst its box of alabaster.

Now a couple of honey bees, out on a foraging trip, bustled in through the window, and, with much officious buzzing and totally unnecessary display of authority, proceeded to rifle the bouquet on the teacher's desk of its sweets. A predatory hornet, looking very fierce in his glittering black and white regimentals, stormed into the room, bade defiance to everyone present, bumped his helmet twice against the glazed map of the world and then flew away, feeling, no doubt, that he had done something very meritorious.

"You may put away your books, children," said Miss Pearson, the teacher, whereat there was unusual activity. The teacher was but a child herself, a slender slip of a girl with a pale, thoughtful face framed in a wealth of dark brown hair. A pair of deep gray eyes looked one frankly in the face, yet defied any attempt to fathom their depth. There was something appealing in them; some sadness, some grief; but, whatever the sorrow, it lingered in the depths of the limpid eyes and was never permitted to venture too near the surface.

"Pass out in order, children. Johnny, do not pull off Nellie's hair ribbon. You have been a fairly good boy today; please try to maintain that record. Now hurry home, all of you. Do not go near the creek, and do not venture into Braun's pasture, for the cattle there are very ugly. Goodbye—Goodbye—Goodbye"—as the little smeared faces were presented to her for the farewell kiss. "No, Millie, I can not go with you this afternoon, as I must write some letters and make out my report. Run along, Little Miss Minx—I will probably overtake you before you reach home, but if I do not, tell Mamma Rogers I will be there in time for supper."

And so they filed out, the brown legged, sturdy little men and the precise little women with molasses candy braids hanging down their backs. They went their several ways, the girls huddling together in groups to exchange confidences and for mutual protection; the boys welcoming the release from irksome imprisonment with wild whoops and sundry amateur acrobatic feats. "Muggsy" Steffins, consistently deficient inside the school room, was the acknowledged leader outside. After executing a thrilling act of balancing upon the swinging gate of the school yard, he leaped down upon the hard cinder path and led in a merry chase for a red haw tree discovered and preempted by him on his way to school that morning.

Presently the last childish voice died away in the distance and the silence was broken alone by the tinkling cow bell and the weird cry of a kingfisher, as, swaying to and fro on a willow bough, he called to his mate. Hazelwood school was located on the extreme edge of what was known as "Twenty-Mile Timber," for, beginning at District No. 9, the town-ship line, dense woods stretched back for twenty miles before one came upon another clearing. In front of the school house the eye was greeted with miles and miles of undulating fields; vast seas of green and yellow grain, rolling in long waves under a gentle breeze, or cuffed into a choppy hodge-podge of color by the less gentle winds.

Kate Pearson walked mechanically up and down the aisles of the little school room, putting in order the books that had been forgotten, wiping off the tiny blackboard that it might be ready for the mathematical struggles of the next day, returned to her desk, and, with a heavy sigh, took out the bundle of report cards. Then, extending her arms across the desk, she laid her brown head upon them and wept. The grief in the great gray eyes, lurking in the shadows all of the day that the children might not see and be distressed, now asserted itself. No one but the teacher herself knew of the patient struggle. Coming into the district, unknown and untried, she had speedily won the confidence of the directors, the love of the pupils and the admiration of the parents.

The lonely girl had found a home with 'Squire Rogers, one of the directors. It was truly a home; a haven into which the orphan girl had glided and found rest and comfort. To Mrs. Rogers she had explained that her father had disappeared before she was born and that her mother had died after fifteen years of worry and anxiety, leaving the girl to shift for herself. She might have been more explicit concerning the disappearance of her father. Many times she had been tempted to pillow her tired head upon the ample bosom of Matilda Rogers, one of those motherly, roly-poly, great hearted creatures with whom God has salted the otherwise barren earth, and tell her of the canker that was gnawing at the young heart, but she held her peace and wept alone.

A timid, halting step startled her and the brown head was wearily lifted. Through the wet lashes she beheld little Celeste Bartram. "Pleath, Mith Pearthon, I fordot my thlate and penthil, and I had to tum back."

"All right, Celeste, you may get them." The little figure toddled down the aisle to her seat and the articles were brought forth. "Doodby, Mith Pearthon," hesitatingly, for she could not understand the tears. "Is you hurted?"

"Come here, Celeste, dear," and the teacher gathered the little form in her arms and laid her tear stained face against the other. "No, no one has hurt me, dear; I—I am not feeling well, that is all—just a headache, Celeste. You must not mind it. Now kiss me and run home, dear one. I will be all right when you come tomorrow."

Celeste toddled out of the school house, her youthful mind much perplexed by the teacher's tears. "Mith Pearthon is cwying; just like I do when I am hurted," she mused to herself. "Poor Mith Pearthon," and she looked back into the dingy lobby, vainly hoping she would see the teacher following her to the door to wave the customary smiling farewell. But what she did see sent the blood rushing to her heart and almost palsied her young limbs. Her tongue clung to the roof of her mouth and she uttered no sound, but, like a hunted animal, crept away for a distance until fear lent speed to her quaking limbs, when she ran, breathless, frantic, speechless—ran anywhere, with no other purpose than to get away from the school house and claim the protection of some one she knew.

And yet all she had seen as she loitered about the entrance, was the face of a man, a cruel, malevolent face peering down from the square hole which led from the little hallway to the attic of the building. But this was enough. The community had been aroused by the escape of a dozen or more desperate convicts from the state prison at Griggs, located in the adjoining county. It was said some of the fugitives were hiding in Twenty-Mile Timber and deputies from the penitentiary with blood hounds had been busy for several days beating up the great stretch of woodland in the hope of capturing them. Farmers had been robbed and assaulted and the community was much alarmed. The children had been warned not to venture into the woods or to put themselves in the way of strangers. So Celeste Bartram, conjuring up hideous pictures of the desperate convicts, ran as fast as her little legs would permit. She was too badly frightened to scream, so she just ran, fearing to look behind her lest she should see the cruel face at her shoulder and the ugly hands reaching for her throat.

"Muggsy" Steffins and his "gang" sat on the top rail of the stake and rider fence skirting the road and dangled their legs in great contentment. They had ravaged the red haw tree and now, with their pockets filled to overflowing and their hats heaped up with the crimson treasure, they were sighing for fresh worlds to conquer. Toward the happy quintette Celeste Bartram hastened like a miniature whirlwind.

"Ye-e-eh, ye-e-eh, Lispy! You better hurry. You'll get a lickin' when you get home!" they shouted in derision, but they speedily realized something was wrong when she scurried toward them, her face the shade of ashes and her eyes bulging out with terror.

"Mith Pearthon — Mith Pearthon!" she gasped. "They's a man there—f'om the jail—he's up in the loft and he's going to kill Mith Pearthon!"

Instantly the five boys tumbled off the fence. Hats and red haws were scattered and forgotten. Four of them wrung their hands and stared at "Lisping" Celeste as if she were guilty of the proposed crime. "Muggsy" Steffins was the first to act. Without a moment's hesitation his brown legs beat a rapid tattoo on the dusty road and the others saw him scale the opposite fence and start for the hay field where' Squire Rogers, his three husky sons and a hired man were working. Then Celeste Bartram, young as she was, maintained the traditions of her sex by promptly fainting and collapsing in a little bunch of calico by the roadside.

After the departure of Celeste from the school house, her gloomy thoughts partially dispelled by the unexpected return of the child, Miss Pearson brushed the tears from her eyes and set to work upon the report cards. Presently a chill seemed to pervade the air. She missed the chatter of the birds and the cheery tinkle of the cow bell was hushed. In their stead she heard, or fancied she

heard, heavy breathing; the rustling of garments. An indefinable terror crept up and gripped her heart and she essayed to rise. Then there was an unmistakable shuffling, twisting, scraping movement in the little hall and some bulky object leaped or fell with great force upon the floor. An instant later a gaunt, hulking figure loomed in the doorway and a pair of the most cruel eyes she had ever seen pierced her through and through. The wolfish face bore a stubbly growth of grizzled beard which added to its ferocity; but the terrible eyes commanded all her attention.

"Did any of them kids leave their lunch baskets here?" he demanded. "I'm starving—starving, d'ye hear? in this cursed land where they feed good stuff to their hogs."

Kate Pearson, too badly frightened to respond, sank back in her chair and raised her hands to her face. The intruder caught a glimpse of a heavy gold ring on one of her fingers.

"Take off that ring and fork it over; I guess it's good for a meal if I ever have the luck to strike a town."

"Oh, sir, it belonged to my mother—it's all I have of hers—it was her wedding ring—please—"

"Shut up and take it off or I'll cut it off! Don't bother me with your family history. Time is precious."

The terror stricken girl hastily pulled off the ring, kissed it with parched lips and handed it to the robber.

"Now I s'pose you have a little money. Shell out and be d—d quick about it. What's that around your neck? Ah, a gold chain and a gold locket! You seem to hesitate, young woman," and he whipped out an ugly revolver. "Perhaps I'd better remove the locket from your neck—it's a very pretty neck. We didn't see pretty necks very often at Griggs."

"Oh, you — you are an escaped—" panted the girl as she hastily wrenched loose the locket and chain and threw them into his hand.

"Yes, I am an escaped man—I was a convict—but now I am free and I mean to remain free. Neither your life nor any number of lives that I can destroy shall stand between me and freedom. I see a watch in your belt. Hand it over!"

"Did you know a man there named Birney? I mean one of the prisoners."

The convict started as if he had been shot and stared intently at the girl, who continued: "Did he escape with the others?"

"What's that to you? Supposin' he did, what's that to you?"

"He—he—was—my—father!"

The convict tried to make some response, but only fragments of curses came from his lips. Something seemed to be rising in his throat, but his burning eyes were not taken from the face of the girl.

"I never saw him," she moaned. "He was sent to prison just before I was born. Then my mother, unable to endure the shame, resumed her former name and we went to another state where her people lived. He—he was sentenced for life, you know. But if you know him and he escaped—will you give him that ring—it was my mother's wedding ring. He gave it to her. Perhaps it may recall his better days—and make a better man of him. Will you?"

The intruder was leaning back against the door casing, staring first at the girl and then at the articles he had taken from her. Mechanically he dropped the revolver into his coat pocket and looked at the well worn golden band.

"And if you would, sir," the girl was growing bolder, for the man's attitude no longer frightened her, "if you would be so kind, perhaps he would like to see the picture in the locket. You do not want it. Please give it to him. It was my mother—and his wife."

The grimy hands were trembling, but they forced open the locket. The convict gazed long at the picture. His cruel mouth twitched and the hard eyes softened. "And this woman — your mother--where might she be found—if I should chance to meet up with Birney —where could he see her?"

"In heaven," came the whispered response, "she is dead—dead of a broken heart, and oh,—" the pitiful sob would have moved a heart of stone—"I loved her so—I—I—am so lonely without her."

The convict snapped together the locket, held it and the old ring in his open hand and looked at them for what seemed an age to the girl. Finally he said, hoarsely: "You may keep these things. They ain't any good to me. It isn't likely I'll meet Birney—for he's dead — yes, he's dead. And it ain't likely he will ever meet your mother, for she is in heaven. Birney was never headed that way. Keep your trinkets—"

"Oh, I thank you, sir. I thank you—"

"Leave all that out. What's all that to me? I'm a hunted animal, starving in a land of plenty; fighting for light and air and food and sunshine. And I'll die fighting, mind that!" as the old fierce gleam came back into his eyes. "Take your baubles and go home. I intended to kill you, but that wouldn't help me any. No, don't thank me for giving back your dead mother's ring, and I don't want your watch. What's all that to me?"

Truly, what was all that to him? He walked away into the woods and just as 'Squire Rogers and his men came running up to the school house, Kate Pearson tottered out and fell senseless into the arms of Will Rogers.

"Where is he—where is that pesky jailbird?" shouted 'Squire Rogers, brandishing his pitchfork.

A pistol shot in a nearby copse of sumac bushes seemed to answer the question, for investigation disclosed the escaping convict with a bullet hole squarely in his forehead and a smoking revolver in his hand.

A SAILOR'S SUMMONS

A SOMETHING white came up last night,
It was the mist, I wist, or rain.
It wheeled about, flashed in and out,
And beckoned 'gainst the window pane,
It was a bird, no doubt,—no doubt,
And will not come again.

And something beat with slow repeat,
And heavy swell, the old sea-wall,
And shrill and clear and piercing sweet,
I thought I heard the boatswain's call.
The sails were set and yet, and yet,
It may have been no boat at all.

But if tonight a sail should leap,
From out the dark and driving rain,
You must not hold me back nor weep,
For I must sail a trackless main,
To find and have, to hold and keep,
What I have sought so long in vain.

I need no chart of sea nor sand,
Nor any blazing beacon star.
My prow against wild waves shall stand
Until it cuts the blessed bar,
And I run up the shining strand
Where my lost youth and Mary are.

Flavia Rosser

HOW TIMMY WON THE BET

By NORMAN H. CROWELL

"BUT, Timmy," says Toohey, as he dug into the raisins, "'Tis winded about that ye were a bit of a foot racer in yer time. How is it, Tim?" McCune eyed him narrowly before replying.

"Who? Me?" he says, at length, as he stuck up his feet on the counter.

"Divvle a one else, Tim," says Toohey, "I'm tol' that ye beat th' champeen o' Dublin onct. D'ye rec'lect th' occurrence?"

"Ho! Ho! Ho! Him? Yes, I beat him. Ho! Ho!" and McCune suddenly choked till Murphy, the store man, broke a bag of salt across his shoulders. When he calmed down a bit and had wiped the tears out of his eyes he glanced around at us and said:

"Yes, I beat 'im an' 'twas thought to be a great race in them days—a clost one too, lads, an' I won Peggy, me wife, as th' result of it. But I've been married to Peggy nigh twinty years senct then an' I don't mind tellin' ye it was a put-up job. I never could a beat 'im fair—never."

"In a flat footed race, Timmy? How could ye chate 'im?" asks Shan Mucktagh. McCune's eyes twinkled merrily as he glanced dreamily toward the cobwebs on the ceiling. He lifted his hat and felt of his hair.

"Bald, is it, Jemmy?" says Tim, leaning toward the lad.

"Middlin', Tim," says Jem.

"An' I'm not surprised," says McCune. "It's what I get for dishonesty, lads. But I'll relate th' deception."

McCune changed tobacco while we were hitching our boxes and kegs within range of his voice.

"Boys," says he, "'Tis a powerful long time ago, but in my mind it's as fresh as if 'twas tomorrow or th' next day. I was about twinty-four—long in th' leg, flat an' hard in th' chest as a checkerboard an' with a pair of shoulders fit to hang up harness on. I was a mixer them times, lads.

"But before I begin I better tell ye how it was that th' race came about an' ye'll understan' how I couldn't afford at th' time to run second to even th' champeen o' Dublin. It's not so long but ye'll bear it.

"'Twas th' fall o' '60 an' th' p'raties was mighty poor pickin's anywhere, but especially in parts where they was wanted th' most. Aroun' Carrickfergus, however, we was puttin' by a crop that made all th' bins an' barns look like they'd been filled be hydraulic pressure. My father, Phineas McCune, an' a financier, had in thirty-two acres an' was countin' on gettin' rich, an' if ye rec'lect, he did.

"Be that as it may, there come ridin' into Carrickfergus one day a strappin'

tall buck of a lad, a-askin' for Phineas McCune.

"Father in them days was not hard to fin' an' generally with a thorn in 'is fist, but th' lad was smooth.

"'Misther McCune, I believe?' he says, 'An' how is th' crop?'

"'What crop?' says father, glancin' at th' lad's nag.

"'W'y, th' praties, o' coorse!' says he.

"'Ho!' says me father, 'They're comin' along. W'at's that harse worth?'

"''E ain't for sale,' says th' lad.

"'An' I didn't want to buy 'im,' says father.

"An' th' lad rid away. Th' next house was Tolan's an' he stopped at th' gate.

"'How's th' praties? says he to ol' Mike.

"'Ah, lad,' says Mike, 'Plinty for all but Mickey Tolan. Sure, I've but forty bushels an' tin childer to ate thim.'

"The lad passed on an' th' next house was McGee's. Peggy, (that's me wife, now) stood at th' gate. I clim' a tree in th' hedge an' saw th' buck ride up at gallup, clappin' 'is spurs into 'is nag like a circus actor. He pulled up th' nag an' made Peggy a bow like ye see in pictures. In them times, me lads, I set heaps on Peggy an' ye may be sure I watched thim narrowly. An' by-an'-by he rid gallopin' off while she stood watchin' till he was clean out o' sight. Then she walked up to th' house for all th' worl' like she was followin' a carpse at a buryin'.

"Well, lads, I worried me brains in th' matter an' I discovered th' lad was from Dublin an' was hangin' aroun' Carrickfergus for th' purpose of cornerin' th' pratie crop. It appears he was the renegade son of a rich English gent who was a bull or somethin' in the London market an' he was out to make a stake all be himself in praties. An' he had picked out a fine time an' place an' all would have been slick an' easy for 'im had he not went in to cornerin' Peggy McGee at th' same time.

"Ye can imagine me feelin's, lads, when next I called to ask Peggy to th' MacConoho's dance an' she says, 'No, thank ye, Timmy McCune, I'm goin' with a better lookin' man, so go on with ye.'

"That was bad enough, but not half as bad as th' real thing, for it made me mighty belligerent, lads, when I see Peggy waltzin' in on th' arm o' th' tall buck from Dublin. As they wint by, I says to Paddy Donagho, my chum that was:

"'Paddy,' I says, 'I'm goin' to fight th' felly with Peggy soon as th' ball breaks up.'

"'Th' divvle ye are!' says Paddy.

"'An' why not?' says I, amazed, for I had reasons to think Paddy knew I was a bucko with me hands.

"'W'y?' says Paddy, whisperin', 'I'll tell ye, Tim. Because that felly is th' champeen boxer an' runner o' Dublin', that's w'y.'

"'Git away, Paddy,' says I, wonderin', I'll fight 'im'.

"'But ye won't, Tim. Have ye heard o' th' tin-roun' fight a-tween Meggs an' McCorkle at Belfast a-Toosday last?'

"'Yes,' says I, 'Th' one where Jerry McCorkle was all but killed?'

"'Th' same. Well, yon felly's Meggs!' says Paddy.

"An' there I was, lads, Peggy tossin' me over for a pugilist an' me standin' roun' with me hands in me pockets not darin' to fight. But I was thinkin'—thinkin' hard.

"'D'ye say he was a racer?' says I to Paddy, seekin' him out.

"'Who, Meggs? Yes, he's a runner,' he says.

"'Long or short?' I asks, just like that.

"'I dunno, but I think it's long. Anyhow he holds th' tin-mile record for Irelan'.'

"'Paddy Donagho,' says I, grabbin' his shoulder, 'Will ye do me a favor?

Go an' tell Meggs ye kin fin' a man to beat 'im either at tin or twinty miles—go on, Paddy,' says I, shovin' him.

"'Holy smoke! Who is it, Tim?' says Paddy, paralyzed.

"'Silent, Paddy. It's me—Timmy McCune, an' I kin do it.'

"'Ho! Ho!' was all Paddy said, but he told th' lad.

"'Is this Misther McCune?' says th' big buck as he lammed into me a bit later.

"'Th' same, sir. W'at kin I do for ye?' says I, bein' entirely innocent o' what he wanted.

"'I hear ye're a sort o' foot racer,' he says.

"'Me? Oh, nothin' to brag of,' says I, 'just a little, mebbe.'

"'Would ye back yerself agin me?' he says, slappin' me shoulder like he was a father to me.

"'I've nothin' but praties for backin', I says, lookin' at th' lad's long legs

"'Good as gold,' says he, 'an' how many of thim?'

"'One thousan' bushels!' says I.

"'Done!' he says, an' we drawed up two papers, one for 'im an' one for me. Ye may rest assured it was an' interested crowd about as we harangued. There was Paddy Donagho standin' with his mouth open like a tunnel, starin' at me as if I was crazy, which to be true, was what Peggy called me when she squeezed through to fin' her Dublin lad.

"'Ho! Ho! Crazy am I?' I says to her, throwin' back me head.

"'Yes, ye've lost yer noggin an' what little's in it,' she says, 'D'ye know that gentleman?' pointin' to th' buck.

"'Not in th' least,' says I.

"'It's a pure fool ye are, thin,' she says.

"'Stop!' I says, 'Dare ye bet on it? Will ye give 'im th' boots if I beat 'im?'

"'Th' boots?'

"'Yes, throw 'im over—quit 'im?' says I. Peggy thought a minute an' looked first at me an' then at th' felly. He winked his eye at her.

"'Yes, I'll do it, Timmy, but ye can never beat 'im.'

"'We'll see to that later,' says I, an' walked away.

"Th' race was to be tin miles—tin times aroun' th' Carrickfergus circular track, one of th' first in north Irelan', ye remember. 'Twas set for Friday an' this was on Tuesday. I was to have small time for gettin' up my speed. On th' way home I caught up with Paddy Donagho an' runnin' up, I clutches 'im by th' arm.

"'Paddy! Paddy!' I says excited, 'what's this about a race?'

"'Race? I've heard naught but about your own race with th' Dublin felly,' he says, lookin' hard at me.

"'My race with th' Dublin felly?' says I, completely surprised.

"'Tim,' says he, 'Have ye been drinkin?'

"'I might have,' I says, 'but what is this race—I'm not a foot racer an' ye ought to know that.'

"'Just w'at I tol' ye,' he says, 'But ye *must* be. Ye're in for it an' if ye don't win ye lose Peggy McGee an' a thousan' bushels o' praties. Ye signed th' paper.'

"'What paper?' Now, as luck had it, Paddy had taken my copy of the contract an' I knew he had it. So he dug it up an' openin' it, says :

"'That paper!'

I read it, amazed.

"'Donagho, did ye get me into this?' I says, fierce enough.

"'Me? I—no—I—' he began, backin' off.

"'Hurroo!' I says, 'Ye did, an' ye'll get me out, Paddy or I'll lambaste ye into kindlin' wood.'

"'Oh!' says Paddy.

"'Kin ye run?' I asks.

"'I never was noted for runnin',' he says. But I knew he could, for I had been at his heels th' best part of a mile

onct an' couldn't lay hands on th' wily rascal.

"'Ye've got to, though an' we'll beat 'im a block. I've got a scheme, Paddy. D'ye rec'lect th' bunch o' sunflowers on th' far side o' th' Carrickfergus track?'

"'I do,' says he, listenin' like a mouse.

"'Well, it's easy enough. While th' one of us is runnin' th' other'll be lyin' snug in th' sunflower patch, ready to jump out an take up th' race as fresh as a pound o' butter. D'ye grasp me sense?' I says.

"'D'ye mean th' two of us to run th' race? asks Paddy.

"'Nothin' else. It's easy as plasterin', says I. 'An' if we win ye get forty poun's sterlin' an' if we lose ye get forty poun's not so sterlin'. De ye accept th' terms?' I says, punchin' his arm.

"'I accept th' terms,' says he, an' we fixed it up.

"Friday was as fine a day as ye'd wish to meet, an' every man, woman an' hired girl in Carrickfergus was out at th' mile track. Th' race was to begin prompt at two o'clock, an' th' track was in fine condition by reason of a rain on Wednesday, that had dried, leavin' it hard an' smooth. I was wrapped in a pink horse blanket for I had on me racin' suit, consistin' of a pair of blue overalls cut off above th' knee an' a red undershirt with th' arms out. I had a red bandage tied aroun' me left ankle, not from bein' lame, ye understan', but because Paddy Donagho, over in the sunflower patch, was wearin' the same thing. We had togged out exactly alike an' Paddy had even dirtied 'is upper lip to resemble th' mustache I wore.

"Ye see by both of us havin' suits just alike an' th' red bandages to throw thim off th' scent, an' by Paddy duckin' 'is head an' runnin' hard as he went by th' gran' stan' we calculated on success. I'm not sayin' I was a magnificent sight as I threw off me blanket an' lined up alongside th' lad in 'is yellow silk tights. Th' hoots an' yells that wint up would have scared any but an honest man to his death bed. As it was, I said naught but got myself into th' shape of a man pitchin' wet hay, ready for th' signal.

"Th' pistol missed fire twice but at th' third crack she went, an' away we flew, th' lad leadin' me be about three jumps. I kep' well to 'is heels, however, an' occasionally, by bursts of speed, evened up with him. He looked surprised when I done that and put on more steam.

"'Ye'll tire o' that!' says he, as I crep' up on 'im th' third time.

"'I guess not,' I says, for I was within a hundred yards o' Paddy just then an' I knew he was ready an' waitin'. Th' lad was thirty feet in front o' me when we switched an' I took Paddy's place in th' weeds. Th' crowd at th' gran' stan' o' course, was totally innocent o' th' plan an' I knew Paddy was safe as I saw him closin' th' gap atween thim in champeenship style. It seemed a week before I heard thim poundin' down th' track to'ard me an' I nerved myself for th' next mile.

"Plunk! went Paddy into th' patch an' like a rabbit I was out not a rod behind th' champeen an' feelin' like a blacksmith. I trotted up alongside th' lad an' listened to 'is lungs but they was good—he was sure a gran' runner. But I was doin' fine meself as I could tell be th' way th' crowd kep' quiet when we went by that time. It was plainly nobody's race so far an' I imagine th' sportin' element was at a stan' still.

"In a minute more I was doubled up in th' weeds again an' Paddy was holdin' th' Dublin lad down th' stretch. Th' game was to hang to th' champeen's heels an' at no time to pass 'im, leavin' that for me to do in th' las' half mile, an' Paddy was great—surely great. I peered out as they came down th' track to'ard me an' I near had a faintin' spell as I

"With a burst of speed seldom seen in Carrickfergus I broke over th' line winner be two good yards."

saw w'at Paddy was doin'. He was runnin' wide clear out to th' edge o' th' track an' slappin' his leg with his arm. I looked an' saw his bandage was gone an' like a flash I tore mine off.

"An' I was just in time, for Paddy came topplin' into th' weeds an' I was off like a deer close behind th' champeen, who was runnin' like a machine, head up an' legs goin' like churn dashes. I was fit as a fiddle on this mile an' at one time I made up me mind to light out on me own hook regardless o' Paddy, but I feared he might mistake me intentions, so I hung back, pluggin' along in th' same ol' place. I waved me hand in response to th' cheers from th' stan as I went past an' th' action took great, I could tell that. I was gettin' to be a fav'rit an' there was no doubt tall speculatin' on th' wonderful wind I was showin'. I could feel my stock risin' in th' market.

"Well, lads, it went this way to th' very last mile, which, of course, I had to run, an' right there is where I came near losin' me praties, to say nothin' of Peggy McGee. Paddy, th' idiot, had mistaken th' mile an' was trailin' a full five rods behind th' Dublin lad an' that, with a slip I took as I started, put me a big ways to th' bad. An' then, lads, I got stage fright. Ever have that? My legs felt just like cold ham an' for a minute I seemed to be standin' still, jumpin' up an' down. Then it wore off an' th' way I crawled up on the Dublin boy is remembered in Carrickfergus to this day.

"We ran neck-and-neck at two hundred yards—at one hundred it was th' same an' still th' same at eighty. Th' champeen was workin' like a horse an' I was doin' my best, ye may bet on that. Well, lads, it was only me phenomenal endurance that won, and, with a burst of speed seldom seen in Carrickfergus, I broke over th' line, winner be two good yards.

"Ye can guess at th' cheers that went up as I tiptoed back to th' line, breathin' hard an' pattin' me chest. Th' champeen was blown, while I was really as fresh as a daisy.

"'Ye're a foot racer sure enough, McCune,' says he, shakin' me hand, 'Sure, I'll match ye agin Maloney of Cork if ye like.'

"'I'd like to meet 'im,' I says.

"'It's a fine lad ye are, Tim,' says Peggy, just then as she reached through an' grasped me hand.

"'Thank ye,' Miss McGee,' I says, with me free hand on me heart.

"'Ye're a noble man,' she says.

"'Peggy!' I says, lookin' plagued.

"'Ye beat 'im fair, Timmy,' says she, 'Twas gran'!'

"'Ho! I've chased cows further,' I says, carelessly.

"'An' that's how I won th' praties. But it didn't end there, for Peggy kep' 'er word. If I had it to do over agin—I say, Jawn—the cruiskin—there, thank ye!"

IN AFTER YEARS

TIME changes all: in after life
When we recall youth's vanished years,
We smile o'er scenes where once we wept,
And speak of happy hours with tears.

Nellie Frances Milburn

The Star Gazer

By KATHERINE LEE BATES

THE rector's wife turned her shapely head in the stylish bonnet from side to side. Her motions were quick and her glances critical.

"Harold, did you ever see the like!"

The new rector only smiled. He had a clerical habit of smiling. Stout for his years, he was carefully dressed with the decorum due to his cloth.

They were attending a Republican rally in the old, up-country town of Crickville, to which they had just come from a parish in the suburbs of New York. This scene, new to them both, was affording the rector quiet amusement, while it kept his wife nervously alert and ever on the verge of indignation.

The common, green-roofed with boughs of elm and maple, rejoiced in a staring electric light, which overhung the band stand. This white-glowing bulb had a fluttering throng of moths and millers and all manner of gossamer night creatures about it and would, whenever the freak took it, suddenly dim away, scattering confusion among its winged satellites and disconcerting the croaking Demosthenes below. For the red capped and red jerseyed musicians of Crickville had, an hour since, clumped down from the stand, with their drums and fifes and bugles, and left it free for the semi-circle of sleepy eyed, rough clad, gum chewing farmers and the stump speaker of the evening. This gentleman had nearly lost his voice through weeks of campaign oratory, and the rector's wife surveyed him with sarcastic disdain as he inveighed against "those Democrats who howl themselves hoarse with their vain speaking."

"Harold, did you ever hear the like!" she whispered angrily.

But the new rector only smiled. His political experience was wider than hers.

Mrs. Dalrymple turned from him impatiently and studied the audience again. The rude green benches were crowded with a throng consisting principally of women and children. Small boys were in the majority and stolidly ignored the request of the chairman that they yield their places to the tired voters from harvest field and work shop. So the aisles and background were filled with stoop backed, straw hatted, heavy faced men, still smelling of the barn yard, but too proud to ask, even of their own children, the seats to which their honest weariness well entitled them.

In the shadows beyond could be seen the noses of horses and the outlines of carts and wagons, for many of these men had ridden long miles over the hilly roads to hear this froggy voice exhort them to vote the ticket of that party which, according to the froggy voice, monopolized the material benefits of civilization. For the rector's wife, a Colonial Dame and a Daughter of the Revolution, observed with growing wrath that the appeal was based on frankly selfish considerations. She had expected to hear some passing mention, at least, of liberty, righteousness, honor; but the speaker harped persistently on the price of wool and on "our markets" in Porto Rico and the Philippines. He made clumsy fun of the Democratic candidates, whereat the semi-circle of gum chewing supporters moved their jaws

a trifle faster. Mrs. Dalrymple had thought better of New England.

"Is there no idealism left in the country?" she demanded on the homeward walk, straining at the rector's arm, for his leisurely pace teased her hurrying feet. "Are we sunk in a slough of mere well being?"

"Hardly that," returned the rector, with a chuckle. "You should have heard Uncle Simon Peter—by the way, did you notice, when you were in the cemetery yesterday, his wife's name on the headstone,—'Patience, daughter of Experience?' "

"Shocking!" ejaculated Mrs. Dalrymple.

The rector chuckled again.

"Well, my dear, Uncle Simon Peter seems to be the tallest grocery store liar in this township."

"Harold, don't use vulgar expressions."

"I came in on that precious circle of—ah—oldest inhabitants this morning just as he was relating, with his feet well above his head, how on a frosty day last autumn he slipped on his own roof and fell two stories, but, keeping his presence of mind, he braced himself against the air and saved his life by jumping into his bedroom window."

"But he *couldn't!*" cried Mrs. Dalrymple.

And then that frivolous clergyman dropped down on the rectory steps and laughed till his plump sides ached for penance.

When his misted eyes were clear again, he became aware of a woman's figure standing at the further end of his veranda, the face turned toward the sky. It was not Mrs. Dalrymple, for she had flashed into the house at the first rumble of the well known marital laughter. This motionless figure, moreover, was quaint and old fashioned, even for Crickville, in attire.

"The sooner one gets acquainted with one's parish the better," thought the rector and, advancing a few steps toward the stranger, he bade her cheery good evening.

She wheeled quickly and fronted him. He surveyed her by the starlight and recognized a pronounced New England type. Aged though she was, a stubborn strength declared itself in form and feature, and something more than strength. There was fire in the sunken eyes, as well as endurance in the thin lips. This gaunt old woman had a secret fount of joy. Behind that wintry wall lay a garden of spices. The rector stood with hat in hand throughout their interview.

"Are you the new Episcopal minister?" she asked abruptly.

The term grated, but he replied with his wonted pleasantness: "I am the new rector, yes."

"Do you have missions in your church—far off missions, I mean, to the heathen in the south?"

"We have some southern missions."

"I want to be sent as a missionary—to the south."

"I beg your pardon. You are a church woman?"

"Do you mean am I Episcopal?"

"If you like to put it so."

"I was raised Millerite, and I've been Baptist by spells and Congregationalist."

"Ah! I fear—"

"But I'd just as lief be Episcopal," broke in the woman eagerly, "if only I could be sent on a mission to the south."

"You feel that you have a special call for spreading the gospel?"

Old Stella Lawton hesitated only a moment. She came of honest stock.

"It ain't the gospel I care so much about as having my expenses paid south, but I'd teach the heathen anything you told me."

"You have friends or relatives in the south whom you are very desirous of seeing again?"

"No, I ain't acquainted there."

"You have a passion for travel, perhaps?"

" 'Tain't the earth that I mind about. It's the sky. I've got to see the Southern Cross. It's the thing I've wanted most in all my life. I've got to see the Southern Cross before I die."

Then, in a volcanic outburst, came her story. To this quiet, courteous stranger, "Staring Stella," as the village boys had nicknamed her, told more of her actual history than had ever passed her lips before. Her father, the rector learned, had been an ardent Millerite and, having such Latin as a succession of district school masters could teach him, had named his first born child Stella, seeing in her, as he saw in every circumstance of his life during those years of expectation, a sign and a token of the advent. He had died in Stella's childhood, and they had buried him in his long prepared ascension robe, but his faith lived on in the little household under the mountain. Stella went into the paper factory, and used to eat her luncheons, day by day, month after month, leaning through a window, with her eyes fixed on the heavens that did not open. But through the evenings she kept long, faithful vigil, and then the curtains parted, to her seeming, and like a multitude of the heavenly host, the stars trooped out.

Her mother died, and another white ascension robe was taken from the lavender scented chest in the best room. Stella was in her teens when this loss left her charged with the care of her brothers, the twins, Castor and Pollux. The burden was heavy for such slender shoulders. After her long day's toil in the factory, she tied coarse rags by starlight and made, while the rose of dawn yet bloomed in the east, star shaped cookies for the boys to sell at the academy in recess. So by hook and by crook she kept the boys fed and clothed, comforting herself for weariness by the dream that, when they were grown, she would be free to study the science of those stars which had become the glory of her life.

The twins went out into the world and throve in worldly ways. She was a middle aged woman, then, and aware, to some degree, of her general ignorance and inability, belated as she was, to fit herself for any sort of astronomical pursuit. Her castle in the air, topped by a wondrous telescope, had melted, and her longings, starved into comparitive humbleness, had gradually become concentrated on seeing the constellation of the Southern Cross. Toward that end she had managed to put by, through years of painful economy, nearly one hundred dollars, when typhoid fever came and swallowed up her hoard. She had never succeeded in saving anything again, for as she grew older and more silent and as her name for eccentricity increased, work became harder to find. During her illness her place in the factory had been permanently filled. In the period of convalescence she had visited her brothers, but their wives found her unsocial, set and strange, and had speedily shifted her back to the tumble down homestead in the hills. So she put up flagroot and tied tags, for bread, and watched the stars for manna. There was a mountain path behind the house which she would climb with staff and lantern, even when the snow was deep, to the point where, after narrowly skirting a bit of sheer cliff, the trail led out on a broad ledge of rock. This was her observatory.

The rector had a sprinkling of astronomy, as of most things else, and soon made out that old Stella Lawton's accumulation of astral lore was fantastically heterogeneous. She had read, remembered and believed every scrap of printed matter relating to the stars that had ever come her way—scientific data, mythologic fables, relics of astrology, cosmic speculations.

"All are starfish that come to her net," mused her auditor, biting his lips in rueful perplexity. Pathetic but impossible. How could he tell her the disappointing truth? Where was Mrs. Dalrymple?

The remembrance of his wife nerved him to his task. How shocked Mrs. Dalrymple would be at the idea of using the mission field for starry contemplation! This half crazed old creature had probably — and our shrewd rector was right in this surmise—offered her evangelizing services to every denomination within reach. Undoubtedly his gentle predecessor in the rectory had put by her proposition too urbanely. For himself, he would force his nature to severity and do his best to make her understand how preposterous, selfish, even impious, was her appeal.

The rector had his say without interruption or contradiction. The old woman heard him through and then moved away, walking feebly through the starlight. Annoyed that a good conscience should be so heavy a load, the rector went in and told Mrs. Dalrymple all about it, relying on her approval to restore his cheerfulness.

At the close of his narrative, which gained continually in humorous effects, his wife darted at him like a wasp about to sting.

"And you mean to say, Harold, that you let that dear old thing go away like that?"

"But, my love,"—he caught her wrists and held her at arm's length.

"When we can give her a little trip to the south as well as not?"

"As well as not! And to the south of the equator?"

"Those old parlor rugs will do another winter."

"But you said—"

"Don't tell me what I said, stupid! Listen to what I say. I don't want any present this birthday. You may countermand the order for that china. We don't need it at all."

"Amelia, you are superb. I will never laugh at you again." He folded her close.

"You are laughing at me now, but I don't care. I'm so glad to find a case of idealism left in New England. I dare say all we need is to know people. I hope every person in the parish will turn out just like that."

"And leave us with no furniture at all?"

"You don't deserve a bootjack, Harold. I am suprised at you."

"My dear, after twenty years of married life, I am daily surprised at *you*. I can no more predict your impulses—"

"I always act on principle," interposed Mrs. Dalrymple with dignity, her voice somewhat smothered against her husband's shoulder.

So all was delightful at the rectory, but old Stella Lawton went wearily back to her weather beaten house, groped for her staff in its accustomed corner, missed the lantern, which the Crickville boys had appropriated to illume their midnight Republican procession, and plodded with uncertain footing up the mountain path for her regular goodnight hour upon the rocky ledge.

The rector's answer was not her first rebuff, but it was to be her last, for it had left a film of tears upon her aged eyes and there was a shadow of trees across the path where it edged on the precipice. Her fall must have been mercifully sudden and her death instantaneous, for when she was found the following day there was a smile upon the thin old lips, as satisfied as if she were looking upon the Southern Cross.

The rector preached on the following Sunday from the text: "*A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars.*"

Phases of American Affairs

MORMONISM NOT A MENACE

By JOHN R. WINDER

Of the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints

THE Mormon Church, so called, as this is written has just closed a very successful conference at Salt Lake City. These great gatherings of the priesthood and the laity, known as the general conferences, are held twice a year, and have been in vogue ever since the church was organized, April 6, 1830, at Fayette, Seneca, New York, prior to the first of a series of removals westward, which culminated, in 1847-8, in the establishment of the church in the heart of the Rocky Mountain region. Except in rare instances, when the ordinary course of events has been interrupted, as was the case during the anti-polygamy crusade of the "eighties," these conferences have convened at the chief city of the Saints, where the general authorities of the church for the most part reside. As regularly as April and October roll around, its members to the number of probably twenty thousand, representing all the cities and settlements of the Saints, from Canada to Mexico, wend their way to Utah's capital to attend conference; a very full representation, when it is remembered that the Latter Day Saints throughout the world, men, women and children all told, do not exceed four hundred thousand souls.

And what is the purpose of these gatherings—the real purpose, as distinct from the one which it was formerly so fashionable with anti-Mormon writers to assume, namely, that the Mormon conference was essentially disloyal? The purpose is the same today as it has ever been. The end in view in the holding of a general conference is to bring together the Latter Day Saints, as many as can conveniently assemble, that they may be counseled and instructed by their leaders in things spiritual and temporal, and thus be better fitted to discharge their duties as members of the church, as colonizers of the arid country in which they have settled, and as citizens of various states and territories of the Union. Pursuant to this end, a great variety of subjects are presented to the people, none of which, by any possible construction, could be made to sustain the ancient charge occasionally reiterated, that these gatherings are treasonable in their nature, or the more general and more frequent allegation that Mormonism is a standing menace to American institutions.

Those most persistent in putting forth this false statement are, I am sorry to say, men whose sacred profession should induce them to engage in better practices. I refer to the ministers of the various Protestant churches, which have for

many years been doing evangelical work in Utah. Disappointed in their efforts to break up the Mormon Church by proselyting methods—which have been a grotesque failure here — they have resorted to misrepresentation, and are constantly violating their own precepts and breaking one at least of the ten commandments, by bearing false witness against their neighbors. Their latest attempt to subvert truth and wreak their spite against the "dominant church" in this section, is manifest in the movement now being made to secure an anti-polygamy amendment to the Constitution, on the ground that polygamy (the practice of which was suspended by the Manifesto of 1890) is still flourishing, and that the only way to effectually suppress it is by means of the proposed amendment. In connection with the polygamy question, it is their habit to call attention to the rapid growth and spread of Mormonism through the states and territories adjacent to this commonwealth.

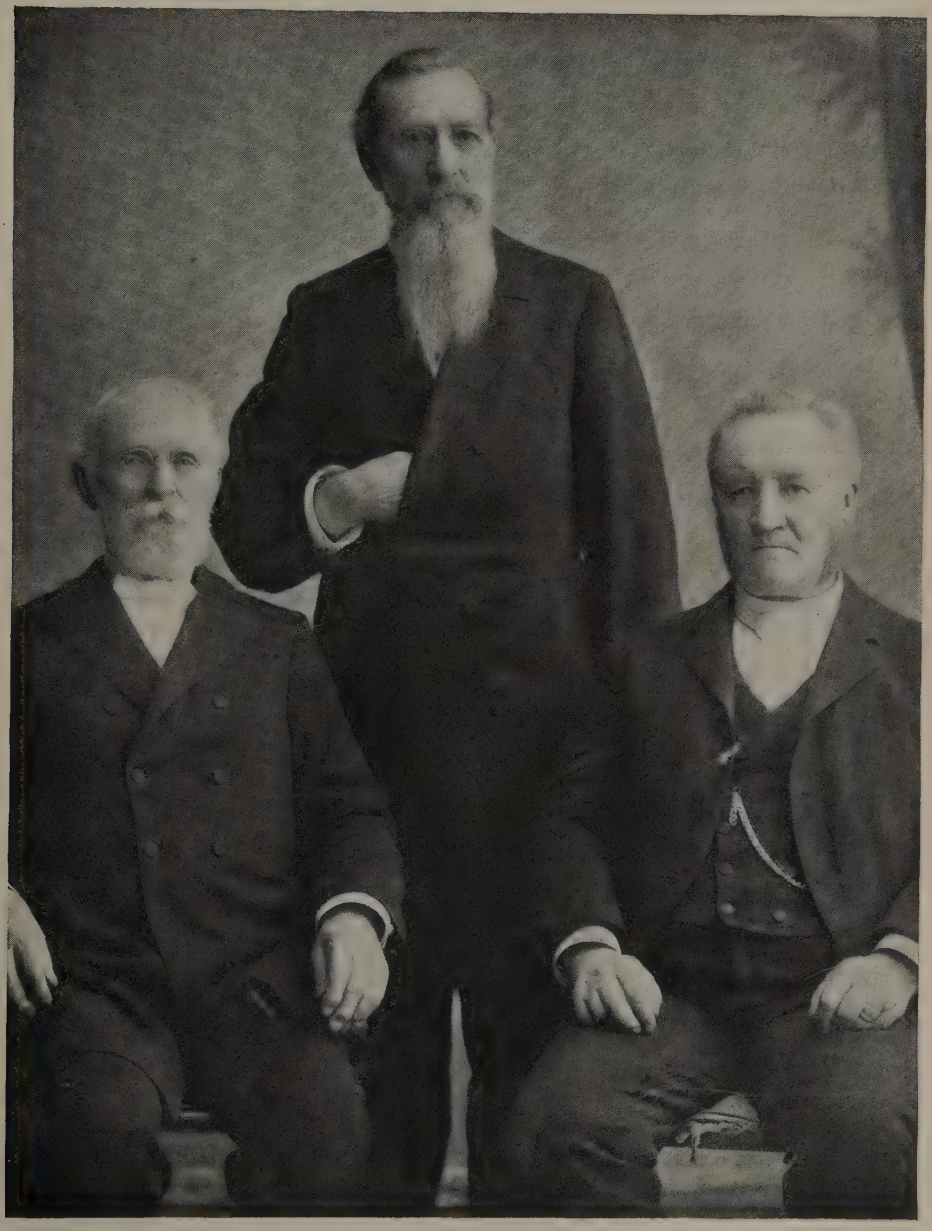
It is not my purpose to make this an article upon the subject of polygamy, which is a dead issue with the Mormon people, and one which they do not care to resurrect; I merely wish to deny in toto the allegations that plural marriages are still performed by the Mormon church, and that "unlawful cohabitation"—the living with plural wives married previous to the Manifesto—is practiced under the church authorization. There may be sporadic cases of the latter, where individuals hold their own views as to what is right and run their own risks in the premises, but the church is in no way responsible, and all reports to the contrary made by jealous ministers, disgruntled politicians, or other persons, are absolutely and unqualifiedly false. The remainder of my paper I shall devote to a brief presentation of the salient points of the Mormon faith and practice, with a view to showing from the standpoint of fact, as against that of fiction, the utter groundlessness of the charge that Mormonism, even if it be growing and spreading, which I do not deny, is a menace to American institutions.

TEMPLE BLOCK SALT LAKE CITY Photo by C. R. Savage

Mormonism, so far from being disloyal to the institutions of this country, is loyalty itself in that regard. The Latter Day Saints hold that America, the entire Western Hemisphere, is the land of Zion, "a land choice above all other lands," held in reserve for ages by the God of heaven for the accomplishment

THE PRESIDENCY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS

The president, Joseph T. Smith, is standing. On his right is John R. Winder, first councilor; on his left, Anthon H. Lund, second councilor.



of the most glorious purposes, the climax of which is the advent of the millennial reign of peace and brotherly love, which all the prophets have predicted. The discovery of this land, the establishment of this Republic and other important events in our national history, are clearly outlined prophetically by the Book of Mormon, and by this ancient record and others containing the revelations of the Almighty, we are taught to view the setting up of this nation as an act of divine providence, and as one of the steps preparatory to the ushering in of the millennium. The Constitution of the United States we believe to have been inspired of God, and the union of these states we look upon as a necessary condition in the carrying out of the divine program. There has never been a moment since the church was organized when this view has not been taken by the Mormon people, who regard Christopher Columbus, George Washington and Joseph Smith as heaven directed instruments, and the discovery of this land, the founding of this nation, and the establishment of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints as the greatest events in American history.

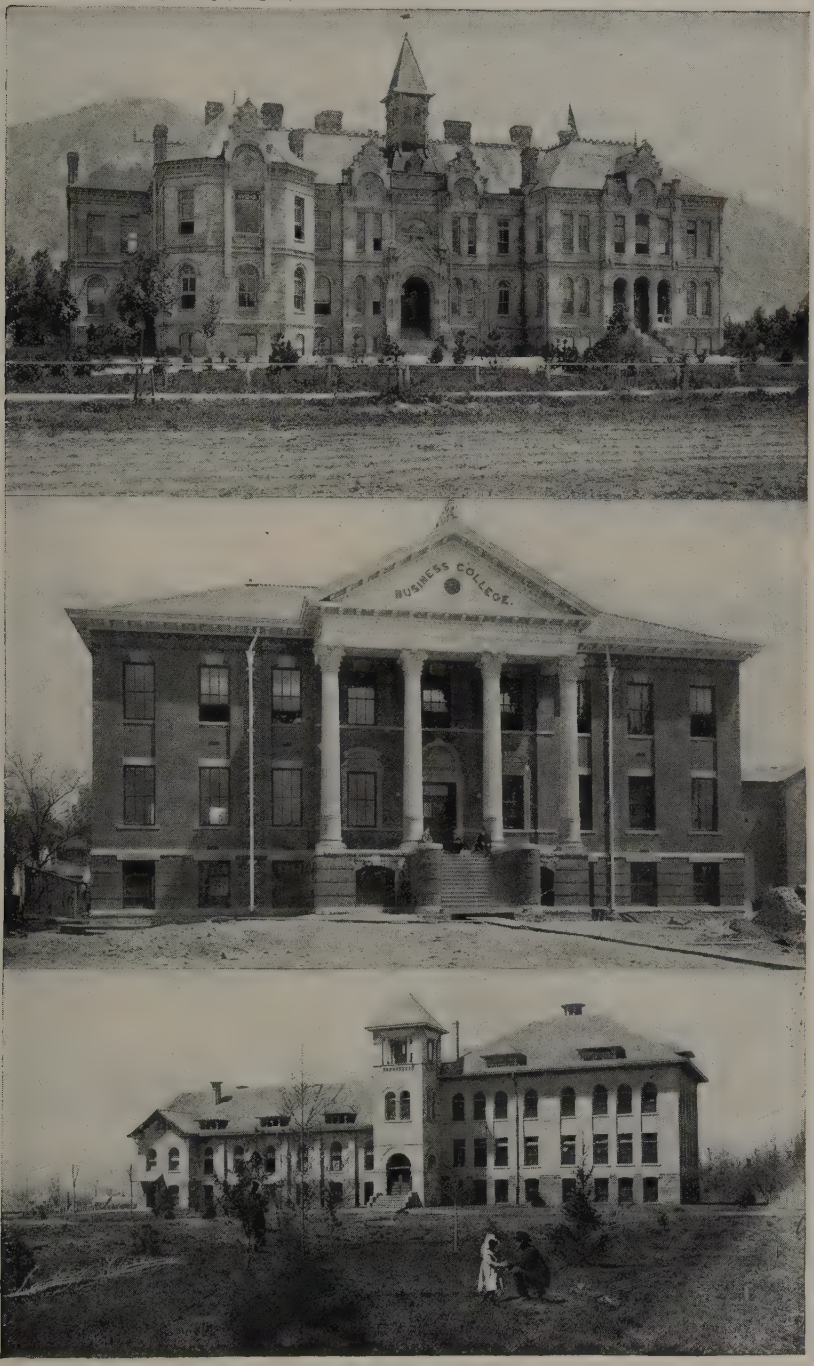
It is our belief that here, upon the North American continent, is to be reared Zion, a New Jerusalem, to which scattered Israel will flock from all nations, to prepare for the coming of the Messiah. The present gathering of Mormon converts from those nations sprinkled with Israelitish blood, especially the blood of Ephraim, which, it is understood, has been mixed for centuries with the Gentiles, is preliminary to the building up of Zion. The converted Gentiles will join with the Ephraimites in rearing the Holy City, one of the capitals of the Kingdom of God, while the Jews will return to Palestine and rebuild Old Jerusalem, the other capital. Then will be fulfilled that passage of scripture, "The law shall go forth from Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." The chosen site for the city of Zion is Jackson county, Missouri, where a colony of our people settled in the summer of 1831, and began to lay the foundations of Zion by the practice of a communal system known as the United Order, designed to establish unity and equality, to do away with pride, poverty and iniquity, and make ready for the glorious advent of the Redeemer. Self will among the Saints and persecutions from the outside, resulting from a misrepresentation of the motives inspiring them, prevented the full accomplishment of the project, and caused the expulsion of the colony from that section and the suspension of operations under the United Order. It is still in prospect, however, and every faithful Latter Day Saint looks forward to the eventual return of the church to Jackson county, and the building of a city and a temple unto God upon that consecrated soil.

The exodus of the Saints to the Rocky Mountains, and the establishment of "Stakes of Zion" in this region, are only preliminaries to that end.

Time and again the Mormon people have proved their loyalty to the principles of human freedom and to the great government established by the forefathers of many of them for the perpetuity and practice of those principles. American institutions are Mormon institutions, the American flag is our flag, and the Mormon church would as soon think of committing suicide, of menacing its own existence, as of harboring a thought inimical to those noble institutions to which it is indebted, in spite of its persecutions, for much of the success and prosperity that has attended it. Sad and sorrowful as has been the history of the Saints in many phases, they fully realize that in no other country and under no other flag than the revered Stars and Stripes could they have enjoyed the measure of freedom and protection

TYPICAL MORMON EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

The upper one is Brigham Young Academy (main building), Provo, Utah; the middle one is the Business College, a part of the Latter Day Saints University at Salt Lake City; the lower one is Brigham Young College, Logan, Utah.



accorded to them in this land of liberty and equal rights. Grateful for these privileges, and with charity for all, even for their enemies, who have misunderstood and persecuted them, they have sought every opportunity to correct the erroneous impressions formed concerning them, and to emphasize their love for and loyalty to American institutions. They have repeatedly offered, and in some instances have given, their lives to prove the genuineness of their patriotism. Expelled from the nation's frontier, in the wintry month of February, 1846, only two years after the murder of their prophet and their patriarch, and with the blackened and smoking ruins of their burnt temple and ravaged homesteads fresh in their memory, and almost in their view, these homeless wanderers in the wilderness responded with alacrity to the government's call for 500 of their best men to help fight their country's battles against Mexico. Well might the non-Mormon commander of the Mormon battalion eulogize their march from Fort Leavenworth by way of Santa Fe into southern California, as "the greatest infantry march on record;" for it was a trudge of 2,000 miles, through a wild and savage country, where these valiant followers of the flag made their own roads, built their own bridges, dug their own wells, and endured every imaginable hardship while crossing the burning deserts and snow clad mountains lying in their way. The United States military commandant in California was so well pleased with their faithful and efficient service that after their one year's term of enlistment had expired he urgently solicited their re-enlistment; a request complied with by many, who continued to perform garrison duty after the war was over. The original California gold discovery, in January, 1848, was an event in which some of these discharged Mormon soldiers particpated, theirs being the picks and shovels which at Sutter's Mills, near the present city of Sacramento, brought to the surface the first grains of yellow metal pronounced by their non-Mormon foreman to be gold.

As other instances of Mormon loyalty —which are as plentiful as strawberries in June—I may point to the attitude of President Brigham Young and his people at the outbreak of the Civil War, when he informed the country by telegraph that Utah had not seceded, but stood firm for the Constitution and the laws; to his subsequent offer, accepted by President Lincoln, of a body of picked Mormon scouts to guard the governmental mail route across the plains from attacks by hostile Indians; and finally, to the part played by our state volunteers —most of them Mormon born boys, many of them zealous in the faith of their fathers — in the recent war with Spain. The exploits of the Utah Light Artillery before and after the capture of Manila by the American forces, and the no less ready response to their country's call made by the Utah contingent of Torrey's troop of Rough Riders, and by other volunteers from this state, are events too fresh in the memory of the American people to be blotted out by the stale slanders now being circulated concerning the Latter Day Saints and their religion.

And what is their religion, that it should be regarded as a menace to American institutions—unless the false doctrines of a degenerate Christianity, which Mormonism seeks to correct by its teachings, are understood to be American institutions? What the world calls Mormonism is to its adherents the ancient Christian religion, restored after centuries of absence, to prepare the way before the personal coming of the Son of God to reign as King of Kings over a sanctified earth. There is but one true religion, says Mormonism, though it has been upon the earth at different times and places, and from it have sprung all

the truths contained in the many creeds and systems professed by men the world over. This religion, the Gospel of Christ, who was its author in his pre-existent state, was first revealed from heaven to our great forefather Adam, and afterward in a series of additional dispensations to Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Moses and others. Christ and his Apostles in the meridian of time preached a restored gospel, the ever-lasting and unchangable plan of salvation, and all that is claimed for Mormonism is that it is the same gospel, brought back again, for the last time, to usher in the final dispensation, in fulfillment of ancient prophecy.

That the Bible does not inform us of all these things is simply due to the fact that that sacred record is a mere abridgment of the history of God's dealings with man, a skeleton record, furnishing us as much of truth as men in past ages have been able to receive and wisely use. Our belief in and acceptance of the Jewish scriptures is supplemented by our belief in and acceptance of other sacred writings, equally authentic and authoritative. Reference has been made to the Book of Mormon. This is an abridged history of ancient America, containing the gospel as taught by the Savior after his resurrection at Jerusalem, to a branch of the house of Israel, then inhabiting the Western Hemisphere, the white ancestors of the dusky and degenerate American Indians. We learn from this book that the forefathers of the red man came from Jerusalem about 600 B. C., and flourished here until about 420 A. D., when the last white representative, a prophet named Moroni, after witnessing the slaughter of his nation by the savage portion of the race, which had seceded, hid their record, agreeable to advice previously given by his father Mormon, the compiler, in a hill, where Joseph Smith, directed by Moroni, as a messenger from God's presence, found it fourteen centuries later. This record, written in mystical characters upon golden plates, he translated by means of the Urim and Thummim, discovered with those plates. Such in brief is

EAGLE GATE, SALT LAKE CITY Photo by C. R. Savage

Joseph Smith's account of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon.

But our belief in divine revelation does not stop with the Bible and the Book of Mormon. We accept all that God has revealed, and hope to accept all that he will yet reveal for the salvation of the human family. His revelations through the Prophet Joseph Smith for the guidance of this church are contained in a book called the Doctrine and Covenants, and there are also other ancient records, some of them brought from the catacombs of Egypt, which were translated by the prophet, and are held by his followers to be divine.

The initiatory principles of the gospel as preached by the Latter Day Saints are faith in God and in Jesus Christ as the Son of God, repentance of sin, baptism by immersion for the remission of sin, and the laying on of hands for the giving of the Holy Ghost, with the promise that it will testify to the truth of the doctrine received, and that miraculous signs, such as healings, tongues, prophecies, visions, etc., will follow the believer, as in ancient times. This is the doorway by which every soul must enter, in order to get into the kingdom of God. There is no other way. And that these saving truths and ordinances might legally be be taught and administered for the salvation of mankind, the Aaronic and Melchisedek priesthoods have been restored to earth in our day, and men, "called of God as was Aaron," again commissioned with power from on high.

Mormonism stands for eternal progress and for universal salvation; but it does not teach that all men will be saved alike, unless their works are alike and their deeds merit the same reward. It repeats the Savior's teaching, that in the Father's house there are many mansions; it holds with Paul that there are different degrees of eternal glory; and it agrees with St. John, who, in his great vision on Patmos, saw the dead, small and great, stand before God to be rewarded according to their works. Those who obey and are faithful to the gospel in the flesh, inherit celestial glory, typified by the sun in the firmament; those who receive the gospel in the spirit world, after death, inherit terrestrial glory, which differs from the celestial as the moon differs from the sun; while those who pass through hell and pay the uttermost farthing of guilt's debt for sins committed in the flesh, inherit telestial glory, of which the varying stars are typical. All souls will be saved in some degree of glory, excepting the sons of perdition, who sin sufficiently against light and knowledge to commit the unpardonable sin and whose doom is eternal banishment from the presence of God.

Mormonism teaches, as Moses, Jesus and Paul taught, that man is in the image of God, and it therefore holds as a logical sequence that God is in the image of man, that is, in the form of man; and that as man, the child of God, is endowed with divine attributes, there is no reason why he should not by development, by progress unto perfection, become divine, like his Father in heaven. This is the meaning of celestial glory. They who attain to it are heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ, and in heaven they reign, while others serve.

Mormonism's greatest service to the world—greater far than its recognized helpfulness to civilization in the reclaiming of a barren wilderness, the subduing of a desert, the founding of cities, towns and villages, the converting of sun-baked alkaline wastes into fruitful fields and flowery gardens; greater than its stupendous missionary and migratory undertakings, by which it has peopled this western region with proselytes from nearly all nations, bringing together and molding into one homogeneous mass men and women speaking different languages, inheriting different traditions and schooled in different customs,

improving their temporal condition by making the poor and dependent comfortable and independent under the beneficent influences of American citizenship; greater than the amalgamation of these brave, hardy, devoted, self sacrificing representatives of the best races on earth into a composite type of manhood and womanhood, the superiors of which cannot be found, even among the world dominating Anglo-Saxon type, which owes its excellence to its composite character, and which enters largely into the racial structure of the Mormon community:—greater than all these is Mormonism's spiritual achievement in restoring the true but long lost conception of the universal Father, His personality, character and attributes, man's real relationship to God, and making known again the just and merciful plan by which He proposes to save, as He has saved other worlds and their inhabitants, this world and its inhabitants, exalting to His own glorious presence all who will render themselves worthy of that ineffable reward.

Mormonism stands for education, enlightenment, progress; for the development of the whole man, mentally, physically, morally and spiritually. Even that part of our religion which has been so much misunderstood, so much misrepresented, insomuch that we have been compelled to abandon its practice—I mean what is commonly called polygamy, which we hold to be the restored system of Patriarchal Marriage, practiced by Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Gideon, and other ancient servants of God—even this had as one of its main objects the improvement of the race along the lines indicated; though it also had reference to the hereafter, to celestial exaltation, where, according to our belief, family relationships formed here in obedience to divine law, are perpetuated. Having laid aside this principle, out of deference to the law of the land, it is not our purpose to reinstate it, so long as that law remains in force against it. We bow in submission to the edict of our government, and, appealing to God, angels and men for the rectitude of our intentions, we leave with the makers and executors of the statutes framed against this feature of our faith, the responsibility for the prevention of its practice.

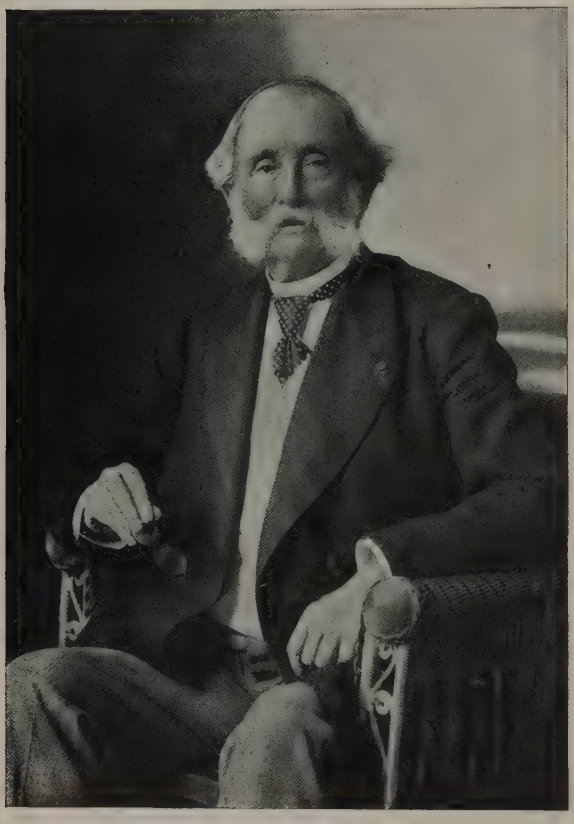
SOUTH FRONT OF PAVILION, SALTAIR, GREAT SALT LAKE Photo by C. R. Savage

BOSTON'S DEAN IN HIS SUMMER HOME

By MARY C. CRAWFORD

IF that was a happy phrase by which Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson was first dubbed Dean of Literary Boston, it may be no less apt to confer upon him here the title, King of Rural Dublin. The kingship is, of course, paternal and of the mild and benevolent order which one associates with that King Alfred who let the griddle cakes burn, and was meekly silent when the wife scolded; but for all this it is true that Colonel Higginson is a power in Dublin, and is honored by his neighbors in the village as befits his station.

COLONEL THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON



No sooner has Boston's dean reached the beautiful New Hampshire hill town than he is presiding at a town meeting, and scarcely has he unpacked when his country friends drop in to tell him they are glad to see him back, and to inform him concerning things that have happened "since last year." That Colonel Higginson is courtly, gracious, and ever sympathetic to these kindly Dubliners, those who know the man will not need to be assured. Naturally, the Dublin folk like this, and they are very proud of Colonel Higginson, as well as of the other notabilities who each summer seek rest and quiet beside beautiful Dublin Lake, and pass pleasant, happy days walking and driving over the superbly shaded roads of which this little village is so justly proud. And right the Dubliners are in honoring their visitors, for Dublin nowadays is a very different place from Dublin before its late "discovery."

It was due to General Casper Crowninshield of Boston that Dublin became a summer resort of a somewhat unusual kind, a place, that is, where people intellectually congenial might lead a very healthful and "happyfying," though an altogether fashionless, existence. Well known in Boston business and professional circles, an active member of the Somerset and other leading clubs, and popular always, General Crowninshield so praised Dublin to his friends that he induced a number of them to find in the town an ideal place of summer residence.

Colonel Higginson was among these new comers. On the southern shore of the lake, in the woods that reach from this beautiful body of water to the foot

hills of Mount Monadnock, the Cambridge scholar found just the spot he desired for a residence, and there, accordingly, nestles today his charming cottage, "Glimpsewood." Colonel Higginson first came to Dublin about the year 1880, and boarded in the family of John H. Mason, at the west end of the lake. Almost every season since has found him early and late at this secluded resort, and this year, as usual, he is in his pretty woodland home, occupied partly on a smaller "Life of Whittier" and partly in the preparation of his next winter's course of lectures upon American literature for the Lowell Institute.

Literary work all summer is a part of Colonel Higginson's regular plan, for he believes with Gladstone that rest lies in change of occupation, and he loves his writing as only real bookmen can. "For myself," he sometimes says, "I have always been very grateful, first, for not being rich, since wealth is a condition giving not merely new temptations but new cares and responsibilities, such as a student should not be called upon to undertake; and secondly, for having always had the health and habits which enable me to earn an honest living by literature, and this without actual drudgery." And by "drudgery" Colonel Higginson has explained himself to mean working hard on unattractive material. But, drudgery once escaped, he is never tired of reiterating that literature is the most delightful of all pursuits, the most varied as well as the most stimulating.

This is not to say, however, that Colonel Higginson spends the long, delicious Dublin days chained to his manuscript be-sprinkled desk. Not at all. He works part of the time, his amanuensis works more of the time, but they both, as well as the Higginson family, enjoy themselves much of the time. This is not hard at Dublin, for there is much that is pleasant to do, and the family at "Glimpsewood" are the center of very many pleasant social activities.

Mrs. Higginson's manner has been

GLIMPSEWOOD, COLONEL HIGGINSON'S COTTAGE AT DUBLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE

quaintly described as a "courteous shyness," and she is as sunny and charming as her big Colonel is admirable. She, too, is a writer and her sonnet in a recent Atlantic with its touching "between the lines" reference to Horace Scudder and Professor Alpheus Hyatt, who have recently "gone over," won much favorable comment. Both the Colonel and his wife greatly enjoy young people, and for their pleasure, no less than for her own, their daughter Margaret, a gay and attractive young society girl, keeps the house pleasantly peopled by those of her own age and tastes. Yet in Dublin everybody is young. The restraints and conventionalities of city life are beautifully absent, and everybody knows everybody else, and all are happy together.

All three members of the Higginson family belong to the Monadnock Golf Club, a Dublin organization, made up and supported by summer residents. Golf teas are held at the club house each Saturday through July and August, and these furnish a very pleasant social center for the friendly members of the colony. One can fancy many a bon mot is born not far from the Colonel's tea cup. Miss Higginson rides a bicycle, and greatly enjoys it. The Colonel used to have a tricycle, but that is now no longer used.

STAGE OF MR. JOSEPH LINDON SMITH'S TEATRO BAMBINO, THE ONLY OPEN-AIR THEATER IN AMERICA, AT DUBLIN

Rowing, however, is a form of athletics in which the Cambridge scholar still delightedly indulges. He owns both a canoe and a large boat, which are kept in a pleasant boat house on the shore of the lake near his home. "Glimpsewood" itself, indeed, is built on a knoll over the water.

Colonel Higginson is a very approachable man to all classes of people. Very often he may be seen on his way to the public library in the village, riding in the delivery wagon of one of the grocery stores. He is fond of patronizing year after year the same person with whom he has dealt, and is very considerate of the grocer, the butcher, the iceman, the milkman, the stable keeper, the vegetable man, and even the berry peddler, in this particular. The Colonel is also fond of knowing these people personally. Probably no summer resident in our land knows better than he does the individual people of the town to which he goes for rest. The following poem, written by him of a young Dublin woman who supplied his family with berries and eggs,

and whose acquaintance he made in the most accidental way mentioned, touchingly shows this side of the man:

GENEVIEVE FARMER

(*Died Aug. 11, 1895*)

Fearless in sunshine, scathless in storm,
She strode for twenty years Monadnock's side;
She knew all flowers that bloom, all brooks that glide;
The shy birds' nesting and the wild bees' swarm.
In winter's snows she read the books that form
The nobler soul; took Plutarch for a guide,
Shakespeare, the Bible. One short year a bride,
She planned a rustic home, a fireside warm.
The rest is silence, and the vaster fields
Of spheres unseen impose their solemn claim.
Who knows what fruit her loftier vision yields?
What heights invite, what brooks refresh her now?
Meanwhile the breezes from her mountain's brow
Still singing, speak her simple, saintly name.

One of the regular Dublin pleasure jaunts led by Colonel Higginson is a rhododendron party at Fitzwilliam. This town, among the quaintest in all New Hampshire, is about seventeen miles from Dublin, on the opposite side of Monadnock, and its rhododendrons, which grow wild by the acre in swamps near the centre of the town, are wonderfully beautiful when in blossom. In this connection it is interesting to note that Colonel Higginson's first book was "Outdoor Papers," an enthusiastic study of flower life and animal activities in the open. This book it was which led Professor Charles Sargent, the distinguished horticulturist, to study for his profession, a coincidence of great interest when one remembers how many hundreds of young people Dr. Sargent has led to love the flowers and the fields.

Another bright party led by Colonel Higginson is that which annually climbs Mount Monadnock. The Colonel is also an enthusiastic spectator at the baseball games in the town; in a word, he is ready and eager to promote every kind of healthful bodily activity, and he believes with all his heart in whatever helps one to live near Mother Nature and her wonders. To live out of doors, he says, is to be forever in some respects a boy.

Indeed, it is not to be supposed that a man who has learned from Thoreau to study birds through an opera glass would not live much out of doors in Dublin, and Colonel Higginson confesses that a never failing source of happiness with him is his early acquired personal acquaintance with the numberless little people of the woods and mountains. "Every spring," he says, "they come out to meet me, each a family friend, unchanged in a world where all else changes; and several times a year I dream by night of some delightful realm, gorgeous with gayly tinted beetles and lustrous butterflies."

Butterflies of wondrous beauty are to be found in great numbers in Dublin, and the children are keenly alive to the joy of chasing them. As one jolts along the up hill miles which lead from the Peterboro station to the pretty hill town itself one frequently meets a happy troop of children, armed each one with a butterfly net. Indeed, for many a casual visitor the memory of little ones' gay faces as they chase lustrous butterflies remains indissolubly linked with the thought of Dublin.

Farm life has always had a fascination for Colonel Higginson. He even made out at one time, he tells us, a project of going into cultivation of peaches. This was, however, long ago, two years before Thoreau tried—and failed over—a similar scheme with beans at Walden pond. Yet, though Colonel Higginson has never farmed, he has always kept his feeling of affinity with those thus engaged. He loves what Lincoln calls the "plain people," and in Dublin he is very fond of entering intimately into their life. Very likely it is a Dublin woman of whom he has written enthusiastically:

"I talked not long since in a country town with a woman between fifty and sixty, who was left a widow some fifteen years ago with ten children, including one unborn, and with no property but a

hill farm of a hundred acres, which was mortgaged for seven hundred dollars. The children are now all grown to maturity, the mortgage is paid off, and the mother is still a hale and hearty woman, able to do a day's work with any one, and to dance the fisher's hornpipe with as much vivacity as any of her daughters or granddaughters at the village ball."

"Consider," Colonel Higginson continues in this essay which shows clearly that literary work in the country consists of more than desk duty, "consider what a force in American life is represented by one such woman. Let us not be unjust, but when one compares the average 'society woman' with this strong and motherly being, rearing her brood out of sight on that hillside farm, is there really any question which is, on the whole, the prop of the Republic?" Colonel Higginson goes to the village hops. Yes, and within a very few years he has danced at them as merrily and apparently with as much enjoyment as any of the children or of the youths and maidens present. The Colonel probably finds at these democratic assemblies that "local color" of which he is so fond.

That a summer place as guileless as Dublin should have a "Latin Quarter" seems at first a bit startling. Dublin's "Latin Quarter" is, however, the Paris article regenerate, or perhaps one might better say a real Bohemia of letters and arts — wholly un*de*generate. On the northern side of the lake, near Colonel Higginson's cottage, may be found, for the most part, the homes of the thoroughly congenial group of artists

THE FAMOUS AUTHOR AS AN ACTOR IN THE TEATRO BAMBINO

Colonel Higginson here appears as the Abbott, in Henry Copley Greene's "Theophile," Mr. Richard Cabot playing the title role

and literary men who have given the locality its alluring name. Abbott H. Thayer, George de Forest Brush and Joseph Linden Smith of Boston are among the artistic members of the group. Professor H. B. Hill of Cambridge, Professor Raphael Pumpelly, Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Cambridge, Richard Burton, Henry Copley Greene, Franklin MacVeagh of Chicago and Russell Sullivan, the Boston lawyer and literary man, also belong to this select society of choice spirits.

Here was erected a few years since, on Mr. Smith's grounds, a unique out of door theatre, following an Italian model, and named the Teatro Bambino. The building of this theatre was in a sense very amusing. Mr. Smith is a genius in all that he undertakes, and almost all the beauty of this extremely attractive place is the direct result of his own skill and ingenuity. He works with his own hands for whatever he may wish accomplished. Naturally, the great difficulty to be overcome in the theatre building was the excavation. Mr. Smith, therefore, issued among the colonists a call for help, to which there was a generous response, Colonel Higginson, Professor Hill, Henry Copley Greene, Professor Pumpelly and Miss Clara May being among the number who volunteered for work. On approaching Mr. Smith's house on Loon Point they found a placard,

"LABORERS WANTED."

When they returned from work the sign read,

"NO PAY."

Yet the whole work of building this fascinating little out of door theatre was done by the Smiths and their friends. Shoveling, swinging a pick and running a wheelbarrow was, however, made very easy by the introduction of lemonade and other light refreshments served throughout the working day to the patient and perspiring laborers. The theater was worth working for. It is an artistic gem and the plays there performed decidedly inspiring and entertaining. Here, during the summer of 1898, was presented a miracle play, written by Henry Copley Greene, with Colonel Higginson, Professor Pumpelly, and Russell Sullivan in the cast of characters.

The plays at the theater are advertised by a large sign placed at the entrance of Mr. Smith's avenue, on the highway around the lake. Mrs. Smith, who is a cousin of John Greenleaf Whittier, is responsible for the bits of verse which occasionally appear with the announcements. One of these poetic bits runs:

"If thunder grumbles in the air
And lightning flashes here and there,
Should doubtful ones be wondering whether
The play will be in spite of weather,—
This is to quiet all such fears:
There'll be no play unless it clears."

For the theatre is open to the heavens, and the green room is really green! There are fascinating little boxes for special guests, but the spectators for the most part sit on rugs spread on the grass of the "pit." The familiar Della Robbia Bambino is the *genius loci*, and dozens of plaster reproductions of the sculptures hang from the stage front and the vine trellises.

Inasmuch as Colonel Higginson can never get far away from his intense interest in the colored race, it is not at all surprising to find that he presides each summer at meetings of the Calhoun Colored School Association, held in the Dublin Town Hall. Lectures on literary topics given by the genial gentleman from Cambridge swell, too, the treasury funds of the Improvement Society. And it is likewise notable that this many sided man, who began life as a Unitarian minister, has given at the Episcopal

rectory talks arranged by the Rev. Reuben and Mrs. Kidner of Boston and Dublin. Naturally, though, Colonel Higginson attends and greatly helps in the support of the Unitarian church, a historic old meeting house over which Rev. George Willis Cooke, the noted Browning student, recently presided.

The social life of Dublin is a thing to be regarded almost with veneration and awe, so unlike that of most summer places is it. A summer or so ago nearly a dozen books were in process of making by persons spending the summer in the town, and very many notable canvases have come from the barn studios of the Dublin woods. Thus it will be seen that art and nature rather than fashion are the gods worshipped in this summer colony. Simplicity obtains on all occasions. Few of the children in Dublin wear the conventional footgear of society. They relax by abandoning shoes and stockings just as their parents do by neglecting to "dress for dinner." Dublin is indeed a joy, an ideal place for the dreams and labors of the artist. There, "far from the madding crowd" and the exhausting demands of fashion, people with the desire to do so may laugh free and be happy as in almost no other summer place of our broad land.

AN IBSEN PLAY THAT IS ALMOST POPULAR

By RALPH BERGENGREN

IT is now five or six years since Mrs. Fiske first played the part of Nora in Ibsen's "A Doll's House." In that time general interest in the play, as represented by the audiences that have attended its occasional performances, has been doubled. It was given last winter in Philadelphia, Boston and New York; in Philadelphia and Boston it attracted an unusual amount of interest—unusual, that is to say, for the kind of play that is popularly supposed to appeal only to the few, to students, to one school of dramatic critics, to faddists who believe that to be a "lover of Ibsen" is proof positive of belonging to an intellectual aristocracy, and to some others; and in New York what was intended to be a single performance crowded the Manhattan theater and necessitated a second. In other words, there is an appreciable number of persons in our large cities who are apparently coming to regard "A Doll's House" as a real play. As the word is generally understood, this is not popularity; the play, indeed, is hardly likely ever to attain the distinction of being a continuously profitable play to produce. But it is actually becoming a play that can be acted, now and then, without financial loss to the management and to the great satisfaction of those theatre goers who are constantly crying out against the present dearth of plays of anything but an ephemeral interest. Several years ago, the general play going public read Ibsen's letter of introduction, but Ibsen himself is only just being introduced.

Mrs. Fiske is preeminently fitted for this task of personal introduction. Not only because she is an exceptional actress, but because her methods of interpreting a character, and so making it vital to an audience, are very similar to those employed by the famous northern dramatist in his original writing of the character itself. Ibsen himself is the chronicler of modern domesticity; not, indeed, of the simple, wholesome family life as we sometimes see it depicted with the evening lamp in the middle of the table and contented happiness radiating from it in every direction, but of domesticity as it is, a sea of troubles and perplexities that is only safely navigated by those who keep a firm hand on the tiller and a watchful eye on the elements. His plays, therefore, are not for the

understanding of those who go through life with their eyes closed. But there are comparatively few of us who do not, now and then, get glimpses of the hidden tragedies; even without going beyond our own experience we can often see past occasions when we have been digging ourselves the pit into which we have presently fallen — this digging process consisting of various apparently minor acts against which our new found wisdom would certainly have warned us. And even in this new found wisdom, we realize that the lesson was inevitable and nothing except a very determined effort of our own volition saves us from the construction of future pits.

Here, then, is one plausible reason explaining Ibsen as a writer of really great plays. They are not written for the library. The first requirement of a dramatist is that he should please an audience; and that

MRS. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE, WHO IS THE BEST EQUIPPED AMERICAN EXPONENT OF IBSEN'S DRAMAS
(Portrait reprinted from the June National)

audience, unless we start the whole art and business of play writing over again on a new basis, must represent average humanity. Shakespeare

HUSBAND AND WIFE, THE LEADING CHARACTERS IN IBSEN'S "A DOLL'S HOUSE," AS REPRESENTED BY MR. MAX FIGMAN AND MRS FISKE

A FAMILY GATHERING IN WHICH THE FACT THAT HUSBAND AND WIFE HAVE BEEN MERELY PLAYING AT DOMESTICITY HAS SOWN THE SEEDS OF FUTURE SORROW AND SEPARATION

wrote for an average audience; his plays held the average audiences of his day neither more nor less, apparently, than those of many of his contemporaries. But into plays that held the attention of the average spectator, Shakespeare himself put so much more than plot and incident, so much keen observation and so much true humanity, that his plays have become immortal. It is safe to assume that few persons went to see them for their literature; or that many persons now read them for their plots. And where Ibsen has written for the library, where, as in "The Master Builder," you may discuss and discuss and discuss without being a whit nearer an approximate solution of what the dramatist is driving at, the play may be very interesting for discussion, but it is not what Shakespeare or his contemporaries would have called a play.

"A Doll's House" is a play that the average spectator can understand and the student can analyze. The basic facts are quite simple. If two persons form a partnership — matrimonial or otherwise—that partnership is in danger unless it is based on mutual confidence. And if one partner acts without the knowledge of the other, against the other's known business policy, and arguing that the act is necessary and that the other partner will forgive it, if it ever becomes known, out of pure nobility of character, it needs no hours of intellectual meditation to realize that the partnership is on anything but a firm foundation. And this, very roughly, is the story of "A Doll's House." A man and a woman have married. The woman is a mere child in experience, the man has a horror of debt that is based upon years of financial struggle from which he is only just emerging; during this period of struggle the wife has borrowed the money necessary to buy a change of climate which, in its turn, was necessary to save her husband's health and perhaps his life. She assumed a responsibility such as her husband has never imagined within the limits of her capabilities; moreover, her father being on a sick bed from which, it so happened, he was destined never to rise, she has signed his name as security for the loan —committing forgery without a thought of the legal significance and thus placing herself in the power of the money lender. After years of married life these facts come to the surface and the result is a separation; not in anger, but because the situation lays bare the egotism of the man, sweeps away the hero worship with which the woman has regarded him, showing her — conclusively, to her mind,—that he has never truly respected her and that she can no longer respect him. But the play does not end with the fall of the curtain; the spectator, according to his or her bent, can look into the future. If the two have for each other the degree of affection commonly supposed to "live happy ever after" in more conventional dramas, the chances are that they will work out their own salvation and establish a new alliance vastly more real and helpful afterward. I doubt if Mr. Ibsen would undertake to answer the question. The point is that "A Doll's House" tells intelligently a story that is intrinsically not so unfamiliar that many in the audience need fail to understand it, and tells it so humanly that the special student of life and manners can see the play again and again with increasing interest. Few of us would care to see nothing but Ibsen at the theater, but it has been, and still remains, unfortunate that so many of us are afraid of him.

Mrs. Fiske is exorcising this panic terror. And the highest praise that can be given her characterization of Ibsen's Nora is the simple statement, not made by a critic but by a thoughtful man who was just leaving the theater after one of last season's performances, that

one felt almost ashamed; that is, not as if one had seen a play, but as if one had unwittingly been the spectator of another person's private troubles. Mrs. Fiske, in short, acts Nora without suggesting the environment of the play house, even as Ibsen wrote the character without suggesting that it was intended for it.

A CASUAL SURVEY OF SUMMER SPORTS

By MARTIN MURRAY

WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN, in his delightful essay, "Golf," just published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., says: "Three new things have come into our American life in recent years"—Empire, trusts and golf. As befitting their relative importance, Mr. Brown dismisses Empire and trusts with a paragraph and proceeds to his chatty disquisition on the newest of our "great American games"—imported from Scotland. It is probably true that our sports, always strenuously pursued, have gained an additional degree of intensity with the advent of golf. Meantime, the college boys continue to play baseball, and tennis, and to hold their athletic contests on track and field, and to row their great annual boat races on Hudson and Thames; horsemen continue to pit runners and trotters and pacers in stirring

THE FINISH OF THE YALE-HARVARD EIGHT-OARED RACE ON THE THAMES, YALE WINNING BY THREE BOAT LENGTHS

Photograph copyrighted by W. R. Hearst

speed contests; professional baseball players of the several leagues, as in the palmy days of grand old Cap. Anson, attract tens of thousands of "fans" to their games, and in general, the high tide of national prosperity finds a pleasant reflection in the national devotion to out of door sports.

—

I attended a baseball game in Boston recently, when the Boston and Cleveland teams of the American Association were

CORNELL UNIVERSITY'S CHAMPION EIGHT, WINNERS OVER WISCONSIN, PENNSYLVANIA, COLUMBIA, SYRACUSE AND GEORGETOWN AT POUGHKEEPSIE

Photograph copyrighted by W. R. Hearst

the contenders. My seat was in the Press box, just back of the catcher. The mighty "Cy" Young was pitching for Boston. The batter struck at the ball, fouled it, and it drove straight backward, over my head, and into the grand stand. I had earlier noted that directly behind and above me sat a charming young woman, at her right a young man, at her left a portly elderly gentleman. I heard the ball strike something with a soft, fleshly impact, heard a quick cry, and turned, fearing to find the ball had crushed the lovely face of the girl behind me. Instead, I saw the elderly gentleman proudly holding the ball in his right hand, a large, plump, bejewelled hand, which he had thrust in front of the girl's face just in time to prevent a catastrophe. The onlookers shouted their delight. The hero of the affair wore a broad smile. "I used to play ball myself!" he declared, joyously.

It is in the blood of us. Drop that ball almost anywhere in the stand filled with eight thousand people, and it would pretty certainly have been caught by some old or young fellow who "used to play ball himself."

—

W. C. Whitney, who was Grover Cleveland's "president maker," has quit finance and politics for the turf. Younger and speedier millionaires hazard their lives — and others — racing around circular tracks and along the highways in better than mile-a-minute automobiles. Breeders and drivers and admirers of harness horses speculate quite as much as ever on the "two-

A SNAP SHOT OF THE EQUIPAGE PARADE LEAVING WASHINGTON PARK, CHICAGO, AFTER THE RUNNING OF THE AMERICAN DERBY

The Derby was won by Wyeth, owned by John R. Drake, and the result was a costly one for most of the bettors. The day was marked by the most extraordinary turnout of fashionable people Chicago has ever witnessed. Fully 4,000 modish traps, broughams, victorias, landaus, dog carts, and runabouts took part in the parade that followed the day's racing.

From a photograph by the C. & C. Company, Masonic Temple, Chicago

minute" trotter,—the two-minute pacer has long since arrived. Harness horses appear to have a stronger or more widespread popularity than runners, probably because harness horse racing is the sport of the smaller towns, while the thoroughbreds, the runners, can be profitably raced only in or near large centers of population. Then, too, harness champions hold their supremacy longer and more indisputably than thoroughbreds, as a rule. Cresceus, the champion trotter, has been racing six years, and his right to the crown is fairly beyond dispute. Star Pointer, speediest of the pacers (best time for a mile, one minute, fifty-nine and one fourth seconds), is apparently equally secure in his leadership of all the "side-wheelers." We present herewith pictures of these magnificent horses. They rank, in public favor, with our great pugilists, warriors, statesmen, in the enjoyment of a popularity never to be attained by any mere philosopher, or artist, or poet. It is eminently proper, and truthful in us, to pay them honor. For myself, I confess frankly that I would rather see either one of these splendid creatures come down the stretch, eyes flashing with the light of battle, nostrils distended, light hoofs fairly flying, every limb working marvelously true and swift,—I would rather see this, I say, than listen to the most eloquent sermon. The preacher will hardly offer any new thought to the world—and the horses *may* create a new record.

—

Like many another popular idol, Cresceus was of humble origin, and worked unusually hard for his honors. His trainer, the celebrated horseman John McCartney, tells us that as a colt,

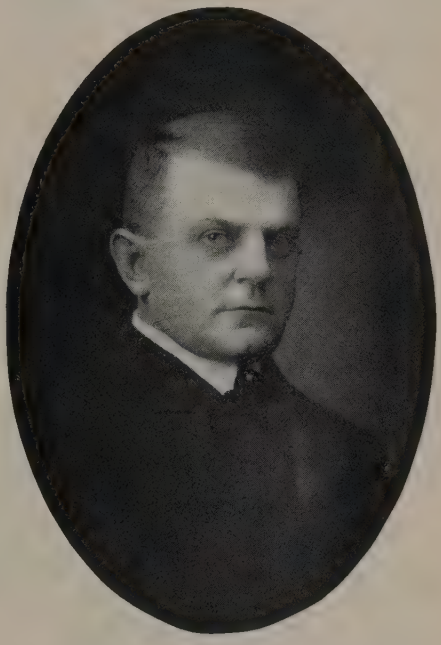
CRESCEUS, CHAMPION TROTTER, 2:02 1-4 FOR THE MILE: MR KETCHAM DRIVING

Cresceus "was plain looking, awkward in all his movements and had little the appearance of a coming champion." As a yearling, the colt injured himself so badly that "his owner, Mr. George H. Ketcham, a wealthy young business man of Toledo, Ohio, who had engaged in the horse breeding business on account of failing health, ordered the colt killed. The farm superintendent forgot his orders, the colt was allowed to run in the paddock several days and it recovered before he remembered the orders of Mr. Ketcham. Thus it was by an accident that Cresceus, 2:02¼, the greatest trotting race horse the world ever knew, escaped being killed."

Mr. McCartney adds:

"In casting about for a name for the colt, Mr. Ketcham, who is a student and reader of ancient history, was impressed with an account given in Roman history of the wonderful prowess of Cresceus, a favorite slave of Caesar's. This man Cresceus was a noted jockey and famous as a chariot driver, and it was decided to call the colt Cresceus." What a world it would be if all holders of honorable

MR. GEORGE H. KETCHAM OF TOLEDO, OWNER AND DRIVER OF CRESCEUS



CRESCEUS, JR., THE MIGHTY TROTTER'S FAVORITE COMRADE

names could live up to them as well as the champion trotter! For the fascinating details of Cresceus' career, I refer you to the history of the horse, which Mr. McCartney is now writing, and which will soon be on sale. As a concession to the popular adoration of figures—preceded by the $ sign—I will cite Mr. McCartney's statement that in a total of sixty-nine racing starts, covering a period of six years, Cresceus has earned for his owner the sum of $102,851.50, or $17,141.20 a year.

—

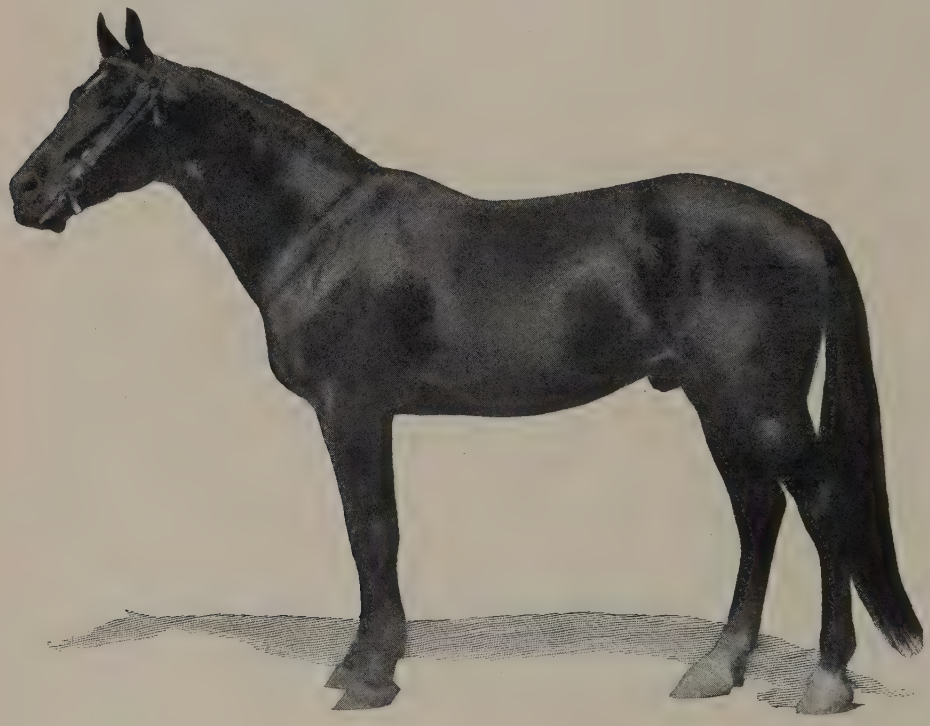
When Hon. W. J. White of Cleveland began breeding horses ten years ago, such was his faith in the early appearance of the "two-minute" harness horse, that he named his breeding place the "Two Minute Stock Farm." Star Pointer is the king of the farm, and the swiftest

horse that ever raced in harness. In horse phraseology, he "was sired by Brown Hal, 2:12½, dam Sweepstakes by Knight's Snowheels." He comes of a famous family, and, as his trainer epigramatically remarks, "was bred to accomplish just what he did, and is not a short bred monstrosity, as a great many of our fast horses have been." The famous driver, "Silent" Ed. Geers, paced five heats better than two minutes and his average time for ten heats is faster than the best mile ever trotted or paced by any other horse in an exhibition mile. Such a record truly, as his owner says, "does not look like an accident."

—

Nor is anything accidental in American supremacy in most forms of athletic

STAR POINTER, CHAMPION PACER: 1:59 1-4 FOR THE MILE



and the hardly less known Dave McClary, gave Star Pointer most of his racing education. He first started in competition in 1894, and, while not uniformly successful, has created a record never approached by any other harness horse. He holds the world's harness record of 1:59¼, also the world's race record of 2:00½, and the world's record for three of the fastest heats in a race, 2:02½, 2:03½, and 2:03¾. He has

sport. The old nations send their stoutest and spryest here and some magic in the soil and air adds inches to their stature, lends lightning to their heels. Arthur Duffy, the Boston lad who recently ran one hundred yards in nine and three-fifths seconds, was the year's most brilliant athlete. No other land has a man to match him.

The English beat our athletes in distance running and in polo, but our

boxers, our sprinters, our jumpers, our vaulters, our weight throwers, our thoroughbreds, our harness horses, our jockeys, our yachts, and our sporting representatives generally, with the exceptions noted, rather more than hold their own against the world.

"As for me," says Mr. Arthur McIlroy,

ONE OF THE DELIGHTS OF BEING A BOY IN SUMMER, AS DEPICTED BY JOHN McCUTCHEON IN A RECORD-HERALD CARTOON

The Pirate Chieftain: "We're surrounded by perils. Behind us is a herd of wild buffaloes, on one side is an unfriendly shore swarming with hostile natives, and in front of us are breakers and deadly reptiles."

the perspiring gentleman at my left, "let me go fishing in New Hampshire and you can break all the records in the books for all I'll care. Why, up at New-

of the lot—the very *smallest,* mind you—was s-o l-o-n-g!"

"S-o l-o-n-g," I have decided, after years of listening, is just as long as the

A VIEW OF NEWFOUND LAKE, NEW HAMPSHIRE, LOOKING NORTH

found Lake, where I spent a month last summer, you can catch the finest fresh water trout on earth. I went out one morning and got seven, and the smallest

fisherman thinks he can stretch it without inviting summary violence. I know that land-locked salmon, splendid gamy fellows, are taken in Newfound and

SUGAR LOAF, OR THE LEDGES, THE ROAD ON THE BORDER OF NEWFOUND LAKE

the other larger lakes of the Granite state, and that these same waters have yielded trout veraciously chronicled at twenty-five pounds apiece; but when a man tells me he caught seven and the smallest one was "s-o l-o-n-g," I draw the line.

"But I tell you that's nothing extraordinary," he retorts. "You can do as well in Sunapee, where Secretary Hay is spending the summer, and at either Squam or Winnipesaukee. And you don't have to contend with the usual seashore summer resort mobs, either. There are no big hotels. At Newfound you lodge in one of the farm houses scattered among the hills that border the lake. And such an air to loaf in! Such water to swim in! Such beds to sleep in!"

Enthusiasm is the first essential element of all true sportsmanship. Mr. Ketcham, holding the reins over his great trotter; the spry Duffy, racing his hundred; mighty oarsmen of the colleges, competing strenuously on Thames and Hudson; the puffing elderly gentleman lamming the ball around and around a broiling golf link, to the betterment of his humor if he wins and of his health whether he wins or loses; even the usually sedate, bald headed Mr. McIlroy, declaiming in magnificent superlatives the merits of his favorite fishing ground —all are better and wiser and healthier and happier at the year's end for their enthusiastic devotion to their favorite sports. Their lungs renew acquaintance with pure country air; their eyes grow brighter and their step lighter. They recapture some portion of that youth which envious Time had stolen from them unawares while they studied and toiled and schemed and speculated in the schools and in the cities.

CREATURE COMFORTS IN A TYPICAL FARM HOUSE AT NEWFOUND LAKE

NOTE and COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

I HAVE read three coronation odes addressed to King Edward. Of the three the laureate's is—not of course, but almost that—the least worthy. William Watson's "Ode on the Day of the Coronation of King Edward VII" is a sonorous and beautiful poem, at once proud and prophetic. Bliss Carman's "Ode on the Coronation of King Edward" is less figurative, freer, more sweeping, and not less inspiring than the ode of Mr. Watson. Mr. Kipling has not, apparently, been inspired by the occasion. For sheer brute force, and a sort of hypnotic influence over the public's emotions, Kipling is in a class by himself. He rallied his faltering countrymen as no other man could have done to complete the murder of the Boer republics, and he pledged this nation to a campaign of conquest in the Philippines with his "White Man's Burden"—timely, catchy, shallow, savage. In the region of spirituality and grace, in the conception of the divine brotherhood and oneness of mankind, William Watson is immeasurably superior to Kipling. In the happy gift of swinging song, Mr. Carman is the peer of either. Mr. Austin simply is not to be considered, aside from the fact of his position as the official bard of the British crown. In his coronation ode he preserves his usual dead level of stupidity. Thus:

> Whom neither pomp nor pean can befool
> To slur the 'scutcheon of their ancient line;
> Transmitters of a race whose right to rule
> Shall seem and be divine.
> So may a throne-knit people long while crown
> Kingship and kings, who, as the ages run,
> Heirs to Victoria's virtues, hand them down
> From sire to son, and son!

Turning from rot to reason, consider these stanzas from Mr. Carman's ode:

> Stand up, Sir, in your honor! They come from near and far,
> Rajah and Chief and Councilor and Prince and Rasseldar;
> From Canada and Ind
> And the lands behind the wind,
> Whose purpose none may question nor their degree rescind,
> To name you king of England for the gentleman you are.
>
> * * * * * * * * * *
>
> In the North they are far forward, in the South they have begun,
> The English of three continents who take their rule from none,
> But follow on the gleam
> Of an ancient, splendid dream,
> That has manhood for its fabric, perfection for its theme,—
> With freedom for its morning star, and knowledge for its sun.

And slowly, very slowly, the gorgeous dream grows bright,
Where rise the four Democracies of Anglo-Saxon might:
The Republic, fair, alone;
The Commonwealth, new-grown;
The proud, reserved Dominion, with a story of her own;
And One that shall emerge at length from travail, war and blight.

BLISS CARMAN, THE YOUNG CANADIAN POET WHOSE LATEST WORK IS THE COMMON PROPERTY OF THE WHOLE ENGLISH SPEAKING WORLD

Watson, English critics agree, is he on whom devolves the task of preserving in this generation the precious tradition of classic English poetry. Not his is the "larger, freer stride" of Carman the Canadian, of Kipling the East Indian, or of Gordon the Australian. These are the strenuous voices in the choir of English song; these are the buglers of Empire. Watson is the conscience of the English nation. He is that one best worthy of the lofty title, Poet. Not alone for his adherence to England's noblest ideals in a period of money lust and blood thirst, but also for the purity of his diction, the beauty and power of his

poetic imagery, when he says:

Time, and the ocean, and some fostering
star,
In high cabal have made us what we are,
Who stretch one hand to Huron's
bearded pines,

And one on Kashmir's snowy shoulder
lay,
And round the streaming of whose rai-
ment shines
The iris of the Australasian spray.

* * *

O doom of overlordships! to decay
First at the heart, the eye scarce dimmed
at all;
Or perish of much cumber and array,
The burdening robe of empire, and its
pall;
Or, of voluptuous hours the wanton prey,
Die of the poisons that most sweetly slay;
Or, from insensate height,
With prodigies, with light
Of trailing angers on the monstrous
night,
Magnificently fall.
Far off from her that bore us be such fate,
And vain against her gate
Its knocking. But by chinks and
crannies, Death,
Forbid the doorways, oft-times entereth.
Let her drink deep of discontent, and
sow
Abroad the troubling knowledge. Let
her show
Whence glories come, and wherefore
glories go,
And what indeed are glories, unto these
'Twixt labor and the rest that is not ease
Made blank and darksome; who have
hardly heard
Sound of her loftiest names, or any word
Of all that hath been heard and sung,
Since him of April heart and morning
tongue,
Her ageless singing bird.

* * * * *

Nor must she, like the others, yield up
yet
The generous dreams! but rather live
to be
Saluted in the hearts of men as she
Of high and singular election, set
Benignant on the mitigated sea;
That greatly loving freedom, loved to
free.

Hereditary kings are of little worth in this age of the world. They play their small parts and pass on. It is not important either that we do or do not have them. But it is vastly important that our Poets shall not fail us. For they are called to unify the race, to lift up its toil-bent shoulders, to clarify its vision, to purify its heart, to make its dreams come true.

The laureate's lines were published in this country by the Independent. John Lane and L. C. Page & Co., respectively, have brought out the odes of Mr. Watson and Mr. Carman in handsome volumes. Mr. Carman's publishers have been especially happy in their preparation of the volume containing his fine poem. These odes are the year's most worthy additions to English poetry. In them their authors have excelled their previous performances, and given promise of even nobler achievements.

An Old Man's Love

By CAROLINE HUNT LATTA

"CHESSY, ain't you got the dishes washed yet? I've got my work all done. We'll get a late start t'day."

The little girl thus addressed turned from the dish pan over which she was bending and smiled and nodded in reply. Then she wrung the dish cloth out and, climbing up on a stool, hung the cloth on a string which was stretched from one corner of the latticed porch to another.

When she next appeared it was at the front door. She was pulling her sleeves down and adjusting her sunbonnet. She was a little thing, not more than nine or ten years old, rosy, blue eyed and sweet.

An old man stood waiting for her. He was bent with age and leaned heavily on his cane. He looked up with a smile.

"Ready? Look here at the way the worms is eating up this rose bush," he said with a toothless lisp.

The little girl stood on her tiptoes and looked at the rose at which he was pointing.

"I'll get some pisen, I reckon," he went on, "an' kill 'em. Too bad they's somethin' bad to try to kill every thing good. Come on, Chessy."

She put her hand in his and they started off.

"The same walk, gran'dad?"

"Hey?" he answered, bending down.

"Must we go the same walk as always?"

He raised himself up slowly and nodded. There was a misty look in his eyes when he answered:

"Yes, I reckon, little housekeeper. The same walk. To the graveyard where your ma an' your pa an' your gran'ma is all sleepin'. I 'low it won't be a great while afore I'll rest there too."

"Nen from th' graveyard 'round by Miss Sanders' house?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, indeed, honey, it has been a long time."

"I said, nen 'round by Miss Sanders' house?"

"I thought you said something 'bout it bein' a long time since your gran'ma died. W'y yes, I reckon we might as well come back that way; I like to look at Miss Sanders' flowers. She's got the purties' yard in this part of the country. Havin' so many trees in her back yard they's so many birds 'round there, too."

"I think the birds sing nice in our trees, an' we've got flowers' at smell good an' look purty. Aunt Molly says Miss Sanders is settin' her cap for you, an' you could tell it if you'd stop to see. I know what settin' your cap means,

cause Aunt Molly told me. An' Aunt Molly says I'll be gettin' a new gran'ma. I don't see how a gran'ma could be new, gran'dad; all I've ever seen were old. Will I get an new one, gran'dad?"

"Yes indeed, yes indeed," he answered pleasantly.

She paused and looked at him for a moment, then walked again at his side. He held her hand and the two, the bent, white haired old man and the rosy little girl, went on their way down the road.

Finally the child spoke:

"Say, gran'dad."

"What, Chessy."

"How long will it be till I'm gettin' a new gran'ma?"

"Twenty year comin' th' fifteenth of next Janooary, honey."

She opened her eyes wide, then walked along with bent head. Then, slipping her hand from her grandfather's, she stooped down, took up a small stick and made some figures in the dust. It was slow work and she did much counting on her fingers.

The old man watched her admiringly.

"You're a right smart child, Chessy. It didn't take me long to teach you addin' up. What fer are you addin' seventy an' twenty?"

"Does people live to be ninety years old, gran'dad?"

"Some does, Chessy. My great gran'ther did, an' they do say he was jest as peart as a boy up to the time he died. I must a tuk after my mother's folks, I feel right old now. Yes, some folks lives to be ninety."

"Are you goin' to, gran'dad?"

"Yes, yes indeed."

"How do you know, gran'dad?"

"Hey, Chessy?"

"How do you know you'll live to be ninety?"

"Bless the child. How could I know? Life's mighty oncertain, honey, it's only death as is sure an' certain."

"Then you ain't certain as I'll have a new gran'ma in twenty years, are you, gran'dad? I'm glad."

She clapped her hands and he looked at her curiously. He opened the sagging gate which led into the old graveyard.

"I reckon I ain't heered all you said, Chessy. It's awful not to hear good. They's some days I can't hear the birds sing at all. But, any how, I heered you say somethin' 'bout bein' glad. I'm always glad when you are, an' whatever you're glad about, so am I."

She shook her head doubtfully, then followed him, with a serious look in her bright eyes, as he walked slowly in and out among the graves. When they reached the spot where their loved ones were sleeping, the old man sat down with a sigh, while the child worked among the flowers which grew on the graves.

After a while she sat down at his side. She took her sunbonnet off and the gentle wind fanned the curls on her white, smooth forehead. The old man looked at her lovingly.

"How like your pa you do look, honey. Still, you've got your ma's eyes, blue, jest like the sky."

He sighed and drew his sleeve across his eyes. Then, thinking he would make the child sad, if he gave way to his feelings, he fell to telling stories to her, of her father, when he was a little boy, of her mother, when she came to the old farm house a bride, then of her grandmother. He talked best of her, and, as he finished, he covered his face and his frail old body shook with sobs.

The child cried too, scarcely knowing why. Then she put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"But you've got me, gran'dad," she whispered.

"Yes, thank God, I have. An' a mighty comfort you are. You've been everything to me. You're my comfort, an' my housekeeper. I reckon, honey, that you ought to go to school nex' year. But we'll manage it all right. You can

get breakfast an' I'll wash the dishes, so you won't be late. You can take your dinner an' I'll eat a snack at noon, then at supper we'll both jest try ourselves an' have a reg'lar hotel meal."

"A reg'lar hotel meal," she repeated. "With meat an' a wegitable an' mebby two wegitables."

"Your Aunt Molly says I'm workin' you too hard, lettin' you help with the house keepin'. That it'll make you dwarfish an' sickly. But you look mighty well. You don't feel bad nowheres, do you, Chessy?"

The child nodded her head.

"Where's the pain at, honey? he asked anxiously.

"In my insides," she answered, with a solemn look in her blue eyes.

"Stummick ache! I counted on you havin' it when I fetched that rhubarb in fer dinner. I'll give you a dose of med'cine when we get home."

"The pain ain't in my stummick, gran'dad. It's higher up."

"The med'cine 'll cure it anyhow. Keep your mind off'n it, Chessy, half the pains they is comes from thinkin' of them. Look up to the sky oftener, when you've got a pain. Think of the sunshine. Look off across at that medder now, ain't it green? I reckon they ain't nothin' purtier in Heaven than a smooth medder in May, one with a little crick of shinin' water runnin' through, an' a tree er two in it, an' the medder larks singin'. Look, Chessy, ain't it peaceful?"

Her eyes followed his long, lean finger as he pointed. But she scarcely heard what he said, and when he had finished she said, in her childish treble:

"The pain's in my heart, gran'dad."

"That's so, it's jest as purty in June as 'tis in May," he answered with a smile.

"I say, the pain's in my heart," she repeated, speaking close to his ear.

"Now, you don't say, Chessy? Well, —the med'cine 'll cure it, anyhow."

"The pain's 'cause I don't want no new gran'ma," she wailed.

"Aw now, Chessy. It won't be so bad. Come, listen, fixed up in jelly, er capshules you won't mind."

She looked at him in horror. "In jelly? In capshules? Miss Sanders? Oh gran'dad."

"W'y Chessy, I ain't never seen you act so 'bout takin' med'cine. You used to take it so good when you was a baby. You don't want to git sick a-bed, do you? Who'd keep house fer me? You'll take it, won't you?"

He dried her eyes on the corner of her apron.

"The—the med'cine?" she asked with a sigh.

"Course, honey, the med'cine."

"Yes, oh yes, gran'dad. I like it."

A perplexed look came into his eyes and he looked at the child closely. He felt her pulse.

"You can't be out of your head, Chessy, but you do talk oncommon queer, or else my hearin's worse. Anyhow, we'd better be gittin' on toe-wards home. Ef you hurt sommers the quicker the med'cine gits to work, the quicker it'll cure you. You don't look sick, Chessy."

They left the graveyard and went slowly towards home. But they took a different route than when they came.

As they neared a brick house, surrounded by a very large yard, which was inclosed by a high iron fence, the old man slackened his pace.

"Jest look an' smell. Ef I ever did see sech flowers," he murmured. The little girl clung to his coat sleeve and tried to pull him past the gate.

"There's Ceely out 'mong the flowers," he whispered, peering in at the gate. "I reckon that's partly what makes her so good an' kind, livin' so 'mong flowers. I don't see why it wouldn't."

"Miss Sanders is always out in the yard when you go by. Aunt Molly says so."

"Yes indeed, yes indeed. An as purty as I ever laid eyes on. Makes me want it fer my own, to have it by me," the deaf old man went on eagerly.

How was the child to know that he was referring to a tall syringa bush in full bloom? Especially, when he seemed to be looking at Miss Sanders, who was hurrying toward them, and the child's mind so full of her aunt's predictions.

Miss Sanders was smiling broadly. Her hair was crimped and she wore a stiff, shiny silk dress. She opened the gate and beamed upon the old man as she invited him in.

"Come in an' see my columbine, Thomas. It's a perfec' mass of bloom. Ain't this a fine day? I can't never stay in the house on a day like this. Here's some flowers, Chessy. I picked them for you when I seen you comin'."

The child's face flushed. At first, she put her hand out to take them, then closed her pink fist tightly and put it behind her.

"We've got 'em to home," she said so low that Miss Sanders barely heard. Then she hid her face in her grandfather's sleeve.

He laughed heartily and patted her head.

"She's jest like her gran'ma, jest fer the world, that bashful. You'd ought to have seen her gran'ma the first time I kissed her. I thought she'd never git through blushing'. But it was mighty becomin', mighty. She was a mighty purty woman, Ceely. I'll take the flowers fer Chessy, an' I'm much obleeged. She'll like them when we get home, won't you Chessy?"

But the child kept her face turned away and did not reply. Miss Sanders led the way up the flower bordered walk. She did not speak for a short time. She was angry with the child Chessy, who followed her grandfather like a shadow. Both the child's presence and the old man's deafness prevented her from saying some of the meaning things she could otherwise have said to the old man.

In spite of the fact that Miss Sanders owned this fine old place, her income was small indeed. Each year she was obliged to live more and more carefully. And that very spring she had fallen so low, in her own estimation, as to sell, actually sell, some garden stuff to some of her neighbors. Besides, the old man was cheerful, would not live always, had no near relative except the granddaughter, Chessy, and was well to do. In fact, he was really well off.

For nearly twenty years, ever since Thomas Hawkins' wife died, Miss Sanders had smiled and palavered, exchanged flower roots, given advice which was not needed, and talked to the old gentleman whenever it was possible.

And now, in spite of combing her hair most carefully, the white hair would show and each year brought new and many wrinkles. Miss Sanders realized that she was growing less and less attractive. The thought made her bitter.

And, with the idea of poverty staring her in the face, (she would never give up the house) she had resolved to find, that very day, exactly what the old man really thought of the matter. At least, she could help him on.

She took her guests to the pretty vine covered porch and seated them. She took Grandfather Hawkins' hat, then gave it back to him, insisting, with the sweetest of smiles, that he might take cold, and that she would excuse him if he wore his hat in her presence. The old man smiled gratefully.

Then she slipped a cushion behind his back and a stool under his feet, in spite of his protests, saying that he must use them for her sake, since she had gone to the trouble of getting them.

Then they talked of flowers, of the weather, of the happenings in the neighborhood, she in her high, squeaky voice, and he in his low, squeaky one. And

the child sat and watched and listened.

"They's a nice lot of cookies on a plate in there, Chessy. On the lowest shelf in the cupboard, where you can reach 'em."

Miss Sanders had found herself growing uncomfortable under the child's steady gaze and thought to send her away.

"Hey?" the old man called.

"I was tellin' Chessy they's cookies jest waiting fer a purty girl to come an' eat 'em. Go git some, Chessy."

"I—I don't want none," the child answered stubbornly, still looking at Miss Sanders with round, sober eyes.

"It's the first time I ever know'd you to say it, Chessy Hawkins."

"Hey?" the old man called again.

"I was tellin' Chessy, pore child, as she must feel sick not to be hungry fer cookies."

The old man looked at the child anxiously.

"She did say somethin' 'bout not feelin' well, said somethin' 'bout a pain in her heart. I 'xpect it's bashfulness, though, 'bout the cookies."

"Stubbornness, more'n likely," Miss Sanders muttered under her breath.

Chessy flashed a look of indignation at her. This was not the first time she had taken advantage of the old man's deafness and said cross things to the child.

The woman pretended not to see the look the child gave her but said cheerily:

"Run down to that old cedar tree, by the gate, an' see the wren's nest they is there."

The child did not stir, but the old man spoke:

"I reckon you git as many as a dozen a day, don't you, Ceely?"

"Many what, Thomas?"

"Aigs, Ceely, aigs. Wasn't you speakin' o' hen's nests?"

"I said to Chessy to go down to the cedar by the gate an' see the wren's nest, but I reckon she don't want to."

"Oh, wren's nest. Run on, Chessy, an' see it. Tell me how many aigs they is in it. But slip along easy an' quiet like; the mother bird might be nigh."

Chessy always obeyed her grandfather, so she now rose and walked slowly down the path. Something was certainly the matter with the child. She usually skipped and sang. When she was out of hearing, Miss Ceely's sharp eyes snapped and she spoke fast.

"That child gits stubborner an' sullener every day of her life, Thomas Hawkins. She's gittin' so she's got a mean look in her eyes an' I never noticed it so much as I have t'day. She does need a woman's keer the worst way."

The old man looked at her in surprise.

"W'y, w'y, Ceely, I—I thought you liked Chessy. You've allus seemed intrusted 'bout her. What's Chessy done?"

"Done? What ain't she done, an' said? She's cute enough to git around you and cause you ain't hearin' quite good she says the awfulest, sassiest things. I wisht you'd heered what she said to me t'day. Now, don't say nothin' to her 'bout it, it makes children worse to pick at 'em. But she needs a woman to git after her and teach her some manners."

"Do you reckon?" the old man asked thoughtfully.

"I know it," she answered, with conviction. "Come down to the summer house so's we can talk earnest like. Chessy'll come back to the porch d'rectly, an' I ain't wantin' to talk afore her."

He rose stiffly and followed her slowly. He knew that she had something disagreeable to say about Chessy and he was not especially anxious to hear it.

On a little patch of soft moss, behind the summer house, sat Chessy. She watched the couple as they approached her. But she did not stir. She had not gone to the cedar tree; the bird's nest did not interest her that day, she felt so lonely and uncomfortable.

She felt sure that her grandfather and Miss Sanders wanted to be rid of her and so sent her away. Her aunt, who was overworked and nervous, had put some notions in her curly head which she could not rid herself of.

Grandfather Hawkins sat down with a sigh.

"My, my, Ceely! You're the best hand with flowers I ever seen. Jest look at the way this honeysuckle has growed. When I give it to you it wasn't nothin' but a sprout, an' now it covers th' summer house till the sunshine can't creep in."

She smiled and sat down near him.

"Yes, it has growed. I mostly does what I set out to do, anyhow, I reckon. I always done well with flowers; they all grow. Folks says ef a body can raise flowers they can raise children, so I reckon I'd be good at that, too."

"I reckon you would, Ceely," he assented. "It's a plum pity you never got married."

She flushed and moved uneasily on the bench. But there was a determined look on her face.

"That fetches me back to what we was talkin' 'bout. I think that ef you're a Christian, an' a good Baptis', you'll put Chessy in a woman's keer right away. I'm a good friend of yourn,—aint' I?"

"An' have been fer nearly twenty year, Ceely. Ain't nobody been friendlier to me an' Chessy."

"Thomas, this is the gospel truth. Chessy don't even look like a child of her age ought to look. W'y, one day I passed by your house an' there was that child, hangin' some rags out on the line. That's all right, it wasn't that, she'd orto work. But she had her hair done up on her head jest like a grow'd up woman."

The old man smiled.

"Yes, most like a woman. It's amazin' what all that child can do."

Miss Ceely's face flushed with anger, then she remembered that he had misunderstood. She repeated her last sentence.

"Oh!" he ejaculated, then laughed heartily. That's one of the funniest things you ever seen. I r'member that day. I was teaching' Chessy to make bread an' she done her hair up so's not to git dough in it. I wisht you'd seen her. They was dough all over the table, an' on the chair, an' on the floor. It's a good thing she done up her hair that day. Them rags she was hangin' up was the ones we wiped the floor an' chair off with. But sence then she's learned to make powerful good bread. But that day, oh, that day I did laugh."

He laughed again, but it suddenly occurred to him that his companion was not laughing. There was a look of disgust on her face.

"Good bread. I'll 'low she don't wash her hands 'fore she begins workin' the dough. Chessy needs a woman about. Some woman old 'nough, so's she'll r'spect her 'nough to mind good an' well. Somebody as 'll be good and strict. You'd ought to done it long ago."

The old man did not speak. He sat very still, looking through the open doorway of the little summer house. He did not seem to see the bed of gorgeous flowers just outside, but looked on and away. The silence was broken by Miss Ceely. Her voice had never sounded so harsh and heartless before.

"Chessy's growin' up in ignor'nce an' the first thing you know you'll be shamed of her. Like enough she'll disgrace you when she grows up, runnin' wild as she is."

"Wy, Ceely! Ceely, you'll break my heart. They ain't no better child no place. Wy, the idy of Chessy growin' up bad. She's allus been a comfort to me. I r'member me an' Chessy's pa was talkin' 'bout her once, 'bout ten years ago comin' the third day of nex'

October, an' he says to me: 'I'm hopin' th' baby'll be a boy.' An' I says, 'so'm I. He'll grow to be a man so much quicker an' be doin' fer himself some.' But Chessy's ma was standin' there, an' when she turned aroun' her eyes was full of tears. Blue eyes they was, Chessy's is jest like them, and she says, tremblin' like, 'boy er girl, it'll be welcome. But I'll love a little girl jest as much as I will a boy,' an' she went in the house. Her man follered her in, an' goin' past the winder a little later I seen him holdin' her in his arms, an' her smilin'.

"Well, I was some dis'pinted when she come a girl, an' I think her pa was, but he never let on. Th' only thing he done was to say, ef'd ben a boy, he'd named him Chester, after himself. An' his wife, Chessy's ma, spoke up, an' says, le's call her that anyhow. So that was the name they give her, but we've allus called her Chessy. Mighty purty name. I've allus been glad she was born a girl. She's been sech a comfort an' a joy."

The old man had almost seemed to forget his companion's presence, and had rambled on, with a far-away look in his dim eyes.

"They ain't no call fer you tellin' me all this here stuff, Thomas Hawkins," she said indignantly, her eyes flashing and her face red with anger.

"Hey," he called, placing his hand behind his ear.

She paused for a moment, then spoke in her natural tone.

"I said, you, bein' Chessy's gran'pa, wouldn't see her faults. I reckon I'll have to tell you, though I hate to, that the folks in th' village is talkin' and criticisin' consid'ably."

"Yes, yes indeed," he answered absently.

"I say the folks in the village is talkin' a heap 'bout what I've been tellin' you."

His eyes flashed angrily.

"They air? Then they'd better not. I ain't done nothin' an' I'll dare 'em to talk ag'in Chessy. I'm goin' to send Chessy to school nex' winter. She ain't suffered none fer schoolin'. She's ahead of the children 'round here now. I'm goin' to git a housekeeper, ef we need one, but not till we do."

"A housekeeper? An' her a wastin' and spendin' money, an' not teachin' Chessy no manners, not havin' any of her own. A housekeeper?"

"I dunno what else, Ceely. Mis' Merton comes in an' washes an' irons, an' sweeps an' scrubs, so we git on fine. What's folks think I'd orto do?"

"They think jest what I do. I'm a plain spoken woman, Thomas. You know that. I'm tellin' you what I think best—you'd orto marry."

The old man's face grew white but he did not speak. There was a dazed look in his eyes. Her face flushed and she turned away.

"I'm meanin' it, Thomas. You'd ought. It wouldn't take me long to take some of the kinks out of Chessy. An' havin' knowed me so long—"

There was a look in the old man's eyes that frightened her so that she could not finish the sentence. A silence followed, then Miss Ceely spoke in a different tone.

"I don't see what you've been comin' here fer so long. You've acted—"

She paused and turned her face away, and covered her mouth in her hand. And just outside, with her face quite white and her cheeks tear stained, Chessy heard Miss Sanders say several words which she had never heard before.

And they were spoken very earnestly.

"It's ben a long time sence you commenced comin' here—"

He interrupted her, though he seemed to be speaking to himself rather than to her.

"Twenty year, nearly twenty year sence she died."

He rose and stumbled past Miss Ceely, out of the summer house, out at the gate, which he closed behind him with a clash.

"Oh gran'dad. Gran'dad. Don't leave me; don't, don't leave me."

The sentence ended with a shriek. Grandfather Hawkins was wakened from the reverie into which he had fallen. He turned and took Chessy in his arms.

"I'd clean fergot you, honey, though I'm 'shamed to say it. I wouldn't leave you here fer the world."

He held her in his arms until her sobs grew less frequent, then they started on toward home. No word was spoken until they reached the gate.

"Mos' time we was gittin' supper, ain't it, Chessy?" he asked. His voice trembled, but he tried to speak cheerfully. "You're my little housekeeper, an' we don't care what nobody says, you an' me. We're jest as happy as we can be, ain't we?"

"And will I allus be your housekeeper, gran'dad?"

"Course, honey. Who else but you?"

"An' I won't have no new gran'ma?"

"I reckon so, honey, I'm most sure of it," he answered, misunderstanding her. "I think folks we love in heaven is with us all the time, an' they hears an' knows everything as goes on. I shouldn't wonder, Chessy, ef your gran'ma in heaven didn't look down an' name Ceely Sanders fer th' biggest greenhorn on this earth o' ourn this afternoon."

The little girl nodded her head knowingly.

"I,—I was behind the summer house, gran'dad."

"You was. W'y, w'y, Chessy!"

"I was there first, 'fore you came. I couldn't help hearin'."

"Hm! Well,—I allus heered as little pitchers has big ears," he answered.

But he could not have been angry as he stooped and kissed her rosy cheek.

She held his old, wrinkled face close to hers as she spoke.

"Gran'dad, what's a snobber headed lumix?"

He rose and looked at her.

"W'y Chessy. Where did you ever learn sech talk? It's most like swearin', I d'clare ef it ain't. I reckon I durst not tell you. I'm s'prised."

"Is't so bad, gran'dad? But that wasn't all, not quite all. What's a,—a goggle eyed, snobber headed lumix?"

He caught her by the arm.

"Come right in the house, Chessy Hawkins, an' let me wash your mouth out. I'm most believin' what Ceely said 'bout you gittin' bad. Mercy, mercy, Chessy Hawkins."

"But that's what Miss Ceely called you, gran'dad. Hŏnest, gran'dad. She said that when she got mad, an' when you asked her what she said, she waited a minnit, then said somethin' else."

The old man sat down on a bench and pulled the little girl into his lap. He rubbed his chin reflectively.

"Air you shore, Chessy, plum shore, that Ceely meant me?"

"Plum shore, gran'dad."

He looked about. In the west the sun was throwing its long, bright rays. The air was sweet. Then he looked down into the fair, upturned face so near him. He kissed her rosy lips. And, as he rose, he laughed aloud. The child looked at him inquiringly but he did not speak until they reached the steps.

"What'll we have fer supper, little housekeeper? Fried pertaters, with jest a smack o' onion in 'em?"

"Um—m, yes. That'll be good. You make a fire while I peel th' pertaters. Gittin' supper, jest you'n me, is nicer than havin' a new gran'ma to git it, ain't it, gran'dad?"

"No indeed, no indeed," he answered, patting her head as he passed her.

His deaf ear was on the side next to Chessy. But she understood and was happy.

Ame de Boue

By F. H. LANCASTER

THERE were wet gleams on the fallen needles and glowing gleams on the pine tops. For the sun had come up over the dew wet forest and it seemed as if the whole world was aglow with glitter, and teeming with the soft, sweet smell of the woods. But the girl heeded all this not at all. She was a pretty girl, with large eyes and red lips,—a very pretty girl. Her teeth were strong and white, her hands, though brown, were small and shapely. Her figure, slim. At fifteen an Arcadian maiden has not begun to grow stout. And she was an Arcadian? *Voila!* Why should she not be pretty? More than pretty now that her dark eyes flashed and her small hand clenched. Her strong teeth ground against each other, then the full lips gave relief to her swelling heart. She spoke slowly, her voice tense with scorn:

"*Ame de boue.*"

A soul of mud? A harsh saying when applied to one's sweetheart. True: but the girl was angry and an angry woman weighs her words but carelessly at best. If she be an Arcadian,—*Eh bein!*

Presently the red lips spoke again:

"*La maitresse d'ecole.*"

It was indeed the school mistress and the tall boy walked close at her side. They strolled along the crest of the hill; the girl stood in the valley, and watched. Their heads came close together. People do not need to put their heads close together to talk about the multiplication table. The girl understood. The heads drew apart, it was as she expected. The wild flower had changed hands and now rested its dainty head upon the teacher's breast.

Comment! Those two upon the hill were not talking about the multiplication table? *Mais oui*, why should they? The multiplication table is a matter for hard benches and stift desks. Why should they so much as think of it out here in the free, glad woods with the dew dipped flowers at their feet and mocking birds gone quite mad for joy, singing above their heads. And, *viola!* with the wine of youth warm in their blood.

They were of the same age, the young teacher and the tall pupil. Of the same age and good to look upon,—comely of figure and fair of face. Why should they not be glad together? Why?—Ah, it was a big question. It is a bad thing for a man to marry outside his own people, —it is worse for a woman,—Ah, a very big question! But the boy had asked himself no question, was therefore

troubled with no answer. He liked to walk with the pretty teacher and to talk with her. So he laid skillful traps for talking and walking. He was a born lover; most Arcadian youths are. What then?

The teacher was young and liked to be talked to and walked with, especially if the voice that talked was rich and full, and he who walked swung at her side with a stride masculine and strong.

Eh bein! It is easy to be glad when one is young and not on the lookout for cloud specks that may grow to storms. When one grows older, one keeps a spy-glass and sweeps the heavens by day and by night. One must have reason. Reason? *Mais oui.* But it is not so in youth. Therefore, the man and the woman strolled on together drinking in the sunshine and the singing, and talking. What matters the subject of their talk? They spoke to one another. And the other man?

Bah, it is not at such times as these that the teacher thought of the other man. While the glamour of this rich, manly beauty was upon her; while these full tones trembling into tenderness filled her ears and while these wonderful eyes slipped their shy caresses into hers; why should she think of a thin, energetic face devoid of beauty, of crisp, clear tones, of eyes that met hers calmly, coolly. Once she had thought of it and against the image had sprung that uncanny, French saying:

"*Argent comptant porte medecine.*"

She had hated herself for the saying, —for the thought. How can one be sordid of soul when one walks among the pines and has wet flowers proffered by slim, strong fingers. And if the fingers tremble a little in their eagerness? *Voila l'argent!* What is ready money compared to ready love? — if one be young.

And Nizile? The girl who stood watching? Did she weep when the strollers disappeared leaving her alone—utterly alone in the heart of the sweet scented forest. Her teeth bit fiercely upon her quivering lip. Again and again she said it:

"*Ame de boue, ame de boue.*"

Her eyes glittered. She was angry? *Mais oui.* Had he not spent every Sunday with her since she began to wear his ring two years ago. And many Sundays before that? Had they not wandered through hours of sunshiny weather up and down this little valley, or sat hand in hand upon the fallen tree trunk. Speaking at long intervals,—too happy to talk: Sunday after Sunday for two long years? And now it was Sunday and she was alone!

Nizile had risen early as her habit was, to do the cooking for the day and make herself fine and fair before he came, then she had slipped away to the trysting place to await his coming. He had come—gathering flowers for the teacher.

"*Ame de boue!* a soul of mud!" Those beads upon her lashes were tears of rage then, not of loneliness?

Eh bien, women weep for many things. The great God made them so lest their hearts break in their breasts and they die.

Nizile wept. Face down among the ferns and flowers. Careless of her pretty dress and the bright ribbon at her throat. Forgetful of the bangs she had curled against his coming. She lay and wept. Why? Who shall say?

A swinging stride came down the hillside; a rich voice called her name caressingly. Nizile sprang to her feet. One hand smoothed her rumpled dress; the other flung out in scorn:

"*Va!*"

But he did not go. Why should he? Had he not seen the look in the other man's eyes. The look of a strong man proof against defeat?

"*Cherie,*" he said tenderly, "*Ma petit.*"

He took her into his arms. He

hushed her bitter reproach with kisses, slow, sweet kisses, that softened the girl's heart and made her forget her anger. Her head sank against his breast and his dark beauty mingled with hers as cheek pressed against cheek. By and by they sat upon the log, hand clasped in hand, and said nothing.

A woman walking upon the crest of the hill looked down into the valley and saw them sitting there. She started and stumbled. A strong hand caught her arm. A white hand large and well made. The right hand of a man who has sat much behind a desk and made many figures. The well kept hand of a man who is neat because he was born so, —because his father was so before him and his grandfathers for many generations. The woman glanced at the steadying hand and smiled with sudden kindliness into the face above her. A plain face, indicative of great energy. And as she smiled she talked to herself. She did not say: "*Argent comptant porte medecine*," nor yet "*Ame de boue*." She spoke English, saying:

"He has broken finger nails."

C'est vrai. But, *quel voulez-vous?* A broken nail is better than a muddied soul.

FROM THE CITY

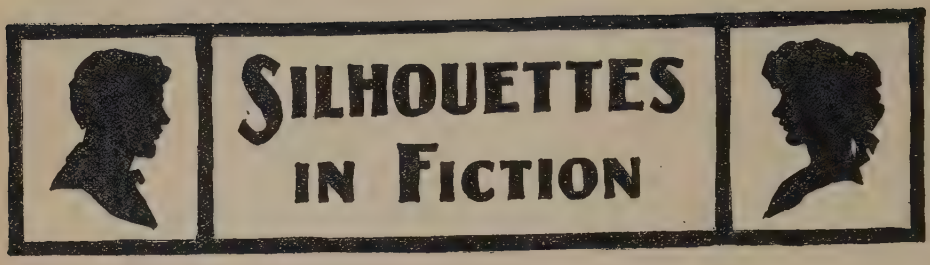
WOULD there were some sequestered shady places,
Near by the busy marts, where men could turn
To rest their weary frames, illume their faces
By glimpse of these delights for which they yearn;
Some stilly nook, with grasses ever blowing,
Where could be heard the droning sough of pine;
While scent could penetrate from meadow-mowing,
Or whiff of milking from the mild eyed kine.

Ah, when the hot days crowd with long unrest,
And money getting is the first of all,
One longs to cease from such material quest,
And in the woods forget her sordid thrall;
For kindly Nature can the best repair
Disturbances of brain and nerves o'er-wrought;
And silence in the mountains will declare
A surer cure than those by science taught.

But with the press of unabating care,
And the unending grind for daily bread,
No time indeed for holidays, since there
Are compensating dear ones to be fed.
Yet swiftly time goes by; still through each day
These airy visions flash across the hours;
The far green fields seem calling: "Come away,—
Come and recuperate the wasting powers."

Yet life still holds its satisfying zest
In spite of daily trials to be borne;
And dear idyllic dreams impart their best,
While faithful Hope arises with each morn.

Marcia Davies.



A WHIST INTERLUDE

At One of the Regular Meetings of a Suburban Neighborhood Club

AT the head table an unusually hard fought round is being finished. While waiting, most of the players at the other tables are talking busily and noisily. The couple who have lately graduated from the foot table stand at the buffet imbibing frappé, while Edith Brynmore and Jack Huntley, the vanquished couple, are left sitting tete-a-tete, she flushed and scornful, he pale and glum.

The lady at the buffet (*confidentially to her companion*): Jack and Edith have been having the worst tiff! That's why I dragged you away so unceremoniously, to afford them a chance to make up. This is the first time they've been at the same table tonight, and—for goodness' sake, if you *must* look at them don't *look* as if you were looking . . .

Jack (*in a hoarse, faltering voice*) you can't think how sorry I am it happened so,—Miss Brynmore. I fully intended to be there, but I—you see—I—

Edith (*with overdone indifference*) — Pray don't trouble to invent excuses, Mr. Huntley. As if I *cared* a straw whether you were there or not—the *idea!*

Jack (*much taken back!*)—But when we agreed — when I promised to go, I thought—

Edith (*cuttingly*)—You had no *right* to think, and I'm sure *I* don't recall any agreement . . .

Jack (*humbly*) — But you know you said—

Edith (*with fine sarcasm*) — I said *nothing* of the sort — that is, I mean I shouldn't have—didn't intend to . . . (*her speech trails off to an indistinct murmur*).

Meanwhile from the other tables are coming such conversational scraps as the following:

Second Table: Yes, in at Wanamaker's. *Aren't* they sweet? And *so* reasonable. I *was* surprised. I tell my . . . They have just the *cutest* little terrier. He understands *everything* that's said, so that when they wish to talk secrets before him they are obliged to spell every word instead of pronouncing it, and spell it *incorrectly* at that . . . H'm! reminds me of the poodle the Porkingham-Hoggs brought home with them from Paris. He learned English perfectly within a month after he landed; now if they don't want him to know what they're saying they talk French—which they tell me, curiously enough, *ill nong comprenny poing doo toot.*

Third Table: Her husband began life as a milkman, a *common* milkman . . Many of our ablest men have begun life with an interest in milk . . . This club ought to make a rule that if anybody asks what's trumps he shall be suspended for one calendar month . . . I suppose you mean *she* shall be suspended. Of course *men* never . . .

Fourth Table: The old gentleman does seem a little cracked mentally, but then you know he's a good deal broken physically . . .

Fifth Table: Her ball was lying in a *beastly* hole, and when she raised her driver to hit it a swinging crack he was standing *close* behind her, and—well, you just ought to *see* his nose . . .

Sixth Table: Internal explosion? Gasolene is plenty good enough for me. Oh, if you want a road roller, but I've no use for steam myself . . . Did you hear about Tom and Mabel? They'd quarreled violently and hadn't spoken a syllable to each other for more than a month till day before yesterday forenoon. He was rushing along the most crowded part of Sixth avenue when he spied her just ahead. He thought he'd try and slip by quickly, head in air, and pretending he didn't dream she was within a thousand miles. He *slipped* all right, but he didn't get very far by. Banana peel, probably. He sat down *hard* right at her feet—almost *on* them. She went into hysterics of laughter and the wedding invitations are being mailed today.

Seventh Table: I tell you it's been managed wrong from the start. Why, confound it, man, what the President ought to have done—Henry Hollowell, *do* stop! You two *never* would agree if you were to argue from now till doomsday, and the idea of politics at a whist club! Moreover, you make such a racket I can't hear what our interesting neighbors at the booby table are saying . . .

Jack (*under cover of the confusion of many tongues, pleadingly*)—You know, Miss Edith, I was awfully cut up about it. I wouldn't have missed meeting you there for *worlds*. Why, I'd been looking forward to that affair for weeks for that very reason; but what could a fellow do when—

Edith (*beginning to think it may be time to relent*)—Perhaps you weren't so very—possibly I ought not to have—well, on the whole, as you appear to be truly contrite, maybe I might better decide to forgive you. And I may as well confess now that I was *awfully* disappointed, not to see you, Jack.

He brightens astonishingly, inaudible words pass between them, and their heads approach. Her lashes droop and her color rises. Suddenly he reaches forward and seizes her hands. Simultaneously with this act there occurs in the general conversation a curious lull, gradual for a moment, then abrupt, so that the ecstatically blissful ejaculation that bursts from Jack's lips, and which is intended solely for Edith's hearing, reaches the wide open ears of a deeply interested public with a remarkable crescendo effect something like this:

"Edith, you *do love me then*, MY OWN PRECIOUS DARLING!!

Frank M. Bicknell

INDIAN JOE'S ADVENTURE

INDIAN JOE and myself had made camp after an all day shoot on the big Kakagon marsh. The tent lay unpacked beside our other duffle. We needed no shelter. Just over the feathery tops of the stately Norway pines the moon hung in a cloudless sky. Stars twinkled, owls hooted from the deep woods, old mallards quacked and gabbled on the marsh, muskrats splashed near the shore. The camp fire snapped and gurgled and died to a mass of glowing embers and as we lay smoking leisurely the poetry and mystery of night in the solitudes seemed to creep up and envelop us like a gentle mother's goodnight to soothe us to sweet sleep and pleasant dreams.

I thought Joe was asleep. He had not stirred since his duties for the night had been performed, though for that matter one could never tell from Joe by spoken word or motion whether he slept or not after he had once laid down. Neither could one judge from any audible sound

or visible sign what was passing in his mind at any time. But on this occasion some mysterious quality of the surroundings seemed to prompt him to speech and give expression to his meditations, for this is the story he told me on that night while the fire burned out and the moon mounted to the zenith and a rising breeze opened the orchestra in the pine tops:

"It was las' March the man they call Injun Pete an me come here to fish on ice in big lake. We have holes cut maybe quarter mile from shore and our women she's come along to smoke fish. We have wigwam in thick trees on other side hill next big lake. We have good luck and weather fine. One morning warm south wind come and blow hard all time Pete and me look in hole for fish. 'Bout noon Pete say to me, 'Listen! Hear womens call for dinner.' I listen and pretty soon hear womens schream and say, 'Pete, something wrong on shore.' We run fas' as we can and pretty quick see ice all blow out from shore and go fas' because wind blow so hard. We run faster and come to edge of ice and see shore long ways and women stand still and Pete say have to swim and throw jacket on ice and I say 'too far,' and throw him on ice and hold him. Wind blow jacket out of sight. I know it sixty miles to north shore of lake, but I know we can't swim ashore, so stay on ice and see what come. After little while ice get out far and sea come up and ice begin to break and we have to go 'way from edge. We sit down and not talk anything. After while wind don't blow so hard, and at las' sun most down and I see wind go 'round to west and get cold. Then dark come and water come up on ice and I keep wind away from Pete and we just drift and say nothing all night.

"When light come we see ice go on Marble Point, long ways ahead and we run and when we come to Point find ice all broke 'way out in lake; but we jump and crawl and get in water all over, but at last come on shore. Then the wind come colder and our matches all wet so can't make fire. We know no house, no wigwam till we get to reservation, twenty mile and snow pretty deep. Pete pretty tired and mos' dead, but we start through woods and it get colder so our clothes freeze and moccasins freeze and Pete say at las' can't go any further and lay down in snow and I say Pete *mus'* go and break stick and hit him hard till he get up and run and I keep him ahead and we go on long time and at las' find trail and more easy to walk.

"After while we meet two women hunting for birch bark for make canoe and one build fire for us and one run back to reservation and Injuns come out with sled and blankets and we get home all right; but I tell you, Mister George, it was hard time we have."

Joe straightened his legs under the blankets and that was the last I heard of him until morning. I lay for a long time puffing the smoke straight up toward the stars and pondered and wondered what some men would have done had they been in Joe's place adrift on an ice field in Lake Superior. Would they keep their head and save their companion? And if they did would they relate the experience in the modest, matter of fact way that Joe did? These things I pondered while the wind, still rising, set in tune new instruments in the orchestra and increased the volume from the softest lullaby to the fullness of the grand chorus. *George W. Mears*

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THE OLD WILLOW

"WHAT an object they have made of me!" sighed the old willow tree, as the cold winds of winter whistled and moaned around him, sweeping through the heap of dead branches scattered at

his feet that had been severed from his now almost branchless trunk. "To be lopped off here, and sawed there, and trimmed all round, is an extremely painful operation, and very harrowing to one's tender sensibilities. One never enjoys looking like a guy, no matter how ancient one has become."

"You do look rather ridiculous, Father Willow," remarked the spruce young horse chestnut standing next to him, with a self satisfied pride in his own shapely young limbs. "Such a severe pruning may have been needful, but it certainly is not becoming."

"They might have left me to die in peace," continued the willow mournfully. "I am the last one left. There were just twelve of us in the start, all the same age and size, in one long, beautiful row. One by one my old companions have been cut down to make room for some young upstart. My twin brother occupied the very spot where you are standing. It nearly broke my heart when I saw him go."

"We horse chestnuts are becoming extremely popular in the most fashionable districts," retorted the young tree, holding himself very stiffly. "Every dog—ahem—tree, has its day, you know."

"True," replied the willow sorrowfully, "and I have had mine. Now I I am but a cumberer of the ground. I do not understand why it is I am spared."

"Nor I," returned the young horse chestnut, with the unfeeling arrogance of youth, "for there is only one more needed to make us a perfect dozen, and complete the symmetry of the row."

The winter passed, and the warm spring breezes passed as gently over the old tree, and the bright sun smiled as lovingly upon him as upon the young tree his neighbor. The life sap stirred uneasily in his roots, and soon began to run with delightful warmth through his old veins. Old as he was, he could not help rejoicing in the gladness and beauty of the springtime. The wounds made upon his body by the cruel saw and pruning knife began to heal, and as the season advanced, sent forth fresh and vigorous shoots to take the place of the limbs he had lost; making haste to hide the old tree's shame with a luxuriant growth of branch, and twig, and leaf. The baby blossoms sprang forth as if by magic from every spot and hiding place where they had been waiting for a summons, the soft, fuzzy catkins—naked and quivering with delight—in their beauty and fragrant loveliness, bringing the buzzing bees from far and near to revel in their sweetness. The slender, pointed, yellowish green leaves followed the catkins, in haste to adorn the old tree, and to help him breathe more freely the delicious and reviving air. Before the summer was over, what had looked like an unsightly ruin of a grand old tree, presented a most beautiful appearance, surpassing even the glory of its youth, with its thick growth of slender drooping branches, and swayed gracefully to and fro with every breath of the breeze.

The children of the neighborhood loved to gather in the shade around the old tree's trunk, their fresh young voices sending a thrill of gladness to his inmost being, as they played, and sang, and told stories, while the fingers of some older boy deftly fashioned the flexible twigs into shrill sounding whistles for the little ones. The long row of horse chestnuts, so proud of their handsome and stylish appearance, looked with wondering scorn upon the old tree's popularity.

"You have renewed your youth, Father Willow," said the young horse chestnut, taking note of his neighbor's smartness. "It is remarkable. Even the birds are talking about it," for every blue bird, robin and oriole, and the hosts of chattering sparrows that fought and wrangled all day among the tree tops, paid him a

visit to offer their congratulations upon his improved appearance.

"A last expiring effort," answered the old tree. "Soon the place that knew me so well shall know me no more forever," with a sigh that swept through the fluttering leaves and made the birds feel sad with sympathy. "If there was but one of my family to come after me in this old familiar spot, I should die happy."

"How well the old tree looks," said an aged man to the silvery haired wife seated beside him on the piazza of the house in front of which the old tree stood. "I feared last year it was going to die."

"I feared so, too," answered the old lady softly, "and it made me sad. It seems only yesterday that you planted those straight, slender willow slips. Now they are all gone but this one."

"Slim and young, and tender, like our two selves just starting out in life," returned the old man musingly, "and like us now in the decay of our strength. This one reminds me that we, too, shall soon be gone, and the place that knows us now shall know us no more forever."

"And like you both, Grandfather and Grandmother, in the beauty of a green and beautiful old age," added a sweet faced young mother, who came to the door, and stood gazing fondly upon them, and upon a sturdy lad of eight years, who came running toward them in a state of glad excitement.

"Mamma! Mamma! Grandpa! Grandma!" he cried. "Come and see my little willow tree. It's growing! It is truly growing. You know when I planted that little slip off the old willow last fall —the time they trimmed the tree. Now if the poor old willow does have to die, there will be one of his children left.

"Aren't you glad?" and he skipped along beside them in glee, to show them his precious slipling.

"Aha!" said the old tree, who was listening eagerly, "that is good news. I am glad that neither I nor the one that placed me here shall pass out of this beautiful world and leave no trace behind us. We shall live still in our children and our children's children."

When at last the two old people, with the old bodies and the young hearts, came to the end of their life's journey, the old willow knew that it was time for him too to pass out and make way for another, but he had no regrets, for he knew that there is no end to life—it only takes a new and more beautiful form.

So he was content, and in a few years a young tree stood where he used to stand, and the row of horse chestnuts was complete. *Anne H. Woodruff*

POOR MOTHER

WHEN Mother was a little girl,
Not many years ago,
She had to mind her Ps and Qs,
She had to walk just so;
And if her mother said, "Be quiet!"
She didn't dare say "Booh!"
For fear they'd send her off to bed,—
Without her supper, too.

When Mother grew to womanhood,
And got her children, then
She found the fashion turned around,—
She had to mind again:
Today it's Margaret, Jean and Jane
Who do the talking, and
Poor Mother doesn't dare say "Booh!"
Except upon command.

William Wallace Whitelock

Books for Summer Reading

PERHAPS the most significant fact in the literature of the time is the number of books about nature that are being produced. It has come about within an incredibly short period that the writer, who is always simply the echo of the thought that happens to be stirring in the great human breast, has come to look at nature from an entirely new standpoint. The recorders and rhapsodizers, of whom Thoreau and John Burroughs are our most prominent exemplars, have been succeeded by a lyric band who get near to nature's heart indeed. Of such are Ernest McGaffey, Seton-Thompson, and especially worthy of mention is a new volume by Charles G. D. Roberts, called "The Kindred of the Wild" (L. C. Page & Co.) Civilization has developed to that degree that it reacts naturally in the close embrace of every out-door thing. We have finally come to frankly believe that animals think (it has been "scientifically" de demonstrated that certain plants do) and in the full faith of this new evangel some charming literature is being produced just at present.

It is difficult to take up a book like "The Kindred of the Wild"—and this only one of a number of such ventures in the new field that the season has given us—and not believe every word of it. Tales about animals have been of two classes—"fairy" tales for children, or stories of exciting adventure that have held in solution the grimness and repulsion of war. Now come the lyrists who give us the very heart of the denizens of the wild and, as the frank title of the present volume indicates, endeavor to make us their kindred. So long as we read such books and believe them, there is certainly no harm done. On the contrary, it would appear to make for the general peace and righteousness of mankind. We have none of us yet attained to that state of harmony with all created things that enabled St. Francis of Assissi to turn a wolf into a watch dog by a soothing chat or two. But we do go hunting with cameras nowadays, where formerly we took along Winchesters only. And we are very much more curious about wild animals than afraid of them. All of which means that civilization is crowding them out. We begin to love what we have completely conquered, and as the fierce habitants of forest and plain disappear, comes the lyric band and sings over them a final requiem of peace and love. JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.

LEE AT APPOMATTOX, AND OTHER PAPERS, by Charles Francis Adams (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) A volume of miscellaneous essays on matters civil and political, well worth reading and still more worthy as a reference book.

REMINISCENCES OF A DRAMATIC CRITIC, by Henry Austin Clapp (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Stories and comment from the experiences of a dramatic critic for a quarter of a century. Succinct, vivid, and of value from the pen of an honest, fearless and an exceedingly capable critic.

THE RUSSELLS IN CHICAGO, by Emily Wheaton, (L. C. Page & Co.) is a shrewd and friendly appraisal of Chicago institutions, society and atmosphere, as contrasted with Boston's institutions, society, and atmosphere. The Russells and their friends are entertaining. The studies of Chicago are illuminating.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, by William Garrott Brown (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is the first concise and trustworthy biography of Lincoln's great rival. He was so important a figure in his time that every student of American history should be acquainted with his marvelous career; and it is no where else so attractively narrated as in this little book.

AN AMERICAN AT OXFORD, by John Corbin, (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The American scholarships founded at Oxford by the late Cecil Rhodes lend a timely interest to this book, which is a study of the "very sensibly ordered and invigorating education" of the English university. It defines the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon universities and indicates what lines our institutions are likely to follow in their future development, not according to English or German ideals, but according to the ideals of a people made wise by a knowledge of the best in every land.

THE MATE OF THE GOOD SHIP YORK, from L. C. Page & Co., Boston, is one of W. Clark Russell's excellent sea romances. Russell is undisputed master of this field.

IN THE EAGLE'S TALON'S, by Sheppard Stevens (Little, Brown & Co.) is a brilliant romance of early days in the Louisiana Purchase country, with glimpses of the Paris of Napoleon's time, and of the wild country back of old St. Louis.

ROCKHAVEN, by Charles Clark Munn (Lee & Shepard) is a charming and at times tensely dramatic New England novel. The love theme is wrought into a background of simple, hardy, loveable islanders and swindling city speculators.

LAFITTE OF LOUISIANA, by Mary Devereaux (Little, Brown & Co.) idealizes and dramatizes the strange career of Lafitte, the famous freebooter of early days on the Gulf Coast. Napoleon and Jackson appear as friends of Lafitte—great, splendid figures. The plot is well sustained, the craftsmanship excellent.

A REMEDY FOR LOVE, by Ellen Olney Kirk (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) illustrates the adage that the best cure for a lost love is a new love. Mrs. Kirk's style is smooth and agreeable; her people are gentlefolk; her art, if not great, is genuine.

ABROAD WITH THE JIMMIES, by Lillian Bell (Little, Brown & Co.) is a characteristically witty narrative of foreign travels, delightfully personal and immensely clever. Miss Bell adores Nordau, and detests Tolstoi, and tells with appalling candor how she interviewed both the great Europeans.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, by Professor James K. Hosmer (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) gives a succinct and most interesting account of that great region from the pre-glacial period down to the present day; limning its great men and its great events.

GOLF, by William Garrott Brown (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a charmingly witty and philosophic brief appreciation of the game, an addition not merely to "golf literature," so called, but to the art of the essayist, a volume worthy to be preserved, alike for its fine high spirit, its racy style, and its physical fitness.

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN, by H. D. Sedgwick, Jr., (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is the story of the career of the greatest French colonizer in America. Had there been a few more such Frenchmen here in those days, the ruin that came so swiftly to the colonies of France would have been long deferred.

MISS PETTICOATS, by Dwight Tilton, (C. M. Clark & Co.) is a series of character sketches, rather than a closely knit novel. Withal, a compelling book. Its heroine is one of the most versatile in recent fiction. Its illustrations, in colors, are models of what such things should be, but seldom are.

WHARF AND FLEET, by Clarence M. Falt, (Little, Brown & Co.) is a volume of ballads of the fishermen of the Gloucester fleet, with thirteen illustrations, and something like 3,479 foot notes interpreting technical slang. For one who likes to read his poetry with the aid of a dictionary, this is just the book.

The Editor of Wisdom

A Brief Sketch of John Forster Benyon, the Founder and Maker of the Most Unique Magazine In America — And the Unprecedented Success of the Only One Cent Magazine

JOHN FORSTER BENYON has presented the American people with a most novel publication. To the student of events it presages a new era in magazining. It has shattered traditions about necessary profits; it means the supremacy of a great and fixed idea; and it has thrown down the gauntlet to a waiting public that has been at once quick and emphatic in applauding the action. It is natural that there has been a right strenuous inquiry about the personality behind and responsible for it.

One who knows him well finds it difficult to know just what to say about a man whose history is his work; one of the very busiest of lives—in the early flush of untiring and ambitious energy. It is known that he was born in Allston, Mass., in April, 1867, and that two years later his parents removed to Newton. He was educated in Newton's excellent schools and at Chauncy Hall in Boston. From boyhood he has had an ardent love of the best standards in literature and in art,—that has been no small factor in placing him in a position today where his opinion on such matters is of the highest value. Never faltering for an instant from his early determination to control a publishing business of his own, he has passed, with eyes wide open and all his senses alert, through several important stages leading to that end. He started the Weekly Journalist in 1891, and from authors everywhere received genuine and spontaneous encouragement. He became connected later with the Boston Traveler and Journal. He visited leading printeries and publishing houses throughout the country, familiarizing himself with every detail of the business:—with every cog and roller and cylinder and ink-distributing process yet discovered. If a knowledge of printing machinery from A down to the period which follows Z means "Success," which is the hand maiden of "Wisdom," then is fortune already smiling upon John F. Benyon. In his new venture, (which is only his coming into the estate for which he has been all these years well preparing himself,) he personally directs every department, and each mirrors his skill and his power of discrimination. He is a past master in the art of finding out and holding to a course certain to prove popular; then charging the public the lowest conceivable cost for

what he gives, while dealing out with a lavish hand material which no one dreams of disputing is richly "worth the money!" The phenomenal growth of Wisdom is known to all—up in the hundred thousands when less than six months old—and still with its star in the ascendant. The end is not yet. With a wonderfully attractive list of contributors, with acclaim from all sides, with support pouring in from every state in the Union and many of the "isles of the sea," it looks, verily, as though, in ancient parlance,

"Wisdom hath builded her house . . . upon the highest places of the city."

Where the Waltham Watch is Made

The Story of a Visit to the Great Establishment at Waltham, Mass., Where 3,000 Skilled Employes, Operating the Most Wonderful Machines Ever Invented, Produce 15,000 Watches Every Week—Interesting Phases of the Social Organization of the Company's Employes.

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

A WATCH — the ordinary watch—small, round and unpretentious—contains 150 separate parts, and is the product of 3,746 distinct mechanical operations.

Small wonder that when as children we pulled our first watch to pieces, we found enough for half a dozen watches spread out on the floor before us, baffling all attempts to put the parts together again. And little did we realize at that time that, in building a watch, we had set out to do that which requires the highest grade of scientific accuracy and mechanical skill known to the world.

The best known watch in the world—the first made in America, and the most in every day use, is the "Waltham" watch, made by the American Waltham Watch Company of Waltham, Mass. When one considers that a capital of $22,754,483 is invested in the manufacture of watches in the United States, it will be seen that America has taken the foremost position in the world in watch manufacturing. The Swiss, who at one time had practically a monopoly of this industry, have awakened to the fact that American made machinery is necessary, if they would longer remain in the race. The value of products of watch factories in the United States shows an increase of $4,003,531, or 100 per cent, during the last thirty years, notwithstanding the gradual decrease in prices, due to more economical methods of manufacture.

The American Waltham Watch Company is the center of this great industry. Its factory is the largest of its kind in the world, employs more people than any other watch concern in the world, pays them the highest rate of wages, and turns out 15,000 watches per week.

Waltham, the home of the American Waltham watch, is situated a few miles from Boston. It is a beautiful little city of 23,481 inhabitants and was almost wholly created, and is now for the most part supported by this great industry. Well built houses, clean lawns and cool shade trees, make it a pleasant home for the three thousand employes who are enrolled in the works.

Such conditions insure contentment; and a strike has never been known since the founding of the factory in 1853.

The manufacture of a watch—the following of the 3,476 different mechanical operations to a conclusion—is fascinating, and a perfect system of book-keeping must follow it all the way through, accounting for every part. A watch is built like a house; that is, it must have a frame to which all the little wheels, springs and pinions are attached. The framework, or the plates, as the frame is technically known to the workmen, is the basis of operation. It consists of a nickel alloy rolled and punched into pieces of a suitable shape and thickness for the intended watch. At the starting point, these pieces are handled in boxes

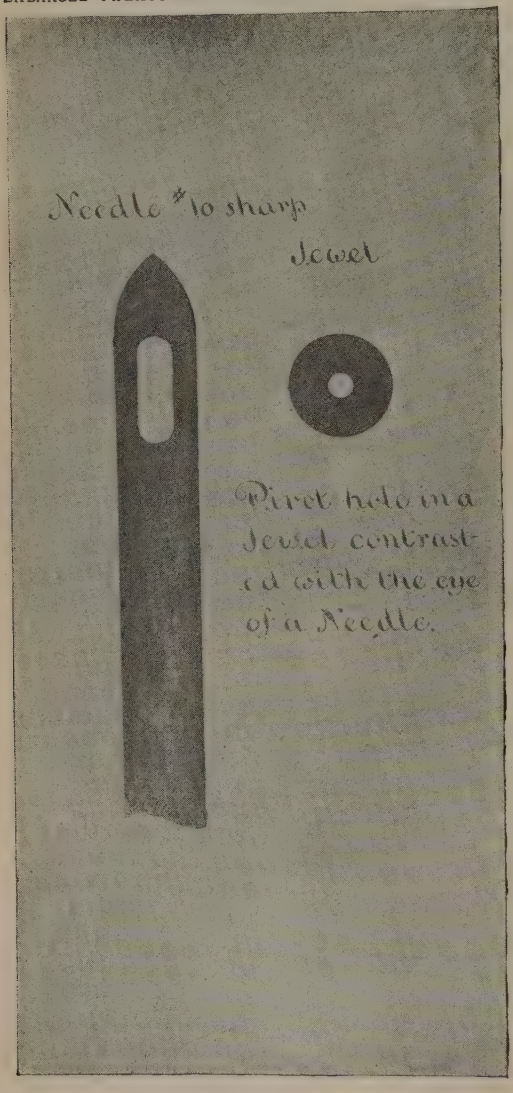
of 1,000 each, and are loaded into automatic magazines which feed the swift revolving cutters that hungrily eat away the portion prescribed for each by their inventor. When it has been brought to its prescribed thickness, a wonderful set of automatic fingers from a connecting machine reach out for the plate like a small boy for the core of the apple. Without grumbling or hesitation the first plate is released to the second machine, while the former machine begins on an entirely new one. The second machine takes its prescribed bite from the little nickel cracker and finds a third machine greedy for the remains to be passed on. It is released and the automatic fingers mutely approach the first machine again for the new disk. And so on each disk goes down the line, without a human hand touching it, being turned and cut in a dozen different ways, and each not varying from its standard the one hundredth part of the thickness of a human hair. Words are not enough to describe the visitor's feelings as he stares and gasps at those busy machines automatically taking work one from the other. It is as if some one had imparted intelligence and appetite to the cold steel itself, and the only thing I could think of at the time to express its meaning was that of a group of boys passing an apple down the line, with the hum of each machine for the pleasant petition, "Gimme a bite, Gimme a bite." Hungry little machines, indeed. They devour 15,000 disks per week, and the foreman says that their diet is so regular that they seldom have dyspepsia—or get out of order.

REAR VIEW OF THE AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCH CO. FACTORY AT WALTHAM.

If this is the beginning of a trip through a watch factory, what is to come?

I followed the box of 1,000 frames into another long, well lighted and airy factory room, which is known as the "plate recessing" room, where the frames or plates are "hollowed out" for wheels, springs and pinions. Here the same process is gone through again; only that these littler machines, handing the watch frames one to the other, seem to have more delicate appetites, and don't take such big bites. But nevertheless their bites are just as essential to the making of the watch. The first machine gouges out a circular place near the center for the dial wheel, then it is passed to the second, which apparently irrespective of the location of the other fellow's bite, makes its indentation in another place for another part of the watch. And when the frames emerge from the last machine more like recognizable parts of a watch, one can count the six different recesses, running together and crossing in a most conglomerated way, but each in a place where the science of watch making has determined that it shall be. The fact that they are of different depths and curvatures, only adds to the mystery of how they are made.

WATCH JEWEL AND A NEEDLE COMPARED, BOTH BEING ENLARGED TWENTY-FIVE DIAMETERS



Leaving the recessing room, we are promised something even more astonishing than we have yet seen, in the plate "drilling" room, where are drilled and tapped the numerous holes necessary for holding the plates together.

Silently and almost with awe one approaches the most wonderful machine that any inventor has ever given to mankind. It is on the same principle as the first mentioned machines, but it performs one hundred and forty-two different mechanical operations on the little piece of plate before its greedy fingers once release it. This machine is the triumph of modern invention. The inventor, Mr. Duane H. Church, has won his position as one of the "Captains of Industry" of the United States through this as much as by any of his many inventions. He has been employed by the American Waltham Watch Company for the past twenty years; he has perfected numberless machines in watch making, which is recognized as the highest order of applied mechanics

today, and has in this one instance a machine to do the work of 142 different persons in an incalculably short time. When one considers this plate drilling machine, together with the plate recessing and plate turning machines, and the wonderful saving in time and expense, it can be seen what a remarkable career Mr. Church has had in the perfecting of watch making. His progress along this line has been made possible by the assistance given him in every way by the American Waltham Watch Company, and the company is sharing with him the honor of his wonderful inventions, and profiting by their use.

GUN POWDER AND WATCH SCREWS: WHEN REDUCED ONE-THIRD, TO ACTUAL SIZE, EACH PILE WILL FILL A TEA SPOON

An opportunity to compare old and new methods is afforded the visitor, as the expense of shifting all these automatic machines to a different size of work is so great that odd sized watches are still made in the old way, each operator doing one particular thing and passing it on to the next. Ordinarily this would be called swift enough, but it suffers so much from comparison with the automatic machine, that one cannot associate the two processes in the mind.

Each plate is numbered by an automatic numbering machine, after which it is placed in a little compartment together with its allotment of wheels, springs and screws, which have already been machine made with the utmost nicety to fit it. The conveyance from one place to another is now made in trays with covers on them, each containing ten compartments. Each tray is numbered on the outside to conform with the individual watches it holds, and here again we find the marvelous, if unobtrusive book-keeping system, which follows the manufacture of the watch throughout. The pretty girl at the numbering machine told me that the count then was 12,600,000, the number of watches which had been manufactured by the American Waltham Watch Company since it was established.

With the numbering, the frame work is complete, and it must now go into the fitting and jeweling room to meet its fellow parts, where the several jewels for the different watches are carefully prepared and counted. It seems almost like a joke to the uninitiated to speak of jewels in a watch, and yet these are a most important factor in making any time-keeping watch at all, and the more of them the better. The lowest priced watches are made with seven jewels, and

the most expensive with twenty-three jewels. Wherever there is friction in a watch; wherever the pivot of a wheel rests, it has been found that garnets, rubies, sapphires or diamonds carry the pinions much more satisfactorily and with less friction and wear than any metal. For this reason the American Waltham Watch Company is no small buyer of these precious stones in the rough, its purchases amounting to over a quarter of a million dollars worth every year, in addition to its own manufacture from the rough stock.

It is interesting to note how they treat these jewels, and get them down to the fineness desirable for use. The stones are first sawed into minute slabs, and these slabs in turn are cut up into little circular disks and holes pierced through their center to take the pinions. A small bottle one inch square and two inches high contained 38,883 of these jewels by actual count, and as these jewels are valuable they are carefully counted and numbered. Here the deft and delicate touch of the fair sex is especially needed, and many girls were busy at the work. With the jeweling, the plates lack only polishing and damaskeening to be complete. In another room, consequently, are numerous damaskeening machines operated by young men and women, which put the color, the shading of light and lustre in the brass and nickel. This finish, no matter how subtle and intangible, never fades, and only rust can efface its beautiful pattern. With the burnishing of the plates, the frame work of the watch is complete, and, attired in its best clothes, it now goes into the setting up room, where it again meets its fellow parts.

Wrapped in tissue paper and stowed away in its neat compartment in the dark tray, the watch, for now we may call it such, since it has been registered and numbered, goes into the assembling room. Bright, quick-eyed and deft Yankee girls, rows of them down the entire length of the great room, are busily assembling the different parts. Not a motion is lost. The nimble fingers with tweezers for assistance seem to pile up the little wheels and springs in perfect order as easily as a boy builds a block house, and much more quickly. For each bit of mechanism, be it remembered, fits exactly the place for which it was intended. Here again there is demonstrated the superiority of machine work over hand work in the preparation of large numbers of parts. A mechanical contrivance so delicately constructed as those referred to, of the plate turning and recess turning description, absolutely cannot vary even a trifle, whereas the best hand workmanship will have slight involuntary variations which, however minute, will inevitably cause trouble right here in the assembling of the parts.

And speaking of small things, we should include the little screws that are manufactured for holding the different parts together; they are so small that when the operator tells the visitor they are screws, he somehow doesn't expect you to take his word, but simply hands you an eyeglass to see for yourself. Screws, sure enough! But as they lie in little heaps they look like grains of gun powder. In a little tin cup which was receiving the product of one of the machines, the minute screws in the bottom looked like so many coffee grounds. The operator explained that there were about 6,000 screws in the cup when I saw it.

When the watch leaves the assembling room, it has a complete body, but the "heart" and "lungs" have yet to be added—the balance wheel and the hair spring. It is one thing to make a watch; another to make it keep time. Here the greatest skill of the experienced watch maker is demanded. With care and precision he adjusts the balance wheel and hair spring, and regulates the watch

to the big standard clock before him, which can be called, perhaps, the most accurate time piece in the world. And here is a significant fact: The American Waltham Watch Company by this mathematical accuracy in maintaining its standard time clock, and through the watches regulated by it, literally keeps the time for a large portion of the world. It is almost as if it had harnessed old Father Time himself. He cannot move without every second being checked off against him.

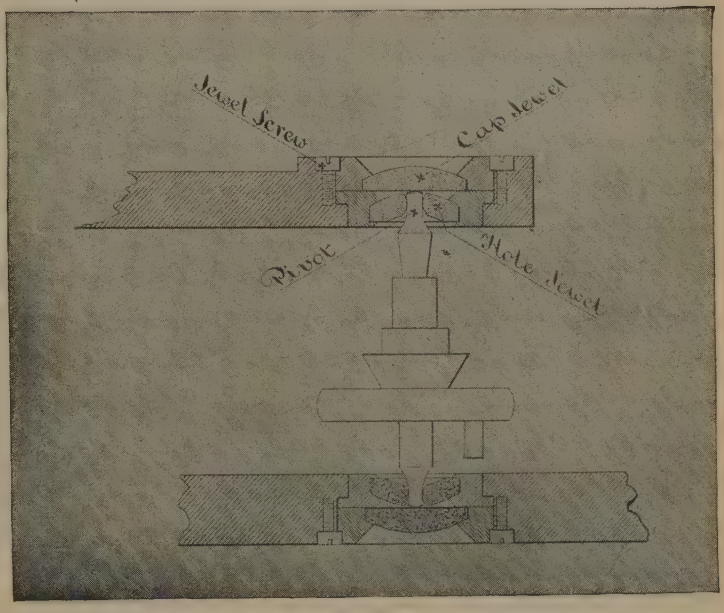
It is necessary to give up a large portion of the factory to what is known as the machine or tool room. This is under the personal direction of Mr. Church, and it is where he builds the wonderful automatic machinery. It is said that here grouped together are more high priced wage earners than in any other private institution in the world. And as the makers of tools for the manufacture of the intricate parts of a watch, they have already done that which carries the layman beyond the wildest flights of his imagination.

All the power of the machinery is derived from isolated steam boilers, engines of the most immaculate cleanliness and from the most modern dynamos. This does away with the obnoxious smoke and gas that are so evident in many factories. The rooms are clean and well lighted from innumerable windows on all sides by day and 6,000 incandescent lights by night, and the young women operatives may wear their white summer gowns without fear of soiling them. The extensive grounds about the factory building are literally public parks of extreme beauty.

In following out the manufacture of the Waltham watch, I have said little or nothing about the people who are engaged in this occupation. There is enough material in the social phase of the subject to make a long and interesting article. The peculiar requirements of quick sight, nimble fingers and steady nerves, are the sure guarantee of steady habits and right living among employes.

The Adams House, situated near the factory, is a well kept boarding house directly under the charge of the company, and owned by it. Here rooms and board are provided for about 250 unmarried young women, and they are surrounded with all the little conveniences that make a pleasant home life.

HOW THE PINIONS REST IN THE JEWELS OF A WALTHAM WATCH. THE PICTURE SHOWS THEM ENLARGED THIRTY DIAMETERS



The company operates the place with no desire to make money, and is satisfied if it sometimes pays expenses with board at the low rate of $3 per week.

Of the total number of married men in the factory, fully one-fourth of them own their own homes, worth from $2,000 to $4,000 each. When any employe saves up a few hundred dollars the company is always ready to sell him on liberal terms a comfortable house, a great number of which were built all around in the neighborhood by the company for this special purpose of sale, without profit, to employes. With such conditions prevailing, one cannot be surprised at the loyalty at all times evidenced by the Waltham employes.

For the present year the mayor and at least four of the city alderman are elected from among the number of the company's employes.

In view of all these facts one would naturally expect this institution, which is doing so much good for all who come into contact with it, to enjoy a constant growth, which is exactly what it is doing. Additions are being constantly made; large forces of carpenters, painters and plumbers are continually engaged.

A miniature model of the factory buildings, surrounded by its green and leafy parks, has been sent to England for exhibition in Crystal Palace, London, during coronation week. The little miniature is correct in every detail, and will carry a message of Yankee progressiveness and prosperity from the new world to the old, that will long be remembered by all who view it. It will be saluted by thousands of American Waltham watches in the pockets of visitors to the Crystal Palace, who will be thrilled with generous pride at this great indication of American supremacy, one might say Waltham supremacy, in watch manufacture.

THE PRODIGAL SON

HE tramped from Tyre to Sidon
With his sandals on his arm,
And then he struck for Jordan
And the big ancestral farm.

His mantle it was full of burs,
His noble brow was wet.
The fatted calf it pulled upon
A horse-hair lariat.

His father ran to meet him:
"Right glad," said he, "I am.
Your trunk got home. Your ma
Is well. We got your telegram.

"Tomorrow night the banquet is;
Your auntie reads a pome,
And you respond unto a toast,
'There's nary place like home.'"

The prodigal looked sad, and then
With choking voice said he,
"Goodby, goodby, old home; them husks
Is good enough for me."

Then came a dull and sickening thud,
That no one could forget—
That calf, in glee, had run and bust
That horse-hair lariat!

Ironquill of Kansas.

Progressive American Cities

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF MUSKEGON

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

FROM a city of one industry to one of diversified industrial wealth; from a shifting and diminishing population to a contented and augmented people; from a town of wooden pavements and low frame buildings to one of brick streets and substantial structures — such has been the metamorphosis of Muskegon, Michigan.

Muskegon twenty years ago manufactured more lumber than any other city in the world. More than two score mills surrounded its beautiful inland harbor and thousands of vibrant steel saws sang their song day and night while the great pines and hemlocks from up the Muskegon river were converted into lumber and lath and shingles for the great market of Chicago, near at hand. The great trees had been felled during the winter months in the camps up the state. When spring and its freshets came, the timber, converted into sawlogs, was floated down the Muskegon river to the city at its mouth and prepared for the lumber markets of the world. A vast fleet of steamers and sailing vessels took the manufactured product from the groaning docks and bore it across the bosom of Lake Michigan to other ports where it was in demand.

The town swarmed with saw mill hands; money was free and plenty. But the lumbering industry is ephemeral. In time the great forests drained by the Muskegon river became denuded of their stately pines under the sharp axe of the woodsman and the drives of logs of each succeeding spring became smaller

WESTERN AVENUE, LOOKING NORTH FROM THIRD STREET

in dimensions. Then it was that Muskegon was confronted with the problem that must come to every lumber town sooner or later, the problem of supplying some other industry or industries to take the place of the one inevitably doomed to disappear. It is a serious and perplexing problem from which there is no escape for the city depending on the sawing of lumber for its prosperity. Luckily, the people of Muskegon early recognized the seriousness and the inevitability of this problem. They did not wait until the last saw mill had sent its final blast sounding across the lake before they found something to take the place of the first to disappear; and therein lies the secret of Muskegon's present splendid industrial prosperity, its steady growth, its increasing population and its brilliant prospects. The lumber town, the "Saw-dust City," as rival towns loved to call it, did not die as the great source of its industrial wealth passed away. Instead it emerged from the chrysalis of a saw-dust city into the full-winged splendor of a great manufacturing center.

Divert the Nile and its famed gardens would dry up and its rich vegetation die. The sand of the desert would envelope and bury its cities. When the great stream of natural wealth borne on the Muskegon river diminished in size, a similar fate seemed to await the lumber city at its mouth depending upon that flow of timber for its life. But the people of Muskegon awoke to the necessities of new conditions. The manner in which this was brought about is interesting, particularly to the present day lumber towns similarly situated.

In 1893 the citizens of Muskegon raised the sum of $100,000 and placed its disbursement in the hands of a Chamber of Commerce made up of the business men of the city. The saw mills had then begun to disappear. The chamber was authorized to expend this money in a legitimate and conservative way in bringing Muskegon's exceptional advantages as a shipping point and place of residence and business to the attention of the world. The chamber did not go out and buy industries and induce them to jump to Muskegon by holding up the bait of a fat bonus. It was believed that if substantial manufacturers and enterprising capitalists could be shown Muskegon's peculiar advantages as a manufacturing city and induced to locate here, that these advantages would assist them to conduct their business with a profitableness that would assure their permanent location here.

HACKLEY SQUARE

This work was intrusted to men of sagacity and sense. The results are apparent. In 1893 the population of Mus-

kegon had decreased to 16,000 and was growing less after a lumber season had ended. When a saw mill shut down forever, the operatives left for other fields of labor. Then the work of reconstruction under the direction of the Chamber of Commerce began. Investigation by manufacturers of all kinds of articles was courted. Industry after industry recognized the advantages of Muskegon and located within its precincts. More than 3,000 skilled laborers took the place of its shifting saw mill population and built their homes on its healthful slope. The population increased to 25,000. When a saw mill was dismantled, a splendid factory arose from the debris. The lumber barges on its lake were succeeded by fast steamers elegantly appointed for passenger travel and built for the carrying of vast quantities of freight.

LAKE MICHIGAN PARK PAVILION

Twenty years ago Muskegon's sole product was lumber. Today it manufactures iron, paper, tin, steel, woolen goods, and a diversity of products. It has the largest refrigerator factory in the world, two knitting mills, the only tin plate mill in Michigan, great rolling mills, foundries, furniture factories and a splendid galaxy of industrial enterprises. Its desks, its office fixtures and its card indexes go into the offices of the world. Its woolen goods range from the heavy wear for the lands of snow to the filmy garments of the tropics and go into every clime. Its electric cranes in the armories of the government assist in creating the defenses of the nation. All these industries employ an army of workmen. One plant alone employs 1,000 men and pays out $50,000 monthly in wages. Another has 800 operatives. Meanwhile the Chamber of Commerce continues its efforts to bring Muskegon's advantages before the world and with continuing success. A bonus is paid to responsible people desiring to locate their factory in the city, sufficient to pay them for the expense and loss of time incident to a change of location. The chamber is excellently officered, C. C. Billinghurst being the president, J. G. Emery and Ansel F. Temple vice presidents, Lawrence A. Smith secretary and George A. Abbott treasurer.

The things which contribute to Muskegon's preeminence as a manufacturing city are many. One is its splendid land locked harbor, six miles long, opening into Lake Michigan and but a little over 100 miles from Chicago and less than 85 from Milwaukee, the best harbor on the east shore of Lake Michigan and open winter and summer. The city is the terminus of three great railroad lines and three boat lines to Chicago and

A GROUP OF MUSKEGON'S PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS

Masonic Temple.

Muskegon County Court House.

Hackley Manual Training School.

Hackley Public Library.

Milwaukee. An inter-urban electric railway, one of the finest equipped in the West, connects it with the interior of the state.

Muskegon's healthfulness also adds to its attractiveness. It has the lowest death rate of any city in Michigan, according to figures compiled by the United States government. It is a great

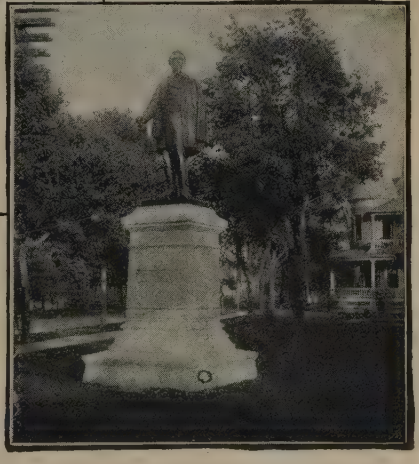
C. H. HACKLEY, MUSKEGON'S BENEFACTOR

(Reprinted from the July National)

summer resort, and Lake Harbor and numerous other resorts on the beautiful lakes emptying into Lake Michigan in its vicinity entertain 30,000 resorters from the West and South every summer.

Muskegon is also notable as the home of Charles H. Hackley, the Michigan philanthropist. He arrived in Muskegon a poor boy, acquired millions in

STATUES OF GRANT, SHERMAN, LINCOLN, FARRAGUT AND KEARNY, MUSKEGON, MICH.



money and has showered his city with benefactions. The National Magazine for July described the first McKinley statue unveiled in this country. It was presented to Muskegon by Mr. Hackley and its unveiling was a national event. He has also given Muskegon statues of Lincoln, Grant, Farragut, Sherman and Kearny, designed by America's foremost sculptors, the only exclusive manual training school in Michigan, parks, a hospital, schools, a magnificent public library and numerous other gifts whose total cost to him has been $1,132,000.

LAKE HARBOR, A BEAUTIFUL RESORT

Muskegon has also received gifts at the hands of other citizens, the $60,000 Hills Masonic Temple, the gift of Charles T. Hills, being a notable example. With such a public spirit everywhere evident, with such natural advantages and such diversified industries and exceptional opportunities, Muskegon has but begun to taste the glory of the future and to witness the dawn of a city of 50,000 already known as the manufacturing center of Western Michigan.

STEAMER CHARLES H. HACKLEY

WORCESTER, HEART OF THE COMMONWEALTH

By J. ALBERT RIPPEL

PREEMINENT among the manufacturing communities of the state of Massachusetts stands the city of Worcester. Its factory managers are aggressive and enterprising, the great body of its laborers are skilled and intelligent craftsmen and no city in Massachusetts has so large a proportionate amount of its capital invested in purely productive enterprises. Worcester sends its products to

the semi-civilized peoples of Asia; its exports are bought and sold in the marts of Africa and Australia, while a large portion of its manufactures goes to supply the ordinary necessities of Europe. In fact, so great is the diversity of interests represented that the city's products find markets in every part of the civilized world. Every where, into all the markets of the globe, these commodities have gone forth and they are winning for Worcester a commercial prestige which makes this one of the first mercantile cities in the state and second only to Boston.

Here is located the largest branch of

ARMORY

the steel and wire industry; here is the largest shoe factory in existence, while the other thousands of industries are so

CITY HALL

well equipped in machinery, labor and management as to compete successfully with similar industries in any part of the world. The position that has thus been established is certainly an enviable one; and Worcester's steps along the line of industrial advancement may well be followed by any enterprising community.

POST OFFICE

The development of this place as a manufacturing community has been confined practically to the last fifty years of its history. Prior to that time it had gained little prominence, nor did it give much evidence of its future achievements. Since that time, however, it has developed from a town of 10,000 to a city of 125,000, while its mechanical industries, keeping pace with this growth, have increased their products from the amount necessary to supply the wants of its own citizens to an annual product worth more than $40,000,000, scattered through every state in the Union.

UNION DEPOT

All this development has taken place in spite of adverse circumstances, for Worcester is unique among great manufacturing cities in that it is entirely without water power. This fact has not impeded the city's progress. On the contrary it has accelerated it, for the industries were thus compelled to adopt, at a very early age, the more reliable and more convenient agent, steam.

Worcester's phenomenal progress can be very easily accounted for. The secretary of the Board of Trade in his report for 1899, ascribes it to three factors: (1) The early introduction of steam power, (2) the building of railroads, and (3) the character of its people.

In the matter of transportation advan-

CLARK UNIVERSITY

tages Worcester is not surpassed by any city. Four independent railroads enter and thirteen make direct connections with the West and South. With Boston only forty-four miles away and with good New York connections, the city possesses unusual facilities not only for exporting the finished product but also for importing raw material. Extensive freight yards

WORCESTER ACADEMY

and sidings add to the efficiency with which commerce is handled.

Not less important is the passenger service. More than one hundred and seventy passenger trains enter and depart daily. Eighteen through trains

COURT HOUSE

arrive from New York and the West in twenty-four hours and a like number go to Boston and return every day. Worcester trains also make good connections with New York passenger boats.

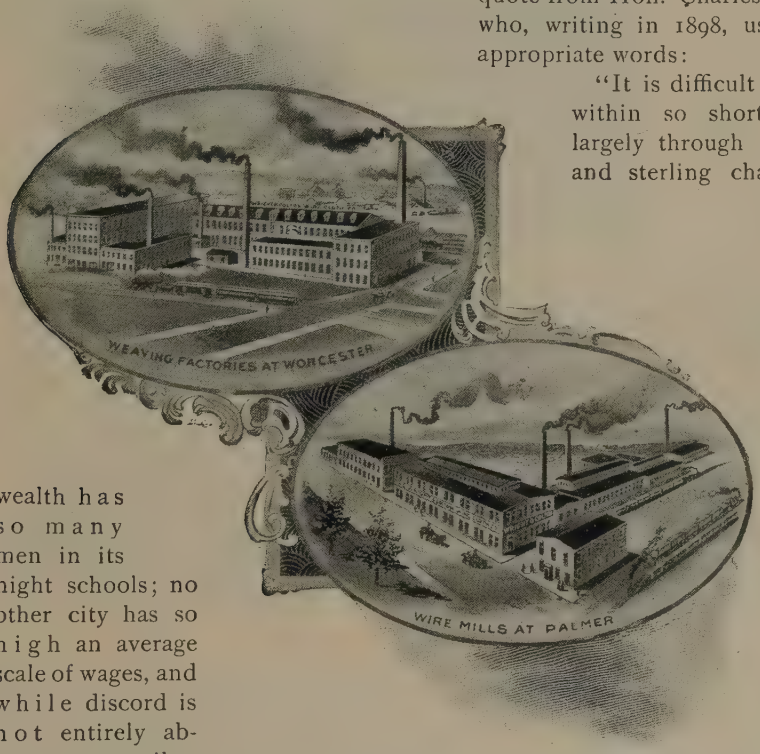
But by far the most important factor in the industrial development of Worcester the third element, viz., the character of its people. Being essentially a manufacturing city, her history has been very largely dependent on the character of its artisans. There has always been a dis-

ART MUSEUM

position on the part of the mechanics to avail themselves of the best opportunities along the line of intellectual advancement. As early as 1857 a Mechanics' association was formed, the object being "the moral, intellectual and social improvement of its members, the perfection of the mechanical arts, and the pecuniary assistance of the needy." A course of lectures was provided and has since been maintained. Instruction in drawing has also been given for those of their number ambitious enough to take up the work. This spirit among the

laboring classes has done much to increase the efficiency of employes. It has raised the standard of labor. With this has come a corresponding increase in wages and the inevitable result has been better harmony and closer sympathy between laborer and employer. As a result no other city in the common-

FACTORIES OF THE WRIGHT & COLTON WIRE CLOTH COMPANY



wealth has so many men in its night schools; no other city has so high an average scale of wages, and while discord is not entirely absent, yet strikes and lock-outs are phenomenally few.

During all this period there has existed an excellent democracy. No discredit has ever been cast upon any institution because of its humble origin. Every enterprise, large or small, has been allowed to stand on its merits and has been granted the full and free rights of competition. Thus the history of our industries has been the history of the rise and growth of small institutions into large and powerful corporations. And today in the midst of all her industries there exists the same opportunities for the man of small means. He can rest assured that his treatment will be fair and that in no other community will there be found a combination of forces more advantageous to the interests of the small investor.

In summing up Worcester's industrial position we can do no better than to quote from Hon. Charles S. Washburn, who, writing in 1898, used these very appropriate words:

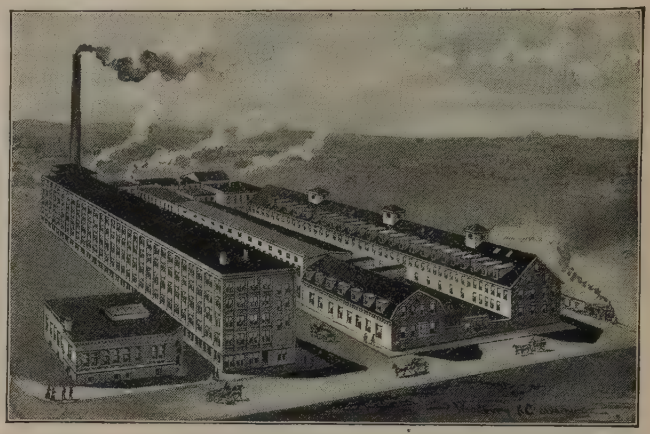
"It is difficult to realize that within so short a time, and largely through the enterprise and sterling character of her own citizens, such great results have been accomplished. Honest, industrious, shrewd, public spirited and benevolent have been the men who have made Worcester what she is. Their works will live long after them, and their example will lend inspiration to succeeding generations."

Limited space does not permit the use of elaborate illustrations. The views of Worcester's manufacturing industries as printed from time to time in different publications, form an interesting and attractive collection. We present in this article only a few, the aim being to select those most nearly typical.

The increase in population of Worces-

ter has been a steady growth, the increase following the ratio of a geometrical progression. Beginning with 1800, when her inhabitants numbered 2,500, this ration has brought her present population past the 120,000 mark. Experts have tabulated the census reports and upon their estimate the population will reach 130,000 in 1910 and 280,000 in 1930. Assuming that the present conditions obtain, it is not unreasonable to look upon this estimate as approximately accurate. This steady growth is an indication of the healthfulness of conditions both civic and industrial and it bears eloquent testimony of the popularity of the city. Incidentally, it forecasts the future.

THE PLANT OF THE GRAFTON & KNIGHT MANUFACTURING COMPANY



Interested as the people have been in business, they have not neglected to provide for the educational equipment of their children. Worcester has every educational advantage for students of all ages, classes or temperaments. Clark University, College of the Holy Cross, and Worcester Polytechnic Institute minister to the needs along the line of higher education. All are thoroughly equipped with good apparatus and able instructors. They send out annually graduates who make a good showing among the alumni of other institutions. The influence that these schools exert is strong and widespread and cannot be otherwise then beneficial to the community. Worcester Academy and Highland Military are also institutions that have made and maintained their position in the educational world. Oread Insti-

FACTORY BUILDINGS OF THE MORGAN SPRING COMPANY

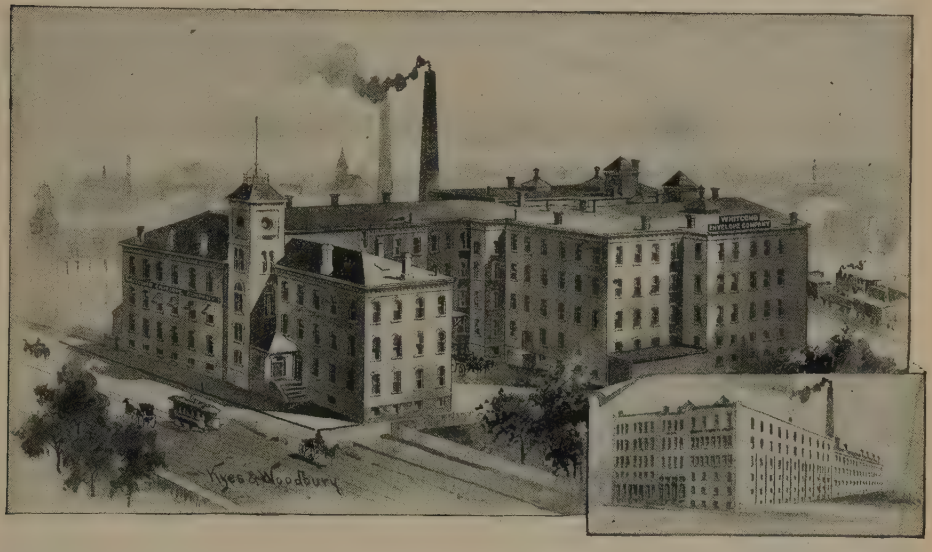
tute, Mr. Henry D. Perky's famous school of domestic science, is also located at Worcester and occupies a field peculiarly its own. The state normal school offers the work commonly taught in such institutions. All these schools are situated in beautiful portions of the city and are admirably adapted to inspire the student toward higher ideals and better living. High schools, graded schools, and kindergartens supply the younger students with the necessary instruction along all lines. Night schools extend the same advantages to those compelled to spend the day in physical labor. In connection with the public schools should be metioned Worcester's excellent public library. In addition to the reading rooms always open to the people, public carriers convey books suited to the different grades from the public library into every school room in the city. This arrangement, for a long time peculiar to Worcester, is now being initiated, with profit, by other cities. The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. also have reading rooms in which young men and women are made welcome.

The citizens of Worcester are thoroughly alive to the subject of education, and their conservative spirit has compelled all advances to be well considered and made with great care. In this way have been avoided the results of reckless experiments and the educational system has been preserved from the shocks that have often been experienced elsewhere.

Any enumeration of the educational institutions of a city is incomplete without mention of its newspapers. The importance of a well edited journal in forming and molding public opinion can not be over estimated. Worcester has four dailies, the Spy, Gazette, Telegram and Post. Several papers are published in foreign languages. The Board of Trade also publishes the Worcester Magazine, a monthly journal devoted to the interests of the city. These periodicals are all aggressive and contribute materially to Worcester's welfare.

As a church-going community, Worcester has few equals. The different denominations have magnificent church buildings, carefully designed and well kept, and the one hundred religious

C. HENRY WHITCOMB BRANCH OF THE UNITED STATES ENVELOPE COMPANY



organizations include in their membership the greater part of the population.

From the date of its first founding, in 1665, until the present day Worcester has had an interesting history. It was burned by the Indians in King Philip's War, 1675, founded again in 1864 and again abandoned in 1687 because of the Indians. It was finally permanently settled in 1713. Since that time it has furnished many men prominent in civil and military affairs. The most noted of its citizens was George Bancroft, the historian, whose birthplace and early home is now marked by a stone tablet. Worcester has contributed her share of governors, attorney generals and congressmen and has always been well represented in governmental affairs, national or state.

The result of its general prosperity is that Worcester has become a beautiful residence city. As a whole it is splendidly located among the hills, 500 feet above tide water. Although a busy city, it covers sufficient area to give ample room for its factories and at the same time preserves those quiet, peaceful localities where the disturbing sound of machinery is never heard. In the hurry and rush of business its citizens have not forgotten to beautify the city by providing several excellent parks. These parks not only make the city more beautiful but are a safeguard against disease as well. Four hundred and ninety-five acres, divided into eleven different parks, are controlled by the city. They are partly the gifts of philanthropists and partly the result of city appropriations.

It is not consistent with the limitations of this article to attempt to set forth the advantages of Worcester in the way of banks, wholesale and retail houses, water and light facilities, street car transportation, etc., nor can we consider the city administration nor the public buildings. The various societies and organizations

A PICTURESQUE VIEW IN INSTITUTE PARK

of a public character also must pass unnoticed. All are up to the same high standard that is set in other things. The index of the city can be read in its mechanical industries. As a place for the investment of capital or as a location for new industries there is in Worcester still an open field. As a center of educational influences it is exceptionally well endowed and as a place for establishing a home it holds out the very strongest inducements. Certainly with all these advantages Worcester is aptly called "The Heart of the Commonwealth."

FOND DU LAC, A WISCONSIN RAILWAY CENTER

By E. M. JENNISON,

Editor of the Fond du Lac Commonwealth

NO city in Wisconsin, if indeed, in the entire Northwest, has attracted wider attention during the past two years than Fond du Lac. This is due, in a measure, to the fact that within this time it has grown from a city of 15,000 population to one of more than 20,000 and without suffering any semblance of a "boom" as the term usually goes. The growth has been natural and the foundation on which it is built is of so substantial an order that Fond du Lac seems destined to be the second city in Wisconsin before the time for another United States census comes around. The increasse in population has been so rapid that, notwithstanding the fact that within the past two years more than fifteen hundred new dwelling houses have been erected, there is not a piece of vacant residence or business property in the city today. What is more, there are 100 families, the heads of which have employment here, waiting to remove to Fond du Lac from other cities, just as soon as houses, now under construction, are completed and ready for occupancy. Nor is it to end here. Already plans are under way which contemplate the removal of several hundred shop and train men to this city early in the coming year, the policy of the corporation doing this being to concentrate a large share of its Wisconsin interests in Fond du Lac. Homes must be provided for these newcomers and they must be supplied with groceries and other necessaries, so that, taken all in all, it would seem that there are busy times ahead.

The principal reason for Fond du

WINDSOR HOTEL, FOND DU LAC

Lac's present rapid growth is to be found in her increasing importance as a railroad center. Some three years ago the management of the Wisconsin Central concluded it would be a wise policy to consolidate its locomotive shops, then at Waukesha, and its car shops, then at Stevens Point, bringing them together at some central point. Fond du Lac, by virtue of her location, was selected for the site of the new shops, which are now complete and represent a cost of something like $1,000,000. At the same time the shops were removed, the division headquarters of the road were transferred here, bringing the officers of the division and a large force of engine and train men. As the shops alone employ 600 men, the two transfers meant the removal here of nearly one thousand families.

GRAFTON HALL, FOND DU LAC

This change had hardly been accomplished before the Chicago & Northwestern railroad announced its intention of establishing terminal yards, division headquarters and shops in this city. Work was then begun by that road on what has already developed into a model plant, which, by the way, affords only a nucleus for a mammoth plant that this road proposes to establish here; and this, with other railroad facilities, at hand or assured, will go to make Fond du Lac the most important railroad centre in Wisconsin, next to Milwaukee.

It must not be understood, however, that Fond du Lac depends on its railroads and its railroad shops alone for prestige and popularity. Fond du Lac is also a city of factories, whose products include train loads of the finest grades of shoe leather manufactured, furniture of all descriptions by the train load and the cargo, refrigerators, toys, saw mill machinery, carriages, sleighs, flour, drugs, canned goods, mail pouches and the famous Harrison Postal Bag Rack equipment for postoffices and railway mail cars, many of which find their way into the markets of every portion of the world.

There are three principal questions usually asked concerning a city:

First—Is it a good business point?

Second — Is it a good place for the mechanic and the artisan?

Third — Is it desirable as a place of residence and is the cost of living within the reach of the average wage earner?

When these questions

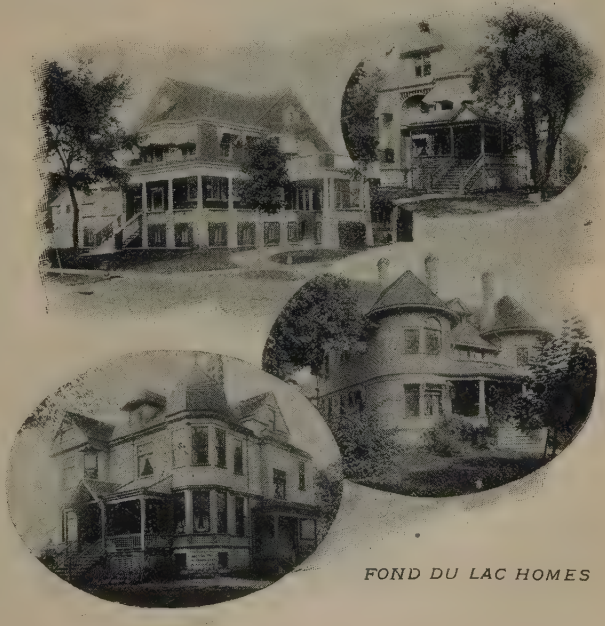
LAKE DE NEVEU, FOND DU LAC

are asked concerning Fond du Lac they can all be consistently answered in the affirmative.

As an evidence of the city's business stability the fact may be cited that there are three national banks and one savings bank whose aggregate deposits are nearly $3,000,000. The wholesaler finds this a good point for the reason that he has unexcelled railroad facilities; the manufacturer finds it desirable for the reason that in addition to the railroads which tap the country in eleven different directions he has cheap fuel and is in close proximity to the great forests which furnish the raw material for a large variety of products. The lines of railroad include the Chicago & Northwestern, the Wisconsin Central and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, besides an inter-urban line now building between Green Bay and Chicago, and which will be completed as far south as Fond du Lac this season.

Few cities offer more advantages to the skilled mechanic and the artisan than does Fond du Lac. The Wisconsin Central shops, the Chicago & Northwestern shops, together with the many factories, furnish an abundance of employment the year around at good wages. There are no idle people in Fond du Lac. Every person able to work and willing to work has employment, and it is a conspicuous fact that everybody here embraces the opportunity, thus making a thrifty, enterprising population.

In addition to its advantages as a manufacturing point, and as a business center, Fond du Lac is one of the most desirable places of residence in the United States. While real estate values have



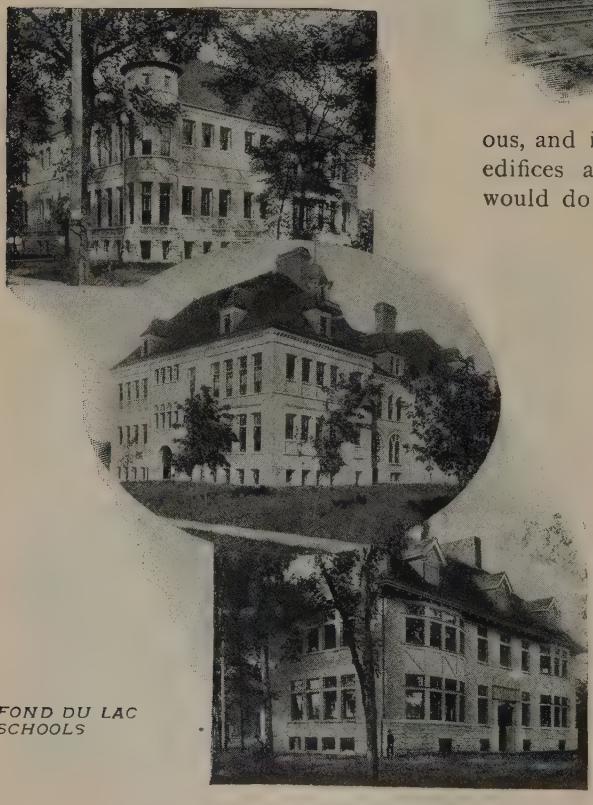
FOND DU LAC HOMES

been quickened and rentals have advanced, somewhat, during the last two years, the prices are still most reasonable, so reasonable, in fact, that any one who is a wage earner may soon become a home owner. Fond du Lac is a city of beautiful homes. Her streets are well paved and well kept, the residences are all neat and many of them even luxurious, while well trimmed lawns and attractive grounds are the order in every portion of the city. The city is modern in all of its appointments and within the past year has built a septic sewer system which establishes sanitary conditions on the most approved plan.

ST AGNES HOSPITAL

The public schools of Fond du Lac are the pride of the city; her churches, both Protestant and Catholic, are numerous, and in many instances the church edifices are imposing structures and would do credit to any city. Fond du Lac is the see city of the diocese of Fond du Lac of the Episcopal church, and the home of Bishop Grafton. It boasts of St. Paul's Cathedral, with its embellishments of art gathered from the great studios of the world, one of the pieces being the statue of St. Margaret of Antioch. Among the other buildings of especial note may be mentioned Grafton Hall, a celebrated school for young ladies; St. Agnes Convent, St. Agnes Hospital, St. Mary's Springs Sanitarium, a public library building, the gift of Andrew Carnegie, to be erected this year, and a

FACTORY OF O. C STEENBERG COMPANY



FOND DU LAC SCHOOLS

postoffice building, the appropriation for which has already been made by congress.

The cost of living in Fond du Lac is relatively low. The various lines of trade are represented by merchants of a progressive character and the stocks of goods carried as well as the prices compare favorably with those in the large cities. Being in the heart of an agricultural belt, the prices on produce are moderate — a fact which is of prime importance to the house holder.

While affording the business man and artisan the best advantages from a business standpoint, there are still other reasons why Fond du Lac is the most favored of cities. It is located at the head of Lake Winnebago, one of the most beautiful stretches of water in the United States, having a length of thirty miles and an average width of ten miles. Its east shore is a succession of summer resorts which tempt the business man and his family to stay summer after summer. Then besides these, including Winnebago Park, there is Lake de Neveu, to the south-east five miles, as well as other resorts near by. Thus Fond du Lac as a business proposition or as a place of recreation is a winner and is richly entitled to the splendid growth she is enjoying and which she certainly will continue to enjoy for all time.

FACTORY OF THE GURNEY REFRIGERATOR COMPANY

NORTH ADAMS, A CITY IN THE HILLS

By L. V. B.

IN all Massachusetts, a state today as famous for its manufactured goods as it formerly was for its poets and statesmen, there is no more energetic nor more prosperous center of industrial activity than the city of North Adams and its immediate environs. The city sits in a huge cup among the encircling Berkshire Hills. Its 40,000 inhabitants —this number includes all within a radius of less than ten miles from the city's center — are nearly all of the shrewd and thrifty type that has given New England its world wide reputation for fore-handedness in practical affairs. They are intensely loyal to their home and all its interests, and this fact is the best explanation of the sure and steady growth which North Adams has made in every desirable direction, a growth that is still in progress, and that is in all probability destined to continue until

North Adams becomes one of the largest, as it now is one of the livest and best, cities in all Massachusetts.

Situated on the west side of the Berkshire Hills, North Adams sends her products eastward to the sea and the cities of eastern Massachusetts through the famous Hoosac tunnel, a five-mile bore through the hills that has lately been cited as a precedent for the construction of the seven-mile ship tunnel in the proposed Isthmian canal at Darien. To the westward, the output of North Adams' factories finds its way to markets in New York, Pennsylvania and states to the north and west of these. Indeed, there is no limit to the scope of territory into which the products of North Adams' great print mills, machine shops, shoe factories and other industries find their way. The same intelligently directed energy that created here a large manufacturing center, has placed the city's products in every market of the world.

The region round about North Adams has long been celebrated all over the country for its natural beauty. Its scenic attractions have drawn tens of thousands of visitors hither, who find first class hotel accommodations and easy access from this point to every portion of the Hills. Among the leading hotels are the Wilson, the Wellington, the Richmond, the Windsor House and the Mansion House. The scenery throughout has a peculiar charm, a succession of lofty hills and mountains interspersed with quiet and fertile valleys furnishing endless variety to please the eye. The mountain range culminates in Mount Graylock, which rears its magnificent summit 3,591 feet above the level of the sea. This is the highest point of land in the state. Pure and sparkling streams run through the hills, many of which are heavily wooded and afford shooting for a wide range of game birds and small animals during the season. Indeed, North Adams is situated in the center of the best sporting ground of Massachusetts.

WESTERN GATEWAY, HOOSAC TUNNEL ENTRANCE, ON THE BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

Within four miles of the center of the city one can find as good fishing as there is in New England and plenty of small game. Hotel rates and board are very reasonable and it is an ideal place for an outing.

THE HOUGHTON MEMORIAL LIBRARY

At the junction of the two mountain streams which unite to form the Hoosick river the early settler first built his home in about the year 1750. It is of course unknown whether it was the fertility of the lowlands, the plentiful water supply, or some other attraction that led the pioneer to select this spot; but whether it was by accident or intent, he could not have selected a place better fitted by nature for the needs of a thriving industrial community. The two branches of the Hoosick river furnished in earlier times all the water power that could be desired, and even now, when the steam engine has largely supplanted the water wheel, the plentiful and pure supply of water is of prime importance in the processes of some of the city's manufactories. The district was incorporated as the town of Adams in 1778, being named in honor of Samuel Adams. In 1877 the town was divided, the southern part retaining the original name, and the other part being incorporated as the town of North Adams.

The village of a few thousand inhabitants grew so rapidly that in 1895 it was felt that the town system of government was no longer sufficient. Accordingly, in April, 1895, a city charter was obtained from the legislature, and in December of the same year a full set of city officials was elected, Mr. A. C. Houghton being chosen mayor unanimously. The city charter is a model one, and under it the affairs of the community have been well and wisely managed, and the officials chosen from time to time have always been of remarkably high character and efficiency. North Adams is now a city of 25,000 inhabitants, and is the center of a community of over 40,000—a community which is

second to none in the state in business thrift and enterprise. Moreover, it is a community comparatively free from extreme poverty, as there is usually plenty of employment at remunerative wages for all who are able and willing to work.

The city presents unusual inducements as a place for permanent residence. The management of public business is progressive, and at the same time economical. Rents and taxes are no higher than in other places of equal size and like progressiveness. The water supply, controlled by the city, is abundant and of unquestioned purity. The fire department is remarkably efficient, and the city is well guarded by an excellent police force. The public school system is wisely and well managed, offering superior preparation for either higher institutions of learning or the practical duties of life. There are few cities of its size in the state that can boast of a larger number of finely equipped, modern school buildings. There is an excellent business college for those who wish to prepare quickly for business pursuits. The state has located one of its normal schools here, and this, though one of the youngest, is already considered one of the best in the commonwealth. In a word, North Adams is a well ordered, progressive city; and therefore its population is largely permanent and desirable.

The city is well equipped with facilities for transportation. An electric road runs to Williamstown, six miles, via Graylock and Blackinton; to Adams, five miles, and to the Beaver mills. The latter two lines are about to be further extended. The Fitchburg division of the Boston & Maine Railroad—the "Hoosac Tunnel Route"—affords admirable communication with all points east and west; while an outlet to the south is afforded by the Boston & Albany Railroad connecting at Chatham with the Harlem division of the New York Central. There are few places in New England so well situated with respect to rapid and cheap shipment of freight. The distances are: to Boston, 143 miles;

A VIEW OF NORTH ADAMS FROM THE WESTERN HILLS

to Troy, 48 miles; to New York, 175 miles. All points in New England are easily and directly reached.

As a manufacturing center North Adams has attained fame in all parts of the world. Among the leading industries are two of the largest print works in America, also large mills for the manufacture of fine dress goods and sheetings. There are also located here two large shoe shops, a huge machine shop, and a large number of smaller but prosperous manufactories. Labor is plentiful and reasonably cheap, considering its efficiency. Disagreements between employer and employed are infrequent, and when they do arise, are quickly settled. In short, the conditions are extremely favorably for the successful conducting of any industry. While the Board of Trade does not undertake to subsidize outside industries to secure their establishment here, it stands ready to encourage and help in every way any reliable party who is looking for a favorable location.

Five miles south of North Adams, sharing its advantages of location and environment, is the manufacturing town of Adams. While politically and geographically separate, North Adams and Adams form practically one community from a business and social standpoint. A friendly rivalry has taken the place of the earlier estrangement and each town rejoices in the prosperity and success of the other.

Such are some of the advantages of this locality as a place to live in and do business in. It is no place for drones and idler; but to all persons of thrift and energy in any line of business we can truthfully say that they will find opportunities here for success such as few, if any other, New England communities can offer.

The Board of Trade is always ready to furnish any information required by those seeking a location for manufacturing or other business. Any communication directed to its officers will receive prompt and careful attention.

THE YEAR

ACROSS the hills, the jocund year
With sprightly step pursues his way—
His buskins gemmed with dew drops clear,
His breath, the smell of new-mown hay.

A wealth of cream-white buckeye flow'rs
But half confines his golden hair,
That wantons through the rosy hours—
In frolic with the vagrant air.

A buckeye whistle 'twixt his lips,
He pipes and trills the whole day long;
In echo, liquid rapture drips—
The robin's lilt, the red bird's song.

L' Envoi

The aged year, blear-eyed and hoar,
Is drowsing to his final rest—
His nerveless fingers fumbling o'er
The buckeye rosary on his breast!

James Ball Naylor

THE SAMOSET, THE FINEST EQUIPPED HOTEL ON THE MAINE COAST

The Opening of the SamOset

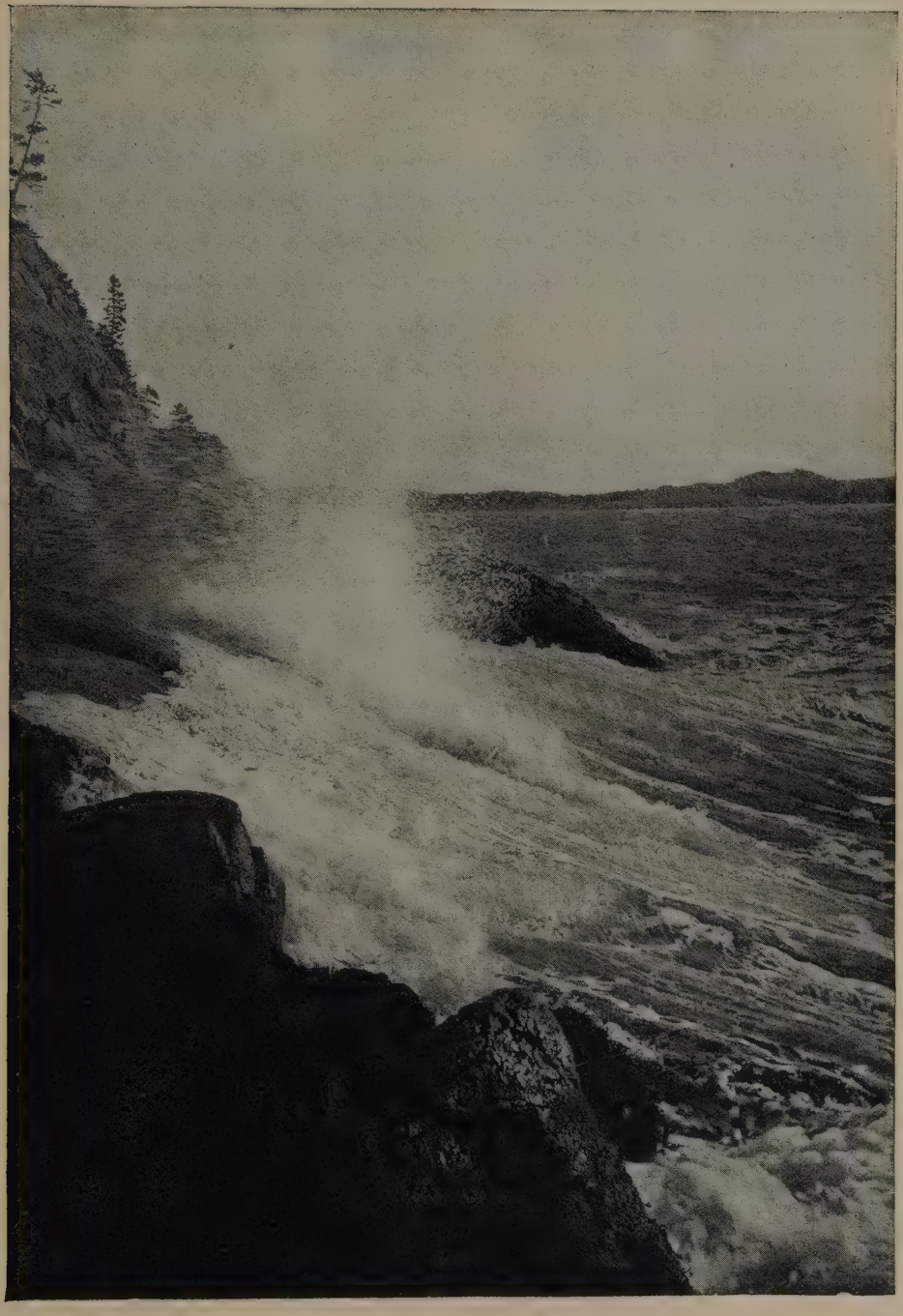
Poland Spring Proprietors Open a Magnificent New Hotel, The SamOset, at the Entrance of Penobscot Bay, the Most Beautiful Spot on the New England Shore — Fronted by the Sea, with Splendid Drives and Shady Paths that Thread Pine Clad Slopes to the Rear of the Hotel.

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

YES, there it was, the real Ricker turret standing out with inviting emphasis on the tip of Jameson Point. I was one of a large party which had left the train at Rockland, Maine, all going to see the "SamOset," the new Ricker hotel. The real Ricker surrey stages were there, and the courteous porters soon had all baggage in hand, and the passengers comfortably placed. As we drove out of the city a short distance, it was not difficult to recognize the hostelry so picturesquely situated, with its romantic "Ricker" tower. In mediaeval times the word "tower room" implied all that was frowning and cheerless; in fact, it was

the very synonym for drear cheerlessness —lonely prison life, and the suggestion of an ante-room to death itself. In the present century, however, the men

THE SURF ON PENOBSCOT BAY Photograph by Wm. George Sargent, Castine, Maine



whose names are inseparably associated with the famous Poland Water, have revolutionized the phrase "tower room," —and who that has ever visited Poland Spring does not recall the charming "tower" retreats,—so that now a "tower room" in any of the Ricker hotels is sure to be the *ne plus ultra* of all that is comfortable, light and exquisite in a hotel home.

There is a something about the Ricker way of running a hotel, of furnishing a room, that is winning and attractive. The guest feels the same degree of satisfaction he would if he actually owned the estate. Every improvement has something that appeals to the personal interest of each guest, and here on this historic spot, overlooking the grass covered ruins of the old fort, the Ricker Brothers have planted the banner of the finest hotel on the Maine coast. There were the towers and cheery broad veranda, swept by sea breezes on three sides; the great spacious office with its flood of sunlight and rich oriental rugs; the wide stairway; everything always inviting and artistic.

It was the second day after the opening that I arrived, and the serene smile of the popular manager, Almon C. Judd, indicated that all was going on as well as if the hotel had been running a decade.

The guests had gathered in the cosy circular retreat after dinner and there was that air of home-likeness and good cheer so characteristic of a Ricker hotel. No strangeness, but everyone sociable and happy the moment they pass the portals and sign the register. When a guest is welcomed by this remarkable family of hotel makers he feels that it is a real welcome—all that a SamOset welcome implies.

On the new hotel register, the first name written was that of George H. Daniels, the popular general passenger agent of the New York Central railway; and if there is a man who knows the good things of earth, that man is George H. Daniels, who is known the world over as the Prince of Good Fellows and a royal entertainer.

A walk about the spacious veranda with Mr. Daniels was an inspiration; conservative as he is, he hesitated not at

OWL'S HEAD LIGHT

superlatives when discussing the perfection of SamOset.

"This is where one gets big broad ideas. Nothing contracted about this; all attractive and comprehensive."

He took in a deep draught of sea air and then meditated upon the big plans

real poetry of motion.

Somehow, I thought, how appropriately everything is arranged. The unique design showing the bow and arrow—the arms of SamOset—engraved on panel and transom, is a fitting welcome indeed for rest, peace and recreation, from the

TURNPIKE ROAD AT CAMDEN

he has in store to give the twentieth century in connection with "America's Greatest Railroad."

There is something witching about the very air at SamOset. Under the protection of Owl's Head the beautiful Rockland Bay is an Italian dream, at unset. Even the fogs are dry and exhilarating. From the spacious music room, comes no complaint from Conductor Kountz, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, of snapping strings. And by the way, no hotel in the world is furnished with better music than the SamOset and the Poland. It is music that reaches right down to your soul at times, as well as gives the fair young ladies and the gallant young men an inspiration for the

greatest peace-loving red man known in history. The calm and serene spirit of SamOset, the great peace indian, lingering in the shadows of a past century, seemed to whisper in the soft twilight breeze: "Peace, friends, peace be with thee. Work—work—settle the wastes of a continent, but rest a while here to prepare for the peaceful conquests of the morrow."

The bow reversed and arrows sheathed and at rest, one with its point broken short off — the Indian's symbol of peace — with the kindly classic features of SamOset, greeting the Pilgrim with a hearty hand grasp — what more fitting crest for a rest resort? What more significant expression than this

of that cheering word "Welcome!"

There is no need of giving dimensions when writing of a Ricker hotel; it is all big, airy, there is no crowding, no stuffiness, all on a broad sweeping scale of roominess, commensurate with the welcome that greets you upon arrival and the hearty goodbye which always fixes a determination to "come again."

A September at SamOset is the ideal month of the year. The richness of the Maine foliage and the sea in all its autumnal splendor is a picture that is rich in inspiration. To those who have missed and could not procure accommodations in July and August days, at the SamOset, we say, try September, and your name will be on that register ever after in the early autumn time. It was in the early fall that the Indians, with grave old SamOset, held their annual feast of rejoicing and recreation. Nowaday, on the same ground, the golf links are at their best, and there is just enough temper in the air to make the finely furnished rooms quite the cosiest retreats on earth, with a panorama of regal sea and land splendor revealed through their great windows to make a picture which no canvas can portray or words describe.

Nearly all the SamOset's chambers are equipped with steam heat—a new idea in summer hotels, and a good one, for it enables the visitor to prolong his stay through the autumn, the most glorious season of the year on the Maine coast. Snugly housed by night, the hotel guest may linger on while the leaves of the forest turn purple and red and golden under the touch of frosty fingers. He may breathe the crisp and inspiring air of October. He has but tasted half the charms of this rare resort until the rich and maturing season is on him.

THE BOAT REPAIRER AT OWL'S HEAD

IN conversation with the president of one of the largest railway systems at the Waldorf recently, I was interested to hear him insist, between cigar whiffs, that absolute government control of railway rates is one of the necessary safeguards of railway interests for the future. The Inter-state Commerce commissioners, as well as the state commissioners, are beginning to realize the full scope of their power, in not only maintaining fair and equitable rates for the public, but also to protect railroads against ruinous rate cannibalism among themselves. The consolidations and mergings of railroad interests proceed swiftly in these days; this is inevitable. We could not go back to the confusion of transportation methods involved in many small managements without serious consequences.

* * *

This railroad president, in a logical way, comprehended the spirit of the hour. The people are the rulers, no matter what appearance of power fiscal interests may assume. The days of commercial communism are upon us—that is, a "community of interests" in its broadest sense. In a few years, one board of directors will have absolute control, so far as railroads are concerned. The financial interests, centered in New York, are in complete control of the railroad situation, under government regulation. Rate schedules and other details of management are merely incidentals in the railroad world today. One prominent railroad man intimated that the financing is even more important than the operation of a road.

* * *

Merely making dividends on the old competitive plan of getting business is not as attractive as formerly. Stock manipulation, as always, is the chief source of diversion on Wall street. Values formerly were based on earnings, and this will be the ultimate basis, but there is a football era on just now, when the stocks and bonds of great systems are bounced around on the boards like a ping pong ball. Great railroads are gobbled over night in the process of working out gigantic speculative deals, and the man with the largest purse wins. The ability to build up railroad earnings by legitimate methods does not count for so much as it once did. A well equipped, splendidly managed railroad, supposed to be invulnerably intrenched in its own accumulated traffic, is the luscious prey of the lurking multimillionaires of Wall street. Brigandage

is a polite and picturesque phase of modern business. Money rules. Gain is enthroned as the one idol, and yet gain is not always greed, nor wholly to be despised. It is the motive of all classes—or nearly all.

* * *

As I sat in the Waldorf lobby, there was a swiftly moving panorama of the fiscal power of the times. Gray headed men in evening dress, simperingly smoking cigarettes, and young swells to match. The glass partitions reveal the flower embowered café running on the "continuous" plan—eat, eat at all hours. Ladies sweeping down the corridors through the aisles of spectators. The "visitors" with overcoats and strange looks are easily distinguished from the guests, pompous in tall opera hats. All this was display—display of gain—fiscal power. The royal court here fluttered in royal sway. The revel and bacchanal feast must go on while the play was kept going. All this is not for envious criticism. It is a result. The multi-monied assemble here from the quiet homes. Cocktails as a matter of course, whereas the mere mention of such a thing would cause a shiver at the old home. Yes, a pleasing picture while the glamour of tinsel remains, but what a longing on the satiated faces after a time, to get away to God's own simple way of providing for the race, where show and style are only for the old friends and neighbors. Yes, the Waldorf habit is upon the money getters. In that corridor and café, from 4 p. m. to the wee sma' hours, gigantic deals are planned over seething, ebulliated high balls. It is the drawing room for the financial swells. Here is the stage for the dazzling dollar drama. The white collared nurse maid at the desk, the page, the bell boys, the flapping, thumping pneumatic tubes shooting visitors' cards up like reversed meteors; the "not in" and the shrieking boys going about calling a name—all this is a flash-light of American life. Trusts are incubated, and deals are made. The big clock ticks away and the fleeting tide of hotel corridor chatter ebbs and flows. Men love to be seen and admired; women ditto, and there you are. It is the same old story—"vanity, vanity, all is vanity." The village maiden in pink ribbons and muslin, and the New York hotel habitant in silks—they are all the same. And after all, would the world progress without it? Like Nebuchadnezar, I serenely munched a solitary stalk of celery and meditated as one of Oscar's trained regulars handed me the check.

THERE was something touching and dramatic in a scene which I witnessed in the President's room at the Capitol during the closing day of the last session of congress. In a corner near a window recess was a new bronze bust of William McKinley. Before it stood Senator Hanna, with a slight suspicion of tears in his eyes, and at his side Secretaries Wilson, Knox, Hay and Hitchcock, paying a silent but eloquent tribute to the memory of their departed chief. A moment later, President Roosevelt looked upon the well known and loved face with an expression which I have not seen on his face since the trying days following the President's death. Who can measure the inspiration of the moment? There was a hush in the busy work of the hour, and I could fancy a silent prayer went forth at that time.

A moment later all was hustle and activity. The pages of the senate filed in—bright and keen eyed boys—to greet the President. They were all given a hearty hand grasp, and many of them brought in their autograph albums for the signature of the chief executive. Then came the members of congress and dignified senators with rolls of parchment under their arms—bills that were just passed, and waiting, in the same way

as the boys, for the President's signature. The "*Approved July 1,—Theodore Roosevelt*" was written in the bold, fearless, and positive handwriting of the President. He signs his name as quickly and as impulsively as he acts or talks. Before the ink was dried the bills were carried off. The various fountain pens with which the signatures were made were sought by those interested in the bills. On the table were the books and records from the White House, a spool of red ribbons and other formal and official document attachments. Secretary Wilson told me of the time he met General Grant, as President, in this room. The "silent President" sat and signed the bills with the dignity of military exactness. Secretary Hay recalled the days of Lincoln, when he was here as private secretary. The long table is historic and the furniture is all painted scarlet, which Secretary Wilson grimly asserted is proof against "corruption or moths." In a window recess the visitors are conversing. The committee from the senate and the house files in to ask the President, in official language, if there is "anything more doing." Senator Allison is the spokesman, and his companions are Senator Cockrell, with Chairman Sereno Payne and "Uncle Joe" Cannon of the house. "Uncle Joe" was certainly a picture, as he stood there without his vest, his coat wide open, and his hands in his pockets, a type of sturdy Americanism. As the parchments were passed to the President he inquired of Cortelyou, standing at his side, "This all right?" Then away dashed the pen. Congressman Mercer of Omaha, whose bill made a record by passing the house and senate in forty minutes from the time of its introduction, rushed in with a look of "get there" that was truly Americanesque. President Roosevelt has a winning earnestness, and in this, the first occasion of his official occupancy of the President's room at the Capitol, he certainly won the admiration of all who gathered to bid him a hearty goodbye. I wish I could picture the scene as it impressed me. Such scenes make me a better American, a better citizen. In this room with its artistic mural decorations which cluster about portraits of General Washington and the members of his first cabinet, there is an historic interest that inspires a reverent awe. High upon the four walls of the room are inscribed the words "Liberty," "Legislative," "Religion" and "Judicial." I inquired of Attorney General Knox for the legal significance and interpretation of the words, but he was unable to give it to me. As the tall, old fashioned clock in the corner rang out the chime of thirty minutes past five, the President dropped his pen and hastened from the room, with the air and spirit of one who had performed his duty with wholesome conscientiousness. Nothing in his manner indicated the stern crust of officialdom, but rather a human heartiness, that is manifested in his hand grasp—in fact, in his every public act.

TWO rapid shifts on the international chess board: Salisbury, premier of Great Britain, recommends his nephew, Arthur Balfour, as his successor, and the sick king makes the appointment. Chamberlain, prostrated by a street accident, is too feeble to utter a protest. But his friends say that the strongest public man in the British empire will yet be its prime minister. China—the empress dowager—recalls Minister Wu Ting Fang and appoints a Yale graduate, Liang Chen Tung, to succeed him at Washington. Japan is represented here by a Harvard man. Liang ties the score for Old Eli.

The excellent photographs from which our engravings of scenes and institutions in Muskegon, Michigan, were made are the work of Mr. Enoch H. Beckquist, a leading photographer of Muskegon.

To the man of wealth as well as to the man of small means, a fine opportunity is offered for a safe and sure investment in the

Don Carlos & Eureka Consolidated Mining Company's Treasury Stock,

which is now offered to the investing public.

This Company is organized under the laws of the State of Michigan with a Capital Stock of $2,500,000, divided into one hundred thousand (100,000) shares at a par value of $25 per share, twenty thousand (20,000) shares being designated as Treasury Stock, to be sold to provide money for further development and purchase the necessary machinery and erect buildings.

The property is located in the State of Durango, Republic of Mexico. It consists of six claims with an area of one hundred sixty-nine (169) acres, and can be easily and comfortably reached by a six hours ride from the station of Tapona on the Mexican International Railway.

Test pits have been put down all over the property, and in every case good paying ore has been found, some of it running as high as $200 per ton. The main shaft is on the EUREKA proper and is down a depth of 145 feet and is bedded in solid ore. The ore in the shaft shows an average value of $40 per ton. The ore can be successfully treated by the pyritic smelting process as, it being a high sulphide, it contains a large percentage of the necessary fuel, and every ingredient necessary to this process is found right at the mine. We have plenty of water and unlimited fuel.

Mr. F. Lee Norris, the engineer in charge, and a member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, estimates the time necessary to place the mine on a shipping basis at twenty months and the amount of money necessary at $50,000, but the Company has decided to offer not to exceed ten thousand (10,000) shares of Treasury Stock, full paid and non-assessable, at $10 per share.

The mine, when in full working order, will easily produce one hundred (100) tons of ore per day, of an average value of $40 per ton. Suppose we estimate that it nets us only $25 per ton. That would mean $750,000 for a working year of three hundred days, and would mean a dividend of at least $5 per share per annum on stock which will cost you $10 per share.

Take some of this stock, if you can spare the money and can afford to wait such a time as is necessary for an economical business management to put the mine on a shipping basis. A purchase of fifty (50) shares will necessitate an outlay of $500. A dividend of $5 per share would mean $250, and in the meantime the stock will be at par.

We prefer small subscriptions rather than large, but will sell up to five hundred (500) shares to any one person.

Address all correspondence to — J. S. ELLIS, *Treasurer and Manager*, Ashland, Wisconsin.

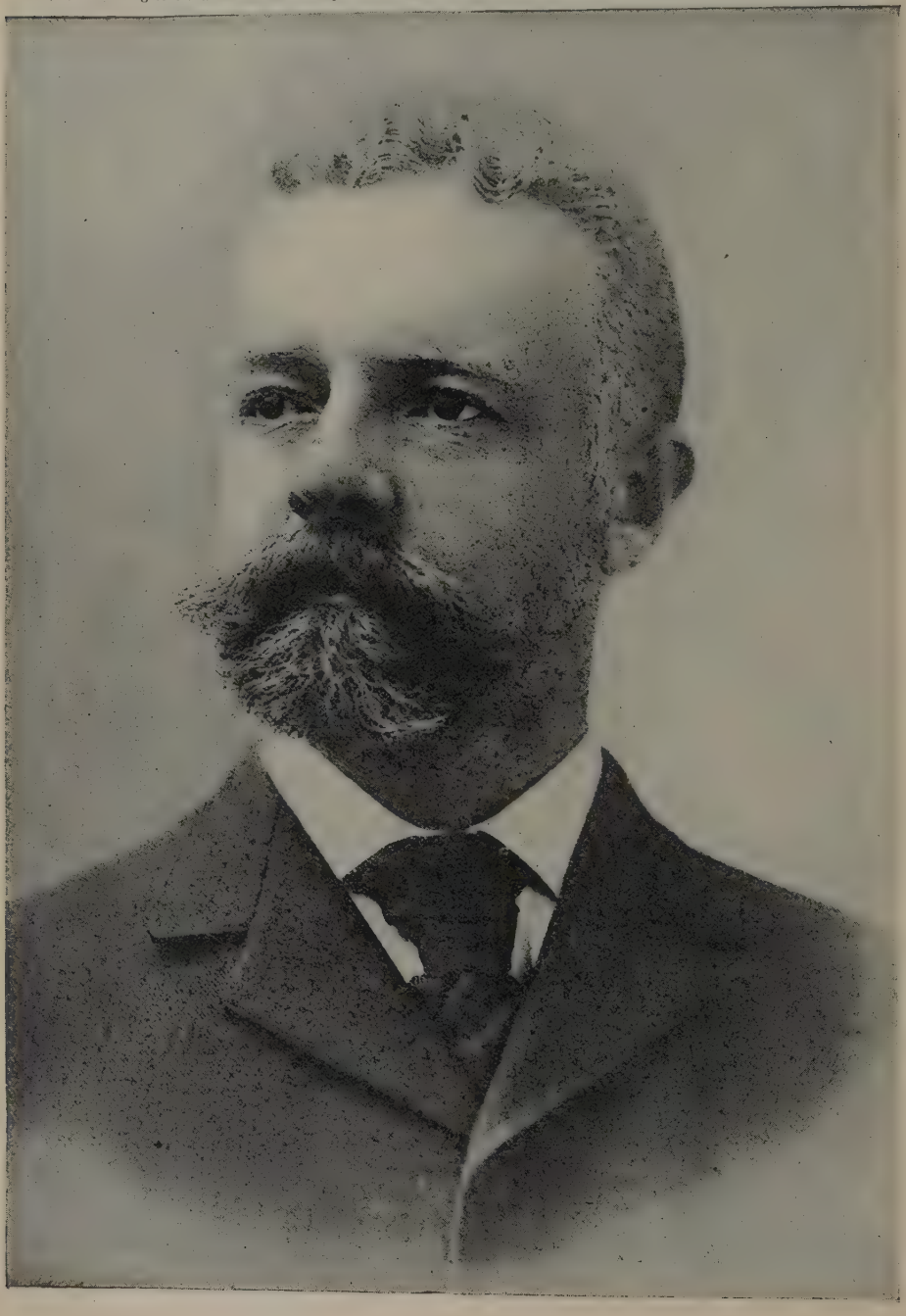
REFERENCES: NORTHERN NATIONAL BANK, Ashland, Wis.
ASHLAND NATIONAL BANK, Ashland, Wis.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Milwaukee, Wis.
JOSIAH QUINCY, Ex-Mayor of Boston.

A WATERMELON FEAST

From a copyrighted photograph by J. M. Maurer, Galveston, Texas

UNITED STATES SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS

Mr. Lodge more than any other man shaped the Philippine civil government law. He was the personal representative of the administration in the senate discussions of Philippine affairs, and to this measure, creating a precedent in American government, he gave his attention chiefly during the last session of congress. The senator's article in this number of the National will perhaps do more to make clear to the average comprehension the real meaning of the law than anything else that has been or may be said thereon.



NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

DURING the halcyon vacation times the oratorical clocks are being wound up for a vigorous congressional campaign. Chairman Babcock has opened his headquarters in New York for the Republicans and Chairman Griggs in Chicago for the Democrats, and the battle will soon be on—the contest for congressional supremacy, and it means more talking and more documents.

THE BRIGHT LITTLE DAUGHTER OF ELMER DOVER, SECRETARY TO SENATOR HANNA

It is interesting to note how the plays are made during each session of congress to provide speeches and an array of campaign material in the Congressional Record in order that an adequate supply of "official" campaign material may be ready. Time was when an "official document," with the austere facsimile signature of a senator or congressman, awed the average pastoral constituent, but the p. c. is becoming wiser. He sees the play and realizes that "official records" are not always strictly infallible.

One constituent complained to his congressman that he had not received enough documents to keep well posted on current public affairs. When he arrived home he found a wagon backed up in front of his door, and the teamster tugging at enormous boxes.

"For gracious sake, Charles, what does all this mean?" said the fond wife, greeting him as she pointed to a second wagon coming up.

"Blessed if I know," said the p. c., in that innocent way a man assumes returning from Washington. "What is it all—"

"Books—just books and paper bound prints, and reports by the ton. Are you going to run

for president, or did you have one of those bad spells in your head, or—"

She stopped out of breath.

"Well, this shows what a congressman can do when he is spoken to. I merely mentioned that I desired some summer reading to post up on the campaign issues."

It was all there.

"Does the campaign take in all that?"

"Certainly, we are a world power, but dash that kind of a congressman!"

"The bill is $146 for freight and carting."

"Is that all?" he gasped.

And Charles paid the freight in a McDuff like manner.

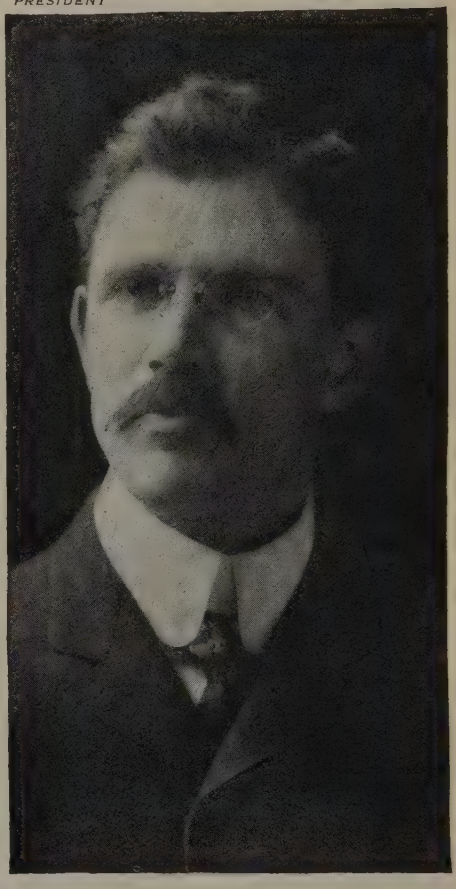
A letter was dispatched to that congressman that said enough that was anything but appreciative.

The congressman chuckled when he received it. "There's where we show our power and 'flooence," he reflected.

WALLACE H. WHITE, JR., NEPHEW AND PRIVATE SECRETARY OF SENATOR FRYE OF MAINE, PRESIDENT PRO TEMPORE OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE

There has always been a large number of strong, bright young men serving as

B. F. BARNES, ASSISTANT SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT

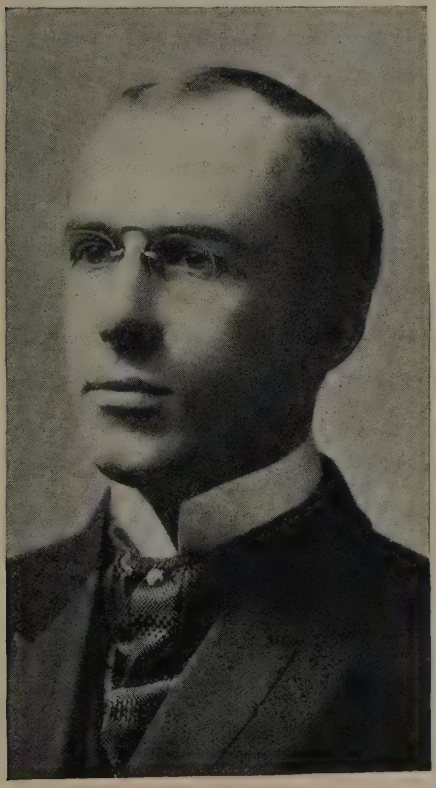


private secretaries at Washington, and from their ranks have come many congressmen and senators. They are almost as well known in the capital as their chiefs, and some are even more frequently seen on the floor of both houses and about the departments. Jerry A. Matthews with his genial, happy ways and pronounced good nature, reflects the character of his distinguished chief, Senator Fairbanks. Secretary Steele has Senator Scott's affairs on the various committees well in hand. In fact, the secretaries are in the head skirmish line on all public questions.

The title of the official secretary to the President was by act of congress changed from "private secretary" to "secretary to the President." The salary, however, remained the same—$5,000 a year—as that of a senator or member of congress and the secretary to the President has placed at his disposal, by the government, a carriage and horses, a favor not bestowed upon either the President or members of congress. The reason for this discrimination against the chief executive in favor of his secretary has never been satisfactorily explained. It seems to have had its origin in a notion that the President's secretary had to come and go frequently between the White House and the departments of congress and that the carriage was a necessity which the government should provide. If the private secretary ever had such duties to perform these have long since been transfered to executive clerk and mounted messenger. If there ever was a conception of the office of secretary to the President which included an automatic performance of duties it has been dispelled by the fact that one President's private secretary, Daniel S. Lamont, stepped from that office in the succeeding term of his distinguished patron into the cabinet, and that the present popular secretary to the President, George B. Cortelyou, seems certain to go into the cabinet soon.

JERRY A. MATTHEWS, SECRETARY TO SENATOR FAIRBANKS

CHARLES S. LONG, SECRETARY TO ATTORNEY GENERAL KNOX



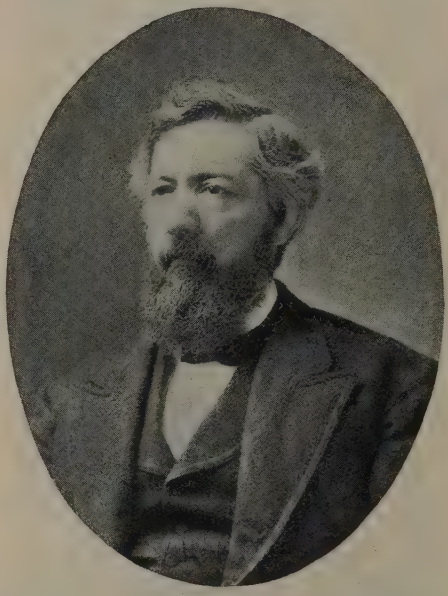
In recent years a large number of Washintgon newspaper correspondents have stepped from the ranks of their profession into the list of private secretaries to senators. The late Leland Stanford of California gave his entire senatorial salary to his secretary, Jonathan McCarthy, who left the Washington bureau

of the New York Herald to go into his service. George W. Ronzer, for several years head of the Washington bureau of the New York Herald, is secretary to Jonathan F. Dryden, the multi-millionaire senator recently sent to Washington from New Jersey. Senator W. A. Clark, the "copper king," whose annual income from the United Verde Copper Company is estimated at $8,000,000, probably doesn't find it inconvenient to pay over his senatorial salary to his efficient secretary, George G. Gillliand, formerly secretary to the late Senator Calvin S. Brice of Ohio and previously for many years the head of the Washington bureau of the Cincinnati Enquirer. Senator McMillan of Michigan, who is chairman of the District of Columbia

JOHN STEELE, SECRETARY TO SENATOR SCOTT

committee of the senate, has, as clerk of that commitee and his confidential man, Charles Moore, a former Detroit newspaper man. Mr. Moore's great ability and energy are now enlisted in developing the plans for the permanent improvement of the city of Washington in accordance with the Park Commission's

JAMES G. BLAINE AT 45



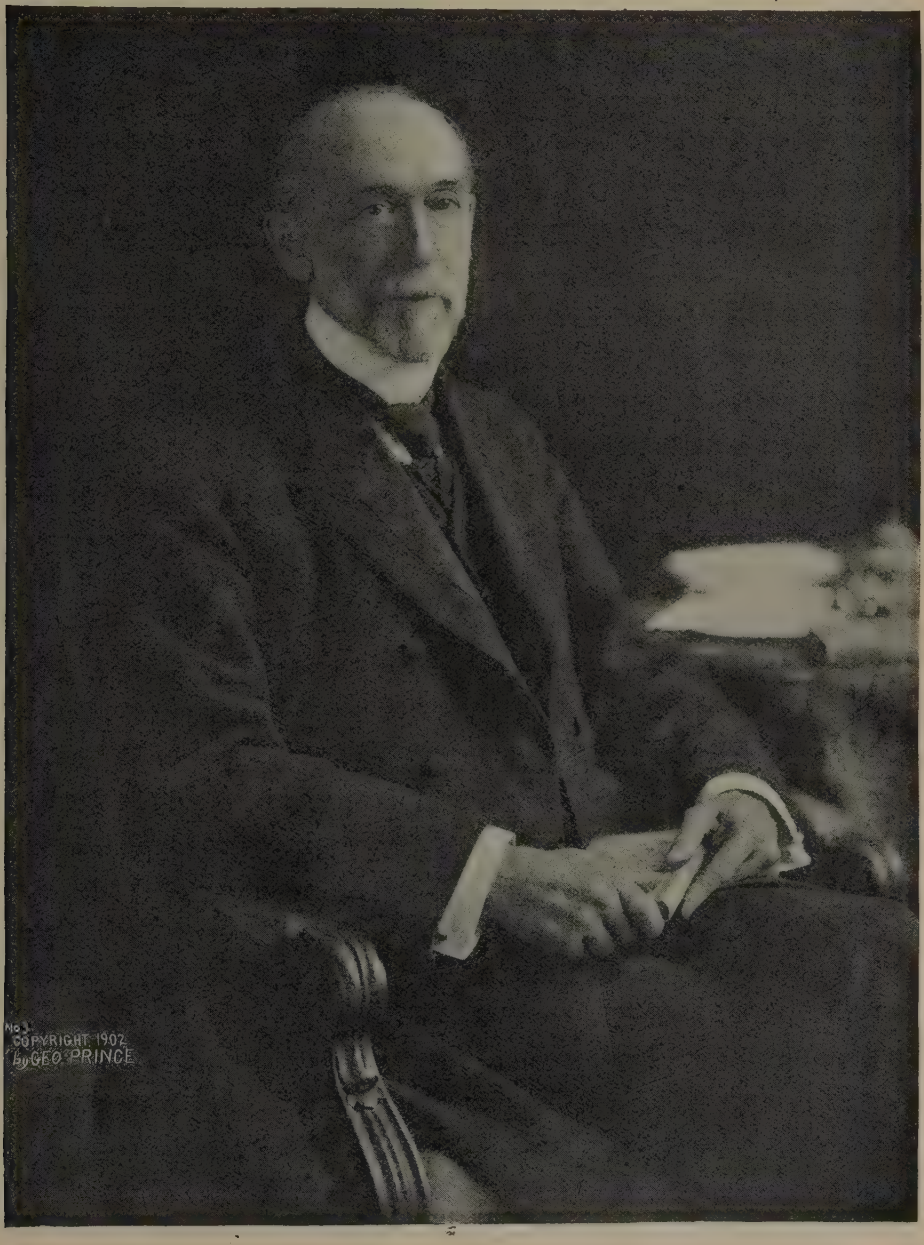
plan. Senator Scott of West Virginia selected for his secretary John Steele of the Washington bureau of the New York Journal, and Senator Warren's secretary is Joseph A. Breckons, who came from Cheyenne a few years before to represent the Denver Republican and other Western newspapers.

One of the best known senatorial secretaries is Elmer Dover, who came to Washington three years ago from Ohio to look after the interests of Senator Hanna. As may be imagined he is much sought after and generally a very busy man, for Senator Hanna's correspondence is the largest of any senator. Mr. Dover is a round faced, good natured, rotund personage with a cherubic smile. He is very popular and the fact that Senator Hanna turns over to him the greater part of his correspondence and departmental business is suffi-

cient guaranty of Mr. Dover's ability, for Senator Hanna is not given to trusting important work to inefficient hands.

Mr. Colin H. Livingstone, private secretary to Senator Stephen B. Elkins of West Virginia is another well known

UNITED STATES SENATOR THOMAS COLLIER PLATT OF NEW YORK, WHO HAS RECENTLY PROMISED PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT A SOLID NEW YORK STATE DELEGATION IN THE NEXT REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION



and much sought after senatorial secretary. Senator Elkins' great wealth, mounting up into the millions, represented by great railroad and mining investments to which he gives his active personal attention although in politics, makes his correspondence unusually large. Mr. Livingstone is clerk of the Inter-State Commerce Committee of which Senator Elkins is chairman and which has important legislation pending before it requiring frequent meetings of the committee.

Public interest was focussed pretty strongly upon the attorney general's office during the beef trust agitation. And the coolest man of all in the excitement was that little giant, Attorney

CONGRESSMAN CHARLES BEARY LANDIS OF INDIANA

Mr. Landis is one of the editor congressmen. He was born in Ohio, but got his education in the Hoosier state, and was editor of the Delphi, Indiana, Journal when he won his first congressional nomination. His brethren of the Indiana republican press thought well enough of him to elect him president of their state association two terms. Mr. Landis has served in the fifty-fifth, fifty-sixth and fifty-seventh congresses, and has made his mark in the lower house as a man of more than average strength.

CONGRESSMAN LESSLER OF NEW YORK CITY

General Knox. He has taken up the cares in lawyer like manner, probing for facts on which to try conclusions. Always courteous, he maintains his reserve force with an occasional holiday to Mount Vernon and elsewhere, and then when he works he puts into his efforts the enthusiasm which wins a case. I called at the department of justice during the days when matters were at their greatest tension. Private Secretary Long, with his quiet tact and pleasant ways, has been able to keep good natured under the stress of scores of visitors who all desired to see the attorney general "at once" and all at the same time.

The senators are always given precedence according to a time honored custom, no matter what previous appoint-

ments have been made. The legal papers presented are studied fore and aft and filtered pretty thoroughly of all dross and weak points. Mr. Long has a system of receiving that is very gracious. It was President McKinley who

W. H. GILBERT OF ASHLAND, WISCONSIN, THE ACKNOWLEDGED LEADER OF THE NORWAY PINE TRADE IN THE UNITED STATES

Mr. Gilbert's success illustrates admirably the trend of the times toward specialization, whether in scholarship, art or business. The tremendous industry represented by the lumber trade of America has produced many specialists, but none who has made a more striking success than Mr. Gilbert. He found opportunities where other men failed to see them, and with a genius for large affairs, which is one of the endowments of all leaders, he seized these opportunities and brought them into his service.

said, "A secretary can make or break his chief." The outside world little understand the important responsibilities devolving upon a secretary. He is often eyes, ears and spokesman for his chief. Mr. Long's desk shows that he is a thorough believer in system. Every letter and telegram and lengthy schedule appointment is timed to the minute and the perfect system goes on the tick of the historic old clock in the room.

Assistant Secretary to the President B. F. Barnes made his official debut on the floor of the senate in announcing, in the time honored words and stately bow of colonial days, "a message from the President." Upon the appearance of the President's secretary at the door of the senate all business suspends. The form and bow is the same adopted by the Continental Congress. Mr. Barnes is a young man who has proven very capable in the White House work and has served under Mr. Cortelyou for some years past. He was appointed to succeed Major Pruden, deceased.

There have been many champion hand shakers in the senate, but Senator Simmons of North Carolina is the champion head shaker. He gestures with his head more effectively than some speakers with their hands. The "bloody shirt" is not the occasion of so much fiery oratory as in times past, but the "red shirt" movement in North Carolina stirred up a lively debate, and brought forth an array of state political linen for an airing. The contention of Senator Pritchard was that the race problem would lose much of its rancor if the colored vote were divided politically, and he quoted North Carolina election returns to prove that this situation was already a fact in that state.

THE LATE PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S FARM, AS SEEN FROM THE MAIN ROAD, BETWEEN BAYARD AND MINERVA, OHIO
Photograph by C. E. Young, Painesville, Ohio
The farm consists of 161 acres and is in charge of "Jack" Adams. Mr. Adams has had the management of the place for twenty-one years

Within the last decade western North Carolina has attracted the attention of many parts of the country and its

development has been quite marked; but in nothing can the North State pride herself more than in the success of her young men of pluck and perseverance. Possibly there are few more striking illustrations, in this country, of the possibilities which await young men of character and will, than is found in the career of Representative Spencer Blackburn of that state. He is not yet thirty-four years of age, but a man of remarkable force and brilliancy, and few new mem-

CONGRESSMAN SPENCER BLACKBURN OF NORTH CAROLINA Photograph by Prince

bers of congress are more generally and favorably known. He is a native of the district which he represents—was born upon a farm among the mountains of the "Tar Heel State," remote from the marts of trade and centers of population, of sturdy, honest parentage, of respectability and intelligence, but without money. Left an orphan in early life he mapped out for himself the career upon which he has started with marked and signal success. The effective training of a frugal home life, and such rudiments of an early education as the sparsely settled community in which he first saw the light at that time afforded, added to a sprightly mind and strong will, composed the available capital of the future attorney and legislator.

He has possibly accomplished more

CONGRESSMAN CHAMP CLARK OF MISSOURI

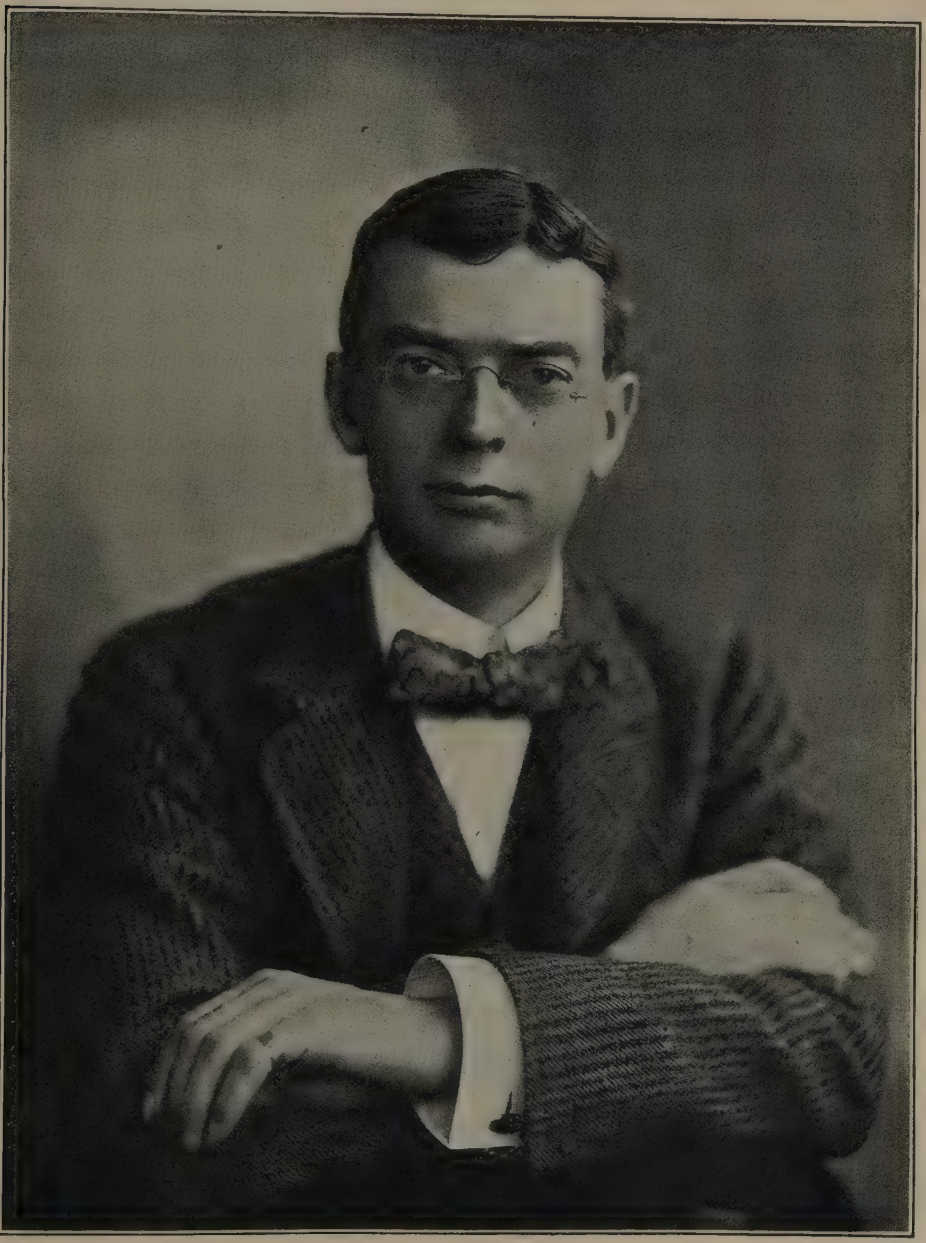
There are few members of congress more widely known than Mr. Clark. He is one of the favorite campaigners of the democratic party, and a favorite as well at the Chautauqua institutes; he is a prolific writer on political themes, and in various ways has impressed his personality on the public mind. Mr. Clark has been a college president and a hired farm hand—and did well in both places. He is lawyer and has clerked in a country store. He has edited a newspaper and been prosecuting attorney. His service in congress covers four terms.

CONGRESSMAN ASBURY FRANCIS LEVER OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Mr. Lever, not yet twenty-eight years old, is probably the youngest member of the house of representatives at Washington. He graduated from Newberry college with the honors of his class in 1895, became private secretary to the late J. William Stokes, who represented his district in congress, and on the death of that gentleman was elected to the vacant seat. Mr. Lever took law at Georgetown university, was a member of two state conventions and entered the state legislature in 1900. He had no opposition for the position he now holds.

GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN HARVEY OF NEW YORK CITY

Mr. Harvey has crowded a good many accomplishments into the years since 1864, when, in the little town of Peacham, Vermont, he first saw the light of day. He has been a reporter in Springfield, Mass., and Chicago; an editor of daily papers in New Jersey and New York, constructor and president of electric railways, insurance commissioner of New Jersey, colonel on the staff of two New Jersey governors, and is today one of the most conspicuously successful figures in the publishing world. In March, 1899, he bought the North American Review. In October of the next year, when the men in charge of the famous old house of Harper & Brothers were casting about for a head of the property, they selected Colonel Harvey. He has put new vigor into all the publications of the house.



in his first term of congress for his district than any member of that body, and no one has made more prominent and influential friendships in the same length of time.

COLIN C. CAMERON, A PROMINENT ADVERTISING MAN

Mr. Cameron is the representative of the J. Walter Thompson company in Boston. He has made many remarkable successes for his clients, among them the makers of the O'Sullivan rubber heel and of the Boston garter

In 1890 he procured his law license, was admitted to the bar of his state and commenced practice. The Republican state convention of North Carolina, in the year 1892, nominated him for presidential elector for the state at large for Mr. Harrison, and he, together with Chief Justice Furches, who was then candidate for governor, canvassed the state. Mr. Blackburn was elected reading clerk of the North Carolina senate in the year 1895, represented his county in the lower house of the state legislature in 1897, and was elected speaker pro tempore of that body.

In March, 1898, he was appointed by President McKinley Assistant United States attorney for the western district of North Carolina, which position he held when elected to the fifty-seventh congress.

Mr. Blackburn is clean shaven, more than six feet high, has imposing physique, pleasant address, is possessed of personal magnetism, and talented beyond the range of most men. He is Republican in politics and his unanimous nomination the early part of last July to succeed himself, is only the compliment to which his unprecedented zeal in behalf of his constituents during his first term in congress justly entitles him. He is a good fighter and a talker of rare force and eloqence.

A slender lad with very red cheeks came from "up country" in Maine to Portland not so many years ago. He had a rugged body and was good natured, with a fondness for big red apples, which he loved to eat with his feet cocked up on the stove during the winter days. At first he worked in a ticket office; then he picked up telegraphy from an instrument in the office. They used to joke with this up country lad.

He was Frank A. Munsey. They called him "Monday" for awhile, then changed it to "Tuesday" for variety. Then he went back "up country" as a full fledged operator and with an ambition still growing.

Later came the publishing fever.

That settled it. He went to New York and, nothing daunted by the experiences of Munsey's Weekly and the Continent; he made that courageous dash into the periodical realms with Munsey's Magazine, the great successful pioneer of the popular priced magazines. He took the dealers and readers right into his confidence and has made a remarkable success, and at the same time nursed his ambition to write stories and publish a boys' magazine—and Argosy is still at it, a prime favorite with young America.

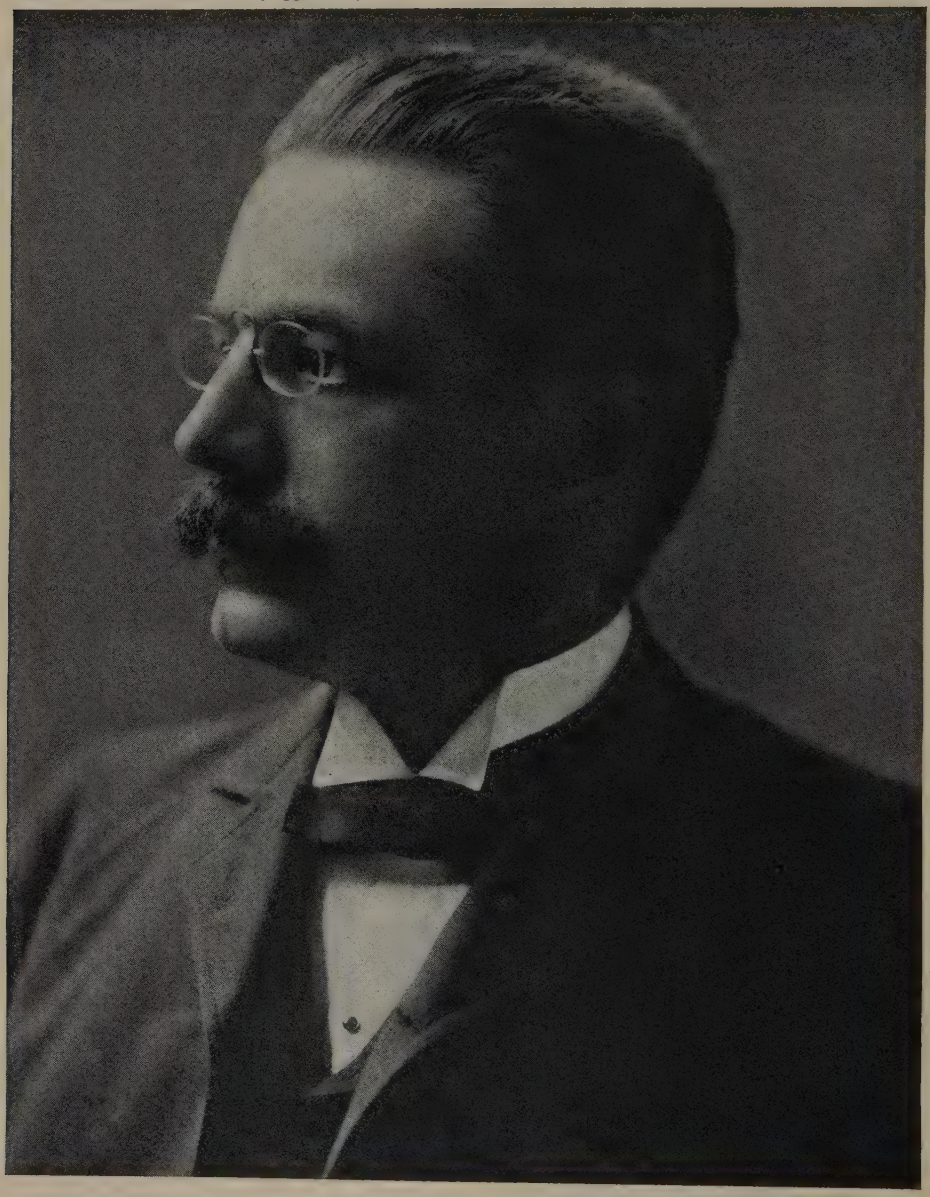
Now it is a $10,000,000 publishing corporation that this rosy cheeked lad who was fond of apples up in the Maine woods controls. They do not call him "Monday" or "Tuesday" any more—he is the whole week—the whole month, with Sundays thrown in.

Fifty years ago—and even later—the drift of population in this country was almost altogether westward. Today the West begins to send many of her sons to the East to establish themselves. Four

FRANK A. MUNSEY

GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU, SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT AND PROBABLE FIRST SECRETARY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

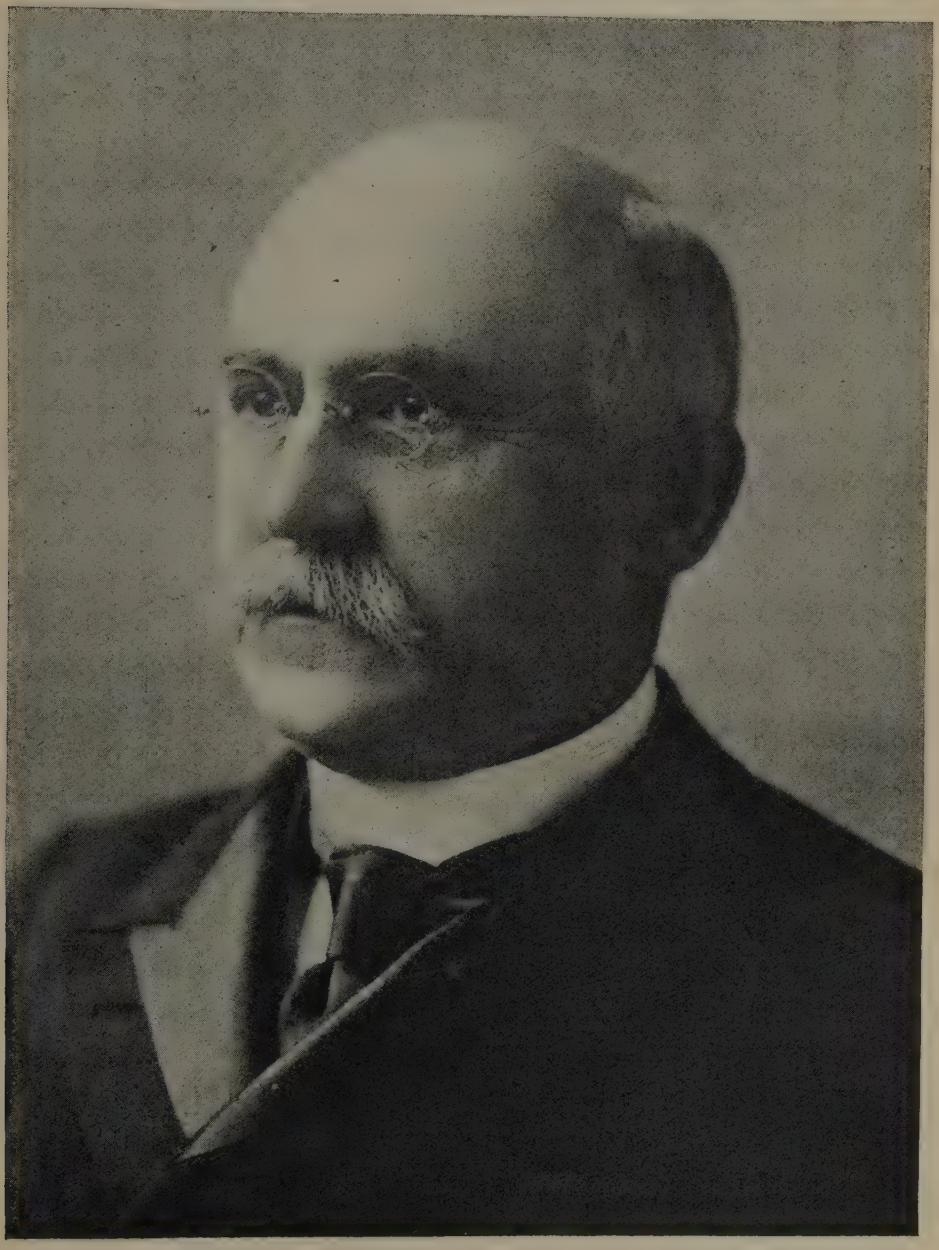
Mr. Cortelyou is a man of medium stature, low spoken, served by remarkably quick and true perceptions of the value of men and propositions, a master of organization and system—in short, admirably equipped for the duties of the new office for which, it is reported, the President has selected him. His grandfather, Peter Grolius Cortelyou, and George Bruce, were intimately associated with the type-founding industry in New York City, hence the Bruce in the name of the subject of this sketch. He prepared for Harvard at the normal school in Westfield, Mass., and began his official career in 1891, as secretary to the surveyor of the port of New York. In July of the same year he entered the post-office department, where he served until President Cleveland took him into the White House as executive clerk. He succeeded Mr. Porter as secretary to the President, under McKinley, and has handled the business of the executive office as no man ever did before him. He makes friends and keeps them. He is intrinsically a big man, one of the sort who make the most of every opportunity.



or five congressmen representing eastern states are western born. Scores and hundreds of successful business and professional men in eastern cities came in

UNITED STATES SENATOR HENRY EBEN BURNHAM OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

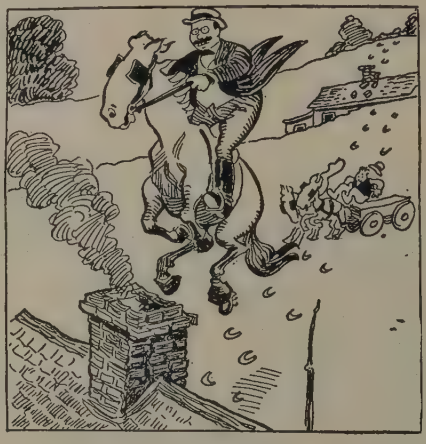
When New Hampshire in 1900 retired the lively and aggressive Senator William E. Chandler, she sent to Washington in his place a quiet, clear headed, undemonstrative lawyer—Mr. Burnham. This gentleman has passed through the several stages of preferment in state politics—judge of probate, county treasurer, state legislator, ballot law commissioner, member of the constitutional convention, and chairman of his party's state convention. Mr. Burnham is not an orator, but is demonstrating in the senate his possession of those qualities which count for power and usefulness in the upper house of the national congress.



THE PRESIDENT'S SUMMER VACATION AT OYSTER BAY

John McCutcheon's cartoon in the Chicago Record-Herald

He first chops down a few trees.



Then has a little canter cross country.

After which he takes a brisk stroll of twenty miles.

He then gives the children a wheelbarrow ride.

And rests a moment or two.

By which time he is ready for breakfast.

SNAP SHOTS FROM OYSTER BAY, THE AMERICAN SUMMER CAPITAL

The pictures show Master Kermit Roosevelt mounting his favorite pony; a party of guests going down to the President's yacht in his launch; the Oyster Bay bank building, which has been serving as a summer executive office, and a glimpse of the tennis court where the President and his son Theodore enjoy some lively tussles.

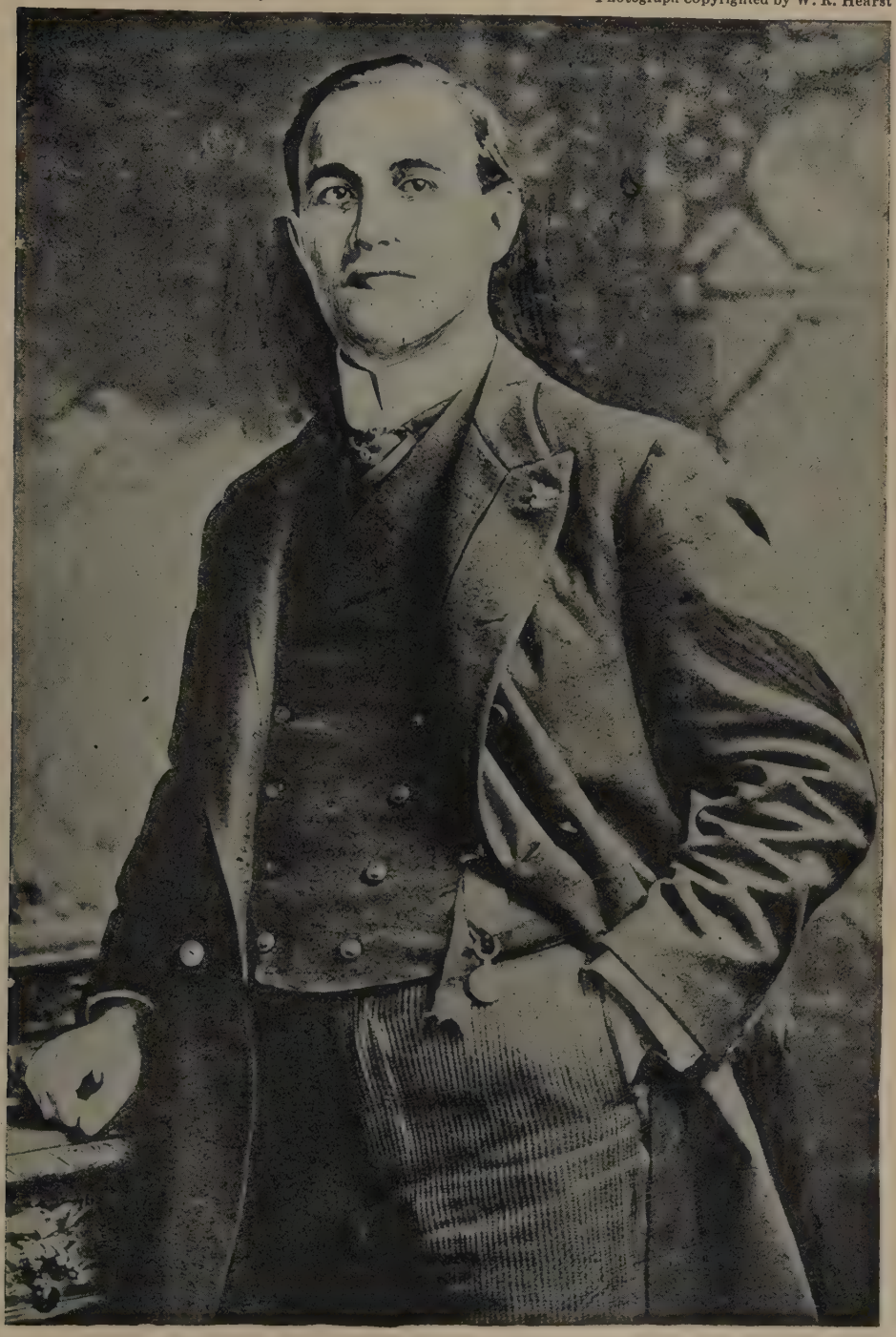
from western states. Boston has many such. Among them is Curtis G. Metzler, young in years, but already making a distinct mark for himself among the lawyers of the Puritan City. Mr. Metzler is an Iowan, born thirty-one years ago of good old Knickerbocker stock. His years, up to the thirteenth, were passed on the farm and in school. His family then returned to Pennsylvania, the home of his early ancestors. The boy had clear purposes. He meant to get the best out of life. At sixteen he came to Boston, mastered photography, became owner of two large studios, meantime fitting himself for his profession, and at twenty-four began to study law. He continued the business during his course at the Boston University Law School. Graduating, he sold his studios and opened law offices. The same sterling qualities that gave him success in his first undertaking have served him well in the pursuit of his later profession. Honesty has been with him a cardinal principal and he has secured the confidence of many clients, including large corporations and business interests. Mr. Metzler is in demand as a ready and interesting speaker and is a member of many clubs and societies. He has a profitable practice, takes an active interest in church and public affairs, enjoys out of door sports, has found time to travel extensively in this country and Europe, and at the age when many men are just beginning a career, has won his place among the younger men who are soon to be the leaders of business, social and political life.

CURTIS G. METZLER

JOHN MITCHELL, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA

One branch—the anthracite miners — of the great organization headed by Mr. Mitchell, is and for more than three months has been on strike. Mr. Mitchell has proved himself one of the strongest and most conservative leaders of organized labor in America. His influence prevented a sympathetic strike by the soft coal miners, which would have been a national calamity.

Photograph copyrighted by W. R. Hearst



The Philippine Civil Government Law

By HENRY CABOT LODGE,

United States Senator from Massachusetts

SO much has been said during the past few years about the Philippine Islands, both for and against our retention of them; what our purposes were in holding them, and the chances of our successful government there, that it may be of interest to look, in some detail, at the actual progress we have already made toward setting these people upon the path to representative government. The cry, raised for political purposes, has gone out from many quarters that we have done nothing for the natives of these islands, except kill great numbers of them; and the Democratic party, together with some other far less numerous but highly vocal organizations, opposed to our rule there, have tried to give the impression that it was the intention of the administration to keep the inhabitants of the Philippines in practical slavery for an indefinite number of years if not for all time.

Four years ago we made our first acquaintance with the Philippine Islands, and since then one of the great naval battles of history has been fought there, our Army and Navy together have taken the islands from the Spaniards and we have suppressed a serious insurrection followed by savage and protracted guerrilla warfare. We have done all this in our years; peace has now come and with it we have established, by a law passed at the last session of congress and approved by the President, civil government in all the archipelago except those portions occupied by the Moro and other non-Christian tribes. It must also be remembered that, even during the time of the insurrection, civil government, by order of the President, was inaugurated in many provinces of the islands. Let us now look at the bill which has recently become law, after a great deal of opposition on the part of those who say we are doing nothing to advance the interests of the natives of the Philippines. It is a curious thing, be it said in passing, that the bill providing for civil government in these islands should have met with such strenuous resistance from so many persons in and out of congress who say they are opposed to military rule and are crying out so loudly about the injustice we have dealt out to the Filipino.

The Philippine act declares in the first section that the action of the President of the United States in creating the Philippine commission and authorizing said commission to exercise the powers of government is approved; that future appointments of governor, vice-governor, members of the commission and the heads of executive departments shall

be made by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the senate of the United States, and that the tariff and customs levied and collected in the islands, from the beginning of the American occupation up to the passage by congress of the tariff law now in force, are also approved. Then follows a section defining the status of the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands who are entitled to the protection of the United States.

The bill of rights occupies the next section and is similar to that embodied in the amendments of our constitution, omitting only the right to bear arms and to have a trial by jury, for which the people are not yet ready or fit.

When it shall have been certified to the President by the Philippine commission that a condition of general and complete peace exists in the islands, the law provides that the President shall order a census to be taken, which shall inform the President and Congress and the Philippine commission as to the numbers, age, sex, race, or tribe, whether native or foreign born, literacy in Spanish, native dialect or language, or in English, school attendance, ownership of homes and industrial and social statistics. Two years after the completion of the census, if complete peace has meantime been maintained throughout the islands, exclusive of the territory inhabited by Moros or other non-Christian tribes, the President is authorized to direct the Philippine commission to call a general election for the choice of delegates to a popular assembly of the people in the islands which is to be known as the Philippine assembly and this body, with the Philippine commission as an upper House, is to be the legislative authority of the islands. The assembly is to consist of not less than fifty nor more than one hundred members, to be apportioned among the provinces as nearly as possible according to the population. Each province must have at least one member, and each member is to serve for two years. The first meeting of the legislature is to take place on the call of the governor within ninety days after the election. It is provided in the law that at the first meeting of the legislature there shall be chosen two resident commissioners to the United States.

The chief justice and associate justices of the supreme court of the islands are hereafter to be appointed in the same way as the members of our own supreme court.

Provision is made for the improvement of the harbors of the islands, and for the construction of bonded ware houses, wharves, piers, light houses, and signal and life saving stations.

All the property acquired by the United States under the treaty of peace is turned over to the government of the islands to be administered for the benefit of the people thereof.

All the public lands are to be classified according to their agricultural character and productiveness and rules and regulations made at once for their lease and sale, which must receive the approval of the President and of congress. At the same time, the Philippine commission is directed to see that all natives who held land prior to the transfer of sover-

eignty from Spain to the United States, but who were unable to perfect their titles, be allowed to complete their titles without compensation. This provision will be of the greatest benefit to the natives, as will the section of the act which provides that any native who now occupies a part of the public domain, except timber and mineral lands, may be given without price, or allowed to purchase, sixteen hectares of land. Corporations are permitted to purchase 1,024 hectares of land. Ample provision is made for the preservation of the forests, and all money received from the sale or lease of any part of the public domain goes into the treasury of the islands, as do all the other revenues.

Mineral lands are open to discovery under provisions of the act which are a combination of the British-American and Spanish mining laws.

One of the most beneficial provisions of the law is that part which relates to the purchase by the Philippine government of the lands of the religious orders.

There is no one thing more desired by the natives than the acquisition of these lands belonging to the friars but occupied by the natives. These lands are to be bought and bonds issued to pay for them, and the lands so acquired are to be sold to the natives on suitable terms.

Municipalities, subject to the approval of Congress, are to be allowed to issue bonds for public improvements, such as the construction of sewers, and water supplies, not to exceed five per cent of the assessed valuation of the property of each municipality. The city of Manila, however, is granted the right, on account of extraordinary needs, to borrow $4,000,000 for its public improvements.

Franchises may be granted in the islands, but the provisions of the bill were drawn with the utmost care and are based upon the corporation laws of Massachusetts. Ample opportunity is given to capital, but the restrictions are very rigid.

The construction of a mint is authorized at Manila, and suitable subsidiary and minor coins are provided for, under the coinage laws of the United States, which, so far as applicable, are extended to the islands.

There are many other minor provisions of the act which will be of benefit to the islands, but space will not permit me to go into them here in detail. I have touched, however, on most of the larger features of the law. The passage of the bill proves, I think, that the purpose of the American people in these islands is of the best and our motives the highest.

No Asiatic people has ever had so large a degree of popular representative government either given or promised to them. It is a great experiment, one new to the world, but the Republican party, at least, believes that with time and patience, both in large measure, we can solve the problem of the government of Eastern tropical possessions in accordance with American principles. If we abandon the Philippines now we not only shirk a great responsibility but we turn the islands over to bloodshed and anarchy, which can result only in their absorption by some strong European power or by Japan.

A German Water Party

Being an Alpine Tramp With Some Learned Councilors of Munich

By POULTNEY BIGELOW,

Author of "White Man's Africa," "History of the German Struggle for Liberty," etc.

THANK GOD FOR GERMANY! This is the grateful outburst of us who come from afar to sit at the feet of learned scholars in the fields of philosophy, history, art, music—nearly every department of intellectual gymnastics.

Let me illustrate.

Last week the Lord Mayor of this Royal Residence of Bavaria entertained a party of scientists who had been called together for the purpose of inspecting the water supply of Munich. Of this party was the illustrious Luigo Brentano, head of the University and known throughout the English speaking world as an authority in sociology and political economy. He is a man whose time is cut up as carefully as that of John Hay, yet no slice of that time appears in his eyes more important than that sacrificed to municipal affairs.

It would take some stretch of imagination to place President Eliot of Harvard or Thomas Edison or Captain Mahan in the councils of the New York board of aldermen:—the spirit of Boss Tweed,—nay, even the trans-Atlantic telepathy of Mr. Croker, would send a jarring thrill through such a combination. Yet I have seen in the municipal senate of Berlin, Mommsen the historian, Virchow the pathologist, Professor Koch the bacteriologist—and others of that caste, giving their time and precious judgment on matters affecting the health and happiness of their fellow citizens—giving it cheerfully and without money payment.

My invitation to this tour of inspection indicated 5:45 a. m. as the hour at which we were to board a special train which was to take us from Munich to the foot of the Alps. At half past five I was on hand—tho to be frank, that is an hour which I had hitherto associated rather with late bed than early rising.

The rest of the party was equally prompt—there was no one under the rank of a professor save my humble self—we were nearly a dozen, if my memory serves. One was a chief engineer in charge of hydraulic machinery, there was a chief forester who cultivated the evergreen plantations in the region where the precious water was stored; he was charged with the duty of seeing that nothing offensive intruded itself into these Alpine streams. Then I had the honor of meeting Professor Oberhummer, chairman of the Munich Geographical Society and author of learned treatises on the Himalayas and Caucasus. There were two town councilors who represented the tax paying element. Then there was a hofrath or royal councilor and a professor of medicine, who was there to represent municipal sanitation. There was also an architect, a civil engineer, an administrative farmer. In sum—they represented each a specialized branch of knowledge—they made

up a little municipal encyclopedia in which was contained pretty nearly everything worth knowing on the subject of the water supply of Munich.

We steamed out into the country for about one hour to Darching, a little station twenty miles from town — and who can describe the delicious effect of the early morning air blowing across the newly mown meadows or through abundant forests of pine and balsam! Munich is a charming city in its geographical situation — a mountain torrent rushes through its streets, the Alps are within easy bicycle run—the ever lasting springs are its water supply—and all this in addition to municipal advantages comparing favorably with those of any of the world's capitals.

At Darching we were met by two stalwart lads in the dress of chamois hunters, bare knees, short leather breeches and a triumphant feather at the back of their felt hats. These William Tell looking giants offered to carry our several cloaks, while the chief forester stalked on ahead to show the way up to the sources of Munich water. We tramped through a beautiful forest along the banks of a stream full of trout and soon came to a masonry structure suggesting an entrance into the mountain side--some vast refuge well barricaded. But when the iron door was opened, we found ourselves at the point where a mighty rush of spring water came tumbling into a small masonry basin from which it went through monster pipes on its mission of health to the Bavarian capital. I have forgotten how many millions of gallons or quarts come gushing out of the living rock at this point—to say nothing of half a dozen similar points in this favored neighborhood; at any rate it is sufficient for the most extravagant, and Munich has at all seasons an inexhaustible supply of delicious cold spring water; not merely the needful supply for drinking, cooking and washing, but plenty to spare for her immense breweries and a large number of ornamental fountains which make the city seem cool on the hottest days of dusty summer. And the temperature of this water is ever the same, winter and summer.

All this water comes out of the springs in the mountain side; and, from what I could see, all the conditions are favorable to purity. But Munich is not yet satisfied, for the city purse is steadily purchasing all the farms of the immediate neighborhood in order to control whatever can directly or indirectly influence this water. Thus, in a few years we shall have here, at the base of the Alps, a vast ornamental forest, maintained as a national park for the sole purpose of protecting the sources of its water supply.

When we reflect upon the filthy stuff that is pumped up and doled out to the thirsty Parisians and Londoners — the water of the well worn Thames and Seine —when we note that New Yorkers today will not drink the Croton water if they can possibly afford something else, that Berlin pumps her water from the oozy Spree—in this wise we can measure the boon enjoyed by Munich.

By nine o'clock, after two hours of tramping, we emerged upon a forest inn where the burgermeister had waved his municipal magic ahead of us; and we sat down to breakfast in the midst of a bower reared in honor of the occasion. In the best of Munich beer we drank many toasts to the best of water! The burgermeister even had some special municipal wine sent out ahead— some wine which the City of Munich may drink only on occasions of official solemnity.

It was a very happy party—indeed all German parties are happy so long as no

one talks politics. The German has not yet learned to take his politics lightly. Religious matters he can discuss with perfect ease—that matter is to him as remote as the canoe of Hiawatha. But once mention Boer, or Kiaochow, or Philippines—then my German friend closes his eyes like the bull in the Spanish arena and the friendship of years goes to smash on a subject about which his evidence is as that which sustains Lourdes or the school of Christian Science.

So we avoided politics and made instead a symposium on the scientific treatment of municipal problems and the superiority of Bavaria over North Germany.

"Let me assure Your Worship," remarked the Court Councilor, that in North Germany we should miss the complete simplicity of intercourse that is characteristic of our rugged Southern people!"

"Certainly, Mr. Court Councilor, I agree perfectly with you, answered His Worship, "what is your opinion, Mr. Privy Councilor?"

"If I might venture an opinion, Mr. Court Councilor and Your Worship, I should say that what pains me most in North Germany is to note that people lay much stress upon titles, whereas with us—but what do you think, Mr. Ministerial Councilor?"

"Just my opinion, Mr. Privy Councilor, which I have the honor of sharing with Mr. Court Councilor and His Worship—just my opinion exactly; here the man is a man—there the man is merely a title. Think you not so, Mr. Royal Sub-inspector of Water Meters?"

"Who am I that I should not agree with Mr. Court Councilor and His Worship on such a matter—for me the Berlin man is but an official stick on which to pin a title—"

And thus we gabbled on with our mouths full of one another's titles—sagely condemning the wretches of Berlin who lacked our rugged simplicity! And thus do many of us discuss the political condition of our neighbors from the purpose of comparing them unfavorably with what we fancy to be our superior condition.

But who can blame the Munich man? Not I, for one.

We subsequently climbed to the top of the Taubenberg (2,700 feet); a mountain forming part of the municipal territory which guards the Munich springs. Here the munificent burgermeister had prepared another banquet and here exquisite stein wine was spilled in honor of still more exquisite water. I have heard many publicans deplore any improvement in the water supply on the ground that good water would diminish the number of those who would buy wine and beer. This view does not appear to be justified by reference to Munich, where the people all drink abundantly of excellent water, but at the same time do full justice to beer and wine.

The good water of Munich has, no doubt, much to do with the physical health and beauty which first impressed me in a casual stroll through the streets. It seems to me that there are more handsome women and stalwart men in a given time about the parks of this little Bavarian capital than under analogous conditions in London or New York—to say nothing of Berlin or Paris. It cannot be proved that water alone produces this effect, but it is appreciated scientifically that a generous supply of water is good for our digestion, provided that it is not drunk in haste or during meals. A notable feature of many of the famous health resorts consists in drinking before breakfast several goblets of water: that alone, combined with much open air exercise and simple diet, performs cures which are little short of miraculous. I have no doubt that the good which we

derive from a summer in the Alps comes not alone from climbing, excellent as it is, but from the abundant spring water which we take frequently throughout the day under favorable conditions.

When shall we awaken to the importance of this great question? It is after all the simplest imaginable—merely to bring good water in pipes for a few miles, a hundred or so. England is full of good water — the mountains of Wales offer an inexhaustible supply, to say nothing of Windermere. New York could make no better investment than to purchase the Adirondacks and hold them as a reservoir for the city. Paris has for years talked of tapping the Lake of Geneva. But all these projects halt and stumble over the question of cost, as tho a few pennies more or less were to be for a moment considered as against the millions of mothers and babies who today suffer for want of pure water.

Good water for New York would mean an expenditure equivalent to a few weeks of warfare in the Philippines—it would represent so small a tax that it could be practically ignored. As for London such a work should be classed as imperial in its scope and purpose. It is not the interest of a few acres of brick and mortar that are to be consulted, but the demands of the whole English speaking world from Hong Kong to Melbourne, from the Cape to the Zambesi—aye, from the Bay of Fundy to the Golden Gate. Wherever the English tongue is spoken, there London stands for the world's metropolis and when she hesitates over such a matter, then indeed the world has cause for anxiety.

At nine that night we were once more in Munich—after fifteen hours of tramping in Alpine forests—a day of scientific deliberations over the needs of a city, a day memorable as furnishing one more answer to the question—why is Germany pushing ahead so fast?

MY SKIES ARE SELDOM GRAY

I'VE had my share
Of carking care,
Of fickle Fortune's frowns;
I've braved and borne
The cold world's scorn,
And had my ups and downs.
Yet I can still
A ditty trill
Or sing a roundelay;
For though I hold
Nor lands nor gold,
My skies are seldom gray!

The stress and strife
Of toilsome life
Have taught me one glad truth
Not he who *must*
Crawls in the dust,
But he who *will*—forsooth!
And so I sing
My song, and fling
My load of care away;
For though I hold
Nor lands nor gold,
My skies are seldom gray!

I would not give
A fig, to live
Divorced from fret and moil;
The bread I eat
Is rendered sweet,
Because of daily toil.
And so I still
A ditty trill—
A blithesome roundelay;
For though I hold
Nor lands nor gold—
My skies are seldom gray!

James Ball Naylor

Mary Ellen's Sacrifice

By LOUIS V. JEFFERSON

MARY ELLEN lived on the "Point". Other people lived on the "Point". They lived in houses—cottages—built in rows, and each row named. The names were "Cabbage Row", "Poverty Row", "Hell's Dozen", "Roosevelt Flats"—classic names given by classic people. Mary Ellen wore clothes,—dresses—but they were only called so out of respect to the law. *She* called them rags, and Mary Ellen had troubles. The "troubles" were various and took sundry shapes. Sometimes they were in her hair and they made the teacher turn up her pretty nose with a nameless shrinking whenever she touched that mop of stringy, sticky, dead-gold stuff, and then go furiously to work with fine tooth comb and "ointment of fishberry." Then Mary Ellen had other troubles, not of herself, but touching her family, which were private and not for publication, though the *pater* sometimes got *his* name in print among the jail notices. He was different from the mater; less of a philosopher, for *she* kept her drunkenness quiet and confined the trouble she raised strictly to Mary Ellen.

As there is always some star somewhere, even in the darkest night, Mary Ellen was not without light. She went to "Mission". What was "Mission?" Mechanically and physically it was an abandoned factory on the river front, cleaned up and garnished with a dozen much whittled pews, a pine rostrum, a "dinky little pul-*pit*", as Mary Ellen called it, some colored pictures, a stove and an atmosphere of sanctity. Spiritually it was a MAN! A sure enough man! Not an old man; not over twenty-eight, and "he didn't have no whiskers on his face," but he was a MAN, anyway! Her woman's heart told her that. He was brave and he didn't fear any one, "even pap", and he wouldn't "rush the can", or he wouldn't smoke or chew, or—it is as much by what a man will not do as by what he does that he gains most respect sometimes, — and more than that, he was a preacher; and he wasn't always trying to "git in a fight" or "givin' ye th' gaff" whenever you spoke to him; all of which might prove to a man up a tree, first, the standard Mary Ellen had to judge men by, and second, the fact that Mary Ellen had carefully judged the preacher by her standard, and—and—well, and did not hate him.

Mary Ellen went to "Mission."

She generally felt like writing it in capitals and making a long stop when she came to it; it was such a relief when Mission days came. They came on Sundays, when one must wash and dress and put on one's shoes and go sit on a bench and kick the shins of the girl who crowded too close, and sing until one's little throat cracked. My, how she did love to sing!

Then they came on Friday afternoons when the Bernadine Sewing Club met, and Brother Reed, the preacher and the man, cut out quilt rags for those twenty-seven little tots of the tribe of Mary Ellen, and talked to them as a playmate, and heard all their stories and stroked their hair (without turning up his nose, which they appreciated) and told them about Jesus.

Brother Reed was a Theological Student in a Baptist Seminary, and Brother Reed was Mission Preacher "bechune times." Brother Reed was ambitious, emotional, sentimental, and idealistic. Brother Reed believed people had souls. Mary Ellen's dad said Brother Reed was a fool!—a qualified, variegated, assorted and selected fool and *he* dared *him* to "come botherin' 'round *him* with none o' his guff," else *he* (the dad) would "show him what was what!" So Brother Reed—came!

Mary Ellen crouched under the front window with shoulders shrunk up to her ears and every muscle tense as when one nerves one's self to receive a beating, and she held her breath and waited for the "showing". Later, when she found nothing exciting was transpiring, she climbed up and peeped in the window and saw Brother Reed and Dad both kneeling on the floor by the hearth, praying, and Dad was crying, and Mary Ellen looked on the preacher ever afterward as the one and only man who wasn't afraid. Yes, Brother Reed believed people had souls; and he labored to save them.

Others labored. Miss Allen labored. Miss Allen belonged to the great down town church that supported the Mission. Miss Allen met Brother Reed at a church social—once—and Miss Allen looked into the eyes of Brother Reed—once!—and then Miss Allen caught her breath and winked her beautiful long lashes assiduously as when one's eyes are dazzled—and looked again! Looked into the work of Brother Reed; looked into the heart of Brother Reed—and then Miss Allen found a wonderfully pertinent and persistent call from the "Divine above" to go into Mission work and teach kindergarten to the "Point" infants. And the "Point" infants dubbed her a "good thing" and claimed her and her ginger cakes and her paper dolls and games as their legitimate prey. You will observe there is a difference between the "pr*a*y" of Miss Allen as applied to the infants and of Brother Reed as applied to Dad *et al*, as compared with the "pr*e*y" of the aforesaid infants.

The Kindergarten was held in the abandoned factory. The Fates smiled and looked knowing, and Destiny spun busily at her distaff—and Brother Reed cut quilts and preached.

The Bernadine Club had many members — twenty-seven; Nora Butler and Arabel Woodey and Inez Fawbush—15, in the sixth grade—girls that were proud and haughty to such as were of the age of Mary Ellen. Also the Bernadine Club had a *pledge!* The pledge said, "I promise to work for Jesus." Mary Ellen promised. The pledge said, "I promise to give up every thing for Jesus." Mary Ellen was always "broke", even to the piece of doll she claimed, so she promised freely with little fear of sacrifice. It said again, "I promise to love my playmates and neighbors," and—and—but then, the pledge, you know, had been written before Nora or Arabel or Inez had ever been thought about, and—and—she had signed it before they came. Besides, what was a neighbor? Inez told lies on her; Nora laughed at her dress, and Arabel mocked her when she was crying on a day sacred to a maternal drunk, and she "h-a-t-e-d, *hated* every durn one o' them, so there! Huh! What was a neighbor?"

Mary Ellen loved Brother Reed. Have you guessed it? Others loved Brother Reed. Let us cease to generalize. Let us be more definite and particular. Let us say *an*other loved Brother Reed. Mary Ellen would do anything for her hero, give up anything for him, sign anything for him, go any place, bear any shame, make any sacrifice—but she never said so. She bound it up in her heart and sealed it in her eyes, and spent her life looking into his face and—sticking the needle in her finger,

(for she only lived on Mission days, and who could sew when he was around?) So also did "the other". And one was nine and one was— quien sabe? Who can ever tell the age of a modern woman?

The Bernadine Club sewed. Sewed quilt pieces and doll dresses and hemmed towels which Brother Reed cut out, (and oh, for the straightness of the cut!) and the Bernadine Club sold them; sometimes for a dollar, sometimes for only six bits, sometimes for one, depending on how much Brother Reed had left over on his week's expenses from the amount received from home. Then the Bernadine Club spent the money on medicines and clothes and canned soups and bandages, and the Club members scoured the commons, and the "Cabbage Rows," and the "Roosevelt Flats," and all those nice, clean places which so seldom (one would think) ever needed scouring, for the children that were sick, and ministered to them.

Many things happened. Fortune and misfortune; good and bad. First came measles, then came mumps, then Lent. It never rains but it pours, and it "poured." Lent! Everybody got hungry and tired — and the balance got sick. Inez got sick. Mary Ellen frowned and turned away when she heard it. Arabel took mumps and her pretty jaws swelled up like an empty sugar bowl with a napkin tied around it, and, in the bitterness of a certain memory, Mary Ellen saw her and laughed and mocked as she had been mocked, and because Arabel was an embryo woman, and the thrust was at her beauty, the steel entered her soul and she wept. Then Nora took sick, and Mary Ellen rejoiced, though silently. Fortunes good and fortunes bad, but Mary Ellen felt that *hers* was good, and that her star had risen.

Other things happened. Brother Reed dreamed dreams and saw visions. Brother Reed told them that presently Easter was coming. Easter meant Resurrection. What did Resurrection mean? Mary Ellen decided that it had to do with eggs and dresses, since that was all she heard about. Brother Reed said it had to do with Jesus. Perhaps Jesus had eggs and a new dress to wear, like in the pictures. She was curious. She liked sensations. She would like to help Jesus get these things, so she would look and listen. Brother Reed urged that many join the church and prepare for the Easter baptism. What was baptism. What was baptize? She asked 'Lecta Bowling, her schoolmate. 'Lecta said, "Oh, it's gittin' in a tub in front o' people in th' church, an' th' preacher gasses a little 'bout somethin' I don't know what, an' ducks you plum down to th' bottom, an' you're baptized." She knew! Taking a bath! Right out in front of the people, too! She (Mary Ellen) didn't like to take a bath! She preferred to wash at home a little at a time in the bowl. Besides, she couldn't do that, in front of Brother Reed!—not with nothing on, she added to herself.

Palm Sunday came. Brother Reed stood up by the dinky pul-*pit* and shouted:

"In those days came John the Baptist from the Wilderness crying out, 'Repent ye! Repent ye!' for the kingdom of heaven was at hand." What was repent? Somebody shouted "Amen," and two sisters got converted. One was tall and slim and cross-eyed and wore a wen becomingly under her left chin and had no teeth, and the other was short and fat and oily. Mary Ellen shuddered at the thought of *such* ladies taking a bath before *her* Brother Reed. She did not understand "converted." 'Lecta Bowling could give no satisfactory light and she pondered. She was nine. The older people get, the less they ponder about conversion before or after—more's the pity.

Brother Reed preached sacrifice. Brother Reed said, "Give up all you

have to God. Sell all you have and give to the Poor and the Afflicted, and come and follow me.' Mary Ellen started. Come and follow *him!* Her little heart quivered and her soft brown eyes turned inward on a mental survey of all she might sell to follow him. So also did the heart and eyes of another whose age was uncertain. Beyond her doll, which was broken, Mary Ellen found nothing but Time. But wait. What was the matter with selling that? With working? She believed she would. She would gather bottles and sell them, and she would carry milk for Mrs. Morrison. She earned money. By Friday (Good Friday)—Mission Day—she had earned all of twenty cents. Next came "Help the afflicted." What was "afflicted?" 'Lecta said "afflicted wuz them that wuz sick, had mumps er croup er any old thing." 'Lecta was eleven and knew much of the world, and Mary Ellen loved her dearly—but 'Lecta shocked her terribly when she said "mumps er any old thing." A vision of Arabel with jaws that were swollen loomed before her. She shut her eyes and turned away. She held down her head and "scrouged" up her shoulders and hid the twenty cents under a board behind the steps.

Mission day came and the Bernadine Club met, and then came the moment of heart-thobbing thrills. Brother Reed was in the same room with her and the other twenty-four (three were sick), spoke to her, touched her hair, smiled gently as he noticed how neatly she had it combed, sat before her and threaded her needle and laughed happily into her hungry little face. Brother Reed was a Preacher! Brother Reed was a MAN!

Brother Reed asked them who was going to join the church? Seven held up their hands, and he asked them if they were converted. They said "Um hum," and nodded and looked about on the others with added importance. Mary Ellen thought of the bath and held down her head for shame of the Brazen Ones. Brother Reed said he hoped they were sure about it. He hoped they would all love Jesus and serve him, and Jesus had said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments," and Jesus had *commanded* "Love your enemies; forgive them that despitefully use you; bless and curse not!" For Brother Reed heard much of the quarrels of the children, though they knew it not.

Mary Ellen glanced quickly at him, and her lips tightened. He was looking at some one else. She held down her head, and would *not* listen.

Suddenly the door opened and Miss Allen came in from her kindergarten department to visit the Club. She saw him bending over a child, correcting its sewing, while the afternoon sun gilded his wavy brown hair and strong, clear features. Miss Allen stood very still and her bright eyes sparkled. She would not speak—only sing, way down behind her lips. Then he saw her.

There is a strain in the Music of the Spheres written by the God above, pulsing forever through the eternal skies, that voiced the song that welled up in their hearts in that single glance. Brother Reed looked long and rapturously and one hand went partly out to her, then clutched itself against his breast as he thought of the children and controlled himself. His face was fire red, and he laughed foolishly—but he was happy.

Miss Allen spoke. The tone—not the words—did the talking. Mary Ellen saw her, heard her; saw him, saw his color; saw her sparkling up to him with eyes full of radiant worship—and in that moment Mary Ellen hated her.

The words of Brother Reed floated back to her, "Love thy enemies!" She paused. Did Jesus mean for her to love Miss Allen, or Arabel or Inez? Did Jesus ever know Brother Reed or the loss of him? She took a sudden resolve.

Another woman took a sudden resolve! Both women had money—one had all of twenty cents. Both loved a preacher who was ambitious to have a successful Easter for his Master. Both decided to help him, and make a sacrifice for him, and to buy him lilies.

That Mission day was a failure. Saturday was worse—for *one* woman. For the other it was a glorious God-given success and she gave a prayer to God and a tremendous order to her florist. God took the prayer for what it was worth and filed it away with a smile, perhaps, for a woman's prayer is always curious, but the florist filled the order with care and consideration, and on Sunday—Easter—when the congregation gathered and Brother Reed stepped out of his little study, the tiny rostrum and the edge of the baptismal pool were glorious in their Easter offering.

The other did likewise—as to the florist—only the order was more modest and she had to walk a mile early Sunday morning to get it—one single pot, with a single lily!

Coming back she met 'Lecta gorgeous in her new flannelette dress and beaming with news. Arabel had had a relapse and couldn't come out. "What was a relapse?" "Oh—er—got 'em again." Mary Ellen started. Did it mean "jagged"? Dad "had 'em" only Saturday night. No; it meant Arabel had exposed herself before the end of her measles (for she had caught them too) and had received a set back.

Somehow Mary Ellen could not rejoice. The words of Brother Reed haunted her: "Sell all though hast and give to the poor and the afflicted, and follow me." Would it be following Him to give the lily to the afflicted on that beautiful Easter? To Arabel, for instance? Something said that it would, and she suddenly made up her mind to do it. She *did* love Jesus and she loved Brother Reed, and she wanted to follow both of them. She was not "converted"; no; for she could not take that bath in front of them, but she did *love* him and she would do it.

Then the real struggle came—the temptation to give *him* the thing as her sacrifice, and finally she compromised by deciding to take it and show it to him and then take it to the sick girl who lived just beyond the Mission.

When she reached the door of the church it was almost time for service, and Brother Reed was standing on the threshold, speaking to the congregation as it arrived. When he saw her, his face lighted with a new smile (for Brother Reed was not blind to all the tragedy of the "Point") and he held out his hand.

"Why, how do you do, Mary Ellen? Where did you get that pretty flower? Is that for me, too?"

She noticed the "too", but did not understand. She was too busy nerving herself for the final test. She did so long to throw it at his feet and jump into his arms. She never had been kissed at home, and she was just hungry for a caress such as she had given her dolly. She did hope that some day he'd understand her sacrifice and that she did it to follow Him! and she said, "Yes, sir; I bought it for you, but—but—(her face was red and hot and she had put the flower into his outstretched hand, while her moist little fingers crumpled her handkerchief nervously) but I couldn't buy only one cos I couldn't make only twenty cents, and—and I thought you'd rather have me give it to th' afflicted and fol—follow y—yo—Him, an' Arabel's got th' measles, an' I want y—you t'smell—" She could get no further. The tears *would* come, and she sobbed with a strange emotion.

His face grew wondrously tender and he seemed to hear, as the Saviour had heard, that other Sabbath in the old Judean Temple, the clink of the Widow's mite in the box of the Treasury. Bend-

ing, he put the pot in her arms, and raising her face, kissed it gently, while her heart stood still. He tried to speak but choked, and with a sudden mistiness, patted her head and pointed up the street. She looked up and smiled through the tears. She had had the *kiss!* Great God, how beautiful was the day! Gone were all the bitter thoughts and struggles. Only gentleness remained and the supremest victory—and the lily. Converted? Oh, perhaps; all but the bath, but she forgot all that and ran off smiling.

When she came back they had been singing, and Brother Reed was just mounting the rostrum to speak. Then she saw the other lilies and her heart went cold. Who could have done it? The other woman? She turned and found in the pew beside her the hated Miss Allen.

Brother Reed saw her pause uncertain in the aisle, and called her to him. "Come here, Mary Ellen." He was smiling and she went up shyly, blushing and wondering. He took her up among the beautiful flowers, and opening the great Bible, read, "And Jesus took a little child and set it among them, and said, 'Except ye become as a little child, ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Then he told them of the pot of lilies and the sacrifice.

"Friends, you think the flowers before you are beautiful, and so do I, and words of mine will never measure the thanks I feel to the woman who gave them; but listen: Once Christ stood, as I do, in a temple, and people made their gifts, and He saw the rich cast in much out of their abundance, and He saw a widow who was poor cast in two mites, which made a little farthing, and He said to His disciples as I say to you, that that poor widow, like this child, had cast more into the treasury than they all, for *she* had given all she had." And once more he stooped and kissed her.

She went back to the pews again somehow, while the congregation sat hushed and awed, except for one fervent "Amen." And the next thing she knew, she was clasped in the arms and nestling against the breast of one Miss Allen, while two red lips pressed her dead gold tresses and two tears fell on her cheeks.

"Don't you want to be baptized, too, dear?" Miss Allen asked later on, when the minister had called for converts.

"No'm. I don't want t' take a bath in front o' all these people, an'—and—Brother Reed!" came the blushing reply, and Miss Allen laughed merrily.

"Oh, it isn't taking a bath! You wear a beautiful white robe. No one will see you. I will fix you up." And then there came an inner light to the baby and she smiled at her own fears.

For the rest of the time she sat very silent, and rested very close with her busy little brain against a busy little heart, that beat in a mutual love for a noble man; but for who—for Brother Reed or for Jesus, neither Mary Ellen nor Miss Allen could tell.

Can you?

LOUISVILLE, KY.

VACATION

BACK to the country place that gave me birth,
Leaving behind the city's stress and storm;
To lie upon the breast of Mother Earth,
And feel the heart of Nature pulsing warm.

Cora A. Matson-Dolson

WHAT OUR SISTERS ARE DOING

Their Part In the General Advancement of The Race

By ARTHUR McILROY

LESS difficult to say what they are *not* doing. For they are doing so many things. It is not in my mind this day to consider merely the odd, the unusual, or the picturesque activities of the Sex, but rather to meditate upon their commonplace employments, those duties which they perform from day to day, and from year to year; in brief, their contribution to the sound usefulness and happiness of the race.

Here we are—some one and a half billions of us, human creatures, at this particular moment of time inhabiting a ball of matter that somehow swings in regular orbit through indefinite space. We find in this vast army of thinking bipeds two great contending ideas. The one—the elder—idea is that man is clay in the hands of a vast inscrutable power we call Natural Law. The other idea is that man's own *will* may and should be made the Natural Law for the sphere he inhabits. For a further elucidation of this matter you may consult Charles Ferguson's admirable "The Affirmative Intellect". It is sufficient for our present uses merely to take note of and to define this collision of ideas.

We promptly perceive that the first idea has been at the base of all despotisms, whether of force, of civil government, or of religion, and that the second idea is the inspiration of all true democracy. We perceive—in our own hearts as well as in the external life around us—that mankind constantly aspires to greater freedom, to a fuller enjoyment of the possibilities of life, a larger mastery of the earth. Our purpose today is to inquire how, and to what extent, our sisters are aiding us, or leading us, in the attainment of these, our hearts' desires.

Each of us who has lived somewhat, read a bit, and observed what was taking place around him, knows just about the same sort of men and women. Intrinsically the same, I mean. Not necessarily the same in wealth or position, or power, but the same in sympathies and desires. I have succeeded in forgetting every line of Kipling's except, "Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady are sisters under their skins." That line expresses my thought so much better than I could otherwise indicate it, that I am glad it stuck like a burr in my memory.

It seems to me that women are not only advancing, as a sex, more rapidly than men, but are also exerting a far more potent influence for the general good in each generation that passes. I think I see them outgrowing the wild creature secretiveness that was for so very long their best safeguard against the savagery of the stronger sex. They wax strong on their own account. And independent. They stand alone. They are not any longer content to rear children dumbly—as many and of such a quality as the caprice of their lords and masters may decree. They have learned to live singly. They defy old social superstitions. They set up standards of

manliness. The boot is indeed on the other foot.

Their very independence does but make them more desirable. They have only to utter a request and it is granted without parley. Does she desire riches? Instantly her suitor, who may, in this wonderful age, be also her husband, hastens to gain riches. If it be not riches she desires, it is certain she does at least crave comfort. Hence, such an era of industrial activity, of comfort-making, as the world has never known before.

She has, in certain times and certain places, found intoxicating liquor to be her deadly enemy. Behold man legislating his (brother's) toddy out of existence.

She bent her back above the wash tub, and burned her face over huge coal cooking stoves, and complained thereof. Presto! the machine and the gas range. This, mind you, on that simplest level whence we all emerged at no very remote date, as time goes, into our present impressive dignities. What miracles the response to her demands have wrought in the palaces of the rich, it would require volumes to tell the half of.

This on the material side of progress. A mere passing suggestion of the total. What of the spiritual side? In what ways and to what degrees are we indebted to woman for the spiritual and intellectual advancement of the race? Back to childhood. Your head in your mother's lap. The stories she told in that sweet, low voice. The wonderful songs she sung. The bruises she balmed. The angers and vexations she soothed away. The admonitions, unforgettable in after years, she there uttered to little ones that only half understood them, but knew that they were wholly wise and good, because she uttered them. That other, who met you at the door of the primary school, took your hand, and led you to your first small seat among your fellows. Who, with varied menaces and persuasions, restrained somewhat your aboriginal savagery, fixed your eyes on beauty, your brain on ambition, your heart on honor. And her sisters who took you on and on through the grades, to the last day. The last day; when out there in the prim audience was still another, more precious, cherished secretly, — the central figure in how many dreams!

And then, finally, that one,—comrade, sweetheart, wife—what do we not owe to her? What patient toil, and forbearance, and unfailing love. Has she not believed in us when all the world beside her derided our ambitions? Has she not cooked, and washed, and scrubbed, and sewed and mended; and amid the multitude of these her ceaseless and unescapable labors has she not been always an inspiration and a grace? Could our slow brains and our ineffectual hands procure them, the world has no gifts but would be poured forth at her feet.

Back of every great and worthy achievement of man, find the women—mother, teacher, wife. They are there, contributing to the advancement of the race an impetus only less than that of the divinity that did create us. I have heard atavistic male creatures in human semblance deplore the presence of "the new woman," the woman who wishes, perhaps, to earn her own bread, certainly to shape her own life and the lives of the children she will bring into the world, to take an equal part with her brothers in the government that taxes her, to broaden her mental horizon until it shall include the best thought of all lands and times. And truly enough, such women are not for such men: they have outgrown their critics. Their business is to improve the race by improving the individual—and they are hard at it.

THE POSTMASTER AT JACKMAN'S

By ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

WHEN she first came to Jackman's—for the postmaster was really a postmistress—and opened her little store, and reserved one end of the counter for the box of pigeon holes which constituted the sole government property in Jackman's, the camp threw up its hat, let out a delirious yell, and then settled down to the business of spoiling her. For she was the only woman in the camp.

They squandered their gold dust over her counter in the most foolish fashion, chopped her wood, washed her windows and scrubbed her kitchen floor. Toothsome fish and game appeared in the most mysterious, anonymous way whenever her back was turned; and in the same way, for pets, appeared a pair of golden squirrels, a pup, a kid, and finally a grizzly cub.

A new era dawned in Jackman's. Razors were resurrected, beards disappeared, and cravats threatened to come in vogue again. The manicuring of nails with a bowie knife in public places, as an adjunct to conversation, became a common sight; and a man could walk down the street in greased boots without their becoming a target for every long range tobacco spitter in the camp. But doubtless the tide of dress reform reached its flood when Lon Jackman sauntered into the post office one afternoon with his hair neatly trimmed and plastered in a pomatumed curl on his brow. Not only this, but, whereas it had been the custom in Jackman's to remove one's hat only when one went to bed, and not necessarily then, he brazenly took off his broad brimmed, leather bound headpiece, ostensibly to fan himself, but in reality, it was believed by a majority present, to show off his glossy, oily pate, which the surest footed fly would scarcely have attempted to scale.

But reform was not confined to dress. "Frenchy" Joncaire was requested to move his saloon to the other end of the camp, out of earshot of the postmaster. Certain resolutions were adopted relating to the useless, malicious or careless firing of guns within one hundred feet of the post office. And later, when the postmaster had lost the distinction of being the only woman in the camp, Andy Blackwell was notified, with due delicacy, that he could either marry the painted blonde who acted as his housekeeper or depart within twenty-four hours for a less discriminating community.

Thrice a week the stage careened down the single winding street of Jackman's, halted a breathless space of time before the post office, shot out one mail bag and received another in return, and then, with crack of whip, swept on again. On these occasions the camp was always present to a man, but nobody ever moved until the ceremony was over; for one end of that dusty red road lay in San Francisco and the other end in Omaha —Omaha, the gateway of the East and home, and the land of womankind!

When the last hungry eye was withdrawn from the receding cloud of dust, the man who had caught the mail bag—

some one always caught it, for it was always pathetically light — turned and led the procession in. Janey McFarland unlocked the bag, dumped its meager contents on the counter, distributed them in the pigeon holes, and announced the post office "open". The camp, already formed in line, then filed slowly by.

Janey knew them all, but each one paused and gave his name. Some there were who could neither read nor write; others who had written too well — in another man's hand. There were some who had never received a letter and never expected to; others whose names were so new that they had never yet seen them in black and white, and would rather not. Yet all filed by, and to offset these there were those who watched the postmaster's nimble fingers with eager eyes; who, when she smiled and shook her head, asked huskily, "Are you shore?" and waited dumbly while she, to humor them, ran through the pile again.

Yet a time came when all this was changed, when the camp looked upon its darling with sad, reproachful eyes; and thereby hangs this tale.

One afternoon, after the mail was out and the miners had gathered around the two or three month's old papers from the East which had just come to hand, Janey stepped into her bed room in the rear, put on her hat—with just the least nervous haste—slipped into her bosom a package which the stage had brought, reduced the undue fulness it caused by a swift touch or two, and left the store. No clerk was needed, for everybody helped himself, and honestly. She walked the length of the camp quite leisurely, but had no sooner passed the last cabin than her pace began to quicken, until, at a point where she left the stage road and struck into a trail, she was swinging swiftly along.

At the same instant three faces—three significant, thoughtful faces—were withdrawn from a window in that last cabin, on the side commanding a view of the disappearing girl, and three men returned to a table littered with greasy cards, tobacco crumbs, a jug and a tin cup. The shortest and eldest of the trio was a man whose iron grey hair bristled from a low forehead like a shoe brush, and whose one eye glowed under his shaggy black brow like a fire in a brush heap. This gentleman half filled the rusty tin cup with whiskey and tossed it off like spring water. He pushed the jug to the second man, who promptly followed suit; but the third, a tall young fellow, shook his head. The sight he had just seen seemed to have taken his thirst.

"Fourth time this week," observed the one-eyed man briefly and significantly.

"Suppose it is!" blazed out the tall young fellow with unexpected wrath. "Damn it, can't a woman who hasn't another soul of her sex to talk to slip away for a breathing spell without being chawed over by every pop-eyed galoot in the camp?"

The second man, a gaunt, black haired son of Missouri, preserved a fine neutrality at this juncture by pouring himself another drink of whiskey, but the first fixed his one baleful eye upon the loose-tongued speaker like a sun glass, and held it there as if to burn him through. But the younger man did not scorch easily, and returned the glare with interest.

"You're a trifle techy today, Lon Jackman, ain't you?" asked the Polyphemus in a surprisingly mild voice, considering its source. "Nobody insinuated, as I heerd, that she was committin' a crime. I'm simply sayin', and I'll keep on sayin' it, whether you blow hot or cold, that no woman goes off at a speed like that four times a week for a constitootional."

"What does she go for then?" retorted Jackman.

"If I was a clairvoyant, I'd tell you;

and if I was a-courtin' her as you be I'd find out" rejoined the other placidly.

Jackman laughed — a short, abrupt laugh, not markedly mirthful.

"You have been away from civilization a long time, Sky. It ain't considered the quintessence of correctness, in polite society, nowadays, to trail a woman like a horse thief because she happens to have a secret."

"If I remember my polite society, and I think I do," answered Mr. Schuyler Hicks, with considerable dignity, "young ladies didn't recommend theirselves by ja'ntin' off through the woods all by their lonelies, four times a week. It was sometimes intimated," he continued scathingly, "that they met kempany they couldn't meet in their parlors."

Jackman flushed under his bronze. "There ain't a man in the camp mean enough to insinuate that about Janey."

"There's them that *has*," answered Hicks promptly. "Ain't there, Rick?"

"There be, Lon," said Mr. Ricketts pleasantly.

"Then they lie," said Jackman fiercely.

"Mebbe they do, but kin you prove it? One man's word's as good as another's till you tote in the proof."

"I'll tote it in some day," declared the other, "if I can bring myself to your underhand method of getting it. Deal the papers."

They played at "cut-throat" for hours, it being altogether too hot to work. About seven, when the last yellow light of the sun was retreating up Old Ironsides, leaping from rock to rock like mountain sheep, with the ravenous twilight ever in close pursuit, Schuyler Hicks suddenly commanded attention, laid down his cards, and silently beckoned the others to the window.

Janey McFarland, just returning home, stood in the center of the road, motionless, drinking in the glory of the dying day. A pale, reflected light lay on her face, and while they looked she suddenly clasped her hands before her, smiled in her sad, tender way, and softly repeated something to herself. It might have been a prayer; and even the callous Hicks turned away, conscious that he was violating a Holy of Holies.

II.

Nevertheless, when the girl next stole forth on one of her mysterious errands, the three men lay in ambush along the old San Juan trail until she had passed, and then dodged along through the woods some forty rods behind her. Schuyler Hicks, fired by that abnormal curiosity which had already cost him an eye and two fingers, zealously led the way; the easy-going Ricketts slouched along next; while Lon Jackman, in sore doubt, lagged in the rear—unusual place for him.

The steep trail was hard going for the girl, and she paused often for breath. Once, after glancing timidly about to make sure that she was unobserved, she knelt at a spring and drank with her lips in the water, as Mother Eve probably drank in Eden. At the top, where the trail pitches headlong into the Mosquito Valley, to land in a heap at Bleaching Bones, she suddenly turned to the right and followed the pathless crest of the ridge. For two miles they noiselessly dogged the lithe, graceful figure as it flitted along in the twilight of the great pines. Then Hicks stopped with a resounding oath. She had suddenly disappeared, without knock or hail, in the open doorway of a cabin.

There was nothing to do now but wait, and this they tried for an hour. But neither Jackman nor Hicks were good waiters, and the latter at the end of this time said thoughtfully:

"If the right thing was done, one of us fellys would creep along them boulders, and come up on the hind side of the cabin, and git a peep into that there joint."

"I reckon you could do that job, Sky, about as well as any one on airth, seein' as you conceived it," observed Mr. Ricketts, sinking his long yellow teeth into an inch-thick plug of tobacco. "So fur as I'm concerned, I wouldn't glue one of my peepers to that winder if I had as many as a peacock's tail. I have a ha'ntin' suspicion that one of them Bleachin' Bones boys is in that cabing, and I don't hanker to backstop his lead with my cocoanut."

Jackman looked black at this tactless allusion to the cabin as a trysting place, but said: "It isn't a job for gentlemen, this spying in a woman's window; but if it's to be done, I reckon I'm the one to do it. And I want it understood, gents, that I'm doing it *for* her, not against her."

He disappeared at once behind a line of boulders which circled like a giant Druidical altar to the rear of the cabin. The two remaining watchers awaited his reappearance with the greatest curiosity; Hicks running his thumb restlessly over the butt of his six-shooter, and Ricketts grinding away on his quid with the rapidity of a sausage machine. Neither would have been in the least surprised to hear the silence punctuated with a pistol shot. Nothing of the kind happened, however, — probably to the secret disappointment of Mr. Hicks, who dearly loved a row—and a few minutes later they heard Jackman's step again. His face must have assuaged Hicks' disappointment in a measure, for it was pale and drawn.

"What did you see?" he demanded eagerly.

"Go and find out for yourself, Schuyler Hicks, for I'll never tell you," answered Jackman huskily.

Hicks, who knew no fear, loosened his gun and was off in a twinkling. The sight which met his round, staring, unblinking eye, as he cautiously raised it to the level of the window sill, was one which gave even his leathern heart a thrill. On the opposite side of the room sat a Modoc squaw, stolidly sucking a long stemmed, stone pipe. In the middle of the floor lay Janey McFarland on the flat of her back, and in her hands, high above her head, was — Schuyler blinked his popping eye thrice to clear it from any cobwebs — yes, a kicking, squirming, crowing, naked baby, fresh and rosy from its little tub in the corner.

The next moment, as if the separation of only an arm's length were no longer to be borne, the young mother suddenly clasped the dimpled fragment of her flesh to her bosom with a convulsive movement of love, and showered its little eyes, nose and mouth with kisses. Then, pressing its soft cheek tightly against her own, she held it there motionless, drinking in its sweet breath.

Another turn, and the child was on the floor; the mother, on her hands and knees, was a bear, come to carry off the little baby. Swinging her head from side to side, and growling most terrifyingly, she crept closer and closer to the eager, tense, half frightened little bundle of humanity until, with a final spring and snarl, she landed on her victim and buried her teeth in its chubby neck, while the rafters rang with its piercing shrieks of laughter.

The stolid squaw's beady eyes grew softer as the mother within her moved at this tender sight, and the case-hardened Hicks himself felt a most curious stirring within. A baby! He had not seen one for months, yea, years, in this motherless though not womanless land; and he stood there, minute after minute, with no philosophical speculations on the probable heartache which lay back of this one's birth, but simply listening to its tiny piping and watching its clumsy, cub-like movements.

He was not conscious of how long he stood, until the baby's lids began to grow heavy; the mother took it in her arms,

and when the little eyes had slowly closed, like fading morning-glories, she laid it in its rough, backwoods crib and knelt and pressed its rosy, pouting lips once, twice, thrice, yearningly, lingeringly. Then, rising, she swiftly left the cabin. It was high time, for the sun was already slanting yellow through the pines.

It was a silent trio which made its way down the trail. At Hicks' cabin Ricketts turned in to accept of Schuyler's proffered liquid hospitality, but Jackman strode on without a parting word. He passed the post office rapidly and without looking in, for the first time, probably, since the present incumbent's appointment, and crossed the street twice to avoid approaching acquaintances.

He cooked himself no supper, but sat in front of his lonely cabin far into the starry night, smoking, smoking, smoking, and staring, as steadily as the glassy eye of a telescope, at the twin peaks of the Buckhorns, off to the south. A little black bear ambled uneasily by, not fifty feet away; a pistol shot floated up from the valley below; a solitary horseman rode through the camp. Jackman neither saw nor heard.

It was after midnight when he went in, lit a candle, and took from a chest a letter and a picture. The letter was from Janey, refusing his hand; and the picture was Janey's, too. He looked at the latter until a sudden tremor ran over his body.

"My God; a baby!" he groaned.

The strong, toil-hardened hands closed over the cardboard, and the next instant she lay upon the floor, dead, her beautiful head torn from her body, a cruel, jagged line across her white throat, as if hacked to death by a blundering executioner. Then he blew the candle out with a single breath and fled from the ghastly scene, like a red handed assassin, out into the night.

He returned about daylight. Shutting his eyes, that he might not see the cold, dead face, he groped on the floor until he found the severed halves of the picture. Then clasping them to his lips, he threw himself, utterly weary in body and soul, upon his bunk and wept. Yes, Lon Jackman wept.

III.

Time and events marched on in Jackman's much the same as they had before, somewhat to Lon's surprise. He saw Janey almost daily, and chopped her wood and carried her water, as in the past, with the exception, sometimes, of a lump in his throat. But one night, about nine o'clock, there came an emphatic knock at his door. He opened it and found himself face to face with that sleepless watchdog, Schuyler Hicks.

"That gal ain't got back," said the laconic gentleman.

Jackman started and paled. Then quietly slipping his pistols into his belt again, he stepped outside.

"I knew it would come some day, Sky—her tramping that trail alone so much," he said with a dry throat. "But if anybody's hurt her, hell's population will boom before morning. It's my work, though, Sky, and you've got to take a back seat this time," he added, as Hicks gave a familiar twitch to his holster.

And that gentleman, in spite of his sulphurous protests that he would do no such dashed thing, was forced to tarry behind at his cabin.

The tireless young giant saw no signs of foul play as he swiftly climbed the ascent, and none along the ridge, although he halted and examined every suspicious dark object. Then a light twinkled through the dark, columnar boles of the pines ahead, and he knew the cabin was at hand. Stealthily as an Indian and without hesitation, he crept to the window, with a sickening dread

that he might see—a man; the father of the child.

The squaw, as before, sat stolidly smoking, and from any change on her russett face she might also, as before, have been watching the pretty romp of mother and child. But a very different sight met Jackman's startled gaze. Bending over a cradle, in the center of the floor, sat Janey, white, haggard and motionless. Beneath her lay the babe, waxen-like and still, with closed eyes.

Jackman thought it dead; but after a little the squaw arose, dipped a steaming mixture from a kettle in the fireplace, and, after cooling it a moment with her breath, silently handed it to the listless mother. Raising the babe's head with her hand under its pillow, she gently forced a spoonful of the infusion between its rigid lips. The chills swept up and down Jackman's back at the tiny, hoarse little wail which came faintly to his ears, as from a distance. Then all was still again; the rising night wind moaned through the towering pines, and the squaw's eyes fearfully searched the dark corners of the cabin for the dread spectre of Death.

For an hour Jackman stood there, torn with pity and cursing his helplessness, for there was no doctor within fifty miles, and he dared not make himself known. Then, unable to look longer, he stole away.

He had gone perhaps a hundred yards when a low, weird, unearthly sound, which seemed to emerge from the bowels of the mountain, struck his ears and brought him to a halt. Now low, like the sobbing of a great organ; now high, like the wail of the wind in the canon; it filled the aisles of the forest cathedral and floated upward into the mighty dome above. But Jackman was not afraid, for he knew what it was. It was the death chant of the faithful squaw, and it would ward off evil spirits from that helpless little soul, as all alone, without its mother, it winged its feeble flight through the starry vault to its long home.

* * * *

Janey returned to camp about noon the next day. She made no attempt to conceal her absence over night; and had she tried she certainly could not have concealed the ravages of her grief. Dame Rumor, as a consequence, was a busy lady in the camp that afternoon. Lon Jackman, tied as his tongue was, chafed and fumed and finally fled. Unconsciously, almost, he took the trail Janey's feet had so often trod, and he followed it until he reached the cabin. The door was open, and, to his surprise, the scant furnishings were gone — most probably on the back of the squaw.

It took him some time to find the grave, for it was marked by no stone, was very, very little, and was covered with ferns. It carried him back to the story of the Babes in the Woods; and though the little body beneath was, as he believed, the fruit of sin, he solemnly knelt and pressed his lips to its cool, green shroud.

There was no one in the post office when he returned, not even Janey; and making his way to the rear of the building he knocked at what she laughingly used to style her parlor. She was not crying, as he had expected, but sat at the window with her cheek in her hand, looking down into the great, gray gorge below.

Jackman's headlong resolution had given him no time to prepare a speech, so he simply advanced, took her hand, and asked her once more to become his wife. She looked at him for a long time without answering, as he held her hands, and there was something like a smile on her face — such a smile, perhaps, as angels wear, he fancied.

"Lon, do you know where I was last night?" she asked softly.

"Yes."

"Do you know what took me there?"

"Yes."

"I knew it."

Her lips trembled a moment, and her mind was evidently back at the little grave again.

"Lon, before I answer, I want you to go to Ironstone and ask them what they know of Janey McFarland. Then, if you ask me still again to become your wife, I will give you my answer."

Jackman went, and was gone four days. He came back on a Saturday, and on Sunday he and the postmaster were married by a strolling evangelist in Bleaching Bones.

That night, tearing himself from his bride, he met, by appointment, Mr. Abner Ricketts and Mr. Schuyler Hicks in the latter's cabin, and proceeded to the weighty disclosure he had prepared them for. But first Mr. Hicks tiptoed to his east window, hung his head out and listened, then he tiptoed to his west window and listened again.

"Spout ahead!" said he, sitting down, and they knew that not even a fox was eavesdropping.

"Gentlemen," began Jackman, "this explanation is due you and due my wife. She lived once in Ironstone, where her father died and left her alone. In course of time a man fell in love with her, and I suppose, gents, she fell more or less in love with him. His name's of no odds, but it was Babcock. It being winter, and the passes choked with snow, and no preacher handy, there was no show of their getting married before spring. Babcock stuck it out till February, and then, seeing how hard she was working —she was running a boarding house— and not liking her to live in that unprotected way any longer, he proposed a common law marriage, which could be comfirmed later, you might say, by a reg'lar marriage, if she wanted it. But being raised in the church, she couldn't bring herself to that, so he agreed to wait."

He paused and wet his throat with the liberal dram which Schuyler Hicks had quietly poured meanwhile. After the other two had wet their ears, so to speak, he proceeded:

"By an inscrutable providence, gents, Babcock was hurt within two weeks—I didn't understand exactly that he was shot—and his life depended upon good nursing. That settled it for Janey. She called in a neighbor or two and Babcock said, in a weak voice, 'I take this woman for my lawful wedded wife.' Then she said she took him for her lawful wedded husband. But, womanlike, she was uneasy for the preacher; and Babcock was no sooner up and the snow out of the passes before he mounts a horse and starts for Ringgold, where he heard a sky pilot was holding forth."

He paused again, at the prompting of a dramatic instinct, but stayed Schuyler's hand as he reached for the jug.

"Gentlemen, he was never seen alive again. He was buried under a snowslide sixty feet deep, and they didn't find his body till July. And Janey, womanlike, regarded it as a judgment, and that was why she hid her child."

"You want my opinion!" asked Schuyler promptly.

"I do."

"My opinion is that as long as God Almighty hisself played it kind of low down on her, as you might say and meaning no disrespect, that marriage would hold in any court in heaven; and you kin always say, according to my lights, that you married a widder, though it ain't likely as you'll care to harp on that, seein' as you're playin' second fiddle, so to speak." And Schuyler Hicks was actually guilty of the sentimentality of extending his horny hand.

"My sentiments to a T, Lon," said Ricketts; and after launching a long, thin, comet-like streak of tobacco juice toward a convenient corner, he also extended his hand.

The Irishman

By DR. WILLIAM MAGINN

There was a lady lived at Leith,
A lady very stylish, man —
And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
She fell in love with an Irishman —
A nasty, ugly Irishman —
A wild, tremendous Irishman —
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ranting, roaring Irishman.

His face was no ways beautiful,
For with smallpox 'twas scarred across;
And the shoulders of the ugly dog
Were almost double a yard across.
Oh, the lump of an Irishman —
The whiskey-devouring Irishman —
The great he-rogue with his wonderful brogue — the fighting, rioting Irishman!

One of his eyes was bottle green,
And the other eye was out, my dear;
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
Were more than two feet about, my dear!
Oh, the great big Irishman —
The rattling, battling Irishman —
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering swash of an Irishman.

He took so much of Lundy-foot
That he used to snort and snuffle oh;
And in shape and size the fellow's neck
Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.
Oh, the horrible Irishman —
The thundering, blundering Irishman —
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hashing Irishman.

His name was a terrible name, indeed,
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch
He'd not rest till he filled it full again;
The boozing, bruising Irishman —
The 'toxicated Irishman—
The whiskey, frisky, rummy, gummy, handy, dandy Irishman.

This was the lad the lady loved,
Like all the girls of quality;
And he broke the heads of the men of Leith,
Just by the way of jollity;
Oh, the leathering Irishman —
The barbarous, savage Irishman —
The hearts of the maids and the gentlemen's heads were bothered, I'm sure, by this Irishman.

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Publisher

A Glimpse of the Home Life and Remarkable Career of the Publisher of the Ladies Home Journal and Saturday Evening Post — A Publisher of Periodicals That Reach More People Than Any Others In the World.

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

WHO can estimate the value of a kind word of encouragement, or letter at the right time? It is doubtful if there are many who have not felt and seen clouds hover about. It may as well be confessed that I have had my share, and yet the pictures of these days are brightened by cherished memories of helpful friends. In the early days of the National Magazine, I received two inspiring letters from Cyrus H. K. Curtis, publisher of the Ladies Home Journal, which I treasure in a safety deposit box, and value beyond any bonds or stocks. They were letters full of sincere encouragement, kindly criticism, and recited a chapter of his own early experience. These letters were humanely helpful. Every word had a heartiness that was inspiring. In fact, they embraced a college course of experience for a young editor and publisher. They were not generalities, glittering and perfunctory, but a stern array of practical facts and duties genuinely helpful.

AT FIFTY YEARS OF AGE

In return for this generous, kindly interest, I cannot hope to adequately express the full measure of my gratitude. "Impress yourself on your readers; you can do it. Give them yourself freely, unreservedly," was one sentence burned into my memory. How well this advice has been followed I dare not say, but I have earnestly tried to give without stint the best there is in me to the readers of of the National Magazine, and the successful growth of the business is due to the appreciation of those who have given us a confidence that I regard as sacred.

Although many times tempted to call for more advice, I resisted until I felt that the lessons assigned had been worked out to some extent at least, with positive results to submit. Then I ventured to visit Mr. Curtis, to recite these lessons and take an examination in earnest.

At charming "Lyndon," on the "pier", a covered extension of a spacious veranda, where meals are served and all delights of open air life are secured, I applied for my degree. The stately home suggested to me Sir Walter Scott's Abbotsford, with its great terrace in front where the after glow of sunset and the gentle June twilight are enjoyed to the full.

The recitation was given in an array of figures, showing growth and circulation and renewals, and he put an underscored line under renewals. "That tells your story," he said with a nod of approval that meant more to me than a Harvard degree.

AT SEVENTEEN YEARS OF AGE

The first lesson over, we sauntered about the home. Originally the estate covered forty-seven acres, which has since been extended across the picturesque, inviting country, where a new stone wall and cement walk indicated the push and public spirit of the publisher. "Lyndon' is an estate of historic interest, having formerly been owned by Abraham Barker, the well known Philadelphia banker, and father of Wharton Barker, once populist candidate for the presidency. It was here in the early seventies that the first successful experiments were made with the telephone by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, in an effort to interest Mr. Barker as a capitalist. The willow trees upon which the wires were stretched were swept away by a winter storm, but the voice messages sent forth on those willows now span the world. A splendid view meets the eye on entering at either the east or west gate of "Lyndon." The grounds were laid out for Mr. Barker fifty years ago by Mr. Meehan, editor of Meehan's Horticultural Magazine, who later was an editor of one of Mr. Curtis' papers. As a landscape architect, Mr. Meehan had few equals, and Mr. Curtis has since enlarged upon the original conception. In the spring house there is always a refreshing cool drink, and shining, bright dairy tins. A rustic bridge spans the little stream that divides the golfer's field. Two little lakes, with dainty water falls, make a view from the summer house that is charming. Mr. Curtis spends a good deal of time out of doors, and the game of golf has a hold on him. As he grimly remarked, "I think sometimes while playing, 'what nonsence!' Yet I find the completion of one task whets the appetite for others, and so I just keep on playing, as long as I dare."

The residence of the publisher of the Ladies Home Journal expresses the ideal home in its largest sense: a spacious hall and stairway in which are hung tapestries from Pekin; here and there, artistically arranged, those charming home-making suggestions characteristic of this publisher. The music room, in which the pipe organ occupies the place of honor, opens out from the hall, and it was indeed a treat to hear Mr. Curtis play his own improvisations and compositions. On that organ bench, he enjoys

his real recreation after the day of arduous toil at the office. There is individuality in the delicate touch of the keys of this instrument in the playing of Mr. Curtis. I fancied he expressed a deeply felt admiration for the great organ master at Portland, after whom he was named. The tone of the organ is rich and full, and especially adapted for the home. In the library was the collection of books which always reveals the career and the trend of ambition and achievement. In all the rooms throughout the home is the dainty and yet practical taste, which has done so much for home building in America through the pages of the Home Journal. Mrs. Curtis is an ideal hostess and home-maker, and maintains the highest New England standard in house-keeping.

The landscape view thereabout recalls he charm of rural England, except the absence of the hedge, which suggests a bit of selfish exclusiveness, and a determination that passers by shall not enjoy the inner beauties of country life. On the foliage fringed horizon is the old home of Jay Cook; the church he built in the palmy days is still called the Holy "Five-twenties" a satirical reference to government bonds of the period. Mr. Cook is still hale and hearty at eighty, and lives amid the scenes he enjoyed when he was the Pierpont Morgan of the times.

LYNDON, FROM THE EAST

The charming home of John Wanamaker is not far away, with its spacious expanse of woods, granite art gallery and swan covered pond. The automobiles sing along the famous historic York road and romantic Church Lane. The home of Mr. Elkins, street car magnate, and the towered and turretted "Castle" of Mr. Harrison of the sugar trust, with its

famous chime of bells in the stable, suggests a varied picture of Europe and mediaeval times. The Elkins home, from stable to house, suggests an array of libraries and a glimpse of classic Athens. The famous old York road, one of the few remaining turnpikes where a fare is collected, has a flavor of colonial days. As I came up from Ogontz, on the picturesque winding Church Lane, on a sleepy summer morning, with birds singing, insects buzzing and perfume of bud and blossom, somehow I felt right in tune with the symphony of Nature spread before me.

A visit to the handsome little Episcopal church was interesting, where the choir, under the supervision of Mr. Curtis, sang the service with a hearty good cheer. The honor of sitting beside the four-year-old son of Editor Bok, and the grandson of Publisher Curtis, on his debut at church service, was mine; and a good boy he was. His surplus American energy was utilized during the service in vigorously fanning his grandmother and looking after the comforts of the visitor.

* * *

All this may seem unimportant detail, but I desire to give the picture as it is, so richly reflective of the real personality of one who has made such a great business success and yet remains the same simple and unaffected man of earlier years. When his dark eyes begin dancing the reserve of enthusiasm is revealed; and a kindlier man never lived. Mr. Curtis has large ideals far beyond the mere founding of a business success. He thinks and acts on broad lines, quite in harmony with the chapter he has furnished of American achievement.

A dash to the Wyncote Station behind a galloping horse, in the sweet fragrance of a moonlight June eve, to catch a train and hurry on with the bustle and activities of every day life, broke the spell of one of the happiest Sundays I have ever enjoyed. We talked in the swing; we talked on the drive; we talked at dinner, and to me every word and phrase was fraught with meaning. The real man was here at his best, in his own home. A practical student of men and affairs, Cyrus H. K. Curtis has richly earned his distinction, as publisher of the most widely read and widely circulated periodicals of modern times.

* * *

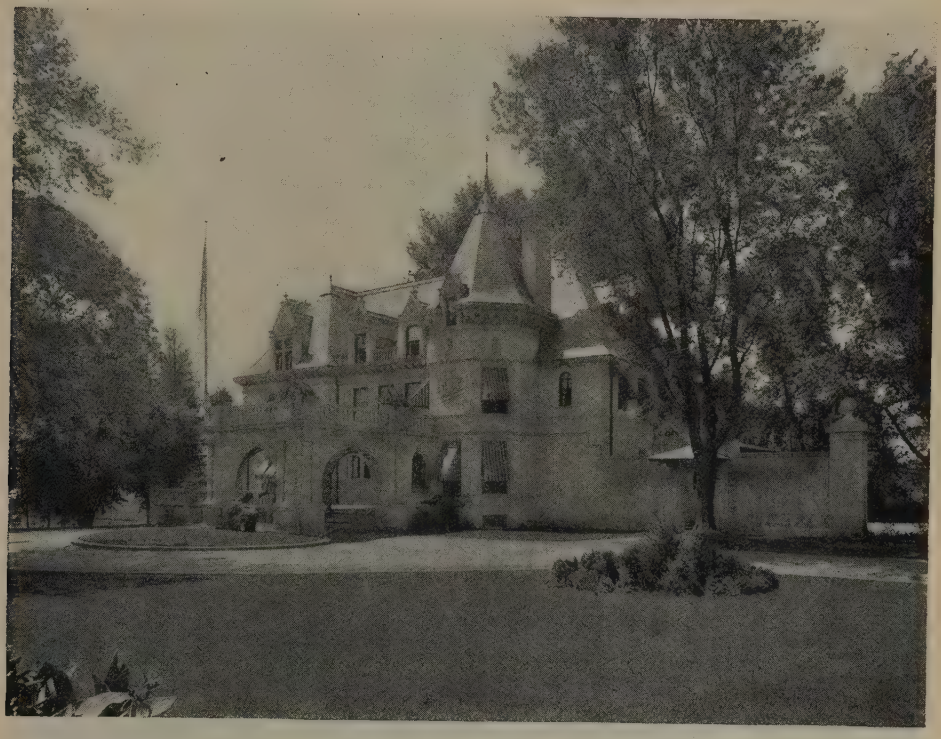
In the good city of Portland, Maine, the birthplace of Longfellow, I found Cyrus Curtis an honored name at his old home. Many of the citizens remember the bright black-eyed lad and are proud of his unparalleled achievement, although they confess that they little dreamed of what was in store for him in those early years. Named for one of our most famous organists, Herman Kotzschmar, it is little wonder that the distinguished publisher has retained a passionate fondness for music. His father was playing trombone in a brass band at the time Cyrus was born, and his great admiration for and intimacy with the organist led him to name the new son for the brilliant musician. For fifty years this organist has given Portland people the highest and best there is in church music, and no tempting salary offer could ever induce him to leave the organ loft he honors and the work he loves. His compositions take high rank, and reveal a depth of feeling, under his master touch, that is soul uplifting. His *Te Deum* is classic and musicians have come hundreds and thousands of miles to hear this veteran composer and organist.

The devotion of Cyrus Curtis to his sister is one of the things well remembered at Portland. She reached maturity and until her death was a comrade to her energetic brother.

A story is told in Portland of how a phrenologist prophesied that Cyrus Curtis would make a great success in a line of business in which women were interested. He was at that time clerk-

ing in a dry goods store, a popular salesman, and could say "fast colors, ten cents a yard," in a winning way. No one, however, dreamed of the future in store for this modest young man of thirty years ago. He showed his quality even earlier than that, when in the four years he carried newspapers, as a lad of twelve, he rose at four o'clock in the

LYNDON, FROM THE NORTH



morning, and hustling over to the fort, sold extra copies to the soldiers, during the Civil War. The young lad's future ambition was indicated in a little paper he published, called "The Young America," filled with bright paragraphs.

There were two boys in the enterprise —the firm was called Curtis & Goold,— and who can express the feelings of young Curtis when he placed in the hands of his mother and sister a copy of this bright little paper, sold at the magic price—$1 per year. This newspaper venture did not mark out distinctly for the moment the future of young Curtis. He was ambitious to go into the dry goods business on a large scale, clearly comprehending the future development of the department store of today. He was a lad of large plans, and was soon dreaming how to purchase the Preble House site, in the very center of Portland, to be used as a store of this description. His dreams did not materialize, and therefore young Curtis came to Boston to begin a notable career as an advertising man. He had been accustomed to the munificent salary of $10 per week, as a dry goods clerk, and when he secured a $25 advertisement from a firm on Tremont Street, Boston, for a railroad guide, out of which $6.25, or twenty-five per cent, was his own, he felt rich indeed. A half hour's work for $6.25—this was an Eldorado to the

Maine boy. He planned and usually got what he went after. He did not lack confidence in himself, yet has always been of an exceedingly modest disposition.

* * *

An incident that shows his ambition for large undertakings was his first visit to the veteran showman, P. T. Barnum. The young advertising man had been refused, but he was persistent until he saw the great showman in person, and then there was only one result — Cyrus Curtis conquered, and it is said that in after years, in his hours of discouragement, Mr. Curtis would take down the autobiography of P. T. Barnum and read it until he was thoroughly saturated with the enthusiasm and shrewd comprehension of human nature that made P. T. Barnum one of the greatest men of his time. Any person talking with Mr. Curtis is impressed with the gentle and yet insistent way he obtains his results. No delays for self analysis — he goes direct ahead. The career of every successful man is more or less influenced by other successful men who precede them, and the name of his second newspaper, a Boston venture called the "People's Ledger," and his later removal to Philadelphia indicate a wholesome admiration of George W. Childs.

The first newspaper venture of Mr. Curtis in Boston was the Independent. The next venture was the Boston People's Ledger, and there was the real crucial test of his career, which fully revealed his staying qualities; he worked incessantly upon circulation and advertising, expecting to do better the next week, and then on to the next, and the next, but never giving up. In the meantime he married a Boston girl and they began their life work in earnest. During the

FROM THE WEST GATE TO THE GREENHOUSES

Centennial year, 1876, they removed to Philadephia, and the Tribune & Farmer was soon under way, which later developed into the Ladies Home Journal. With Mr. Curtis at the business helm, and Mrs. Curtis doing the editorial work, they laid a foundation sure and secure. And when the later editor, Edward Bok, whose fame is second to none in his field, came to Philadelphia from Scribner's, he took up his great life work and the success that has followed in the past sixteen years is without a parallel in the publishing world. The publication has built itself right into the hearts and homes of the people whereever the English language is read, with editions approximating one million copies and four million readers.

The latest of the triumphs of Mr. Curtis, as a publisher, is the Saturday Evening Post. This paper was founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1728, and has been continuously published every week since. The Post had always had on its list a select class of readers in Philadelphia. A paper with such a history and traditions, associated with one of the very founders of American journalism, appealed to Mr. Curtis and he purchased the property. From his very first number he set a pace in periodical production that has not been excelled. It is a weekly paper which keeps in touch with the current of every day affairs, and the contributors include the most notable men of the times. A handsome new building and equipment has been added to provide for its unparalleled growth. Mr. Curtis has given the Saturday Evening Post a quaintness and distinction about which clings the very best traditions of colonial days, with a sparkle of modernism that is quite in harmony with the spirit of the times. The Post has a world wide circulation and truly reflects Americanism in its highest and best sense.

The career of Mr. Curtis is an inspiration to all young men confronted with the serious problem of getting started in life, and especially to younger publishers and editors coming upon the field of action with lofty ideals and ambitions of unlimited proportions.

BOSTON.

TO MR. BOWLES

Bowles! honest Bowles! who set my sonnets well
In mellow printage, here I make a song
To follow as the words the tune along
The serried years that round your earthly spell.
If Time shall quicken the sad hours that tell
Of pain or passion dedicate to wrong,
Of days of toil that to the muse belong,
Read these my lines and be absolved of hell.
In infinite sad phantasy thou hast dwelt
Upon the dream that from the dawn hath been
"A light to dead men and dark hours;" hast knelt
At the inner shrine where man is shrived of sin,
And, kin to art, thyself hast oftimes felt
That saintship whereof men and gods are kin!

Joseph Lewis French

Phases of American Affairs

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ADVERTISERS

By MARTIN MURRAY

C. W. POST, chairman of the largest food factory in the world, the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., at Battle Creek, Mich., is an interesting example of an American business man, building within a few years, and unaided, a mammoth business, extending to all parts of the world, and by the concentration of thought and the guidance of experience amassing a large fortune.

Mr. Post was born in Springfield, Ill., forty-seven years ago. After receiving a common school education and a military training at the University of Illinois, he started in business on the then frontier of Kansas, at the age of seventeen. This first venture was successful and was followed by various enterprises until in 1884, by a combination of ill health and a contest among stock holders, he became bankrupt, and for seven or eight years was an invalid, a part of the time wandering from California to Maine in search of health. During this time he ranched a while in Texas, and perforce, in order to keep alive, studied foods, hygiene, physiology and more or less of materia medica.

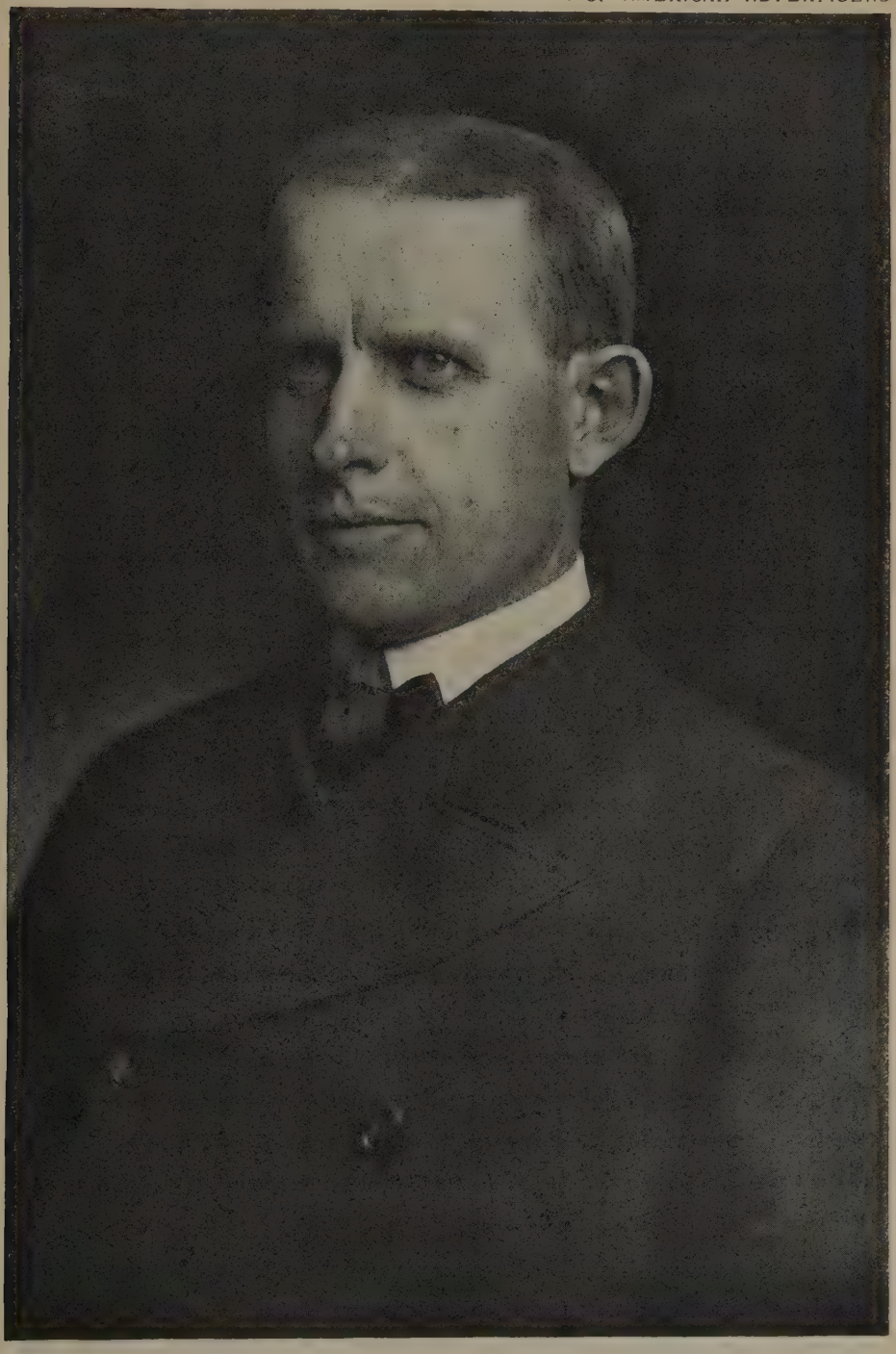
In 1891 he went to Battle Creek, Michigan, and was for a number of months a patient at a sanitarium. The treatment there failed absolutely, and when given up to die he was taken from the institution and healed in a short time under an entirely different method of treatment. His own private and long continued studies relating to foods finally brought out the articles which have made Mr. Post's name famous throughout the world.

The company's plant, established at Battle Creek, is a large one, consisting of a number of acres of ground covered with thirteen or fourteen factory buildings. This company spends between fifty and seventy-five thousand dollars per month, with newspapers and magazines, in advertising.

As one of the foremost advertisers in the world, Mr. Post was selected by the Association of American Advertisers for its president, and is now serving the second term. This association consists of about seventy members, expending upward of twenty millions of dollars per annum in advertising the articles familiar to every reader of newspapers and magazines.

The subject of this sketch about eight years ago undertook the work of enthusing the citizens of Battle Creek with the idea of making that town a large manufacturing center. He knew enough about molding public sentiment through the press to use that method, and from time to time articles appeared from his

CHARLES W. POST, PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN ADVERTISERS



pen explaining to the citizens how surely a city can be built by the operation of joining material—iron, wood, etc.,—together, making machinery, foods and other articles of commerce, sending them broadcast and bringing back money from other states and countries to be expended in the little town where the articles were made. His own example was in evidence and the people of Battle Creek were aroused, so that probably today no town in America of 25,000 is more active, energetic, prosperous and growing faster than Battle Creek. Between forty and fifty new manufacturing enterprises have been started there within the past eighteen months.

Mr. Post built at Battle Creek one of the largest and handsomest hotels in the state, and there are few, if any, better conducted in the United States. He said at the time that he built this for a monument, but his foresight was keen. The business of the town has grown so rapidly that the "Post Tavern" is now regularly filled to its doors. He has also erected other imposing buildings, and the people have caught the spirit and are carrying on the work in a most enterprising fashion.

Mr. Post has, to a great extent, relinquished the active duties of the business, living a portion of his time in Washington, New York and London, maintaining an office in each city. Most of his time is spent in Washington, for he is deeply interested in national affairs and feels that at the capital he can keep more closely in touch with them than elsewhere. He steadily and at all times declines any political office, preferring to live "in a house by the side of the road and observe the ways of man."

For several years past a portion of his spare time has been employed in perfecting a system of postal currency known as Post checks. Bills are now pending before congress embodying the result of his thought. The patents for this system of currency are given, without recompense, to the government, Mr. Post's work in the matter being entirely *pro bono publico.*

He maintains, at his own expense, a bureau of information and promotion, on the theory that even though some enterprising citizen were to proffer a tub of gold dollars to the government, it would require wise management to steer a bill through congress permitting the government to accept the gift.

The newspapers and publishers throughout the country universally support the Post check proposition, recognizing it to be the most pressing postal need, which being adopted would result in an incalculable impetus to internal commerce.

Men of the type here presented are original and individual thinkers. They do not depend for their conclusions upon the direction of some one else. The motto of such men is, in effect, "Don't give me your advice, give me facts; then I can take my own advice."

Mr. Post is fond of yachting, and by a simple process of reasoning conceived the idea that in the last international race between the Columbia and Shamrock II. the boats were so nearly equal that some other reason than advantage of one yacht over another in construction must be shown for the defeat of the Shamrock II. A little investigation made him believe that American seamen are better operators than the English. He thereupon offered Sir Thomas Lipton $10,000 as a charter price for Shamrock II., which he proposed to man with an American crew, and suggested that Lipton secure the Columbia and man her with an English crew.

Mr. Post offered to "hang up" a handsome and expensive cup to be known as the "Yachtsman's cup" in contradistinction to the "Yacht cup." Sir Thomas Lipton generously offered to lend Shamrock II. to Mr. Post without charge for

such a trial, but as the owner of the Columbia did not, for some reason, deem it best to cooperate, the proposed race probably will not take place.

NEW YORK CITY.

AN AFTERNOON AT "SUNNY CREST,"

The Pasadena Home of Reverend and Mrs. Robert J. Burdette

By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP

"BLESS your heärts! Come right in," cheerily called the little mistress of Sunny Crest that May morning, as a party of friends drove slowly up the palm bordered drive way. She had called from the breakfast room window, where she was taking a little lunch between guests, so to speak, for club women had been wending their way all day to Sunny Crest to extend in person their congratulation to the newly elected first vice president of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs.

The cheery voice from the window was followed a moment later by its owner, Mrs. Burdette, who fluttered out upon the veranda, gracious, smiling—with both hands extended, the white etamine gown clinging softly to her figure.

"How glad I am to see you! Come in, come in—" and she led the way into the beautiful reception hall.

A moment later down the stairs came Robert Burdette—"irrepressible, genial, tender hearted Bob," as his friends love to call him and in an instant the whole atmosphere was full of that presence that never fails to charm.

"From Iowa? Dear old Iowa, the best state on earth," he said graciously, "therefore the house is yours. Go where you please, up stairs and down.

SUNNY CREST THE PASADENA HOME OF THE BURDETTES

Let it all be yours and Sunny Crest will be the sunnier and the richer for your having come."

No second invitation was needed and I made straight for the "den" of the pastor-humorist.

The den or study is in the front of the house, just at the head of the broad staircase. Two of the walls are seemingly almost entirely of glass and it is practical, since in that magic land the drama of the seasons is unknown. Drawn close to the window was a great easy chair, so turned that the eyes might rest and linger on the Sierre Madre mountains, with the famous head of that ancient sire of peaks, old Balda, gleaming white and rising majestically in the distance just beyond the flower crowned valleys. What a view to give inspiration, and supplement that so plainly found in the little worn bible that lay on the table within reach, and told so eloquently its own story of nearness to the owner's daily life. A great bowl of pink roses also stood on the table and leaned protectingly down over a bit of unfinished work as though to shelter it from curious eyes. The den is furnished entirely in Japanese and the effect is most restful. On the mantle, in company with several pictures of Mrs. Burdette, stood a likeness of Marshall P. Wilder bearing the inscription, "To my dear Bob," and in just as prominent a spot was another of a little Iowa maid, and in the faulty, childish scribble these words, "Dear Mr. Burdette, I wish you a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Your little friend, Blossom Elliott, Iowa Falls, Ia."

THE LIBRARY AT SUNNY CREST

MRS. ROBERT J. BURDETTE OF PASADENA, CAL.

On the wall hung a calendar for the month, and two dates, May 1 and May 8, stood out conspicuously; by the side of each was a facsimile of the General Federation pin done in water colors. May 1 was the opening day of the Sixth Biennial, and May 8 the day when Mrs. Burdette was honored with the second highest office in the power of the club women of America to bestow. So harmonious and peaceful was the atmosphere of that room that the friendly faces of Hugo, Tennyson, Carlisle and numerous theologians seemed to smile from the book shelves in a spirit of good comradeship as the writer walked lingeringly from the room. The entire house, Moorish in architecture, is most interesting, filled as it is with rare and beautiful treasures. "For Robert Burdette. With hale affection, your old Hoosier friend— J. W. Riley," was written beneath the poet's picture that stood on the library table.

Almost every woman who travels widely has a fad, and Mrs. Burdette's is bells. Her collection, containing between fifty and sixty, is not only unique, but most interesting, since each one has its own little history or story. One huge oval bell of brass, roughly cast, at one time adorned the neck of some ancient cow, the great age being determined by the fine metal yoke. A curved wooden yoke, from which hangs several small silver throated bells, is the kind now worn in certain parts of the old country by cattle of the period. There is a small black bell surmounted by the image of his Satanic majesty, bearing aloft a black heart, in which is set a blue stone that resembles a sapphire in color. From a dim old monastery in Italy comes a bell dark and stained from its hundreds of years of service in daily summoning the monks to their devotions. The tiny shells are falling away from the worn and tattered collar on the quaint old camel bell from Damascus. A portion of the bells are arranged in series or chimes and one of German make bears the date of 1675. The bells are hung in a frame in the form of a huge wooden knife, five or six inches in width. Upon the blade is a German motto which translated reads: "He that has a story and does not give it is a bell without a clapper."

This is the origin of the chestnut bells, and they are often hung upon the dining room walls in Germany. Upon the handle is a second motto to the effect that if a person makes his story too long he should be "rung off," and during the stories that are the custom over the walnuts and wine if a guest forgets himself and spins his tale too long, some one grasps the knife and in making the motion of cutting, the bells jingle out a suggestive warning. The collection contains many strange brass idols, in which a bell is concealed, and one ornate little thing is a reproduction of the Eiffel tower in Paris.

The residence of the Burdettes stands proudly upon a broad eminence and the grounds are superbly arranged and preserved. The air was heavy with rich odors, and birds of many kinds fluttered in and out the honeysuckle vines and the orange tree boughs and sang as though they would break their very hearts with joy. From the library came the voice of Robert Burdette, telling drolly a story, and then came the inevitable burst of laughter followed by another tale.

"We think the prettiest part of our home is without," said the hostess, who had softly drawn near and whose eyes lingered lovingly on the bewitching scene that her great wealth, assisted by nature's generosity, had made possible.

Here Mrs. Burdette holds a monthly salon that is the objective point of many distinguished tourists to California. She and her husband gather around them interesting men and women, and one can in fancy picture these delightful occasions and can almost hear the gay

voices and laughter on the broad veranda.

The most impressive thing of all about Sunny Crest is the great devotion of Robert Burdette and his wife. They have travelled all over the world together and are comrades in the fullest sense of the word. How he delights to call himself a "club woman;" and no one who attended the Milwaukee convention two years ago will ever forget Robert Burdette at the California headquarters proudly playing office boy, where he gave impartially his smiles, comic tales and state circulars. When he lectures in Los Angeles at the Ebell club house—that little Greek-temple, designed and built by Mrs. Burdette especially for the Ebell Club, he refers to himself as "the husband of Madam, the President."

On several occasions when Mr. Burdette has been unable to keep engagements on account of delayed trains, his talented wife has taken his place on the lecture platform, to the evident satisfaction of the audience.

Mrs. Burdette's simple, unaffected manners, her cordiality, her genuine sweetness of nature, will make her most popular as a federation officer. Aside from her club work, she is interested in all lines of progressive endeavor along the coast. If any one be skeptical of Mrs. Burdette's eminent fitness for the place she is to occupy the next two years in the club world, let him make a pilgrimage to Sunny Crest and come

A VIEW FROM THE VERANDA AT SUNNY CREST, THE SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS IN THE BACKGROUND

beneath the magic spell of that beautiful American home and enjoy even briefly the personality of its mistress.

"I have enjoyed more than I can tell, seeing Mrs. Burdette in her own home," I said, as the host walked with me to the door. Then Robert Burdette said something so pretty, that sounded very sweet to a woman's ears—"There is nothing too good to be said of Mrs. Burdette, for there does not live a better, sweeter, nor more contented little woman."

The last glimpse of Sunny Crest, peaceful, serene in that glorious Californian sunshine, is indelibly associated with the picture husband and wife made as they stood together waving their farewells to their guests and then turning, looked for a moment with ineffable tenderness into each other's eyes and slowly reentered their home.

DES MOINES, Iowa.

SHALL THE PUBLIC DOMAIN BE PRESERVED FOR HOME SEEKERS?

By PARIS GIBSON,

United States Senator from Montana

THE public lands of the United States, not including Alaska, are now limited almost entirely to the semi-arid and arid country which lies between the 100th degree of longitude and the Pacific Ocean, and are bounded on the north by British North America, and on the south by Mexico. These lands embrace, approximately, 525,000,000 acres, but much of this vast area is covered by the Rocky Mountains and their lateral ranges, which can only be occupied by miners and by prospectors searching for ores bearing gold, silver and other minerals.

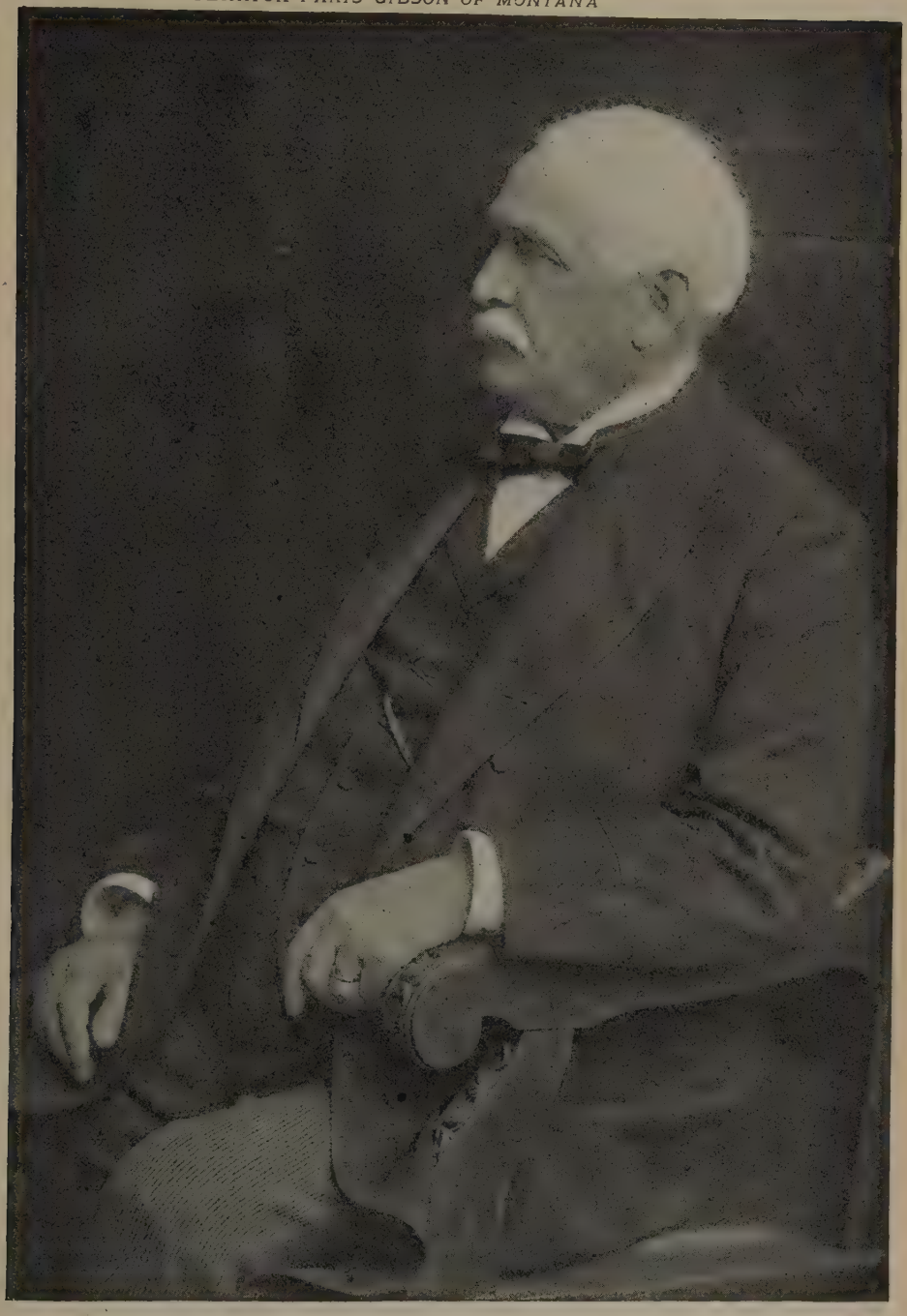
It is claimed that not more than 100,000,000 acres of the arid public domain can be reclaimed, and thus be made to furnish homes for the rapidly increasing population of the United States; but in this age of mechanical inventions and of improvements in agricultural methods, it is probable that the present estimates of our possible farm lands are far too small. Some of these lands, especially those adjacent to mountains, can be successfully cultivated without the aid of the irrigating ditch; but the great body of the public domain must be irrigated from mountain streams or from reservoirs located at the base of mountain ranges, in order to maintain a population of farmers. The lands within our arid country are, as a whole, among the most productive in the world, when brought under the plow and subjected to artificial irrigation, and are capable of yielding enormous crops of grain, alfalfa and fruit.

Since the extermination of the buffaloes, herds and flocks, of the cattle men and sheep owners, have roamed at will over these vast stretches of land, subsisting summer and winter, as did the elk, the antelope and the buffalo, upon wild grasses, and there was but little inclination to own lands.

Recently, however, the pastoral stock growers of this region have been seized with a desire to own and control as many acres as possible in the arid region, and by means of the desert land act, the homestead act with its commutation provisions and forest reserve scrip, great bodies of the choicest parts of the public domain have already fallen into the possession of men who will use them only for grazing purposes. Capitalists living in the middle West and even in the Eastern states, own immense bodies of land in the arid states, acquired under the acts referred to, upon which the plow has never been used and upon which no population is found, except a few cowboys and sheep herders.

If the same means now employed for

UNITED STATES SENATOR PARIS GIBSON OF MONTANA



obtaining land are continued, it will be only a short time before most of the farm lands of our public domain will pass into the possession of rich and

powerful stock growing companies and corporations and there will be no land left in the far West for farmers seeking homes.

How shall these rich agricultural lands be preserved for home seekers?

Clearly, by so changing our laws that not another acre of land can be acquired except under a homestead law, which makes an actual residence of five years obligatory, after which the settler shall be entitled to a conveyance from the government of his claim, not exceeding 160 acres. All other acts by means of which public lands are now acquired, should be repealed at once. The homestead act was intended to be framed in the interest of bona fide settlers, and was advocated as early as 1852 by the Free Soil party, who declared that "The public lands of the United States belong to the people and should not be sold to individuals or granted to corporations, but should be held as a sacred trust for the benefit of the people and should be granted in limited quantities, free of cost, to landless settlers."

The great statesman, Thomas H. Benton, said:

"I do not know how old or rather how young I was when I first took up the notion that sales of land by a government to its own citizens and to the highest bidder was false policy, and that gratuitous grants to actual settlers was the true policy and their labor the true way of extracting national wealth and strength from the soil."

But speculators who were not satisfied with the homestead act as it was originally intended succeeded, through plausible and misleading arguments, in attaching to it a clause allowing the homesteader to make final proof at the end of six months, by paying $1.25 an acre; and although many years after the passage of the act the time when the settler could commute was changed from six months to fourteen months, the act, instead of being in the interest of the homesteader, is still, in a measure, chiefly for the benefit of speculators and large land holders. The men who framed our land laws never made a greater mistake than in allowing the settler to obtain title to his claim in six or fourteen months by paying $1.25 an acre for it.

It must be apparent to every one who gives this subject careful consideration that the privilege of commuting homesteads was not demanded by the men seeking to establish actual homes upon the land; for under the law, settlers, who are generally poor, can get title to their homes by residing on the land and cultivating it for five years.

The Desert Land Act, also, was never framed in the interest of farmers and actual settlers. It was placed among the statutes of the United States mainly through the influence of men who wished to obtain large holdings in the arid West, either for speculative or grazing purposes, and its provisions have been notoriously violated throughout the arid states. If public lands, hereafter, can be acquired only by an actual residence upon them of five years and proper cultivation, the most of the lands of the nation, still remaining, will be occupied by genuine homesteaders.

While every secretary of the interior for more than a quarter of a century past, has contended that the public domain should be held sacredly for citizens of the United States, wishing them to make homes upon it, congress has apparently been adopting every conceivable method to turn the lands over to companies and corporations. Congress should not only repeal the Desert Land Act and the commutation provisions of the Homestead Act, but it should permit no more land scrip to be issued, and it should donate no more land in aid of state institutions. Unless this is done, as I have already stated, there will soon be no public lands left for the people.

If our government lands are hereafter held in trust for home makers, what is now the arid domain will be reclaimed and will contain a population of more than 50,000,000 before the middle of the present century.

In twenty-five or thirty years the population of the United States should not be less than 130,000,000, providing we can furnish homes for our people by preserving and reclaiming the arid domain, and not compel them to cross our northern boundary line, as they are now beginning to do, and to establish their homes under another flag.

Recently, great interest has been awakened in the Canadian provinces, on the subject of reclaiming the dry lands of the Northwest Territory. In the territory of Alberta one of the largest and most successful irrigating systems on the continent has been established, and the lands reclaimed by it are being rapidly occupied by emigrants largely from our farming districts in the upper Mississippi valley. The policy of reclaiming the lands of Alberta, by diverting the waters of the Saskatchewan, so successfully begun, will be rapidly continued. Few people, especially in the eastern part of the United States, realize the vast extent of choice, irrigable wheat lands that lie along the base of the Rocky Mountains in British North America—lands that extend nearly a thousand miles northward from the international boundary, even to the tributaries of the great McKenzie river. Upon these foreign lands people from the United States will establish their homes, unless the equally rich arid lands of our own country are reclaimed and held for home seekers. Beside furnishing homes for our homeless people, we shall contribute immensely to the stability of the nation by the settlement of the arid West, for the more people we have living upon the land, the less danger there will be from labor disturbances and revolutions.

It is not broad statesmanship to permit the rich country lying between the Mississippi valley and the Pacific Ocean to fall into the possession of men who will establish immense landed estates which will be used only for pasture grounds for herds and flocks. We can not afford to ignore the great question of reclaiming the arid domain, in view of the fact that it is now required for home seekers. The government should not delegate its control of the public lands to the states, nor should it lease any public lands until there can be an intelligent determination of the lands that cannot be occupied by settlers.

Farmers of the middle West and East can have nothing to fear from the increased production that may come from the reclamation and settlement of the arid West, for with the exception of beef and mutton, the surplus farm products of these far western states will find their markets in European and Asiatic countries. But even if there were no markets in the Orient for grain grown on the prairies and table lands of the Rocky Mountain country, the wheat produced east of the one hundredth degree of longitude, will, within twenty-five years, be insufficient to meet the wants of our own people. Unless the arid West is reclaimed and settled, we have actually reached the full limit of our wheat production, for our grain fields now extend to the very western border of the sub-humid region.

Travelers crossing the continent, who look for the first time upon the arid plains of the trans-Missouri country, believe them to be useless except for grazing purposes, but when these lands, which now produce only the gramma grass, the blue joint and dwarf sage, in small quantities, are plowed and irrigated, their fertility becomes wonderful. The black soils of the Red River valley and of the Illinois prairies have never yielded crops of wheat to the acre half so great as those grown in the irrigated

valleys and upon the table lands of Montana, Wyoming, Idaho and Colorado. These vast stretches of rich but dry lands, over which the waters from the Rocky mountains can be conveyed, will, before long, be reclaimed by the federal government, for this great and rapidly growing nation cannot and will not permit so much of its territory to remain unoccupied save by roving herds.

As fast as these arid lands are reclaimed the way should be open for citizens of the United States to occupy them, and this can be done only by a radical change in our present system of land acts, governing the sale and occupation of the public domain.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE STURDY GAME OF GOLF

By THAD PAUL

BASEBALL players scatter when rain falls; the bleachers are deserted by their howling thousands; the aristocrats in the reserved seats hoist umbrellas and seek cars for town. Golf, which we were so lately used to hear mentioned scornfully as a kid-glove game, proves to be of sterner quality. Witness—

The other day, on the links of the Glen View Golf club, near Chicago, two players — young men—were contesting the final round of the national golf championship. The grounds were spongy with constant rains, more was falling, and the line of march led players and spectators through dozens of miniature lakes and rivers. Notwithstanding, the veracious reporters declare that two thousand enthusiasts, men and women, followed the contestants step by step, wading where the leaders waded, cheering their favorites and

LOUIS N JAMES OF CHICAGO, AMATEUR CHAMPION GOLF PLAYER OF AMERICA.
Photograph by the C. & C. Co., Masonic Temple, Chicago.

thoroughly enjoying every foot of the road. And when, at the end of the play, the winner's club mates hoisted him in triumph to their shoulders, no applause was heartier or more jubilant than that of the scores of fashionable women who had sacrificed gowns, hats and boots to witness the third triumph of the West in golf.

The first western champion was Charles B. McDonald—a Scotchman.

The second western champion was H. J. Whigham—an Englishman.

The third western champion is Louis James—a fine young American. Mr.

WALTER J. TRAVIS, FORMER AMERICAN GOLF CHAMPION Photograph by C. & C. Co , Chicago

C. M. BYERS OF PITTSBURG, RUNNER-UP IN THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OF 1902

Photograph by the C. & C. Co., Chicago

James is only nineteen years old — a school boy. He wears his honors modestly.

Before the contests were opened, it was thought that Mr. Travis, the champion of 1901, out-classed his field, but he met his master in Mr. Byers, whose skill

brought him into the finals as contestant against Mr. James for the championship. During the early part of the final round, Mr. Byers led and seemed likely to win; but the younger player's magnificent nerve stood him in good stead during the last half of the play, and he won with a comfortable margin to spare.

There were over half a hundred entrants, the largest number listed in an American golf championship up to date, and the play throughout was of a high class. The tourney was successful in nearly every particular—mainly, perhaps, in the added impetus it will give to public interest in this, the best of all out of door games for the average American business man. There was a time, early in the brief history of the game in America, when it was deemed merely an adjunct to fashion; today it stands for agreeable social intercourse, honest sportsmanship and good health.

CHICAGO.

MISS EVA TAYLOR, WHO HAS JUST JOINED THE PITTSBURG STOCK COMPANY

Photograph by Will Armstrong, Boston

REVIVAL OF THE STOCK COMPANY THEATERS

RALPH BERGENGREN

JUDGING by present indications the popular priced stock company will take a larger part than ever before in amusing the theatre going public during the coming season. Literally this means that the theater, in the opinions of the experts who organize amusement ventures, will attract a greater number of patrons. There will be no falling off in the number of the higher priced companies nor in the number of individual stars, while at the same time there will be an increase in the num-

ber of stock theaters; therefore, unless, their managers are mistaken in analyzing the success and the character of the audiences that have made the popular priced performance so increasingly successful during the last half dozen years, there must be a proportionate increase in the number of actual theater goers whose attendance will make them profitable investments. The stock company theater already exists in so many of our important cities that the proposed additions to their number not only open up new territory for this form of theatrical enterprise but increase the number actually running in several of the larger centers. The stock companies, the first of which came into existence less than ten years ago, are now so many, so widely scattered and so much alike that one may speak of them in general terms and yet leave the reader to supply specific illustration from his own experience. Incidentally, they have created new audiences and a new class of actors.

MISS MARY SAUNDERS, CASTLE SQUARE THEATER COMPANY, BOSTON Photograph by Sands & Brady, Providence

This condition, which begins the present dramatic season with more stock companies, perhaps, than have ever before been playing in the United States, is particularly interesting in connection with the familiar wail of the critic for actors trained in the hard school of the stock companies that preceded them. These older companies practically disappeared under the star system; and there is now a discoverable, although as yet very vague and indeterminate, feeling among the stars themselves that the public is working toward an interest in a well rounded and harmonious performance rather than one in which the leading man and woman are completely satisfying without respect to the excellence or lack of excellence of the rest of the company. The star is not necessarily upon the wane but the con-

stellation is becoming of more importance; a fact very much in evidence in the make up of the companies with which many of last season's leading actors were surrounded. Meantime the modern stock company has been gradually taking the place of the old fashioned one,—not, indeed, before the same audiences, but before audiences which have been brought into existence by its lower prices. Where ever the companies have been established they have become family affairs as much as amusement enterprises. Their audiences seeing, week after week, the same familiar group of players in a different play come naturally to take a personal interest in each individual actor and actress; the name of each becomes, as it were, a household word in a great number of homes in which the theater itself has never before been anything but a very occasional topic of conversation. The profession of the actor is itself humanized in the eyes of many of the audience from the fact that they can hardly fail to realize, after a time, the tremendous amount of hard work necessitated by the constantly changing program of the stock company.

MR. JOHN CRAIG AS HAMLET IN THE CASTLE SQUARE PRODUCTION OF THE PLAY IN BOSTON Photograph by Chickering

It has been said more than once that the standard of the modern stage as a whole is very much lowered because the actor does not work so hard as in the days of its earlier history. He or she learns one part and plays it for an entire season in support of some particular star. But the stock company actor works hard enough to suit the most captious demand for serious labor. Not only does the company usually give two performances daily, but in addition to the actual play that has the boards during any given week there are the necessary rehearsals for next week's performance.

The working day of the company begins, therefore, at between nine and ten in the morning and ends between eleven and midnight. The work is harder in some respects than that of the old fashioned stock company, and easier in others. The old company had often to produce several plays during the same week, but these plays were also often long familiar to the individual members of the company and required comparatively little grinding. On other occasions — particularly when a star was coming and the company found itself under the necessity of mastering a number of new plays at short notice—it was sometimes a matter of sitting up for hours after the evening performance of one play to prepare for the next morning's rehearsal of another. The modern stock company produces only one play a week but the play itself is not unlikely to be one with which every member of the company is unfamiliar, and that means night work for players who have leading parts, to say nothing of regular morning rehearsals and the stray moments between their appearances on the stage during the afternoon and evening performances. Stage struck youth should spend a week or so behind the scenes of a modern theater. Yet despite this atmosphere of very hard work, it is not difficult to get players.

THE NEWEST PORTRAIT OF MISS VIOLA ALLEN

Miss Allen has spent the summer in Europe, a portion of the time in Rome, where she has been absorbing the local color, preparatory to opening the next season in "The Eternal City." Photograph by Sarony

The fact that the stock company actor is able to make a home for an entire season in the city in which he is playing is a strong temptation to people who do not, as a whole, enjoy railroad travel, and the pay in a stock company is apt to be excellent. When the first companies were organized the question of finding actors was more difficult, but since that time there has developed a distinct class of stock company players who are becoming more and more familiar with the standard plays of the stock theater repertory, and therefore more and more adaptable to the conditions of the work. The repertory contains certain plays that are standard plays — "The Rivals," for example, "Rosedale" and others, which will come readily to the mind of any theatre goer. The greater portion of its plays are contemporary, ranging from "Cyrano de Bergerac" to "Ten Nights in a Bar Room;" the Castle Square company of Boston gave last winter twelve very successful performances of Hamlet.

MISS ELIZABETH KENNEDY Photograph by Burr McIntosh

Miss Kennedy is a young Australian-American actress who will be featured next season as Madame Trentoni in "Captain Jenks of the Horse Marines." Clyde Fitch's clever comedy, under the management of A. Toxen Worm

But what the recent growth of these companies means is that they are adding a great number of people to the ranks of those who attend the theater, and are showing these people practically all the modern plays and a certain number of the so-called classical ones. The condition is not without interest to those who believe that the future of the stage in America depends largely upon a quickening of the general popular interest in plays as plays rather than as the vehicles for exhibiting some one well advertised actor or actress.

BOSTON

Let pessimists reflect on the fact that scandal has ceased to operate as a stage magnet, even as drunkenness has ceased to be a sign of journalistic brilliancy.

THE WOMANHOOD OF NEW MEXICO

A New Phase of the Statehood Plea

By H. I. CLEVELAND

NOW, what I particularly like as to this cry of New Mexico for statehood is that the women of the White Territory ask for it. The politicians are somewhat divided on the subject. The "Mex" vote has an inclination to keep out of the states in dread of coming "Gringo" supremacy; the Democrats are dodging for fear we shall have a new Republican stronghold, and so on, but the blushing and blooming womanhood of the country from Raton to Messila is for expansion and a state seal.

The womanhood of Mexico is superb. It has come up through the bubblings of the crucible of pioneer life to the threshold of a fine civilization, undaunted, unconquered, unspotted. Husbands, brothers, sweethearts have gone out into the glare of the plains, to the fastnesses of the mountains, to battle with Apache and desperado, or to fall in the Spanish-American war, and they have waited in the 'dobe, by the poplar or back of the barred door and held the children and home for the return of the wanderers.

I have never wavered in my keen admiration for the pioneer women of Minnesota and the Dakotas, who faced the Sioux and dishonor rather than desert the men they loved; but they had compensations for their sacrifices. Miles of green forest surrounded them; water babbled everywhere from the ground; Nature smiled upon them from every bush and hill top. The pioneer women of New Mexico—Mexican, Spanish and American, found no purple rimmed horizon to greet them. They entered what was called fifty years ago "a comfortable Hades." That is, the heat was tolerable because the atmosphere was without humidity.

The desert, the lava bed, the inhospitable cactus, the scorpion and the tarantula, and the Apache awaited them. Water was to be had only at peril of life. Social life was unknown save as the saloon brought men together. The East was as remote as the polar star. An awful sameness of color crowned all visible objects. For food there was the native bean, black coffee, and tortilla; for clothing, the simplest and roughest of garb. Yet all this could have been endured but for the frightful isolation of the territory in the early days. It was well and truly out of the world, in touch with other climes only through the sun, moon and stars.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT LLEWELLYN, SON OF MAJOR LLEWELLYN OF LAS CRUCES, N. M.

Photograph by H. I. Cleveland

The hardest test of a woman's nature is to limit her touch with the world.

Just so I said this to a New Mexican woman as we crossed the Glorieta range, grinding our way around the peaks, and she answered:

"I would rather be dead than lonesome. I fought every horror that can come to a woman in the early days when my husband was opening the way for our home here. I can remember how by chance an eastern newspaper came into my hands, after I had not seen one for a year, and before I could read it the tears came to my eyes and my husband found me sobbing. Now, I would not leave New Mexico for the earth and the heavens beside."

I came into Las Cruces and as the coach took me through the town I passed a square, green and beautiful. My driver said to me with an air of pride:

"The women of the town made that park; they just hustled and got it and they are after a public library now."

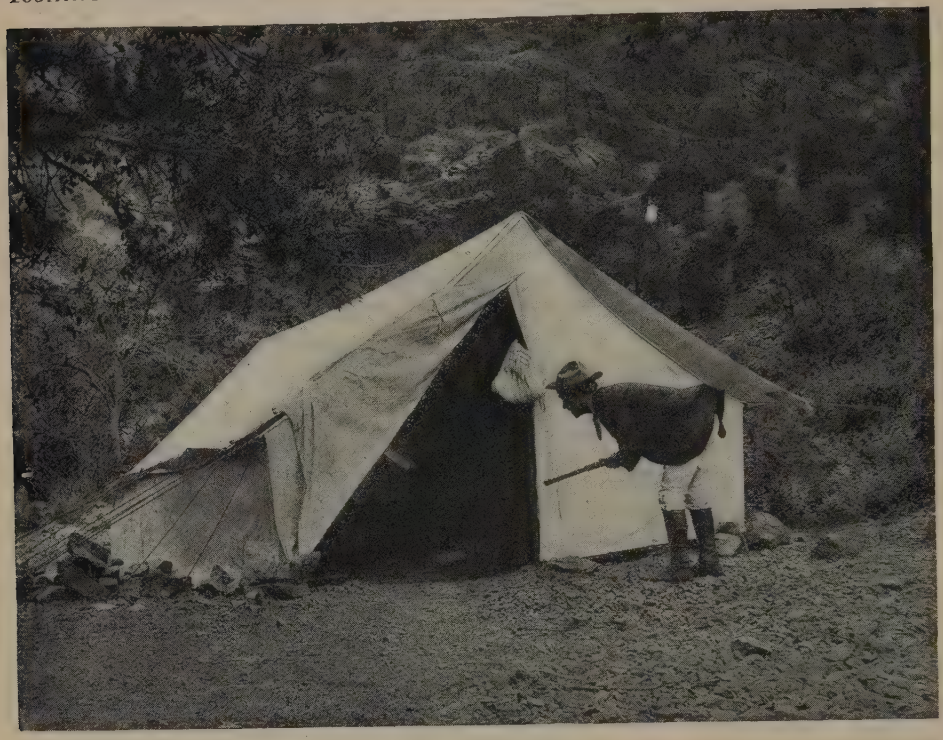
I asked why they did not try Mr. Carnegie.

"They did once," said the driver, "but they never got an answer to their letter."

Well, I am sure if Mr. Carnegie could journey down to the shadow of the Organ mountains where lies Las Cruces, he would see to it that the New Mexican womanhood there had its public library in short order. For of such womanhood is the kingdom of Heaven.

And these women desire statehood. It means a great deal to them. It will unlock the gates of commerce, it will give stability of local securities,

LOOKING FOR WILD CATS IN ICE CANYON, NEW MEXICO Photograph by H. I. Cleveland



will provide a certainty of social order and progress that territorial government can never give, even with as fine a governor as Manuel Otero, or as charming a woman of the White Land as Madam, the governor's wife.

The irrigating ditch has brought blossom and fruit to the valleys of New

MRS. A. B. RENEHAN, A TYPICAL BEAUTY OF NEW MEXICO

Mrs. Renehan is said to be the most beautiful woman in the territory; of course every loyal husband will dispute the claim, though disinterested critics might very readily admit it. She is the wife of a prominent attorney of Santa Fe and prominent in the social life of that ancient city. Photograph by the C. & C. Co.

Mexico, the hidden reservoirs of the waters have been found. Mines are opening their wealth of gold, cities are springing up, the Sante Fe has girdled the new land with iron rails, and the days of want and deprivation are passed. New Mexico has demonstrated that she can sustain and govern herself. She needs no aid now save in two cases—national support of irrigation, and national consent to statehood.

Irrigation under national control means the opening of the richest soil in the world to cultivation. It means that the Rio Grande will occupy to its drainage territory the same position that the Nile does to Egypt. Statehood means permanent establishment of civil rights, a recognized place in the sisterhood of states, a financial longitude and latitude determined by a state governor and legislature and a constitutional convention.

A woman there was once, of New Mexico, who sat in the night and waited for the return of her husband and boy child from the trail. And the day came and after that men who told her that cattle thieves had murdered both and that their bodies could not be found. And there was another woman who left her 'dobe at night with a babe under one arm and a rifle in the hollow of the other and she sat by the trail where her husband must come, and when he did come and the Apaches rose to greet him she was there also and she fought his way out to safety with him.

Still another woman of this beautiful land—beautiful now because pluck and endurance have opened the ways and brought the orchard, grass and settled home—for months rode the plain to gather about her Mexican children who must know how to read and how to write. A "bad" man met her one day and asked her for a kiss and she answered him:

"A dog of New Mexico wouldn't insult a woman."

"Madam," said the plains rider, "I am of New Mexico too, and I apologize."

Women of such stuff have kept the home, have reared the children with a keen touch for books and music, have put the best foot forward to entertain magnates from the East, have cheered for McKinley and hurrahed for Roosevelt, have taken the worst of territorial days and now ask for the best of statehood days.

They name their babies down there for

A GROUP OF LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF NEW MEXICO Photograph by H. I. Cleveland

Theodore Roosevelt and they believe in what is good. In the homes are the latest magazines, books that have not yet been read in the East, music, paintings, photographs. There is a healthful refinement unchoked by ancient conventionalities. The femininity is strictly feminine, too. Thus, I came upon a camp at the entrance to Ice Canyon and I found three palpitating young women behind a tree, while a young New Yorker carefully approached the camp tent rifle in hand.

"Senor," said one of the young women, "there is a wild cat in there."

I also sought the tree cover. But the cat was not there and did not appear until late that night, when the same girls that had taken to tree in the day time, rose and with a 45 Colts filled Mr. Cat with lead streaked holes.

Still another, passing up the mountain side, gun in hand, heard a "hiss" back of her and turned to see a rattlesnake. One turn of her gun barrel brought him in line and killed him. She wound her hat band with his rattles.

New Mexico is no longer isolated. She has schools, churches, open avenues, the fine development of the Santa Fe system, the coming growth of the Rock Island, the building of many lateral lines, mines of extraordinary richness, fertile lands, extensive water rights, a law abiding population.

Above all this is her womanhood, the woman who came from comfort and safety with father and husband to make the home gaining battle in the old land of the Pueblos; the woman who, loving and loved, has given the best of herself to keeping Home for the pioneer, to maintaining the hearthstone virtues, to upholding Love and Faith through all the hard years of waiting for the necessary right to be a State.

NOTE and COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

HOW long will the American people, otherwise fairly intelligent, permit a group of cold-blooded, bull-headed capitalists to operate a great natural monopoly—the coal mines—on the public-be-damned basis? Will the average American citizen, chucking ten-dollar coal into his hungry furnaces this winter, and reflecting on the gaunt misery in tens of thousands of miners' cabins, continue to treat as anarchic the suggestion that the people, through their government, should buy and operate the coal mines? Is he really satisfied, anyway, with conditions as they are,—the men who mine the coal alternatively working long hours for scant pay and striking for the right to live like human beings; the average house holder, who simply must have the coal, forced to pay

exorbitant prices for it, and a few men, controlling mines and coal roads, through these properties becoming so rich and arrogant that they constitute a dangerous menace to public peace and morality. Is the average American citizen really satisfied with this state of affairs? Or would he prefer to see the mines owned and operated by the government,—the miners paid decent wages, their children sent to school instead of into the mines and their living guaranteed during industry and good behavior; coal selling to all comers at one price, and that a fair one, lower, as it certainly should and could be, than any price that has been paid to private operators; reasonable profits flowing into the public treasury instead of unreasonably large profits flowing into the coffers of individuals?

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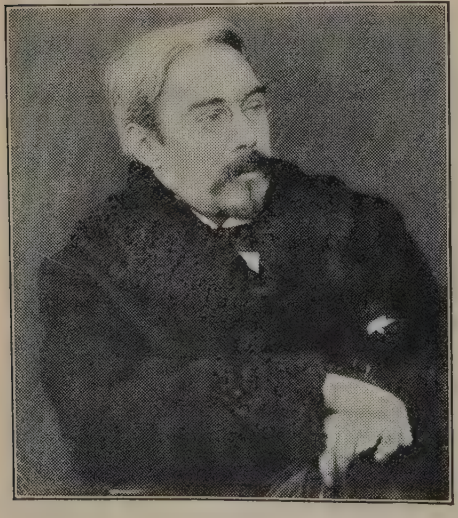
As for me, I could never discern the least reason why, if individuals were permitted to monopolize nature's gifts of fuel or food, they should not also be allowed to monopolize nature's gift of light, or of air. The one is as logical as the other — and all are alike utterly damnable in their theory and in their consequences. There is urgent need of a new leader and a new democracy, which shall call into its ranks the really patriotic and enlightened members of both the old political machines. The American Revolution brought us all into partnership politically: the next step is to get into equal partnership industrially. We are still operating under the law of the jungle—wolf eat rabbit, tiger eat wolf. We want to make good on some part of our pretensions to Christianity, to realize the spirit of brotherhood.

HENRY HARLAND, AUTHOR OF "THE CARDINAL'S SNUFF BOX" Courtesy of John Lane.



THE LATE BRET HARTE, FOREMOST OF AMERICAN SHORT STORY WRITERS Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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There is no more melancholy spectacle than a young man ruled by the belief that he can win any success worth the name through dishonesty. He sacrifices for present vanity his chance to enjoy the finest pleasures of life, and in the end deceives no one but himself.

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If you like the National Magazine, buy it and ask your friends to buy it.

BECAUSE OF THE DAYS THAT WERE

By E. CRAYTON McCANTS

GIRT about by its own red hills, in the midst of its waving grain fields, its acres of cotton and its broad stretches of fertile corn land, shadowed by its massive oaks a century old, now lit by the smile of the Southern sunshine, now wet with the tears of the Southern rain, stands the quaint old town of Keowee. Long ago, there used to be a rivalry between Keowee and the neighboring town of Bellville; but Bellville has the court house now, and electric lights and a standpipe that is no sham, but which really holds some water, so Keowee has fallen far behind and no longer yearns after Progress.

In the long, hot days of summer, when the thermometer creeps into the nineties and the cotton fields shimmer in a haze of heat, when the western breezes faint and die and the rain delays its coming, Bellville still bestirs herself, but Keowee is dull and somnolent. There is little business then, and that little is transacted on Saturday afternoons. On other days the men of Keowee, stripped to their shirt sleeves because of the heat, play at checkers or else sit out on the shady sidewalks and, leaning their chairs against the rough boles of the trees, doze peacefully until the darkness comes.

But when the cotton season opens Keowee wakes up. The winter is coming, but neither rain nor storm can stop the rush of humanity now. The streets and the open lots are crowded, here with heavy, prosperous looking wagons from the river plantations, there with the poorer vehicles of the hillside farmers, and all are laden with bales and bales of newly ginned cotton. In summer it requires an effort for Keowee to cash a twenty dollar check, but now the bills pass from man to man in big, fluttering handfuls. The town has become a warehouse and a clearing house as well, where a whole year's "credit business" is being "settled up."

It was in what the natives call the "shank" of a drizzly November afternoon. A raw north-east wind sent veils of flying mist scudding across the face of the leaden sky and the brown leaves, what were left of them, fell limply to the sodden earth. The fields, too, were deserted and bare and from the sides of the gullied hills little streams of yellow, clay-stained water trickled down to wander aimlessly in the long corn rows and to lose themselves in the loose soil of the "bottoms." The cattle in the pasture lands had long since gone home to their sheltering stalls and the birds were hidden in the evergreen depths of the pines, but the height of the "cotton season" was at hand and the streets of Keowee were full of restless, bedraggled people.

They formed a motley throng. Cotton buyers in long rubber coats jostled against the lean faced, tough muscled farmers; gentlemanly looking planters of the old regime stroked their gray moustaches, shook the raindrops from their soft black hats and gave directions

to their teamsters; well clad negroes and ragged ones, men, women and children, moved steadily on, braving the chilling wind and trampling the red clay streets into a mire of tenacious mud. In the low, brick stores, where the crowds ceaselessly ebbed and flowed, the clerks threw down, with reckless abandon, before prospective buyers, shoes and hats and gaudy calicos. Here, too, the negroes laughed and chaffered, while the proprietors sat with their bookkeepers in little railed off spaces at the ends of the counters receiving their "regular customers" and writing receipts "in full of all demands to date."

In Williamson's, however, the last branch of the business had come to a momentary standstill. For the last half hour Colonel John Larkin, of the Riverview plantation and one of Williamson's largest customers, had been seated in the proprietor's easy chair at the proprietor's private desk, looking over the long, closely written sheets that set forth in orderly array the items charged against him. Three of these items, each entered as "Order, Tol Haskins," and, in all, amounting to the even sum of ten dollars, he had carefully checked with his pencil. Again he scanned the sheets closely, referring now and then to a little book bound in red leather, which he had taken from his pocket. Presently he looked up and called to Williamson.

"Three mistakes only," he said as he turned his chair to the open fireplace where the merchant was standing. "All orders to Tol Haskins. Never gave Tol Haskins an order in my life."

The bookkeeper looked up quickly from his work. If there were mistakes they were probably traceable to him, and Williamson did not tolerate mistakes.

"The orders are on file, Colonel," he said quietly.

Williamson smiled his approval. He was a business man and liked business methods, but the old Colonel raised his shaggy eyebrows incredulously and took from his pocket a pearl handled knife. Then he felt in another pocket and not finding what he wanted extended his hand to the merchant. They had known each other from boyhood and many words were not needed between them. Williamson handed over a small section of "Triple A" tobacco, from which the Colonel cut a chew carefully and deliberately. It was his way of saying, "Williamson, whatever comes of this, our relations remain unaltered. What is ten dollars between me and thee?" And Williamson understood him.

When he had turned the tobacco in his cheek and spat twice upon the blazing hickory logs in the fireplace, he opened the conversation again.

"May I ask to see those orders?" he inquired politely.

"Certainly, Colonel," answered the bookkeeper, for anticipating the request he had already taken down his file and was pushing the bits of paper back and forth with his fingers.

"Here is one of them now," he added presently.

The Colonel took the order and he and Williamson looked at it while the bookkeeper searched for the others. It was written on a scrap of an envelope in a fine, even hand, little enough like the Colonel's rugged scrawl.

"That's not your writing, John," said Williamson decidedly.

"No," answered the Colonel. "And the others'll be just like it. Let's settle."

"All right. Let's see—seven sixty-nine eighty less ten — seven fifty-nine eighty," and Williamson began writing a receipt while the Colonel counted out some bills.

After the Colonel had gone, and the lateness of the hour had turned the tide of people homeward, Williamson sat for a long time looking into the fire and musing. Suddenly he looked up.

"By the way, Gordon," he said to the

bookkeeper, "go down to Barker's office and swear out a warrant against Tol Haskins for forgery."

Barker was a justice of the peace.

II.

Big Tom Tolliver, the shaggy haired, gray bearded sheriff at Bellville, was troubled when the warrant came for Tol Haskins' arrest. He did not care a "thrip" for Tol, but Tol had a mother, a little, old, weazened negro woman with faded eyes and a gentle touch, whom the sheriff knew.

Old Aunt Nancy Haskins had once been a slave in the Tolliver family and had "nussed all de chillun" from Big Tom down to little blue eyed Leontine, who had died "endurin' of de war." And Big Tom remembered how, in the days when he was not Big Tom, but little, helpless Tom, he had lain in her arms and listened to her crooning lullabies; how, when the dark nights came, she had told him awesome tales of witches and ha'nts; and then, lest he be afraid, after she had tucked him in his little crib, how she had sat beside him holding his hand in hers until the lights burned low and her songs grew sad and his heavy eyelids closed in slumber.

She did not live with any of the Tollivers now, but down by the bend of the creek on the Bellville and Keowee "big road," where a little corner of "de ole place" had been cut off and deeded to "her, her heirs and assigns forever" her little whitewashed cabin stood. It was a quiet, pleasant spot. Around it rose the forest clad hills where the wild birds nested and the squirrels played. Over it huge white oak trees stretched their sheltering arms to screen it from the heat of the summer sun and the force of the winter wind. Sunflowers bloomed in their season in the little yard, and at the foot of the garden the clear waters of the creek rippled musically as they forced a passage over the clean, white stones. And here the sheriff on summer afternoons, when wearied with his long ride from town to town, would stop and, sitting out in the cool shade of the trees, would drink buttermilk fresh from the liquid depths of the moss covered "spring 'ouse," while he talked to Aunt Nancy of the old days that had been and were not.

At other times the old woman toiled painfully into Bellville, and although his hair had grown gray, his face gaunt and hard, his eyes stern, Big Tom felt a thrill of something that was not all pride when he heard her tremulous voice asking to see "her boy." For he was "her boy," filling his own place in that great mother-heart—a heart big enough for all her mistress' children as well as her own. And to him, as to a son, she came in all of her troubles, strong in her simple faith that the last drop of Tolliver blood would answer to any call of old Aunt Nancy Haskins.

All this the sheriff knew, and he winced when he thought that now in her extremity, when the gates of a prison yawned for the only child of her body, the Tolliver blood must seem to fail her. What did she know of the law and the duties of its officers? What was a sheriff to her? No one was greater, in her mind, than Big Tom Tolliver, and if Tol Haskins went to jail, to her it would seem that Big Tom Tolliver had sent him.

Once he had thought to hide his share in the arrest by employing a deputy, but he loathed a coward and could not. Then he smoothed out a ten dollar bill and wondered if Williamson would not withdraw the warrant provided the money were replaced. Compounding a felony it was, and Williamson had fought him in the last election. Clearly the plan was futile, and calling for his horse he started sorrowfully to make the arrest.

In the meantime Tol Haskins was ill at ease. He did not live with his

mother, but had hired himself out on one of the river plantations that lie to the north of Keowee; and a river plantation is a bad place for such as Tol. For, as Big Tom Tolliver expressed it, there was "a weak streak somewhere about the boy," and, because the big plantations have need of many laborers, numbers of the idle and the dissolute gather here. There, as elsewhere, these essay to live upon the labor of their more industrious fellows, and when an "easy mark" like Tol arrives they fleece him to the skin.

There are no luxurious rooms among the cabins, it is true; no yielding upholstery and lacquered tables; but there are black bottles and decks of greasy cards; and a pine torch stuck in a stump in the midst of a leafy thicket lights for the negro quite as easy a road to ruin as that the white man finds garnished with green cloth, electricity, and long stemmed glasses. Easy enough poor Tol had found it, and it led at last to the forging of orders with Colonel Larkin's name attached.

Now he was wondering if they had yet found him out. Once he had felt that he was safe, but that was long ago in the pleasant summer time, when the day for checking accounts seemed far away in the future; and the amount, too, had seemed small then — so small that Colonel Larkin must assuredly overlook it. But now it was different. The time seemed to have passed too quickly, and Tol remembered with a shudder of apprehension the little red leather book in which the Colonel took note of his orders. Yesterday he had seen the Colonel's wagons moving the cotton to market, and today the trouble would come. A nameless dread enveloped him and he could not work, but sat in his cabin door watching the winding stretch of muddy hillside road that led through the brown, bare cotton fields and by the leafless, wind-swept hedgerows, until at last it crossed a belt of open woodland and came to Riverview, where the Colonel lived.

It was the Colonel whom Tol expected, yet dreaded to see. He found himself wondering whether the grim old man would consent to "take it out in work." If he only would, and not whip him! For Tol knew that the Colonel *had* whipped men who were caught stealing his goods, and that those men had become the laughing stock of the whole plantation. That the Colonel would send him to jail he had not the faintest idea. He knew the Colonel, and the Colonel did not believe in putting good "field hands" in jail.

So with many misgivings Tol waited until the morning had passed away and the west wind had swept the clouds from the sky, but still the Colonel did not come and the negro grew impatient. He had wrought himself up to meet his punishment and now it seemed to him that anything was better than this helpless suspense of waiting and wondering. If only his mother might not know, even the whipping would be easier. Suddenly a spasm of decision shot through his breast. Why not go to the Colonel and confess and have the matter out. He hesitated a moment, startled at his own courage, and then, lest that courage fail him, started at a run which he did not slacken until the great white porch of Riverview stood well in his sight. He felt better now. He would ask the Colonel to whip him and not let the others know, and he would work hard, very hard, to pay back the Colonel's money. He shrank, however, when Janie Ann, the Colonel's housemaid, opened the door, for he liked Janie Ann more than a little and feared lest she suspect his shame. But she went away quietly, and after pausing to catch his breath, now short from running and excitement, Tol set his trembling, ashen lips and walked into the Colonel's presence.

The old man was writing and barely looked up.

"Well?" he said, interrogatively, and then catching the identity of his visitor he shut his lips close and frowned.

The negro toyed shamefacedly with his hat and shuffled uneasily from foot to foot.

"Colonel," he said finally, struggling to keep his trembling voice from breaking, "I come ter see 'bout dem orders."

"What orders?" asked the Colonel blandly. He remembered that Tol had not been arrested yet and he did not wish to give the criminal a chance to escape.

For a moment Tol stood astounded. Was it possible that the Colonel did not know after all? The temptation to put off the evil day yet a little while was great, but presently he mastered it and stammered out his story.

The white man listened judicially, and when it was ended again asked, "Well?"

"Ef—ef I mout wuk hit out—?" hesitated the negro, humbly.

"You'd better see Williamson about that," answered the Colonel decisively.

"You see here, Tol," he continued, turning in his chair and placing the tips of his fingers carefully together, "this is between Williamson and you. You got his goods, not mine. I'm out of it, and I'm glad that I am."

The negro turned his head and turning sought blindly for the door. The very ground seemed reeling under his feet as he went out. He had tried to do right and this was the end of it all. Williamson would put him in jail he knew, and from there he would be sent to the penitentiary to wear his life out in the phosphate mines, where men died like sheep with the rot. Why, only last week Tom Boykin had come home from there—sent there by Williamson three years ago for falsepacking cotton—and his wrists and ankles were eaten into the bone with the great scars that the irons had made. From Tom he had heard of those mines where men dug day after day in racking chill and burning fever, raising up rock from the beds of the stagnant streams, tired always but resting never, until at last they fell from fatigue and slipped out of sight, hidden forever by the thick green scum that covered the face of the slimy water. A fury seized him, and in his desperation he cut a thick, short cudgel. He would not go to the mines to dig for the rock that was covered with dead men's bones, nor wear his life out in that low coast country of marsh and river and gloomy swamp. He would die first—die here, on the old red hills where his mother had borne him!

But when his blind passion was past he thought of a better plan. He would just run away and hide himself in some far off spot where they could not find him. Out in the West there was work for such as he—he did not know exactly where, but he thought he could find it—and he would start today. He had reached home by this time, so he hurried about, tying his clothes into a bundle and putting bread and some meat in his pockets. When all was ready he stepped out. The northeast storm was all gone now, leaving its traces only in the dark gray fields and the muddy wheel-cut roads. The air was cold and bracing, the heavens crystal clear, and the pale sunlight of the later autumn fell lightly on hill and wood and distant river. Far away, somewhere in the dark green growth of the pine land that belted the spaces between the hill top forests and the level corn land of the "bottoms," the ringing of axes could be heard and the chanting voices of the axemen as they cleft the soft white wood and laid it in stacks to dry. Over a worn out field, thickly covered with yellowing sedges, a great, gray-breasted hen hawk circled low, almost brushing the herbage with his wings as he searched for a hiding rabbit or a covey of shy, brown par-

tridges; while here and there, rising high over the tops of the trees, tiny blue columns of circling smoke marked the locations of farmhouses and of low double roomed cabins. It was a goodly land, and Tol Haskins sighed at the thought that he was looking upon it perhaps for the last time in all his poor, ignorant life. He did not linger, however, but stepping into the beaten foot path that skirted the red mud of the road he hurried away. He had no thought of the Colonel's relenting—no thought of help from any one. His world had turned against him and was thrusting him out.

Thus, with bitter fancy, saddling his own misdeeds on the world's broad shoulders, even as wiser men are wont to do, Tol plodded on along the deserted highway until at last he came to the spot where the Bellville road debouches into that leading out from Keowee, by the big plantations and on to the Sand Ridge ferry beyond. He could not go through Keowee, for Williamson was there and might arrest him, while in Bellville was the very jail which now he labored to escape. He stopped a moment to consider, and gazed absently at the wooden signpost that stood in the angle of the roads. Suddenly he heard behind him the clatter of a horse's hoofs and, turning, his eyes met those of Big Tom Tolliver.

All the way from Bellville the sheriff had been worrying over this arrest and now he cursed in his heart the malingering fate that had sent him an hour too soon, for at this moment he knew that Tol Haskins was running away. His duty was plain, however, so he laid his hand on the fugitive's shoulder and read the warrant as the law directs. But when this formality was accomplished he did not produce his handcuffs as he should have done, but rode carelessly along beside the path, half hoping that the negro might yet escape.

But as far as Tol had departed from many of his mother's precepts, there was one which he could not forget. The Tollivers had "raised" him; to the Tollivers his homage was due, and where a Tolliver led he must be ready to follow. From another he would have fled, and gladly. Another he might even have stricken down with a wayside stone in the hope of a surer escape. But a Tolliver had come for him, and in Tol's poor, simple soul a Tolliver stood next to his God. Therefore, he laid his black hand upon the sheriff's stirrup and toiled faithfully on, keeping pace with the horse through the deep mud of the roads, loyal to the last though his loyalty led to a dungeon.

And so they went on to Keowee, where Barker made out the "commitment," then over the long red hill and into the Bellville road. And Big Tom Tolliver was thinking — thinking of Aunt Nancy Haskins.

III.

In the meantime Colonel John Larkin of the Riverview plantation was thinking of Tol. At first he had felt sure that he had acted rightly in regard to the negro. He had been lenient with his tenants in their little peculations from himself, for it was a theory of his that "a negro *will* steal;" but never before had a case of forgery been known on his plantation, and of this one he thought an example should be made. Besides, as he had told Tol, the matter of punishment was Williamson's affair and not his own at all.

But now, after the lapse of an hour, and since he had heard of Tol's arrest, the Colonel was not so certain. Theoretically his position was as impregnable as ever, but something had set him thinking of a blue-eyed willowy girl— Tom Tolliver's sister, whom he had married away back yonder in the days of his fresh young manhood. Today he could almost see her again, as she floated lightly in her gauzy draperies to the music of

some old fashioned dance, or loitered among the roses that grew in the green old garden back at the Tolliver place. He had not been there for years, but for him those roses never died. Winter and summer he pictured them there just as he pictured her—young, and fresh and blooming. He had not had her long. When the first spring roses came he had married her, and with the summer roses she had gone to everlasting rest.

It was on a November day—a chill, gray day like yesterday—that he had sat by her bedside holding her little hands and watching her faint breath come slower and slower.

"I am afraid, John," she had said, "so afraid, for it is dark, John, and cold —over there," and with misty, unseeing eyes he had kissed her his last goodbye. And then she had whispered something and old Aunt Nancy Haskins had taken her up in her arms like a little child and sung her to sleep—this time a long, long sleep—just as she used to do back at the Tolliver place.

The Colonel was not a scientific man; he was not even a very good man. He could not say just why he knew, but he did know, nevertheless, that somewhere that blue-eyed girl had wakened again, that somewhere she was waiting for him —and for old Nancy Haskins.

It was not a very reasonable act—the Colonel was not even sure that it was just—but he reached out for his pen and scribbled a note to Williamson. "See that Tol Haskins is released," it said, "and I will stand good for the debt."

The roses at the Tolliver place were dead, and the woman he had loved, she was dead, too—long since gone to lie down among the gray graves of the quiet little hillside churchyard—but somehow the Colonel thought that she knew—and he was happier because of that thought.

ANDERSON, S. C.

REMEMBER!

AS one who cried "Remember Death, Oh, King!"
And brought the grinning Death's head to the board—
What time above the rose-crowned table poured
The wine and song of Egypt's reveling—
So to the feast of Love, behold, I bring
A heavy thought, like some dissonant chord,
Heard through sweet music—broken and abhorred,
Nor can its voice be stilled by anything.

"Take thou, thy fill," it says, "of dance and feast—
How came this love of thine no heart may know—
Take heed! Take heed! lest when ye fear it least
Love that is held by no man's hand shall go,"
Even as to that Pharoah passed one saith,
Above the wine, "Oh, King, remember Death!"

Theodosia Pickering Garrison.

OLD YOUNG

By WILLARD DILLMAN

FIFTEEN years ago the ground where Humboldt now stands was a fertile wheat field. Twenty years ago it was wild, unbroken prairie, whereon the foot of white man had seldom trod. The first child born in Humboldt is now but twelve years old. His name is Oscar Peterson, and at the time of his birth there were but three buildings in the town: his father's store, the depot, and McGinnis's elevator.

When I arrived with my army press, my case of long primer, and my four fonts of display type, the town was experiencing quite a boom, and I felt like Aeneas as he stood gazing down upon the building of Carthage. And as the boom did not at once subside upon my arrival, and as Humboldt has continued to grow, however slowly, ever since, I, with my journalistic views as to the power of the press, attribute much of the town's present importance to the strenuous influence of the Humboldt Mail.

Our citizens hail from all parts of the country—from all parts of the world, I might almost say—set down here, as it were, by the hand of chance. Peterson is a Swede, McGinnis was born in Ireland, Ole Mogard came from Norway, Schroeder, the station agent, is of German parentage; Paul Burns, the engineer, is a Scot, and we have English, Danes and Swiss among our representative citizens. It requires but a brief residence upon the prairie, however, and a few years of participation in township and county government to develop good citizenship, and all of the inhabitants of Humboldt are now intensely American. No where are the teachings of our fathers more revered, no where are the blessings of liberty more devoutly prized than here.

Notwithstanding the extreme youth of the town, and the cosmopolitan character of its inhabitants, it possesses many of the elements of comedy and tragedy that are usually conceived to abound only in communities that have attained to a great age.

One of my first subscribers in Humboldt was Stephen Young, "Old Young," as he was paradoxically called. Mr. Young was proprietor of the Humboldt City Dray Line, consisting of himself, his wagon, and his big team of bays.

"No use tryin' to build up a town 'thout a noospaper," said he. "A town 'thout a noospaper is like a little boy blue 'thout no horn. 'Taint' got nothin' to blow with. An' I s'pose if I pay yi in advance, it'll be all the same. I ain't like the feller that subscribed fer my nephew's paper once. He took the paper 'bout three year, an' fin'ly my nephew ask 'im fer 'is pay. 'Oh, I didn't cal'late to pay yi fer it,' the feller sez. 'I jes took it to help yi along,' he sez."

Stephen Young was a large, round man, and walked with a slight limp, his right leg having been injured in the army. There was a certain bluster about his accounts of the feats and broil of battle in which he had participated that caused many of his tales to be discredited

and detracted somewhat from his dignity. If any doubts existed as to his fighting qualities, however, they were removed by a series of incidents which occurred during the first year of my residence in Humboldt.

One morning in June a crew of men were employed two miles north of our town, unloading a car of steel rails for the new railroad that was being constructed parallel with ours. Through the heavy air the long, low clanging of the dropping rails sounded, and a group of us stood in front of the Mail office, listening to the unusual sound. Stephen Young was more intent than the rest of us, and as he listened his eyes took on a far-away look.

"Say, do yi know what that sounds like to me?" he asked. "That sounds jest like the cannonadin' around Vicksburg thirty year ago."

"Yes, an' some of yer shootin' around Vicksburg didn't pan out very good," said Bill Griggs, who was standing near. Bill Griggs was a heavy teamster, who came from a secession neighborhood in Minnesota. He had been in Humboldt only a short time, but had already established quite a reputation as a bully and an unpleasant fellow generally.

"How so?" asked Stephen Young sharply.

"Some of yer mines, fer instance," said Griggs, with a dark look.

"Mines is legitimate warfare," said Young. "'Tain't like when that rebel Forrest captured a little fort an' murdered all the soldiers he found in it."

"An' some of them gallant charges you made fell kind of flat, didn't they?"

"Well, we succeeded in doin' somethin', an' that's more'n you ever done, by the looks of yi."

"Yes, you starved um out, same as them boys drownd out a gopher. That wan't no great feat."

"It was feat enough so Abraham Lincoln wrote General Grant a letter thankin' him fer his good work."

"That long legged ol' upstart! What did he—"

Bill Griggs never finished that sentence, for he was felled to the sidewalk by a ponderous blow under the chin, dealt by Old Young. Those who have never heard the martyred president derided can never know how it makes the hot blood rush to the head and throws a red film over the eyes. Old Young had acted before the rest of us had awakened to the sting of the insult, but I believe there was not one in the crowd who would not have resented the calumny in a similar manner a moment later.

"I wan't no rebel," said the prostrate bully by way of apology.

"No, if ye'd been a rebel soldier, yi mean, small, sneakin' whelp, I'd hev some respect fer yi. I ain't got no fault to find with the rebel soldiers. They was brave men, an fit like brave men. It's you mean, low lived copperheads that makes me the tiredest. I went into Vicksburg an' talked with lots of rebel soldiers, an shared my hardtack with um. An' after the war I worked in harvest fields with dozens of rebels, an' I alwis found um good honest fellers an' reliable friends. I'll take off my hat to a rebel soldier any time with the same hand that I'll slap your vile mouth with."

"Lemme up!" said Bill Griggs, and when he had risen and slunk away a few paces, he turned with an evil leer and said, "I'll lay fer yi. Plague on yi, ol' Steve Young, I'll lay fer yi."

"I've heerd you sneakin' cowards threaten afore," said the old soldier, and paid no more attention to him.

Old Young had never married, and at this time he lived with his aged sister in a little cabin at one side of the village. When the Indians on the reservation west of us broke out that fall, there was much consternation in the town and neighborhood. One evening when the

excitement was at its height, a freight train waited at the depot to convey the inhabitants over into Minnesota, an attack being surely expected that night. When we were all prepared to embark, it was discovered that Old Young and his sister were not present, and I was sent to the cabin to summon them. I found the old man watching at the bedside of his sister, who was very ill.

"Hurry, Mr. Young," said I. "The train is waiting for you. The Indians are coming. We've got to fly. I'll help carry your sister."

"What say, sir? Injuns? I half expected um. Well, sis is too sick to be toted 'round. I'll stay here an' tend her. Tell um I ain't comin'."

"But we can carry your sister to the train in a jiffy," said I.

"'Tud be the death of her to take her out in this cold weather. No, sir. She's took care of me enough when I was a little boy. I won't desert her now."

"But if you stay here the Indians will kill you both," I protested.

"I doubt it," said he, taking a long, rusty musket and looking it over. "I've seen Injuns afore, an' I know I can stave um off fer a good while. An' if they do git us at last, why, sis an' me has lived about long enough, anyway. We'll stay here."

So saying, the old soldier tucked the clothing about his sister—it was cold in the cabin—and resumed his seat at the bedside. I hastened to the depot and reported the old man's decision. It had the effect of restoring a sort of confidence in the inhabitants, and prevented our contemplated flight. The Indians did not come that night.

It was not long, however, until the outbreak began to assume a more serious aspect. The small bands of Indians who rode through town every day bore a sinister appearance, and reports came from regions less than one hundred miles west of us where the ravages of Indian warfare had already begun to be felt.

At that time the Humboldt Mail had a limited circulation, and I was its editor, compositor, pressman and mailing clerk. I had heard that Sarah Young had almost recovered from her illness, and one evening I went over to the cabin to confirm the report, so that I might publish the gratifying news in my paper. As I entered the cabin I found the old lady busied about her supper dishes, and the warmth and comfort of the little room was so enticing that I could not bring myself to depart at once.

"Don't be in a hurry," said the old lady. "Steve's out to the stable doin' his chores. He'll be in in a minute."

"What did Mr. Young say about your taking care of him when he was a boy?" I asked. (Those who wish to be entertained and instructed should cultivate the habit of inducing old people to talk of their youth.)

"Oh, I did take care of Steve from the time our parents died till the war broke out. When Steve got home from the war he was able to take care of himself anywhere. An' durin' the past few years he's be'n takin' care of me purty stiddy."

"Your brother was a soldier?" I suggested.

"Steve was a soldier," she answered simply. "Here, I'll git yi our old album. There's a pictur' Steve had took in his soldier clo'es. Purty much all the soldiers wore queer lookin' overcoats like that in the days of the war."

"Here's a letter," I said.

"Yes; I alwis kep that letter. Steve wrote me quite a number durin' the war, but I've lost all the others. We was turrible glad to git a letter in them days."

The envelope was faded and yellow. The superscription, written in large, awkward characters, had nearly disappeared.

"He's told me how he come to write that letter, too, but I've most fergot now.

He says he was layin' wounded on the field, an' the battle was goin' on all around him. He sez he wan't able to walk er even crawl away, bein' shot in the hip, an' there he laid, waitin' to die. He sez he never ixpected to git out of that alive, for they was preparin' fer another charge, right over the ground where him an' the rest of um laid. So he sez he jest leaned up agin a stump an' wrote off them few lines, thinkin' they might mebbe reach me some way."

I looked again at the faded epistle in my hand, and a wonder grew upon me. He had believed it to be his dying message to a sister. How did the writer feel toward the sister he was leaving, toward the enemy of his country, toward the government he believed he had given his life for?

The old lady wondered that I should sit there so long, gazing at this yellow envelope. At last she seemed to understand the wish that I could not express, for she said:

"W'y, you can read it if yi want to. Steve wouldn't care. There's nothin' to it."

I opened the letter reverently. How old it was! How soiled and wrinkled! The writing, what an awkward scrawl, scarce half a dozen lines to the page! What was this stain at the the top? It looked like blood. Here on another page was a redder stain. Blood of a dying soldier! Blood he had shed for his country! I read:

"Dere Sis—I take my pen in hand to tell yi that we are fightin on Champion hill. An we are gon to git her. Generil Hovey is a turrible fighter an he wont give it up neether. I am into his command. I am now shot bad in the hip. We fit the best we could. Them wot aint shot is gon on. They air fightin good. The flags is wavin yit. I wisht I was there but I aint. You may git this letter an you may not. If eny of our ofcers would come along id give it to um. If not I'll be holdin it in my hand wen they come tomorrer wen they come to berry the dead. I done wot I cud fer my country, and i hope it will git saved. I recollect the prars you ust to make me say. I ave said um consideble menny times lately. It seems good to say um. I am gon to say um when I git this here letter dun. I can't write no more i am so dry an tired. Id give lots fer one drink of woter out of our old wood bucket sis. An so hopin this may find you the same i close your ever lovin Brother Steve."

"Yes, Steve was a good soldier," the old lady resumed, "an' barrin' the few fights he ust to git into, he was alwis a good boy. Now, there's the ol' army musket he brought home with him, if yi care to look at it. Steve says he don't know how many Johnnies he's killed with that gun. You see that there nick in the borl? He's told me how that come there, but I fergit now. Steve, tell the editor about that nick in yer musket," she said to her brother, who came in at that moment with a pail of milk.

"Well, sir," said the old man, as he washed his hands at the stand, "that was in the Battle of the Wilderness. We was resistin' a charge of the en'my's cavalry. Our colonel—ol' Colonel Callihan, he was cap'in of a fire company in Milwaukee afore the war—he'd jest got shot through the left side, an' I was helpin' him to the rear. Jest then a troop of the cavalry broke through our lines an' come gallopin' after us, slashin' right an' left as they passed. One Johnnie struck me top the head, but some way his saber turned flat er else he'd a split my head plum open. Blow knocked the both of us down, anyway, an' the Colonel sez, 'I guess we're done fer this time.' 'No we ain't, Colonel,' sez I, gittin' onto my feet ag'in an' grabbin' my gun. The Colonel got up too w'en he see I wan't killed, an' jest then the rebel lootenant come along an' aimed a turrible blow with his sword at the Colonel's head. I raised this here ol' musket jest in time, an' the blow fell here where yi see this nick. You

can jedge what that would a done fer the Colonel."

"Where was the Colonel wounded, did you say?" I asked.

"Left side. Right through the linin.'"

"Did he get well?"

"Not so's to be in any more engagements. When we was encamped at Arlington Heights after the war, he come out to see us once. He was jest able to be gittin' around ag'in."

"Mr. Hawkins says he was in the Battle of the Wilderness, too. Did you know him?"

"No. Never seen Joe till I come to Humboldt. Come to git talkin' about the war, though, we found we'd be'n in quite a few battles together."

"Mr. Hawkins didn't bring his musket home with him?"

"Prob'ly not. Lots of the boys didn't. They was so blamed sick of them ol' heavy guns an' them blue clo'es, they throwed the hull kit away quick's they could, an' felt so they never wanted to set eyes on um ag'in. Some way it was dif'er'nt with me, though, an' I bought the ol' gun from the gov'ment an' brought her hum. An' now lots of the boys would like to git their ol' muskets back ag'in if they could."

"Would you go to war again, if one should break out now?"

"I dunno but I would. War ain't no picnic, but I'd hate to have people p'int their finger at me now an' say, 'That feller wan't no soldier. That feller stayed to hum when Lincoln called fer volunteers.' I'd rather have um laf at my limpy leg—as I have heered um afore now.—What's that?"

The swift rattle of a horse's shod hoofs striking upon the frozen street assailed our ears. This was common enough in Humboldt, yet there was something ominous in the sound tonight. We hurried out of the cabin, and heard the sonorous voice of Ed Weeks proclaiming as he dashed through the village:

"The Injuns are comin'! There's hundreds of um not twenty miles off! Sheriff says for half a dozen of yi to git onto horses an' go warn the farmers both sides of town! I'm sent to Cross Forks! Injuns are killin' everbody an' burnin' the houses! Yi're all directed to fly fer Minnesota!"

Before the last words were uttered, the rider was far beyond the utmost limits of the town, and plunging on eastward. Already the farmers from the west came swarming into town. Violent preparations were being made for flight, and the wildest consternation prevailed. Suddenly Old Young appeared from the direction of his cabin, mounted upon an old gray mare, and flourishing his ancient musket. He drew up in front of the assembled throng and began shouting in quick, hot sentences:

"Hi! Look here! You men of Humboldt! They say the Injuns is comin'! Well, don't fly afore um like cravened cowards! Git yer guns! Fight, men of Humboldt! If yi run, they'll kill yer cattle an' burn up yer houses an' property. Make a stand an' defend yer homes like free men! Be patriotic! Be Americans! Be Americans, men of Humboldt! Git yer guns an' foller ol' Steve Young! I'll lead yi to victory!"

Old Young arranged us on the brow of a little hill to the west of the village, where we lay in the frosty grass, beneath the cold stars.

"Don't call this hardship, men," the old soldier shouted. "Think of us ol' fellers layin' in front of Fort Donaldson two three days 'thout no overcoats ner fires, on the frozen ground. But we done it. Michael McGinnis, you're a brave man as men goes now-days, an' I hereby appoint you lootenant of this here comp'ny—I'm the captain myself. We ain't go'n' to hev no second lootenant. Mr. Peterson, you air hereby appointed

first sergeant. Ole Mogard, you're corporal. We ain't got enough men fer a full complement of ofcers. Mr. Editor—editors are the poorest soldiers they is—you can act as quartermaster an' special correspondent. Now men, do yer dooty!"

A moment later a dark, trailing portent arose in the west, far toward the horizon. It approached swiftly, extending a long, lean arm first on this side, then on that side, expanding and contracting. Anon the dull thunder of many hoofs arose, and the black body became a mass of riding figures. Signs of demoralization became apparent in our ranks as the threatening force bore down upon us.

"Stiddy, men! Stiddy, there!" called out Old Young, as he walked his horse up and down the line. "Don't fire till yi're commanded. Now! Git all ready to fire by comp'ny. Ready! Aim! Fire!"

A prolonged volley of heterogeneous musketry followed this command. Several Indians fell from their horses, several horses stumbled and fell, a few scattered shots were fired, an "all the misbelieving and black horde" drew off and circled away.

"We took um by surprise, men, that's all," said Old Young. "They'll be at us ag'in in a minute, an' this time they'll mean business. Git ludded. We ain't had no war *yit*. Ain't none of yi hurt, is they? Doos my ol' nose good to smell skirmish powder once more. Look! What's that?"

Far to the north a long, black line appeared, swiftly approaching. On a hill a mile west of us the Indians were preparing for another attack. From the north the solid mass came thundering on. "Don't git scart, men," said Old Young. "Them fellers to the north there don't ride like redskins. It takes more'n thirty years to blot the sound of Phil Sheridan's cavalry out of my ol' head, an' I'll resk my reputation them's United States troopers. Yes, sir. One, two, three — Three troops of United States cavalry! Hooray! Boys, the day is ours!"

The Indians had again reached the foot of the hill upon which we lay, when they were struck by the veteran troopers of the Western plains. They broke and fled. Old Young held up a bleeding arm.

The next issue of the Humboldt Mail contained an editorial urging that, as Andrew Jackson had long been known as the savior of New Orleans, so Stephen Young should henceforth be held in grateful remembrance as the savior of Humboldt.

REVILLO, S. D.

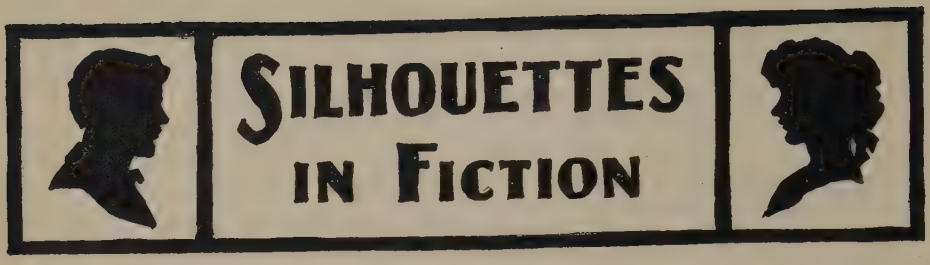
OLD PASTURES

WHERE sun and storm keep holiday
And the wild rabbit makes his lair,
I have a mind to fare away,
And with the gentle dwellers share
The charm of places old and gray,
Where sun and storm keep holiday.

We know the olden bounds full well,—
Rough walls that keep the pasture-way,
Bleak hill side ledge and wooded fell,
Low fen land sweeping where it may.
From hill top path to bosky dell
We know the olden bounds full well.

Some sunny afternoon let's go
Whither our hearts have called us long.
Let 's leap the bonds that guard us so,—
Outrun the importuning throng,
And, where the sweet wild blossoms blow,
Some sunny afternoon let's go.

Frank Walcott Hutt



AT THE "LECKCHAW" OF JUBILEE JONES

FOR weeks Sam had been coaxing me to go with him to Pelican Bend to hear that great colored preacher, the Rev. Jubilee Green. But now he became almost pathetically insistent.

"I'll take you in my canoe," he said earnestly. "You see, sah, Broder Green am gwine to gib a cou'se ob leckchaws foh de benefit ob de chu'ch, an' dey'll be mighty fine. Why, sah, he's de mos' pow'ful preacheh eveh was. He's inspired. He can pick you up an' swing you back an' forf from damnation to hallelujah in two seconds. He'll jes' set you to rainin' tears, an' den firs' t'ing you know you'll feel a thousand icy fishworms wrigglin' froo yo' spiritual veins. You can't affo'd to miss dat pleasuah, sah. I does wish you'd go."

Thus importuned, I promised to go at least once, and Sam was happy.

The village of Pelican Bend lies in the obtuse angle of Loon Bayou. As in all the villages in The Swashens, that lagoon-veined Venice of the South, the business and better residence districts lie nearest the primitive wharf, for the sleepy, meandering waters are the highways of travel and of trade. Further back, toward the somber swamps, the colored people had their little homes, and there their weather-beaten church leaned restfully against a giant magnolia that offered its stalwart trunk as a pillar and support against the decrepitude of age. The building, originally used for a barn, having been abandoned by its owner during the war, was afterward acquired by the colored people for a house of worship.

When, after a delightfully lazy five mile ride in Sam's canoe, we reached Pelican Bend, we found the wharf lined with a curious assortment of skiffs, canoes and dugouts.

"Gwine to be a mighty big congregation," beamed Sam.

Indeed, the church was packed, and eager expectancy was written on every face. Finally a tall man about sixty years of age walked up the aisle and stepped upon the platform. Absolute silence prevailed. He was slender, and unduly straight. His long black coat, polished by service, was not only much too short in the sleeves, but far too small to button around the chest, and his vast white collar seemed designed more for a support to his ears than as an article of dress. His head looked like a great puff of shining white wool, and his ebon face had the rapt expression of one looking down the future for the coming of the Day of Judgment. For a time, he gravely scanned his audience, and then, in measured, sonorous tones, began:

"I'm a-risin' up, an' a-standin' heah as a nadbocate ob culchaw. What am culchaw? It am a swellin' ob de brain, an' a swellin' ob de words to match. A big man rides a big hoss, an' big thoughts

rides big words. Dis am an age ob unlimitless progressibility. De resoundin' trumpet ob de oncomin' futuah am a tootin' de battle cry ob larnin', an' a-blowin'—ablowin' de brack clouds of superstitousness higher dan de keeyite ob de celebrated Gilbut Roy. An' who *was* Gilbut Roy? He had de pussonal liniments ob a man, but de mental intellectibility ob a fool. He wanted to be a bird, so he could fly. So he manufa-actured a great keeyite; an' lo! what kind ob a bird was he den? He was a bird wid only one wing hitched to a long string, an' widout any tail fedders to guide its flight froo de atmospheah ob de air. Den he hitch hisse'f to de string, an' de win' blow, an' away went de keeyite till de string was stretched as tight as de puckerin' string ob a stingy niggeh's purse when de sarmon is ober, an' broder Minadab passes round' de hat! An' now, my belobed, I will talk to you in figgerative language, an' I hope you's all studied yo' rifmetics well enough to unnerstan': De keeyite ob superstitiousness wasn't strong enough to lif' Gilbut clar ob de groun' an' frow his worfless cyarcas beyond de broad horizon ob disgustified humanity. De string ob ignorance was too strong to break, an' Gilbut didn't know enough to grab de brakes ob culchaw an' stop de wing ob destruction dat his diseducated inventability had let flew. O, my belobed! It would a-renditioned de haht ob a gum tree to see po' Gilbut t'ar froo de brush, an' dive into de mud, an' knock de chimlies off'n de houses an' de steeple off'n de chuch,—an'—an'—an' now! my belobed, we'll stop right dar! Dat's de way some ob you ign'ant sinners am likely to do wid dis chu'ch! You don't know nuffin' fo' sartin. You hain't got no culchaw; an' you's hitched to de keeyite ob superstitiousness by de string ob ign'ance, an' you's bangin' away at de steeple ob dis chuch, an' am likely to bring it down in one obnozious holycust ob unexpresssionable dismemberification!"

Here he stopped suddenly, and, fixing his eyes fiercely on some auditor, toward whom he pointed his long, tremulous finger, shouted:

"You, broder Jericho! You needn't set dar in de cawneh wid yo' brack face a-shinin', an' yo' ign'ant head a-bobbin' up an' down, winkin' at de far sistehs ob dis chuch, jes' becase I spoke ob ouah steeple! Mebbe you t'ink we hain't got no steeple. I tell you we has,—not one made wid han's, jes' yet, to be sho', but mighty likely to be if de craps is good, an' dis intelligent congregation is half as culchawed an' progressible as any body dat didn't know 'em as well as I does would t'ink. I fancy in my imagination dat I'm a-standin' on de lofty pizarro ob de home I'd like to build — if dis culchawed congregation would only pay me de salary dey 'greed to! A home dat would be a credit to dis chuch, an' a monst'ous comfo't to yo' pastoh. An', as I stan' on dat pizarro, I turn my eyes ob faith tow'd dis heah chu'ch, an' see, not dis 'bominable ol' worm-hole roof patched up wid mashed spoutin' an' tin eyester cans, but a lofty polygamy ob perfection one hundred feet high all painted red an' gold an' lookin' airy an' beautiful as a dream wid a big gilt rooster on de pinnacle a-crowin' his hallujahs to de mawnin' stah, an' a-whirlin' roun' an' roun' tellin' dis progressable congregation which way de win' blow.

"Now, dar's dat brack Jericho, grinnin' ag'in jes' as if we don't want to know how de win' blow! I tell you we does, so's we can trim our spiritual sails accordin'!"

A look of utter disgust overspread his face, and then his wrath broke forth: "I b'leve I'll turn dat brack Jericho out ob dis chu'ch! I started out to gib a lectuah on culchaw, but he's frown his 'bominable grin across de track ob my

eloquence, jes when I was comin to de grandes' perryration dat any body eber heard ob yet. Whar am dat perryration now? But—neber min'! Nex' week I'll repeat dis lectuah—wid what I've said tonight an' Broder Jericho lef' out! An' if dat brack *Jericho*—comes *heah*—any *moah*—wid his 'bominable *grin*, he'll fin' *out* which way de win' blow—widout de aid ob no gilt rooster! Broder Minadab, pass de hat."

"Dat Jericho niggah mighty mean niggah, fo' sho'!" said Sam, after rowing in disgusted silence for half an hour on our homeward voyage. But I held my peace. A good while passed before he spoke again, but as we swung under the great trees into a broad expanse of moonlit water, he said persuasively:

"Mighty mean niggah, mighty mean! But nex' week he won't be dar to spile de eloquence, an' Broder Jubilee—he'll jes' bus' de sky wide open. I does wish you'd go ag'in, I does fo' a fac'."

DES MOINES, Iowa. *William W. Fink*

TOP-THE-WATTLE

"NOW," said my mother, sitting down in front of me and looking me straight in the eye, "I've told you and told you, over and over,—I've said in fifty different ways that you must not cross the barley lot and go to the crib, and you just will, so I am going to read you, out of the morning paper, a dreadful thing that happened not so very far away from here."

Then she read "the dreadful thing" of how a little girl ran off from home into the woods, and when she was crossing the railroad track a man in a slouched hat and a blue cloak went following behind her; and when they came to a lonely place he struck her over the head with a rail and killed her.

"And that," said my mother, "will some day happen to you."

And I said, "O, mother, no! I'm not going to the crib any more."

And she kissed me and tied on my bonnet and I went out to play. Presently the cool green of the barley lot called me and I slid out of the mimosa and went into the first shade of the dear great oaks.

"So, so, so!" said the wind in the black jacks. "Sweet, sweet, sweet!" in the sharpened leaves of the rubra; and way off down by the crib the white oaks said, "Cool and cooler, cool and cooler, cool!"

And after awhile I found myself under them at the end of the barley lot, where the deep white fennel hid my little pink gingham and me from the windows of my mother's sewing room.

The bars of the crib were down, and in I went and lay in the cradle of the trough, in among the sweet corn shucks, and dreamed of fairy folks and princesses. Then I was hungry, but as I never went to the house for bread and butter so long as there was a berry about in the woods, I got up and slipped under the outer bars and made for the head of the hickory spring. That was the little brook that trickled through the velvety moss from the roots of the scaly-bark nut and widened out between the opposing slopes of the steep, well wooded hills. Here was a feast of cress and curious wild edibles that country children find in fairy places, and after I had eaten my fill I climbed the hill again and stretched my lithe little body out full length under the chest-hickory tree on the thick club moss to rest. The chest-hickory tree had sheltered several generations of little Williamsons, ever since the day when a certain Sarah and Nathan had cut a young hickory sapling through the outer bark and forced a young chestnut into the cut. Since that day the two trees, both dwarfed and distorted, stretched far and wide their quaint, crooked and crossed branches and made a lovely shade.

Well, that day I lay full length under the chest-hickory tree and went off into the days when I should be golden rich and glorious. Curiously enough, I began after awhile to think of the morning paper and the man in the long blue cloak. He seemed to have followed me down here into this lonely wood. He wore a slouched hat, gray and wide, and a full cape, blue gray like the morning sky. I thought he was behind me at the bars, sitting on a cedar log up there and looking down at me. And finally, though I was awfully afraid, I made up my mind to look him straight in the eye, as my mother had looked at me.

So I rolled over on my two elbows and I set my chin in my palms and put on the pertest face I could muster and I turned my eyes toward the cedar log and there he was, sure enough, with his eyes set full on me and a big, big stick lying still across his knees. His cloak was not so fresh a blue as I could have wished, and neither was his old gray hat becoming. After I'd looked at him as hard as he was looking at me, I said (you know the tone):

"What's your name, Mister?" And he replied: "Top-the-Wattle, and what's your name, little girl?" And I said:

"Mine's Pop-the-Weasle." (Though of course you know, I knew that wasn't my name any more than Top-the-Wattle was his). And he said:

"Well, Pop-the-Weasle, what are you doing in the woods?" And I said:

"Just what you are doing, Top-the-Wattle."

"No, not quite," said he. "I'm the man in the moon, and I've come down to carry you off for my wife."

Now that wasn't so bad as it might have been, and when I looked at him straight, it didn't seem as if he intended to knock me over the head with his stick. But as I didn't know what to say, I didn't say anything, and I kept my chin in my palms.

After awhile he said again:

"Well, will you go with me to the moon? Or don't you think me a handsome man?" And I said:

"Oh, I suppose you'll do. But you'll have to ask my mother about the moon."

"Your mother?" said he; "why, you didn't ask her about coming into the woods, I'm sure. And it's just as lucky as anything I know that you met nobody else but Top-the-Wattle here."

"I rather expected you," I said. (Of course that was stretching the facts, you know, but I had to keep up the conversation to take his mind off knocking me in the head with the stick).

"You expected me?" he exclaimed. "And did you see me coming down from the moon last night?"

"No," said I, "my mother read about you in the morning paper—how you met a little girl like me in the woods and followed her along the railroad track until you came to a lonely spot like this, and then struck her over the head with a rail and killed her dead."

"What in thunder do you mean?" he yelled at me, and I never in my life saw a man so mad as he. (But that, you know, only made me sure that I was in the right.)

"And now," said I, in the firm tone my mother used to use with me, for I was determined not to lose my ground, "I am going to give you up to justice. You will walk before me around this rail fence to the grove at the front of the house. There I shall call my grandfather out, and tell him I have found the murderer of the poor little girl, and we'll put you in the jail and, maybe, then we'll hang you afterwards."

"Upon my word," said he, "Pop-the-Weasle, you're an awfully nice little girl, and I would dislike to disappoint you in the hanging you have planned for me; so, if you'll kindly lead the way, I'll follow you to the house."

"No, indeed," said I, in the same firm

tone, though I was struck with his amiable view of the hanging. "You'll go in front of me, sir, for I don't intend to be killed with that stick."

Then I rose up my full height, as the young ladies do in the novels, and I waved him to take his place in front of me, and I said:

"Keep close to this fence, Top-the-Wattle, and don't get out of my sight."

"Yes, mum," he answered with great respect, took up his place, and we marched all around the fence. It was half a mile about, and Top-the-Wattle made it without saying a word.

After awhile we came to the lane and walked up in front of the house. Grandfather was sitting on the porch in the shade.

"Grandfather!" I called. "I've arrested the man who killed the poor little girl in the woods, and I've brought him home for you to hang."

"What?" said my grandfather, getting out his glasses, wiping them, and setting them on his long nose. "What? What? What?" With that he came forward and looked at Top-the-Wattle.

"Young Mr. Gordon," he said. "Good morning, sir. When did you get back from school?"

And Top-the-Wattle winked at me.

"Last night, sir," he answered my grandfather, "and I am glad to find you looking as fine and hale, sir, as when I left."

"No flattering, sir," smiled my grandfather. "And so you've found Sarah for her mother and brought the runaway home?"

"No," answered Top-the-Wattle, gallantly enough, "I've come to offer my hand and heart to Miss Sarah Williamson, and ask her mother to name the day."

I must say I blushed at that, but I held my tongue, while my grandfather laughed and laughed again.

"Well," said he at last, "It'll be some ten years hence, I reckon. Come in, Mr. Gordon, come in and see her mother about it."

Eva Hampton Prather

ATLANTA, Ga.

IDLESSE

HERE at the lake
My ease I take
When all the hills are hazy;
I like to be
Where I can see
So much that looks so lazy.

Beneath this pine
Few thoughts are mine
Of life—its gains or losses
No more to me
Is destiny
Than to these ferns and mosses.

I ask no why
Or wherefore; I
Am full of calm reliance;
I would not look
Through any book
For any bit of science.

Nor do I care
How doctrines fare,
Religious or politic;
What questions great
Vex church or state
And make the world a critic.

Out on the cause
That wants new laws,
New creeds, and such inventions!—
I would not hear
What fills the ear
In senates or conventions.

And so I take,
Here at the lake,
When all the hills are hazy,
My fill of ease,
And, as I please,
My share of being lazy.

Ralph H. Shaw

Studies of Books and Their Makers

A CURIOUSLY MODERN NOTE IN CRITICISM

IN Mark H. Liddell's *An Introduction to the Study of English Poetry* (Doubleday, Page & Co.) we have the temper and the methods of science applied to the study of poetry. The note is curiously modern—it could hardly have been struck even a dozen years earlier. "We take our poetry as we drink the air," complains the author, "or we leave it alone. We do not study it." Yes, and most of us take our food in the same way. The object of poetry, it should never be forgotten, is mental and spiritual nourishment; its dissection and analysis, while admirable discipline for the student, is stale and unprofitable business for most readers. The "inadequacy of our notions of poetry" against which Mr. Liddell inveighs so heavily, is not a matter of first importance after all. The vital question is whether poetry stimulates our minds, moves our hearts, and stirs our wills. We are glad of every effort toward a clearer comprehension of its nature, just as we are in the case of that mysterious power we call electricity. Meantime, we light our houses and streets, and move our trolleys with the unknown agency, and we use poetry for light and heat and motive power in much the same way; nor should any sensible man be impatient with us for doing so. When the author speaks, with ill concealed vexation, of our "ignorant or prejudiced inability to consider our speech and its literature in the light of their development," and of our "sixteenth century prosody that might have been written by Puttenham or Ascham before Shakespeare was born," we do not question his position, we simply feel that he is making a very great matter out of one relatively unimportant. It is doubtless quite worth while to have an intelligent prosody and equally worth while to study English literature in the light of its origin, but after all nobody but a man of uncompromisingly scientific temper is going to take it with such seriousness. The whole spirit and point of view of this treatise is distinctly academic, and the book is very frequently marred by the provincialism of scholarship.

After admitting, however, that the author's sense of proportion is a little askew and his sense of humor somewhat undeveloped, we have nothing left but praise. Once within the legitimate bounds of his subject, Mr. Liddell is a a master of clear, scholarly exposition, with a good deal to say that is original. His definition of poetry, while by no means milk for babes, is very comprehensive, and contrasts refreshingly with such dilettante affirmations that "poetry is a thing of God," is "the inner thought of things," or "the expression of the inner emotions of the soul." Here is the author's definition: "Poetry is literature, usually of a high degree of human interest, which, in addition to its human interest has in it an added aesthetic interest due to the arrangement of some easily recognizable and constantly present concomitant of thought formulation into a form of aesthetic appeal for which an appreciative aesthetic sentiment has been gradually developed in the minds of those who habitually think by means of the language in which the poetry is written." If we prefer, we may memorize the brief formula for

poetry which is so thoroughly elaborated in more than one ingenious and closely reasoned chapter: X plus HI^n plus VF. It is odd to find the elements of poetry expressed in the symbols of algebra, but this phenomenon is commonly met with in Mr. Liddell's book. The foregoing hieroglyphics mean that poetry is made up of a constant intellectual element (X), plus human interest present in unusual degree (HI^n), plus VF, or verse form. If literature may be differentiated from science as being that kind of writing which appeals to the feelings, then poetry is that form of literature which is expressed in metrical form. After all, every definition of poetry, however elaborate, must reduce to this. And this in plain words is the author's conception of the nature of poetry. His unique contribution to the discussion is in his analysis of the metrical form, and for a fuller understanding of his views upon this subject, the reader must be directed to the book itself.

The whole purpose of this sincere and pains taking treatise is that of reaching a scientific basis for the study of English poetry and of "treating poetic phenomena as being definitely knowable in terms of scientific truth." The closing paragraph may well be quoted as indicating clearly the spirit of the book: "The conclusion of the whole matter points but in one direction, the necessity of considering literature as material of science and not as a subject for pleasant talk. It means a corps of teachers specially trained for their work by years of faithful study, a body of men inspired by an intelligent love of the thought of their race and a strong pride in their native culture, bound together by that unselfish enthusiasm which has done so much for physical science and working all of them to the one end—that of reducing a mass of disorganized and unfounded opinion to the organic unity of an intelligible science."

Frederic L. Knowles

A KENTUCKY LOVE STORY

Mr. Edwin Carlile Litsey of Lebanon, Kentucky, and an occasional contributor to the National, has written one of the gentlest, purest, and most charming of all recent romances—*The Love Story of Abner Stone*. Abner Stone tells the story in the first person, recalling, in his old age, the sacred memories of his one great passion. Every page mirrors the beauty and retains the fragrance of nature. The spirit of the narrative is exalted, the style winningly simple. The National congratulates Mr. Litsey upon the genuinely fine quality of this his first novel. Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., the publishers, have given the *Love Story* an artistic dress, and, all in all, it is one of the most desirable books of the year.

F. P.

A DREAM OF EDUCATION

Education and the Larger Life, by C. Hanford Henderson (Houghton, Mifflin Co., $1.30 net.) Mr. Henderson is a dreamer and this book is a beautiful dream. If the United States were heaven, and all its youths angels with a bent for knowledge, then Mr. Henderson's educational plan would be ideal. But it does one good to dream awhile with him, and to think what we all might be. It is a lofty, stimulating but wholly impractical hope, this of *Education and the Larger Life*.

D. L. S.

PROGRESSIVE AMERICAN CITIES

THE CITY AND PORT OF GALVESTON

By J. H. JOHNSTON,

Secretary of the Galveston Chamber of Commerce

LONG before the immortal heroes of the Alamo, Goliad and San Jacinto had carved the boundaries of the Lone Star State, an empire in itself, the island upon which the present city of Galveston stands was well known to most people in

"OLEANDER BLOSSOMS"—THE BLOOM THAT GIVES ITS NAME TO THE "OLEANDER CITY"

Copyrighted photograph by J. M Maurer

the United States and to many residents of foreign countries. The question naturally arises—Why was this so? The answer is simple enough. Because this was a natural port and easily the most accessible on the entire Gulf of Mexico, hence it had become at an early date the rendezvous of the pirate LaFitte and his associates, possibly less historic, but no less acute when the consideration was a good thing to be secured at little cost. Galveston Island had then as it has today the most delightful climate to be found anywhere in the broad Southland.

After LaFitte and his followers had either reformed or departed for less desirable quarters, in this world or the next, Galveston Island was settled by an energetic and enterprising class of people who promptly set about building a town, which for a long time to come was to be the commercial center as well as the chief port of the great southwest. Difficulties in plenty there were to contend with on account of the undeveloped state of the country and lack of facilities, but the people had in them the stuff of which heroes are made and which they

MONUMENT TO TEXAS HEROES: SEVENTY FEET HIGH. COST, $50,000 Photograph by J. M. Maurer

POST OFFICE AND UNITED STATES CUSTOM HOUSE
Photograph by J. M. Maurer

transmitted to their offspring to be later displayed when the eyes of the entire world were centered on this storm stricken community. Such were the people who built the "Oleander City," as it is commonly called, and who by their own efforts and with final assistance of the federal government established the harbor and port of which the following was written prior to September, 1900:

"Galveston harbor is one of the most impressively beautiful in the world. Stretching for miles in a great semi-circle, the ship channel sweeps by the greatest system of docks in the South and out to sea through the most magnificent system of jetties in the world. Here may be seen elevators, towering high above the tallest masts in the harbor, where grain and coal are handled by the millions of bushels and hundreds of thousands of tons; the endless ware houses where the crops of many states might be stored; also every adjunct of a modern, busy, deep water port, from a gas buoy to a big ship on a marine railway.

"Galveston naturally commands the commerce of Texas, but in addition to it is the gateway to the sea for that wide expanse of trans-Mississippi country that is termed the supply house of the world. Kansas is the central state of the United States, and Galveston is the nearest port to that center.

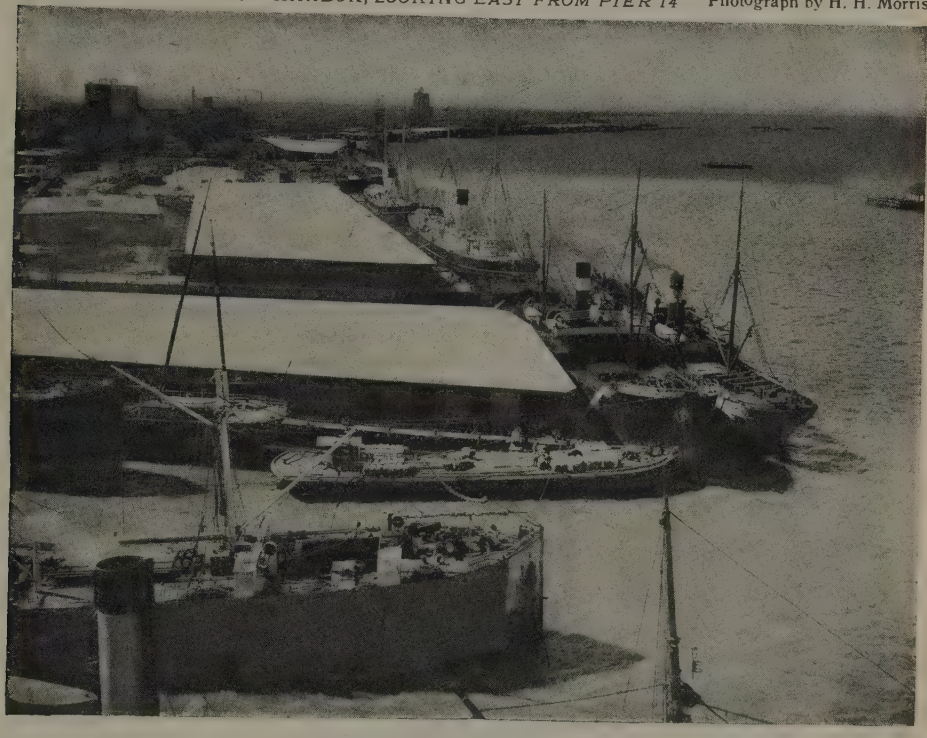
"Before the federal government instituted the great work of developing a deep water harbor on the Gulf of Mexico, the products of the trans-Mississippi country were subject to the control of the ports of the Atlantic seaboard. To relieve the producers of the West from the excessive cost of long overland hauls and to give them the benefit of proximity to the sea, the federal government determined to develop upon the Gulf of Mexico, at the most favorable location, a deep water port of the first class. Galveston was selected as the most available, by reason of geographical and natural advantages, and it was here that the government expended $8.000,000 on a jetty system that is one of the marvels of marine engineering.

"It has been stated, by an eminent authority, that the government never made a better investment than in deepening the water of Galveston harbor. It is said that in the lessening of the transportation charge on one crop of Kansas grain alone the jetties have paid for themselves.

"However that may be, the making of a deep water port at Galveston has wrought a revolution in the transportation of the world. The tide of commerce in the West has turned gulfward, and in the four years that Galveston has been accorded recognition a mighty change has been taking place.

"In 1898 Galveston became the first cotton shipping port of the world. In that year this port handled 2,300,000 bales of cotton. This year Galveston will rank third in the list of grain ports. Five years ago Galveston handled no export grain, but so marvelous has been the growth of this business that it is a reasonable expectation that within ten years Galveston will not only be the first cotton shipping port but the first grain

SECTION OF GALVESTON HARBOR, LOOKING EAST FROM PIER 14 Photograph by H. H. Morris



port of the world. Galveston is essentially a commercial city. It always will be. Its life is the life of ships and rails. One-eighth of the corporate space—all that fronting on the bay shore — is a maze of tracks, docks and ware houses. Another eighth is given over to stores and offices, while the remaining three-fourths make up the residential section of the city.

"In addition to its magnificent harbor and splendid wharf system, Galveston can boast of excellent railroad facilities. The Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe; the Galveston, Houston, & Henderson; the Galveston, Houston & Northern and the Gulf & Interstate railroads find entrance here. The Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe is the southern leg of the great Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe system that spreads out from Chicago to the Pacific; the Galveston, Houston & Henderson is the terminal line for the International & Great Northern and Missouri, Kansas & Texas lines, and the Galveston, Houston & Northern is the terminal line for the Southern Pacific system. The Gulf & Interstate is a short line to Beaumont, tapping the great lumber belt of East Texas and West Louisiana. These four lines make the handle or stem from which the railroads of Texas spread out in fan-like form.

"There is no city in the South with so many beautiful homes in proportion to the population, or so many evidences of the benefactions of its wealthy citizens. Chief among the public benefactors were Henry Rosenberg, John Sealy and George Ball. Mr. Rosenberg left to the people such noble ornaments of his life as the Rosenberg School, the Orphans' Home, the Letitia Rosenberg Home for Women, the Young Men's Christian Association, the monument commemorating the valorous deeds of the men who fought in the war for Texas' independence, sixteen drinking fountains for man and beast, built at convenient places throughout the city, and the $500,000 Rosenberg library. These benefactions represent about $1,000,000.

"John Sealy donated the hospital that bears his name, the largest and best equipped institution of the kind in the State of Texas.

"George Ball gave to the city the High School in which so many of the youth of Galveston have completed their education and which is today the crown to the magnificent school system of the city.

"It is not remarkable that Galveston should be so favored. The city is, per capita, the third richest community in the United States and the money center of the Southwest. The nine banks of Galveston supply or diffuse a great portion of the money that moves the crops of the Southwest, and they have available assets of approximately $15,000,000."

SECTION OF SOUTH JETTY, GALVESTON Photograph by H. H. Morris

Galveston After the Storm

It is far from my inclination, even had I the space, to dwell upon the har-

rowing scenes resulting from one of the most appalling catastrophes of modern times, which overtook Galveston on September 13, 1900.

SEALY HOSPITAL Photograph by H. H. Morris

Suffice it to say, that from a city absolutely ruined as many outsiders condently asserted, with 4,131 homes entirely demolished or washed away and every other dwelling, store, office and factory very considerably damaged, with an actual financial loss of not less than $18,000,000, and, worse a thousand times than any commercial loss, the destruction of approximately 6,000 human beings, we have today one of the most beautiful cities in the South with a population, steadily growing, of not less than 35,000 energetic and enthusiastic people. It is idle to deny the fact that we lost some good citizens after the great storm, on account of the ruin wrought to their business; but it is gratifying to note how promptly and joyfully they have returned as soon as the business interests of the city, upon which they depended, were rehabilitated. The complete restoration and the resources of Galveston of today may be briefly summarized as follows:

Galveston Now

Seaport of Texas and the Southwest, located on the eastern end of Galveston Island and county seat of Galveston County. Alternates with New Orleans as the first cotton port of the world; first cotton seed products port and, in totals of all commodities, the third largest exporting point in the United States. Has thirty-eight lines of steamers to foreign countries, carrying both passengers and freight, and reaching all European ports from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, Cuba, Mexico, South America, China and Japan. Regular steamship service is maintained throughout the entire year with Liverpool, London, Belfast, Bremen, Antwerp, Havre, Cuban and Mexican ports, with sailings varying from weekly to monthly according to the trade. Has four coastwise steamship lines, viz: two to New York, one to Port Arthur and one to Brownsville, beside the numerous tank steamers, schooners and barges engaged in the oil, lumber and merchandise traffic to smaller points in the immediate vicinity of Galveston. Has an average of twenty-seven feet of water in the channel maintained by rock jetties twelve miles in length. Has six miles of completed wharfage all covered with sheds and reached by tracks constructed of seventy-pound steel rail and containing about fifty miles of terminal trackage. The wharf front is being constantly extended, for which there is lineal space in Galveston Bay of about forty miles, owned by the state, city, corporations and individuals. Has four export grain elevators with a total storage capacity of 3,750,000 bushels, and one cleaning and conditioning elevator. Galveston is only one hour from the deep sea for a laden steamer. The following comparisons indicate the progress of the port very clearly:

Cotton exports — 1900, 1,535,202 bales, valued at $73,333,364; 1901, 1,961,389 bales, valued at $85,857,145.

Wheat exports—1900, 14,180,345 bushels, valued at $8,999,491; 1901, 15,704,405 bushels, valued at $11,476,205.

Cotton seed, cake and meal exports—1900, 234,814 tons, valued at $4,795,481; 1901, 256,405 tons, valued at $5,568,449.

Cotton seed oil exports—1900, 5,945,799 gallons, valued at $1,908,431; 1901, 4,933,371 gallons, valued at $1,502,307.

Total value of all exports—1900, $92,512,549; 1901, $106,526,508.

Total bank clearings—1900, $323,506,360; 1901, $378,435,800.

During 1901, $3,932,500 was spent in Galveston for permanent improvements, which are now on a more solid basis than ever before. The water works, fire department, street lighting and sewerage plants are owned by the city; in addition to which there are two electric light companies and one gas company.

Galveston has the longest and finest electrical street car system of any city near its size in the United States, consisting of thirty-five miles of track, a very modern fuel oil power house and an electric lighting plant. It has thirteen hotels, beside summer resorts open during the bathing season, for which we have twenty-eight miles of the finest beach in the world.

An important part of Galveston's trade is wholesale, of which there are a large number of establishments carrying all lines, such as dry goods, notions, groceries, wines, liquors, clothing, haberdashery, produce, feed stuffs, hardware, crockery, farm machinery, cement, drugs, fruits and many specialties. It is the largest distributing market for bagging and ties in the United States.

Galveston of the Future

Even at this early date we beginning to appreciate the fact that the great storm of September 8, 1900, was but a blessing in disguise, so far as the business interests of the town are concerned; and in the years to come the citizens of Galveston will look back on their great flood as do the people of London and Chicago on their fires, which really mark the first true beginnings of these great municipalities. Prior to that storm there were some dissenters to almost every movement proposed for the welfare of our city. The kinship established by adversity and the need of united action has practically made of our citizens one vast brotherhood. As an illustration, we may cite the following incident:

An election of the tax paying voters, of whom there were 3,219, was held on March 20, 1902, for the purpose of authorizing the issuance of bonds to the amount of $1,500,000 for the construction of a sea wall which will absolutely prevent the possibility of a recurrence of the disaster. The result of the poll was 3,118 votes in the affirmative, twenty-two

URSULINE ACADEMY, CALVESTON Photograph by H. H. Morris

in the negative and three blanks. This was remarkable; but still more so was the fact that the people of Galveston

BATHING ON GALVESTON BEACH

Photograph by J. M. Maurer

county actually subscribed for over $1,000,000 of the sea wall bonds.

A people with such a unanimity of purpose and acting through the following commercial bodies in absolute accord one with another, viz: Cotton Exchange and Board of Trade, Maritime Association, Chamber of Commerce, Business League, Oil and Stock Exchange and Builders' Exchange, are certain to attain great results.

The development of the coast country of Texas, on account of the cheapness of fuel for irrigation purposes and the adaptability of the soil to the growth of fruit, melons, vegetables, sugar and rice, all of which is of the most direct advantage to Galveston, will increase the jobbing business of the town 100 per cent within the next five years.

As indicating Galveston's more recent progress, may be noted the coming of the Southern Pacific fleet of three steamers per week, commencing August 1, 1902. Also, the coming of the great Rock Island System, which will have completed its connection with the Gulf at Galveston in about a year's time.

With a location as rate basing point and gate way of the grand territory lying west of the Mississippi river, the population and prosperity of which territory is increasing by leaps and bounds; with fuel oil in unlimited quantities only seventy miles distant and with bright prospects of securing the same on Galveston Island proper, thus giving us the cheapest fuel in the world for manufacturing, railroad and steamship purposes; with the early construction of an Isthmian canal assured, thus enabling us to supply the packing house products, flour, rice, etc., tributary to this port, in return for the coffee, sugar, bananas and other products of Central and South American countries; with $10,000,000, the greater portion of which has already been appropriated, to be expended in the city and harbor within the next five years, and with climate unsurpassed, it is certainly no exaggeration to state that this place is today one of the most flourishing, beautiful and healthful garden spots under the blue vault of heaven. It should be the South's second city before 1925.

LACONIA, THE CITY ON THE LAKES

By CHARLES W. VAUGHAN

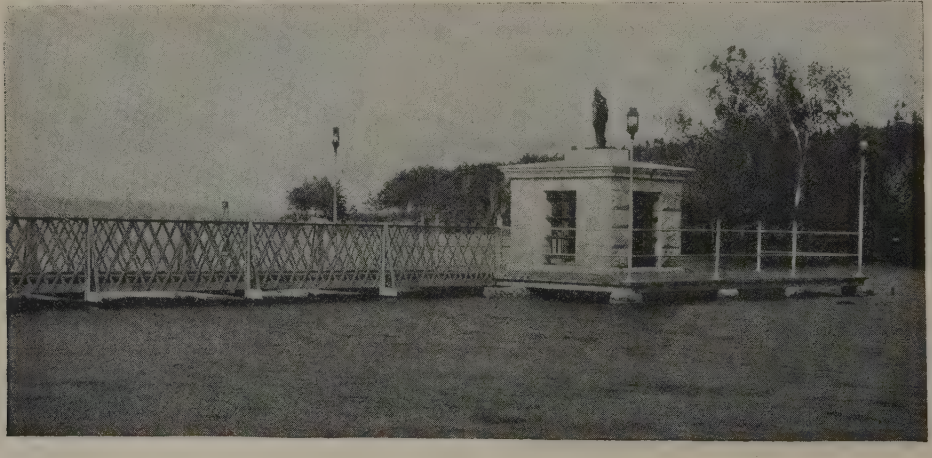
THE four words: "City on the Lakes," which the thriving little city of Laconia, New Hampshire, bears upon its municipal seal, sum up in the least possible space the attractions which are offered to tourists and sojourners from the larger cities in this center of the world famous lake region of the Granite State, for no where else in New England and perhaps not on this globe can the seeker for the beautiful in nature find such a combination of charming lake and mountain scenery right at the very gates of a city where all the conveniences of metropolitan life are at hand.

Geographically, Laconia is nearly in the center of the Granite State, at the gate way of the celebrated White Mountainregion, and in the very midst of the largest lakes in New Hampshire. The city is bounded on the north by Lake Winnipesaukee, includes within its limits Lake Paugus and Lake Opeeche, and is bounded on the south by Lake Winnesquam, all of which charming sheets of water are connected by the Winnipesaukee river. The city has a population of about 9,000, and has been for the past hundred years the trading center of the surrounding farms, villages and towns within a circle of twenty-five miles.

Laconia's hosiery mills, (the first in the United States) its machine shops and its car building industry, have given the city a reputation in all the markets of this country, and these industries have built up a city which, although perhaps intended by nature for a summer resort, possesses all the modern facilities for doing business and enjoying metropolitan life.

As this article is intended more especially to call attention to the attractions which Laconia offers to tourists and to city people seeking a location for summer homes, we will only mention Laconia's water system, supplied from the pure waters of Lake Winnipesaukee; its modern sanitary sewerage system, constructed at a cost of $120,000; its well equipped fire department; excellent public schools; well kept streets and miles of concrete sidewalks; its efficient

ENDICOTT ROCK, LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE



THE WEIRS, LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE

police department; its electric street railway, running from the southerly end of the city near Lake Winnesquam to The Weirs on Lake Winnipesaukee; its $50,000 public library building, with an endowment of $100,000 more; its cottage hospital, dozen churches, banking institutions, opera houses, $50,000 passenger station, up-to-date gas and electric companies, telephone systems, and in fact, almost everything in this line which can be found in any of the larger cities of New England.

Lake Winnipesaukee is about thirty miles long and varies from one to ten miles in width. The lake is almost five hundred feet above the sea level and the water is very clear and pure. Winnipesaukee has an area of seventy-one square miles, exclusive of two hundred and seventy-four islands, ten of which have an area of more than one hundred acres each.

The first white men who ever gazed upon the waters of this lake were sent out by Governor Endicott of the Massachusetts Bay colony in 1638, to determine the northern boundary of their grant. These men were guided up the Merrimack and Winnipesaukee rivers by friendly Indians, and in August, 1638, marked a rock at the mouth of Lake Winnipesaukee with the date and their initials. A few years ago the State of New Hampshire raised the so-called Endicott rock, and erected a memorial structure to preserve it from the elements.

The Indians called the lake "Smile of the Great Spirit," and "Beautiful Water in the High Place," and tourists of modern times who have traveled the length and breadth of America and visited the world famous lakes of Europe frankly admit that no lake in the world excels Winnipesaukee in beauty and magnificence. Scattered along its 182 miles of shore line are such charming little summer cities as The Weirs, Center Harbor, Wolfboro and Alton Bay, with their summer hotels, boarding houses and private cottages. Nearly all of the islands have from one to a dozen summer homes, many of them representing expenditures of thousands of dollars each. The farms along the shores are rapidly passing into the possession of wealthy people, who erect beautiful residences, and develope what was formerly wild land into veritable gardens.

One advantage which Lake Winnipesaukee has over other lakes, as a desirable location for summer homes for business and professional men, is a rural free delivery of mail by steamboat,—the first water mail route inaugurated in the United States. A fast mail boat leaves Lakeport twice a day during the summer months, delivering mail and express to all the principal islands and wharfs along its route, precisely as the rural mail carriers take mail to farmers and rural residents on the land. The advantages of this mail system, to active business men who wish to keep in touch with their affairs while enjoying country life, are too manifest to require comment.

The fishing in Lake Winnipesaukee is unsurpassed in New England, all things considered. The state fish and game commissioners are stocking its waters with land locked salmon, and already many specimens of these gamy fish have been taken weighing from seven to twelve pounds each. Lake trout are very numerous and afford good sport both summer and winter. It is no uncommon thing for one row boat to bring in fifteen or twenty trout weighing from three to ten pounds each as the result of one day's trolling during the spring months. In the summer, black bass, pickerel, perch and other excellent food fish are taken in immense numbers.

Lake Winnipesaukee is well supplied with steamboats which make regular trips between the larger towns and villages around the lake, furnishing close connections with the excellent train service

between Boston and Laconia. Hundreds of steam yachts, naptha and gasoline launches ply the waters of the lake, and guides with boats for fishing and pleasure trips may always be obtained. The statements as to the fishing, scenery and general attractions of Winnipesaukee are also true, on a smaller scale, of Lake Winnesquam and other lakes of Laconia. Winnesquam is about twelve miles long and Lake Paugus is five miles long.

As language utterly fails to describe the picturesque beauties of Lake Winnipesaukee, with its miles of blue water dotted all over with the greenest of isles, and in the limited space of a magazine article it is only possible to briefly hint at this feature of the lake's attractions, perhaps it will be fitting and proper to close with the following quotation from that eminent writer, Edward Everett:

"I have been something of a traveler in our own country—though far less than I could wish—and in Europe have seen all that is most attractive, from the Highlands of Scotland to the Golden Horn of Constantinople, from the summit of Hartz mountains to the fountain of Vaucluse; but my eye has yet to rest on a lovelier scene than that which smiles around you as you sail from Weirs Landing to Center Harbor."

NASHUA, THE SECOND CITY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

By B. E. WARREN

AMONG the municipalities of New England there is none that has shown a more marked growth in the past decade than has the city of Nashua. Admirably situated at the confluence of the Merrimack and Nashua rivers, this city has all the advantages of vast water power for its manufactories, and, being a center for six lines of railroad, the commercial advantages afforded the business and manufacturing interests of Nashua can hardly be excelled.

The city of Nashua is essentially a manufacturing city. In its many manufacturing establishments something more than 6,000 people find employment. The city has mammoth cotton mills, the largest shoe shop in the world, iron and wood working establishments in profusion. It is nevertheless a most delightful residential city. Large numbers of people employed in Lowell and Boston have homes here. Property owners and others vie with each other as to who can have the finest lawns and the most attractive gardens. The city is laid out with broad streets and avenues and thousands of dollars are spent each year in keeping them in the best of repair. The only paved streets are those in the immediate business center, the others being laid with macadam, thus furnishing the finest of drives.

The scenic beauty afforded on the various highways leading from the city in all directions provokes the admiration of all visitors. One of the most beautiful of all the drives is through the magnificent park system constructed by the Pennichuck Water Works company, which supplies the city with water.

It will only be a few years hence when a fine boulevard will be constructed, beginning in this city at the state line of Massachusetts and continuing to the foot of the White Mountains. This highway will be built by the state and will be a continuation of the Massachusetts state road, making one continuous, superbly built road from the city of Boston and along the beautiful Merrimack valley to the White Mountains.

The city of Nashua offers the rarest opportunities for the investment of capital, especially the establishing of manufacturing industries. The city council often grants exemption of taxes for a period of years on new enterprises, and in this and in other ways, the enterprise of the city is manifest in ever reaching out for things that will have a tendency to increase its wealth and population.

Nashua is the second city in the State of New Hampshire, its population at the last census being 23,898. The property valuation taxable is $14,367,362. It has the finest of schools, elegant churches, public buildings that are adequate, ample banking houses, a well equipped electric car system, pure water, the supply of which is never failing, being fed by springs; a fire department remarkable for the efficiency it has displayed, thus affording a low insurance rate; the city is well policed and in every way most progressive. Nashua has been always fortunate in securing the very best men to fill its offices of public trust; the annual appropriations are used to the very best of advantage.

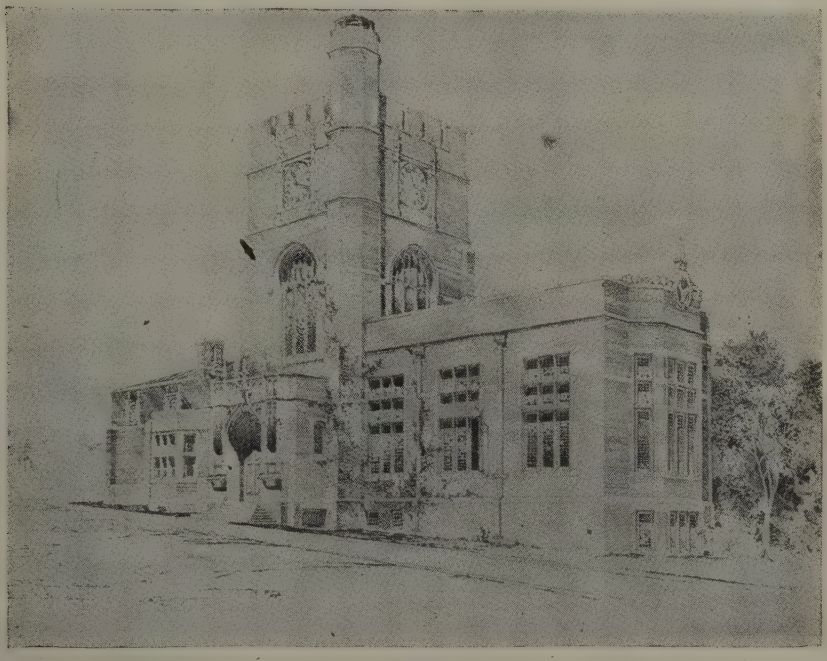
For many years Nashua has been a railroad center. From this city six lines of railroad radiate to all points of the compass. The city is the junction point for two divisions of the Boston & Maine railroad. The Southern, a direct route to Boston and points north, and the Worcester, Nahsua & Portland division.

MAIN STREET, LOOKING NORTH, NASHUA, N. H.

On this latter division direct communication is afforded with Portland, Me., and other points east in one direction, and to Ayer Junction and then over the Fitchburg division to the western markets, Worcester, southern New England and New York in the other direction. The Keene branch affords communication with the several growing communities in the southern part of New Hampshire and of Vermont, while the Acton & Boston branch opens up another route south. The freight yards at the Nashua Junction are about the busiest places on the Boston & Maine system. These yards extend for more than a mile in either direction, north and south, from the depot. The railroad investment in this city is a large one, the valuation of the properties owned by the Boston & Maine railroad here being in the vicinity of $7,000,000.

Beside the fine electric railway system that covers the entire city, there are two trunk lines leading from Nashua already in operation and four more proposed lines. An electric line which connects Nashua with the seaboard at Newburyport, Mass., and with Boston, has been in operation for several years and has proved a fine investment. This summer the Hudson, Pelham & Salem line, which connects Nashua with Haverhill, Mass., was completed. Among the contemplated lines is a road from Nashua to Fitchburg, Mass., passing through Pepperell and Townsend; a road to Milford; a line connecting Nashua, Manchester and Concord, the link between the two latter cities having already been made, and a road by what is known as the south-side route from this city through Tyngsborough to Lowell, Mass. Petitions for a charter are now pending before the supreme court of New Hampshire in order that work may be started on some of these proposed electric lines within another year.

HUNT MEMORIAL LIBRARY, NASHUA, N H.



Just at the present time there are two important public buildings in course of construction,—one a new county court house, which is located in a commanding position on Temple street, and the other the Hunt Memorial library which is being erected in Railroad Square. In addition to these another upon which work will be started within a year is a $90,000 federal building.

NASHUA MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S MILLS

The city is rich in business blocks. Among the more conspicuous of these structures are Odd Fellows and Masonic Temples. The fire stations are among the finest in the state; the police station is a finely built one; the city hall, although built quite a number of years ago, is still in first class condition, in fact, there are few cities the size of Nashua better off in respect of public buildings.

The system of education in this city is first class. Nashua has always had the reputation of maintaining very excellent schools and her citizens have been justly proud of the standing which the students have established for themselves. In the matter of school buildings, also, the city has made steady progress, and in place of the old, unsanitary, poorly lighted buildings we now have well built, modern school houses, where the children can breathe fresh air in sunny, well lighted rooms.

The secret societies of Nashua embrace a very large list. Especially strong are the Masons and Odd Fellows, both of which have temples of magnificent proportions. The city is a very strong Masonic center. The only consistory in the state is located in the Valley of Nashua and in this place annually upward of a thousand members of the Scotttish Rite attend the annual fast day exercises of Edward A. Raymond consistory.

There are several very flourishing clubs

here, of which the citizens of Nashua are justly proud. Among the more prominent are the Guard club, Nashua Boat club, Les Montagnards club and Nashaway Woman's club. Of these the Boat club has exceedingly fine quarters on the banks of the Nashua river. While the Guards club at present occupies the entire upper stories of the Ayres block, there is foundation for the belief that within another year work will be commenced on the erection of a fine club house in the center of the city.

Every visitor who stops in this city for any length of time is sure to be taken to the government fish hatchery, located about two miles from the city hall, on the North Hollis road. The hatchery came into the possession of the government in 1896, and since that time many thousands of dollars have been expended in erecting new buildings and in beautifying the grounds. The station supplies the New England applications for yearlings, fry or eggs, of several varieties of the most sought after game fishes.

It has been the aim of the writer in this article to set forth the advantages of one of New England's most progressive cities as a great industrial center, and, as well, to refer to some of its attractive features, but in closing it seems fitting that one of the great factors in the city's progress should come in for a little attention—the Nashua Board of Trade. This organization was formed something more than a year ago, that is, it was a practical reorganization of the old board, eliminating certain features that in the past had proven a hindrance rather than a help to the success of the board. At the present time this board has a membership of over 250; its influence is earnestly exerted for the good of the city; its special object has been to assist in bringing new industries to the city and in that particular the board has been eminently successful. The officials of this organization are always willing to do whatever they can toward explaining the conditions as they exist and the advantages to be gained in locating here.

Combine and Counter Combine

Mr. Morgan Certain to Control the Shipping of the Atlantic — The Part That Love of the Flag Plays in the Opposition to His Projects — Canada's Need of a Fast Line and Its Natural Limitations.

By CAPTAIN ARTHUR McGRAY

Former Navigating Officer, S. S. St. Louis

THE writer who expects to have his productions read by modern business men, especially by those "scientists of transportation" whose lives have been devoted to the problem of moving men and things, speedily, comfortably and safely from one corner of this world to another, must be strongly impressed with the magnitude of undertaking to say anything worth while on the subject of trans-Atlantic steamship combinations.

From the moment when Mr. Morgan made his first large marine investment all the great steamship owners paused in dismay. A new star for navigators had appeared in the western sky. But it is written, "Westward the course of Empire takes its way," and though long delayed

in shining forth, it nevertheless marked the appearance of the first real "Emperor of the Seas."

Wise men on both sides of the Atlantic shook their heads. Statesmen of the three countries reared themselves from repose. Parliamentarians asked unanswerable questions. Boards of Trade called meetings to "take measures." And why? Because an American gentleman of great business enterprise, experience and sagacity, who had discovered that the greatest good follows the consolidation of many kindred interests under one wise management, had decided to apply this principle in the purchase of desirable steamship property? No; that is not the answer.

No one supposes that if Mr. Morgan had given an order for two ocean steamers to each of the one hundred great ship building concerns in America, England and Germany that the legislative powers of these nations would have been invoked in contravention. Why, then, under existing conditions?

You have seen your country's flag dangling from a crooked pole which reached out from the dilapidated casement of a tenement house and felt proud of it. You have seen it waving from dome and fortress, and your pride swelled. You have seen it at the head of marching columns leaving home for war, and it was the dearest flag that ever flew. But you have never seen your country's flag in all its splendid glory, with all your pride and all your love, until you saw it floating from the tall masthead of a gallant ship. There, indeed, and there alone is it at home, and every added mile you are away from yours when first it heaves in sight adds lustre to its splendor and beauty to its folds. It was not business scruples that confronted Mr. Morgan, but national pride, pride for the FLAG.

Oceanic, Lucania, Deutschland, Kronprinz Wilhelm,—proudest homes of the flags of two proud empires—and every man, woman and child in both of them know and feel it. It was not giving up the ships to Mr. Morgan but it was giving up the home of the flag—and that they would not do. It hurt, and they would fight to retain it.

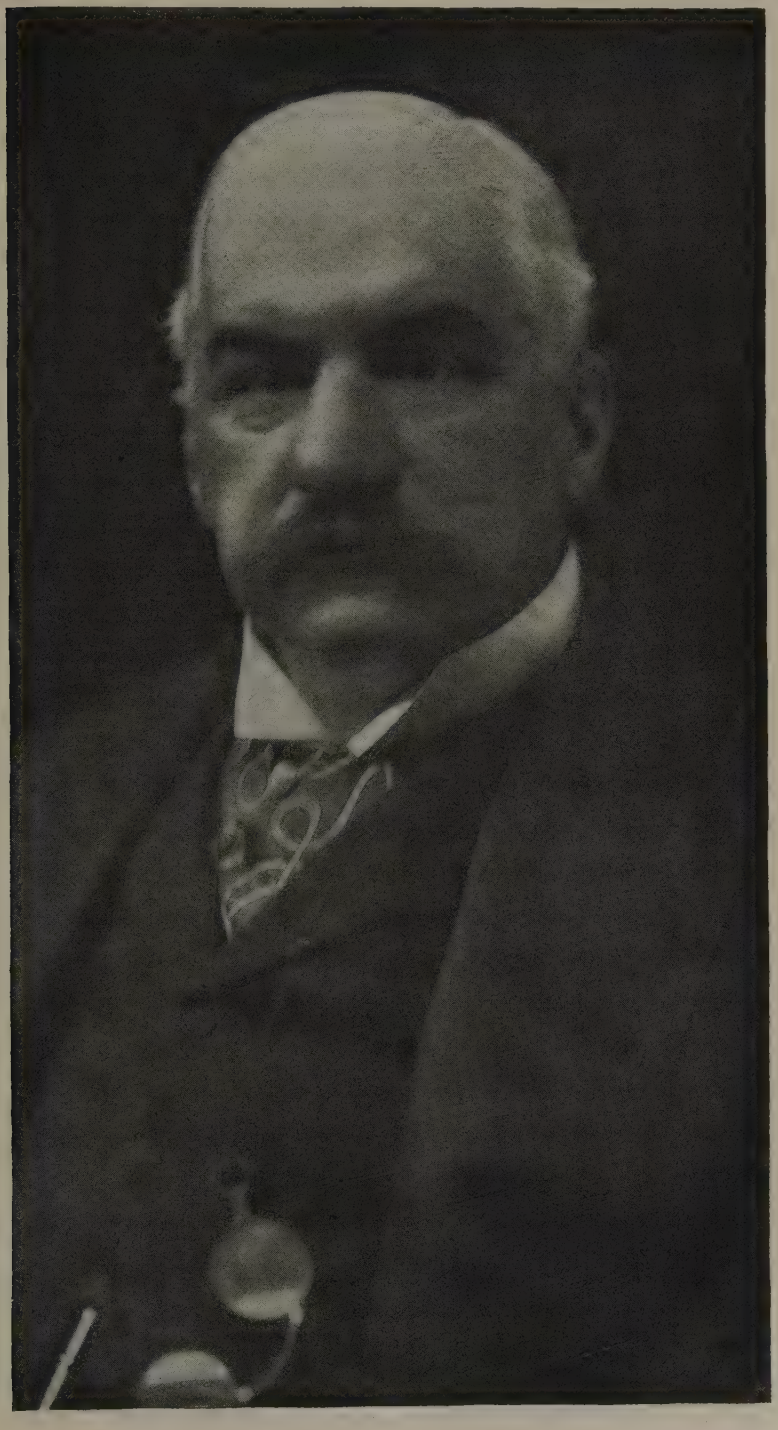
Whether Mr. Morgan ever anticipated placing this vast fleet under the American flag or not, I do not know. He would doubtless prefer to, but such matters are regulated by act of congress, and without special legislation Mr. Morgan would be powerless to gratify such an ambition.

However, Mr. Morgan and his powerful friends will succeed in combining nearly all the great steamship lines on the Atlantic. Failure to do so is impossible. Months before any public announcement of his intentions was made, Mr. Morgan had assured himself of the unqualified support of the leading spirits in the various large steamship companies which he desired to weld into a giant "community of interests." The people of England and Germany are now getting to better understand Mr. Morgan's object, and they realize how impossible it would be to legislate against his project, even if were desirable, without restricting the commercial rights and personal liberty of all.

Now comes the sound of counter combinations. A kind of wail from the "Little Englander." There is little left for him to combine, certainly nothing to disturb the equanimity of Mr. Morgan. The "Canadian Fast Line" project has well served the politicians of that country for nearly a generation. It is a good time (for Canada) to have it revived. The coronation, the conference of colonial premiers, the Imperial Federation League, all tend to call forth fresh pledges of fraternity and mutual regard. The Canadian government will readily vote a subsidy of a million dollars, possibly more. England will do

JOHN PIEREPONT MORGAN, "THE EMPEROR OF THE SEAS"

Mr. Morgan is expected back from Europe very soon, with the announcement that his plans to merge all the principal Atlantic steamship lines under American control has been accomplished.



her share, perhaps another million; but $2,000,000 per annum will not give Canada a competitive high class service, and nothing less can even remotely effect the syndicated lines.

The late Austin Corbin had an ambition to establish a "free port" at the eastern end of Long Island, and from thence to operate an express line of steamers to Milford Haven, in Wales. Such a line, he argued, would save a half day between London and New York and ocean travelers, instead of landing at the Battery or Hoboken, would enter the city at Thirty-fourth street ferry. Besides this, the Long Island railroad would profit greatly from the increased traffic.

He requested one of the Standard Oil magnates, who was then a director in a large American line of steamers, to send to him some one who could speak with authority on the entire cost of carrying out his plans. Some days afterward a meeting took place between Mr. Corbin and the then commodore captain of an Atlantic liner.

"Now, Captain," said Mr. Corbin, "I have a very large steamship project on hand and if you convince me that my figures are right, I want you to resign your present position and become my general manager at a salary of $15,000 per annum."

The captain thanked him and said: "Mr. Corbin, I am quite familiar with your plans, as outlined to me by Mr. ———, but it is no new problem; for years I have figured the details in similar matters, and have them at my finger ends. Your Montauk Point terminal will cost you one million, and as much more as you like to spend. You require four ships of a speed of twenty or twenty-one knots, and they will cost not less than one and a half millions each, or six millions in all. During the ten years it will take to get established on a dividend paying basis you will run behind an average of three quarters of a million per annum, so if you have fifteen millions on which you can afford to forego the interest for ten years, you will, at the expiration of that time, begin to reap large profits, provided, in the meantime, you secure a fair mail subsidy and have no serious accidents with your ships."

Mr. Corbin was astounded. "Why, I figured I could do the whole thing with eight millions, and pay three per cent on the bonds from the end of the first year. Captain, you have thrown away a fat job, but I will send you a nice check tomorrow."

Austin Corbin died; but I am much mistaken if the great air compressers which both keep back the water and supply air to the men now at work in the tunnels under the North and East rivers are not breathing the breath of life into his plans. When this work is completed, the in-coming trains of the great Pennsylvania railroad and connecting systems will dive under ground at the outskirts of Jersey City, and when daylight again greets the eyes of the passenger he will be whirling through Long Island's beautiful gardens, speeding toward Montauk Point. The only stopping place on this submarine and subterranean route is near the Grand Central railway station, but nearly a hundred feet beneath it. Brilliant with electric light, perfect in ventilation, with quick running elevators to transfer one to the surface, this New York terminal for Atlantic voyages is ideal, and will add one more to the "wonders of the world."

By using the harbor at Montauk instead of New York as the western terminal for his twenty-odd ocean grayhounds the saving to Mr. Morgan and his friends will amount to as large a sum per annum as the entire cost of the ships proposed for the Canadian Fast Line, and New York will never feel the loss. Her docks are over crowded now, and the relief afforded by withdrawing the great passenger liners from the port

would result in their berths being filled by steamers of the far eastern lines, which are springing into life to meet the enormous requirements of our expanding commerce.

The Canadian Fast Line should not be discouraged. They need it, and will doubtless establish a nineteen or perhaps a twenty knot service, while Mr. Morgan has several "flyers" with an ocean record of from twenty-one to nearly twenty-four knots for the entire voyage, and with his progressive ideas ships of upwards of twenty-five knots may be expected in his service before the Canadian line can be established. These differences are mentioned merely as showing the absurdity of counter combination talk.

Besides, there is no such thing as competing with a New York terminal, for trans-Atlantic passenger trade, run the ships where you may.

I have said I had no wish to discourage a fast Canadian line, but I do wish to discourage any attempt to run fast passenger ships a single mile farther north than the acknowledged "safety track," followed by all the present fast lines.

Making for the straits of Belle Isle in summer fog at twenty knots, or nearly twenty-three miles per hour,—the man who advocates it is guilty of premeditated murder. The crew's "articles" for such a project is an agreement to wholesale suicide. In the interest of human safety the fast Canadian line must follow the regular track adopted by all the other great lines until its ships are well clear of the "ice belt." After that, in the interest of quick time, their ships must be headed for the nearest suitable port in Canada—North Sydney or Louisburg, the latter having the preference. Here we have the best of harbors, the cheapest coal supply in the world, almost no port charges, and, above all, the shortest and safest route from England to a port in the Dominion of Canada.

We must doubt the wisdom of a terminal at Halifax or St. John in winter. Fast ships have little room for cargo and only high class goods can afford freightage by express steamers. No doubt the residents of these cities would be proud to have such ships visit their harbors; but the Canadian fast line must study economy.

The Canadian, government which owns nearly all the railways in Nova Scotia, must get ready to handle that class of people who pay $500 for five days' sail on their ships. The Straits of Canso must be bridged for railway trains. Grades must be cut down, and the entire line of travel straightened. Sixty miles an hour is the only railway connection for express steamship passengers. The one is of no use to the hurrying traveler without the other, and two years is a short time in which to accomplish so much.

As I pause to view a mental picture of what must first be accomplished to insure the success of this undertaking, I am smitten with pity for those who find balm in proclaiming the counter combination a necessary regulating force to that magnificent fleet of three hundred ships, produced by a hundred captains of industry and directed by "The Emperor of the Seas."

THE UNITYPE COMPANY'S FACTORY AT MANCHESTER, CONN.

The Simplex Typesetter

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

IN an article which I wrote recently, concerning the new plant of the National Magazine, I mentioned the Simplex Typesetter as one of the essential appliances necessary to produce so good a magazine for ten cents. Now I am going to take time and space to tell National readers more about this wonderful machine. I care not what your business or profession may be, this information will be interesting to you as further proof of the wonderful age of mechanical inventions in which we are living.

Come back with me in the shop where we can see the busy little machine at work and hear the click, click of its changing types. My story will not be one of technical phrases to be understood only by printers, but a simple story of the Simplex Typesetter and what it has done for the National.

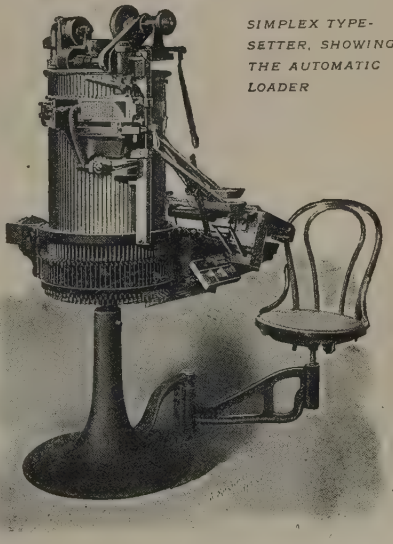
As we approach, I introduce you to a machine standing erect, with but one leg to do it on. Standing about as high as a tall man's head, it does not impress one with its massiveness, and yet you instinctively feel that you are going to see something new—when it begins its operations. The circular body, or cylinder as it is called, is curiously ribbed with long narrow channels the width of the type, and extending from top to bottom. This cylinder is in two halves—

MR. HERBERT L BAKER, GENERAL MANAGER UNITYPE CO.

upper and lower—and the top half revolves, making little stops from channel to channel. This part is like a rural free mail delivery: it travels around, dropping in each channel that letter or character for which it is intended, the characters being separated by means of nicks in the body of the type, and when out of the machine the type is seen to be so curiously nicked as to represent miniature Yale-lock keys, or something of that nature.

Thus we have the machine's body divided into two parts—one, the stationary part containing the type separated in upright channels ready for "setting," and the other, a "merry-go-round" taking with it, in short, quick, jolly steps, the channels of mixed type for proper distribution. At each stop one can see where several "get off at" and they sink into place as if relieved that the whirl around is ended.

But in connection with each of these two parts—one has a suffix and the other an affix—are the really wonderful features of the machine. The suffix I speak of is what is technically known as a "loader"—which feeds the type into the "whirl-i-gig" (the distributor). Small brass trays called galleys are made to take the whole of one column of type on a magazine page. This is put, by the attendant, into a berth made for it near the top of the machine. An automatic device has its sleeves up and is ready to receive it. With the pressing in of a little lever, it carefully thrusts one line at a time into the channels of the revolving cylinder as they become empty. With no human hand to aid it, it handles from one to a hundred or more separate types without a spill at each movement. On the alert and watching for a chance, it passes by those channels that are not emptied, only to thrust a full

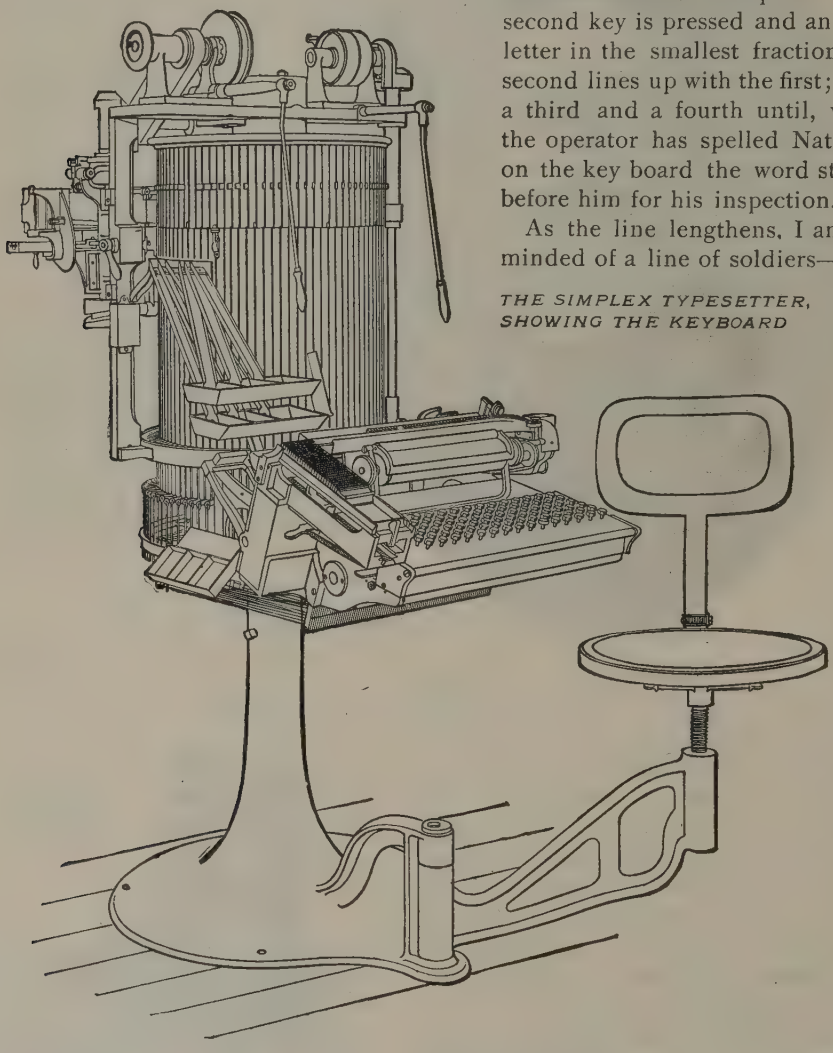


SIMPLEX TYPESETTER, SHOWING THE AUTOMATIC LOADER

load into place at the first opportunity.

The "affix" is a term I have used to designate the "setting of the type," from the stationary cylinder or reservoir. Here is the most complicated part of the machine and the most wonderful. Underneath the channels of the reservoir is a swiftly revolving carrying disk, and the long channels of type are held above it by a delicate piece of steel. This is called the ejector, and is attached to the key board, which resembles that of a typewriter. A key is pressed down, the ejector pushes the desired piece of type onto the disk and, quick as a flash, it shoots around and presents itself in a long channel which crosses the key board in front of the operator. A second key is pressed and another letter in the smallest fraction of a second lines up with the first; then a third and a fourth until, when the operator has spelled National on the key board the word stands before him for his inspection.

As the line lengthens, I am reminded of a line of soldiers—eyes front, heads erect, and ready for duty. And, my dear reader, that's the way this very story —and everything else you read in the National—is put into type for you.



THE SIMPLEX TYPESETTER, SHOWING THE KEYBOARD

What a lot of failures the perfection of such a machine means! How many were the hardships and headaches the

inventors must have had, and what genius was displayed in its final completion. The inventors of type setting machines have done their share in making it possible to buy high class magazines at very little cost. The Simplex typesetter in the National office does the work of five compositors, and it never asks for a summer vacation.

Many inventions are lost to the public because of the lack of a man properly to exploit them. There is the same amount of genius required in this as in the building of the machine, but it is of a different sort. The great plant of the Unitype Company of Manchester, Connecticut, manufacturers of the Simplex Typesetting Machine, a picture of which is run in connection with this article, is a tribute to the ability of Mr. Herbert L. Baker, general manager. By his excellent management, the company has stepped into great prominence in the manufacturing world, and the orders for Simplex Typesetters are keeping the factory employes busy night and day.

We have no reason to doubt the statement that several hundreds of these machines are already in operation, though they have been on the market but a short time, comparatively. After a year's experience with it, we would certainly not be without ours for the world, and the reasons and results which appeal to us so forcibly must naturally appeal to other publishers and printers.

In the office of the Unitype Company is an unique exhibit in the way of an United States map, wherein is stamped a red spot at each town or city where Simplex machines are in operation. In the New England, Northern and Central Western states these spots are so thick as to often tread on each other's tracks—naturally enough, as it is in these sections that newspapers are thickest. Every state is represented—and there are even spots on the back of the map where New Zealand would be, if it were represented at all.

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Phases of American Affairs, Contr uted
Studies of Books and Their Makers, Contributed
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RULES of rhetoric and grammar are apt to be overlooked when I dip deep into a theme, trying to reach the hearts of the readers of the National. That's my whole purpose.

With a deep conviction that every good impulse will bear fruit in some way or other, I hope that the National may always stand for the best and purest in national life. It is no idle sentiment that national destiny is today governed by the women in the homes. On my birthday it seems as if I am closer to her who gave me birth than at any other time, and her sainted memory comes like a benediction in the quiet hours of meditation. All day long I seem to feel her hand upon my brow; her gentle eyes looking deep into my soul; with a smile which reflects the very sunlight of heaven.

Inspired with the memory of mothers at home, can our hearts' ideals falter?

I recall the old sand pile under the maples, where I was playing when she called me. I toddled toward her, and as she clasped me to her breast, I remember the words:

"This is your birthday—my boy—no longer my baby."

I remember the answer:

"Why can't I allus be your baby?"

Ah, little did I understand.

The succeeding birthdays we were alone together. Few words sufficed—mother and I did not talk with mere words. She taught me to love the flowers, the birds, the trees; God's expressions of love. She taught me to love the old flag for which her brothers had died and which was always brought forth on my birthday. She taught me to be kind—she taught me to try and live well every day, and alas! how far short of that teaching have I fallen.

Those birthdays came when the serious work of life was taken up. The drives in the prairies of the West, with cooing plovers and nodding wild roses—the plains whitening with buffalo bones, masked trails of the departed bison. Here, close to the real vastnesses of primeval nature, I have communed with my sainted mother and drank deep the love that no human relationship can supplant.

In the symphony of bird song and rustling leaves it seemed as if the great mysteries of the infinite came very close to the finite touch. In God's own temple we worshipped, mother and I, and never have I seen a frown on that sweet face. Awaking from the turbulent delirium of fever—over me two tender blue eyes. When I slept again, weak and weary—those kind eyes still watched over me. Tears—yes, let the tears come, for they water the fragrant flowers of memory.

All I am or can ever hope to be, I owe to that mother. And all our nation is today or can ever hope to be, we shall owe to the mothers.

Here's a birthday toast:

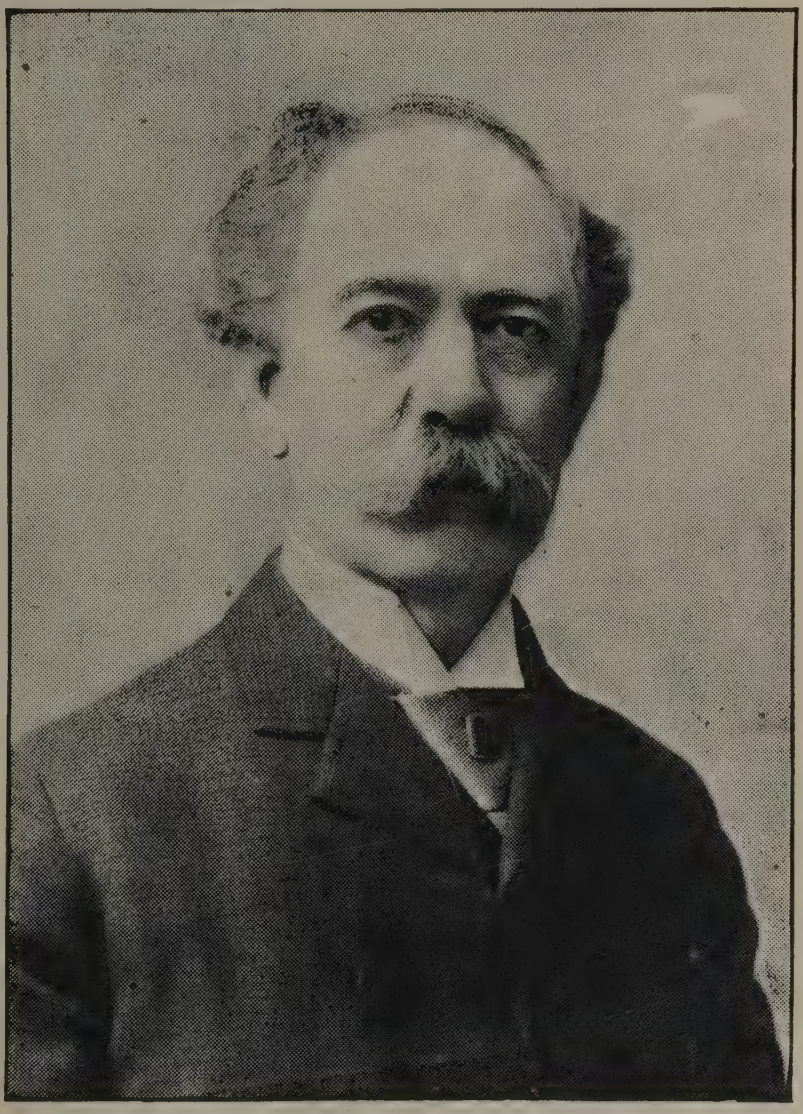
"God bless and make us ever remember the mothers,—the living and the sainted mothers."

An English clergyman visiting in this country sat near me in the gallery during Senator Spooner's Philippine speech.

"Now there's a realization of what I call statesmanship," said he. "Such an address would electrify the house of parliament with its live force and subtle strength. Our speakers are heavy, prolix, and I may say beefy—but very likely more solid than those you have in America. Such a speech as that on the South African question in parliament would have helped the government very much. And I cannot see for the life of me how the situation is very much different with you in the Philippines than it was with England in South Africa."

And really, is it?

GENERAL JOHN G. McCULLOUGH, REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF VERMONT



ONE of the most interesting and picturesque state campaigns of early autumn is on in Vermont. A September Tuesday following the first Monday is the appointed time when the voting hosts of the Green Mountain state will gather to settle a four cornered gubernatorial contest. There has been an active effort made to so mingle local and national issues as to disintegrate party lines, but both the old line parties have their banners nailed to the mast head; and a Prohibitionist ticket and Percival W. Clement on a personal ticket, furnish variety in the usual election program. Mr. Clement was a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor, insisting upon a referendum plank to submit the prohibition question to the people, and if possible, to secure a high license law instead of the prohibition law which has been upon the statute books of the Green Mountain state for some years past.

The referendum plank was adopted by the state Republican convention, but General J. G. McCullough was named to head the ticket—so Mr. Clement heads another ticket and the referendum issue is somewhat obscured. The campaign has been thorough and systematic and in some respects unique. Brass bands and musical shows, circuses and vaudeville have been brought into play in the "campaign of education." Your shrewd Vermont voter takes it all in—enjoys it all — and then — well, he votes as he believes.

Of course ante-election prophecies are always guess work to one not acquainted with the inner facts, but it does not seem likely, at a distance, that the traditional Republican solidity of Vermont is to be shaken. There are few states that are richer in men of deeds, in proportion to population, than this same little Vermont. Six cabinet secretaries within a half century—and one of her sons, Secretary Shaw, now holding the treasury portfolio—there is a strong grip on national affairs. The state of Dewey, Clark and scores of other prominent men of the day has a just pride in the achievements of her distinguished sons.

Without entering into a discussion of the state campaign, to an outside observer it does not seem possible that, with such a standard bearer as General John G. McCullough as the regular nominee of the regular Republican convention, Vermont is going to take any chances upon having a state election falsely construed from the national point of view; and the old time party loyalty will assert itself.

General McCullough bears aloft the Republican standard and is heartily endorsed by his old friends and neighbors at Bennington—historic, delightful old Bennington.

It was among these hills that General McCullough established his home many years ago. It was here that his family hearthstone was erected, his children born and reared; it is around these hills that the sweetest and tenderest memories of a long and useful life cluster. If one thing impressed me more than another in General McCullough, it was his intense love and appreciation of his Green Mountain farm home, and the affection and admiration in which he is held by old friends and neighbors at Bennington. Despite a career of eminence in the financial world in other states this has always remained his home, and as a leader in his party he has always enjoyed particular respect and esteem in his own state as well as in other states.

His grand dark eyes and white hair give an impression of genial dignity. His quick perceptions and cordial manner have a courtliness about them that reminds one of colonial days, and he would indeed fill with honor and distinction the office for which he has been nominated.

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